

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you, with the idea of your caring most for that girl. No, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you. But is there any hope of that?"

"Let us be frank with one another," I answered; "tell me, is there any one else whom you would marry if I released you from this promise, which was only given, perhaps, to soothe my mother's last hours?"

"Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia hid her face in her hands, "she would marry my brother."

"Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for breath. Such an idea had never once occurred to me, though I knew she had been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to marry! and to marry Julia! To go and live in our house! I was struck dumb, and fancied that I had heard wrongly. If Julia wished for revenge—and I who is not revenge sweet to a jilted woman!—she had it now. I was as crestfallen, as amazed, almost as miserable as she had been. Yet I had no one to blame as she had. How could I blame her for preferring Captain Carey's love to my poor affections?"

"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do you love Captain Carey?"

"That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free, then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous, be yourself, Martin."

"I will," I said; "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman—happier than you would ever be with me."

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up.

"No," I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old folks. Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy."

Yet when I found myself in the street—for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them—I felt as if I were flying away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings toward my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing-room two hours ago.

"He will see you," she said, eyeing me herself with a steady gaze of curiosity.

I was anxious to see Olivia's hand, partly from the intense aversion I felt instinctively toward him. He was lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, with a woman's shawl thrown across his shoulders, for the night was chilly. His face had the first sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probably refined by it. It was a handsome, regular, well-cut face, narrow across the brow, with thin, firm lips, and eyes perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterward that he was fifteen years older than Olivia. Across his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looking cat, which he held fast, and entertained himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinized me as keenly as I did him.

"I believe we are in some sort connected, Dr. Martin Dobree," he said; "my half-sister, Kate Daltry, is married to your father, Dr. Dobree."

"Yes," I answered shortly. The subject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him.

"Ay! she will make him a happy man," he continued mockingly; "you are not yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin Dobree?"

"I took no notice whatever of his remark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localize his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage."

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were

made of glass, and you could look through me. Can you cure me?"

"I will do my best," I answered.

"So you all say," he muttered, "and the best is generally good for nothing. You see I care less about getting over it than my wife does. She is very anxious for my recovery."

"Your wife!" I repeated in utter surprise; "you are Richard Foster, I believe?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Does your wife know of your present illness?" I inquired.

"To be sure," he answered; "let me introduce you to Mrs. Richard Foster."

The woman looked at me with flashing eyes and a mocking smile, while Mr. Foster indulged himself with exhorting a long and plaintive mew from the poor cat on his knees.

"I cannot understand," I said, I did not know how to continue my speech. Though they might choose to pass as husband and wife among strangers, they could hardly expect to impose upon me.

"Ah! I see you do not," said Mr. Foster, with a visible sneer. "Olivia is dead."

"Olivia dead?" I exclaimed.

"You were not aware of it?" he said. "I am afraid I have been too sudden. Kate tells us you were in love with my first wife, and sacrificed a most eligible match for her. Would it be too late to open fresh negotiations with your cousin? You see I know all your family history."

"When did Olivia die?" I inquired, though my tongue felt dry and parched, and the room, with his fiendish face, was swimming giddily before my eyes.

"When was it, Carry?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"We heard she was dead on the first of October," she answered. "You married me the next day."

"Ah, yes!" he said; "Olivia had been dead to me for more than twelve months, and the moment I was free I married her, Dr. Martin. It was quite legal."

"But what proof have you?" I asked with incredulous yet with a heart so heavy that it could hardly rouse itself to hope.

"Carry, you have those letters," said Richard Foster.

"Here are the proofs," said Mrs. Foster. She put into my hand an ordinary certificate of death, signed by J. Jones, M. D. It stated that the deceased, Olivia Foster, had died on September the 27th, of acute inflammation of the lungs. Accompanying this was a letter written in a good handwriting, purporting to be from a clergyman or minister, who had attended Olivia in her fatal illness. He said that she had desired him to keep the place of her death and burial a secret, and to forward no more than the official certificate of the former event. This letter was signed E. Jones. No clue was given by either document as to the place where they were written.

