

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"You love her?" said Johanna.

"Certainly," I answered, "as my sister."

"Better than any woman now living?" she pursued.

"Yes," I replied.

"That is all Julia requires," she continued; "so let us say no more at present, Martin. Only understand that all my idea of marriage between her and my brother is quite put away. Don't argue with me, don't contradict me. Come to see us as you would have done but for that unfortunate conversation last night. All will come right by-and-by."

"But Captain Carey—" I began.

"There! not a word!" she interrupted imperatively. "Tell me all about that wretch, Richard Foster. How did you come across him? Is he likely to die? Is he anything like Kate Daltry?—I will never call her Kate Dobree as long as the world lasts. Come, Martin, tell me everything about him."

"She sat with me most of the morning, talking with animated perseverance, and at last prevailed upon me to take her a walk in Hyde Park. Her perniciousity did me good in spite of the irritation it caused me. When her dinner hour was at hand I felt bound to attend her to her house in Hanover street; and I could not get away from her without first speaking to Julia. Her face was very sorrowful, and her manner sympathetic. We said only a few words to one another, but I went away with the impression that her heart was still with me.

"At dinner Jack announced his intention of paying a visit to Richard Foster.

"You are not fit to deal with the fellow," he said; "you may be sharp enough upon your own black sheep in Guernsey, but you know nothing of the breed here. Now if I see him I will squeeze out of him every mortal thing he knows about Olivia."

Jack returned, his face kindled with excitement. He caught my hand, and grasped it heartily.

"I no more believe she is dead than I am," were his first words. "You recollect me telling you of a drunken brawl in a street off the Strand, where a fellow, as drunk as a lord, was for claiming a pretty girl as his wife; only I had followed her out of Ridley's agency office, and was just in time to protect her from him. A girl I could have fallen in love with myself. You recollect?"

"Yes, yes," I said, almost breathless.

"He was the man, and Olivia was the girl!" exclaimed Jack.

"No!" I cried.

"Yes!" continued Jack, with an affectionate lunge at me; "at any rate I can swear he is the man; and I would bet a thousand to one that the girl was Olivia."

"But who was it?" I asked.

"Since he married again," he answered; "they were married on the 24 of October, and this was early in November. I had gone to Ridley's after a place for a poor fellow as an assistant to a druggist, and I saw the girl distinctly. She gave the name of Ellen Martineau. Those letters about her death are all forgeries."

"Olivia is not," I said; "I know her handwriting too well."

"Well, then," observed Jack, "there is only one explanation. She has sent them herself to throw Foster off the scent; she thinks she will be safe if he believes her dead."

"No," I answered hotly, "she would never have done such a thing as that."

"Who else is benefited by it?" he asked gravely. "It does not put Foster into possession of any of her property, or that would have been a motive for him to do it. But he gains nothing by it; and he is so convinced of her death that he has taken a second wife."

"What can I do now?" I said, speaking aloud, though I was thinking to myself.

"Martin," replied Jack, gravely, "isn't it wiser to leave the matter as it stands? If you had Olivia, what then? She is as much separated from you as she can be by death. So long as Foster lives it is worse than useless to be thinking of her."

"I only wish to satisfy myself that she is alive," I answered. "Just think of it, Jack, not to know whether she is living or dead! You must help me to satisfy myself. This mystery would be intolerable to me."

"You're right, old fellow," he said, cordially; "we will go to Ridley's together to-morrow morning."

We were there soon after the doors were open. There were not many clients present, and the clerks were enjoying a slack time. Jack had recalled to his mind the exact date of his former visit; and thus the sole difficulty was overcome. The clerk found the name of Ellen Martineau entered under that date in his book.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Ellen Martineau, English teacher in a French school; premium to be paid, about £10; no salary; reference, Mrs. Wilkinson, No. 19, Bellringer street."

"No. 19 Bellringer street!" we repeated in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, that is the address," said the clerk, closing the book. "Shall I write it down for you?" Mrs. Wilkinson was the party who should have paid our commission; as you perceive, a premium was required instead of a salary given. We felt pretty sure the young lady went to the school, but Mrs. Wilkinson denies it, and it is not worth our while to pursue our claim in law."

"Can you describe the young lady?" I inquired.

"Well, no. We have such hosts of young ladies here."

"Do you know where the school is?"

"No. Mrs. Wilkinson was the party," he said. "We had nothing to do with it, except to send any ladies to her who thought it worth their while. That was all."

As we could obtain no further information we went away, and paced up and down the tolerably quiet street, deep in consultation. That we should have need for great caution, and as much craftiness as we both possessed, in pursuing our inquiries was quite evident. Who could be this Mrs. Wilkinson? Was it possible that she might prove to be Mrs. Fos-

ter herself? At any rate it would not do for either of us to present ourselves there in quest of Miss Ellen Martineau. It was finally settled between us that Johanna should be entrusted with the diplomatic enterprise.

Johanna put in the next day following down the clews Jack and I had discovered.

"Well, Martin," she said that evening, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and customs. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are extensive grounds for recreation, and the comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the domestic arrangements being on a thoroughly liberal scale. Here is also a photographic view of the place; a charming villa, you see, in the best French style. The lady's husband is an avocet; and everything is taught by professors—cosmography and pedagogy, and other studies of which we never heard when I was a girl. Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and in return for her services will take lessons from any professors attending the establishment. Your mind may be quite at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he said—"quite out of the range of railways and tourists. There will be no danger of any one finding her out there; and you know she has changed her name altogether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen Martineau are the same persons?" I asked.

"No, I did not," she answered; "I thought you were sure of that."

But I was not sure of it; neither could Jack be sure. He puzzled himself in trying to give a satisfactory description of his Ellen Martineau; but every answer he gave to my eager questions plunged us into greater uncertainty. He was not sure of the color either of her hair or eyes, and made blundering guesses at her height.

What was I to believe?

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"I must satisfy myself about her safety now," I said, "only put yourself in my place, Jack. How can I rest till I know more about Olivia?"

"I do put myself in your place," he answered. "What do you say to having a run down to this place in Bassee Normandy, and seeing for yourself whether Miss Ellen Martineau is your Olivia?"

"How can I?" I asked, attempting to hang back from the suggestion. It was a busy time with us. The season was in full roll, and our most ardent patients were in town. The easterly winds were bringing in their usual harvest of bronchitis and diphtheria. If I went Jack's hands would be more than full. Had these things come to perplex us only two months earlier, I could have taken a holiday with a clear conscience.

"Dad will jump at the chance of coming back for a week," replied Jack; "he is bored to death down at Fulham. Go you must, for my sake, old fellow. You are good for nothing as long as you're so down in the mouth. I shall be glad to be rid of you."

In this way it came to pass that two evenings later I was crossing the Channel to Havre, and found myself about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day at Falaise. It was the terminus of the railway in that direction; and a very ancient conveyance was in waiting to carry on any travelers who were venturesome enough to explore the regions beyond.

I very much preferred sitting beside the driver, a red-faced, smooth-cheeked Norman, habited in a blue blouse, who could crack his long whip with almost the skill of a Parisian omnibus driver. We were friends in a trice, for my patois was almost identical with his own, and he could not believe his own ears that he was talking with an Englishman.

The sun sank below the distant horizon, with the trees showing clearly against it, and the light of the stars that came out one by one almost cast a defined shadow upon our path, from the poplar trees standing in long straight rows in the hedges. If I found Olivia at the end of that star-lit path my gladness it would be completed. Yet if I found her, what then? I should see her for a few minutes in the dull salon of a school, perhaps with some watchful, spying Frenchwoman present. I should simply satisfy

myself that she was living. There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.

"Not any," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English man, m'sieur—peste!—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, m'sieur, some months ago. There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very inbred, are the English m'sieur. She did not know a word of our language. But that was droll, m'sieur! A French demoiselle would never voyage like that."

"The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman traveling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia. At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau."

"Where was she going to?" I asked.

"She came to Noireau to be an instructor in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment—"an establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocet! He! he! he! how droll that was, m'sieur! An avocet! So they believed that in England? Bah! Emile Perrier an avocet!"

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My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to disperse it.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but

It could be no other than my Olivia! She had been living here, then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?"

"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, m'sieur. We have fever often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the information that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill, and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and discouraged; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed. It was impossible, he maintained, that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed. He went with me to all the omnibus bureaux, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Noireau during the last month. No places had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

(To be continued.)

## SPOILED THE FLIRTATION.

### Pony Was a Racer and Had to Keep in the Front.

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wily "cayuse" or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed an unexpected ambition to lead the procession, according to the New York Mail and Express. He let the "cayuse" have its own way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horses. It pranced about, jumped from side to side and pulled the bit and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."

## Where Centenarians Dwell.

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German Empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Serbia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

## Further Information Wanted.

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the Judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the Judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:

"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

## Wanted to Be a Heathen.

Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Bamalam Islanders)—I wish I was a heathen!

Sabbath-School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?

"The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gettin' somethin'!"—Harper's Bazar.

## What He Was Doing Of.

Mrs. Kelly—Did yez hear of the felly ocoosht the way dyn' of Anglophobia?

Mrs. Googan—Yes mean hydrophobia?

Mrs. Kelly—No; I mean Anglophobia! He wuz cheerin' fer King Edward, an' de gang heard him!—Judge.

## Speed of Ocean Steamers.

The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of express trains on Italian railways.

## Few Millionaires in France.

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-class friend.



On the first of January there were enough lawyers in Chicago to fill four full regiments in the United States army, says the Tribune. The exact figure was 4,403. At the same time there were practically 1,000 less physicians, which allowed one doctor to every 500 people, so that it is plain that lawyers have a worse prospect before them than those who follow medicine.