"Are you not satisfied," asked Foster.

"No," I replied; "how is it, if Olivia

is dead, that you have not taken possession of her property?"

"A shrewd question," he said jeeringly. "Why am I in these cursed poor lodgings? Why am I as poor as Job, when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My sweet, angelic Olivia left no will, or none in my favor, you may be sure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeaths to me is this ring, which I gave to her on our wedding day, curse her!"

He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point, the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my wife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I said.

"So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was conclusive of her identity. Would you like to see it?"

Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing.

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my last necessities."

There was no more to be said or done. Conviction had been brought home to me. I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine.

"Well, well!" he said; "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it."

I went down the narrow staircase,

"That would be unjust to Julia," I interrupted. "She must not be sacrificed to me any longer. I do not suppose I shall ever marry."

"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfitted for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you—this cold, colorless life. No. Of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I recalled my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling.

(To be continued.)

## NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the Shipbuilding Industry Flourished Before His Time.

Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first ship-builder of the world and that the ark in which he saved his family from drowning was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main." This supposition has been found to be erroneous, for there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2540 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats.

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiania. This craft was discovered in 1880 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

**Heron Nests in the Maine Woods.**

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebect Lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The old birds go long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fifty miles. The birds of this species about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night. Standing on the point one can see the birds coming from all directions during the period in which they feed their young.—New York Tribune.

**Java's Great Explosion.**

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatua in Java "the greatest explosion of modern times." He says:

"It is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world thus far within the ken of science has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else. A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 3,000 miles afar and an air shock luried three around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?"

**The Densest Population.**

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 700 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If the entire population massed in the streets for any purpose, the density would equal 3,040 persons per acre.

**Clock for Theatrical Use.**

To judicate the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotatable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

**A New Gun.**

A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a case from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

**Man's Temperature.**

Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6 degrees when in good health; that of a small 76 degrees; and of a chicken 111 degrees.

We have remarked that soon after it is announced that a man seems to drink at the fountain of perpetual youth—he dies.

The most successful nation is determined.

## HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

She Rejoiced When the Horse Had Kicked the Buggy to Pieces.

Some neighbors and friends of ours had a horse called Alcide, says Horace Vachell in his interesting description of California life; and thereupon he goes on to relate an incident in which the horse played an important part.

Alcide was a most respectable horse, but like all of us he had his falling; he would flick his tail over the reins. So one day my friend, when about to take his wife out for a drive, tied down Alcide's tail so tightly and securely that not a wiggle was left in it.

Now, it happened that only that morning my friend's wife had turned on the water—water, you must understand, is a very precious article on a ranch in Southern California—and, alas! she had neglected to turn it off. So the water had flowed away; leaving the family tank empty and cracking beneath the ardent rays of the sun.

Conceive, if you can, the wrath of a husband condemned by his wife's carelessness to pump many hundreds of gallons of water! You may be sure that he—he was an Englishman—told his unhappy wife that she had committed the unpardonable sin; and she, poor soul, appreciating the magnitude of her offense, held her peace—which is remarkable because she was a daughter of the West.

Perhaps the husband was sorry that he had spoken so harshly, and thought that a drive behind a fast trotter would establish happier relations between the two who should be one. Be that as it may, after the drive was over he began to unharness Alcide, his wife standing by and talking to him.

The traces were unhooked, the breeching straps unbuckled, and then Alcide was commanded to leave the shafts; but Alcide, wise as Balaban's ass, never stirred, for he knew that his tail was still fast to the buggy. Thereupon my friend took the whip and applied it smartly to Alcide's hind quarters.

Alcide, who had doubtless been nursing his wrongs all the afternoon, and who saw his opportunity, as the lawyers say, to show cause, retaliated by kicking the buggy into a heap of kindling-wood.