During the year 1900, which is the latest year for which figures are available, 140 members of the bar in Chicago left the profession for some other line of work. During the same period forty lawyers died and twenty went out of practice for one reason or another, making a total of 200 less lawyers in Chicago than in January, 1900. During the same period, however, 350 new lawyers hung out their shingles in Chicago, so that there actually at least 150 more attorneys in the city than there were one year ago.

It is estimated that during 1900 the average income of the attorneys of the city did not exceed \$750. One lawyer, who has been more than ordinarily successful, and whose average income for the last few years has been more than \$4,000 a year, declares that the average of his professional brethren does not exceed \$500 a year. The secretary of one of the leading law schools of the city estimates that the income of the lawyers of Chicago averages \$1,000 a year. Striking an average between them the figure of \$750 is reached.

Even with an average of \$1,000 a year it is to be considered that at least 2,000 of the members of the legal profession in Chicago do not make as much as the income of a brick mason under the union scale. It is estimated that perhaps six or eight lawyers in Chicago average \$40,000 a year, while a large number touch the \$30,000 mark. A considerable number of lawyers, who count themselves among the successful, make between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year, while the attorney who can figure up \$5,000 a year is by no means to be despised. This leaves a startlingly small amount as the average of the less fortunate half of the legal profession.

The conditions which prevail in Chicago exist practically all over the United States. And at the same time the increase in the number of law students and of law graduates all over the country is nothing less than startling. In 1870 the total number of regularly enrolled law students in the United States was 1,953. In 1890 they numbered no less than 11,874. In the last named year the total number of graduates from law schools was 3,140, or nearly twice as many as was enrolled thirty years before.

It is apparent, therefore, that while the difficulties of securing admission to the bar have increased by many fold within the last quarter century, the number of graduates has more than kept pace with it. In fact, there are at present more young lawyers ambitious to grow up with the country in proportion to population than that there were before the new rule went into effect.

But when a young lawyer has been admitted to the bar his troubles have only commenced. He has yet to acquire in some way a practice which will at least pay his necessary living expenses. This task is made harder by the fact that the so-called "ethics" of the legal profession are almost, if not quite, as hard to evade as those of the medical profession. A physician who advertises in the regular ways is damned, professionally speaking. A young lawyer faces the same condition. He must find his clients without ostensibly looking for them.

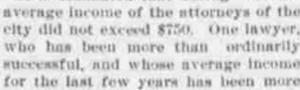
One large class of lawyers combine with their regular legal business that of loaning money, buying notes, selling life, fire, plate glass, and other insurance. Many of them, in fact, find some one of these "side lines" so profitable that they never give it up and remain until the end more insurance or loan agent than lawyer. Those who work out of the insurance or loan business into the practice of the law find that they acquire in this way a wider acquaintance than they could hope to get in the same length of time in a legal way.

In a big city there are a number of legitimate schemes which are tried by young lawyers in their effort to acquire a paying practice. One favorite method, particularly among men who come to town without any influential acquaintance, is to seek for preferment in a political way. The young lawyer who is able to get up on his feet and make a telling speech is always sure of an appreciative audience. He may get his name in the newspapers and if he is shrewd in a political way he may get some minor office which will bring him into prominence, while his tongue-tied brethren are still living on what they have saved.

Another class of legal aspirants look for notoriety about the criminal courts. A young lawyer who can get as his client a celebrated criminal is certain of much notoriety, the value of which is dependent on his success in "living it down," while at the same time retaining the prominence which it has given him.

A third and one of the largest class of young limbs of the law in the large cities start as clerks in the offices of established law firms. They often work for many months at salaries ranging from \$30 a month upward, after they have been admitted to the bar, and as often as not are disappointed in their expectations of being admitted as partners in the firm.

With all these facts before them the ambitious young men of the country persist in crowding the law schools to a greater extent every year. The increase of students in the law schools of the country from 1875 to 1899 was no less than 343 per cent.



HE GAVE TO THE WORLD.

His Self-Seeking Neighbors All Called Him eccentric.

Three years ago there died in one of our Southern cities a man whose rules of life were so different from those of his neighbors that most of them thought him mad.

He lived in a spacious old house, surrounded by a garden, which he had bought forty years ago. Large blocks of business houses now hemmed it in, and he was offered a price for his lot which would have made him rich. But he would not sell it.

"This is home to my old wife," he said. "I could not buy for her with the money you offer the comfort and content she has in her home and garden."

"But you can make your sons rich," it was urged.

"I do not want to make them rich," he replied.

His neighbors sold their lots, speculated, amassed large fortunes, pushed their sons into politics or made them manufacturers or brokers, that they might amass still larger wealth. He made of his boys working horticulturists like himself.

"It is a business which will give



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