My friend's wife watched this performance with interest, and when it was over she turned to her husband and said:

"My dear, after this I shall turn on the water and let it run as often and as long as I please."

**CHILD ARMY CAPTAIN.**

Son of Gen. Lawton Held That Rank in Philippines.

The Kentucky State Guard numbers among its members the youngest individual that ever donned shoulder straps in the United States army or who has been under fire in battle. This person is Capt. Manley Lawton, son of the late Gen. H. W. Lawton, who, although only 13 years old, is the bugler for the first battalion artillery, Kentucky State Guard.

At the age of 11 years this boy was on the firing line and under fire. He went to the Philippines with his father and served in various commands until his father's death in December, 1899. Soon after arriving he was assigned to the position of volunteer aide on his father's staff with the rank of captain.

He served faithfully and well, going through the entire campaign, taking part in all the expeditions, and enduring the same hardships as the others of the command.

Before starting on that long northern expedition with his father to Luzon, the result of which meant so much, he served for some time as an aide to Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics brought back from the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the most treasured by him are the official papers showing his assignment and promotions while serving in the volunteer army of the United States.

**Speculative Mathematics.**

Two club-men were discussing the financial affairs of some of their acquaintances.

"Now there's Brown. He's been speculating heavily in wheat. How has he come out?"

"Away ahead."

"And there's Williams. He has dabbled extensively in oats. Has he made anything?"

"He hasn't done as well as Brown has, but Thompson—you know Thompson?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Well, he's worth as much as Brown and Williams put together."

"There you're wrong. I know Thompson's circumstances exactly. He isn't worth a cent."

"Just so. Brown is worth two hundred thousand dollars, and Williams is two hundred thousand dollars worse off than nothing. If you combine the wealth of the two it amounts to nothing, the same as Thompson's. Have you forgotten mathematics?"

**One of Their Characteristics.**

"Our minister is a splendid man. Everything about him is so good."

"Yes, I've noticed that, like many ministers, he even has a good appetite."

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Give any woman time, and she will complain of the condition in which her clothes with real lace on came out of the wash.

If a baby is well-spring of pleasure twins must be a deluge.

## The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JESSIE SOULE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

**Poor Child.**

"You've got a little brother," said the nurse at breakfast. "He was born last night."

"Really," said Tommy, "and last night was Sunday, Poor kid!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Cause his birthday won't do him any good. Sunday's a holiday, anyhow."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Waste of Hospitality.**

Mrs. Hermitage (of Drearydale)—I believe I will invite the Gothams out from the city to spend Sunday with us, Oscar.

Hermitage (hopelessly)—What's the use, Mary? They don't want to buy a suburban cottage.—Boston Journal.

**Accounting for It.**

"It may be merely fancy," remarked Mrs. Seldom-Holmes, "but since my husband commenced drinking the water from that iron spring he has seemed to be ten times as obstinate as he used to be."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Newdoor, "the water is tinged with pig iron?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Not So Bad.**

Mrs. Housekeep—Oh, Bridget, you haven't really broken that piece of Soveres? Oh, my! That's the worst thing you could have broken in the whole house!

Bridget—Faith, O'm glad to hear it wasn't the best, mum!—Philadelphia Press.

**Thrown from His Cab and Killed.**

The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale.—Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Stratford, England, said:

"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me that half bottle of St. Jacob's Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," said Pope, "you may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half bottle of St. Jacob's Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

**Autocrat of the Table.**

The head waiter at the Cliff House, Manitou, was given a smoker the other night and a fine gold watch. The distinguished official responded appropriately and with dignity to the presentation speech. He then lifted his hand in token that the audience was at an end. His guests departed and the great man was left alone.—Denver Post.

**"White Coal."**

"White coal is the striking name given by a French paper to the force generating electricity by harnessed mountain streams.



TEASING AND TORMENTING.



CAPT. LAWTON (Age 13).