

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XXI.

I went out late in the evening to question each of the omnibus drivers, but in vain. Whether they were too busy to give me proper attention, or too anxious to join the stir and mirth of the townspeople, they all declared they knew nothing of any Englishwoman. As I returned dejectedly to my inn, I heard a lamentable voice, evidently English, becoming in doubtful French. The omnibus from Falaise had just come in, and under the lamp in the entrance of the archway stood a lady before my hostess, who was volubly asserting that there was no room left in her house. I hastened to the assistance of my countrywoman, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face revealed to me who she was.

"Mrs. Foster?" I exclaimed, almost shouting her name in my astonishment. She looked ready to faint with fatigue and dismay, and she laid her hand heavily on my arm, as if to save herself from sinking to the ground.

"Have you found her?" she asked, involuntarily.

"Not a trace of her," I answered.

Mrs. Foster broke into an hysterical laugh which was very quickly followed by sobs. I had no great difficulty in persuading the landlady to find some accommodation for her, and then I retired to my own room to turn over the extraordinary meeting which had been the last incident of the day.

It required very little keenness to come to the conclusion that the Foster had obtained their information concerning Miss Ellen Martineau where we had got ours, from Mrs. Wilkinson; also that Mrs. Foster had lost no time in following up the clue, for she was only twenty-four hours behind me. She had looked thoroughly astonished and dismayed when she saw me there; so she had had no idea that I was on the same track. But nothing could be more convincing than this journey of hers that neither she nor Foster really believed in Olivia's death. That was as clear as day. But what explanation could I give to myself of those letters, of Olivia's above all? Was it possible that she had caused them to be written, and sent to her husband? I could not even admit such a question, without a sharp sense of disappointment in her.

I saw Mrs. Foster early in the morning, somewhat as a trustee-bearer may meet another on neutral ground. She was grateful to me for my interposition in her behalf the night before; and as I knew Ellen Martineau to be safely out of the way, I was inclined to be tolerant towards her. I assured her, upon my honor, that I had failed in discovering any trace of Olivia in Noireau, and I told her all I had learned about the bankruptcy of Monsieur Perrier, and the scattering of the school.

"But why should you undertake such a chase?" I asked; "if you and Foster are satisfied that Olivia is dead, why should you be running after Ellen Martineau? You show me the papers which seem to prove her death, and now I find you in this remote part of Normandy, evidently in pursuit of her. What does this mean?"

"You are doing the same thing yourself," she answered, "because I am not satisfied. But you have proved your conviction by becoming Richard Foster's second wife."

"That is the very point," she said, shedding a few tears; "as soon as ever Mrs. Wilkinson described Ellen Martineau to me, when she was talking about her visitor who had come to inquire after her, I grew quite frightened lest he should ever be charged with marrying me whilst she was alive. So I persuaded him to let me come here and make sure of it, though the journey costs a great deal, and we have very little money to spare. We did not know what tricks Olivia might do, and it made me very miserable to think she might be still alive, and I in her place."

I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was some reason in Mrs. Foster's statement of the case.

"There is not the slightest chance of your finding her," I remarked.

"Isn't there?" she asked, with an evil gleam in her eyes, which I just caught before she hid her face again in her handkerchief.

"At any rate," I said, "you would have no power over her if you found her. You could not take her back with you by force. I do not know how the French laws would regard Foster's authority, but you can have none whatever, and he is quite unfit to take this long journey to claim her. Really I do not see what you can do; and I should think your wisest plan would be to go back and take care of him, leaving her alone. I am here to protect her, and I shall stay until I see you fairly out of the place."

I kept up very strict watch over her during the day, for I felt sure she would find no trace of Olivia in Noireau. At night I saw her again. She was worn out and despondent, and declared herself quite ready to return to Falaise by the omnibus at five o'clock in the morning. I saw her off, and gave the driver a fee to bring me word for what town she took her ticket at the railway station. When he returned in the evening he told me he had himself bought her one for Houlteux, and started her fairly on her way home.

As for myself I had spent the day in making inquiries at the offices of the local custom houses which stand at every entrance into a town or village in France, for the gathering of trifling, vexatious taxes upon articles of food and merchandise. At one of these I had learned that, three or four weeks ago a young Englishwoman with a little girl had passed by on foot, each carrying a small bundle, which had not been examined. It was on the road to Granville, which was between thirty and forty miles away. From Granville was the nearest route to the Channel Islands. Was it not possible that Olivia had resolved to seek refuge there again? Perhaps to seek me! My heart, bowed down by the sad picture of her and the little child leaving the town on foot, beat high again at the thought of Olivia in Guernsey.

sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly eating away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after a consultation that I came accidentally upon the little note book which I had kept in Guernsey—a private note book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made of a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now, that a better chance was thrust upon me in his favor, I shrink from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heart-sick at the thought of it.

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with terrible distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the certainty that he must die. I took up my note book, and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight.

It seemed cruel that this power should come to me from my mother's death. If she were living still, or if she had died from any other cause, the discovery of this remedy would never have been made by me. And I was to take it as a sort of miraculous gift, purchased by her pangs, and bestowed it upon the only man I hated. For I hated him; I said so to myself.

But it could not rest at that. I fought a battle with myself all through the quiet night, motionless and in silence, lest Jack should become aware that I was not sleeping. How should I ever face him, or grasp his hearty hand again, with such a secret weight upon my soul? Yet how could I resolve to save Foster at the cost of dooming Olivia to a lifelong bondage should he discover where she was, or to lifelong poverty should she remain concealed? If I were only sure that she was alive! It was for her sake merely that I hesitated.

The morning dawned before I could decide. The decision, when made, brought no feeling of relief or triumph to me. As soon as it was probable that Dr. Senior could see me, I was at his house at Fulham; and in rapid, almost incoherent words laid what I believed to be my important discovery before him. He sat thinking for some time, running over in his own mind such cases as had come under his own observation. After a while a gleam of pleasure passed over his face, and his eyes brightened as he looked at me.

"I congratulate you, Martin," he said, "though I wish Jack had hit upon this. I believe it will prove a real benefit to our science. Let me turn it over a little longer, and consult some of my colleagues about it. But I think you are right. You are about to try it on poor Foster?"

"Yes," I answered, with a chilly sensation in my veins.

"It can do him no harm," he said, "and in my opinion it will prolong his life to old age, if he is careful of himself. I will write a paper on the subject for the *Lancet*, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart," I said sadly.

The old physician regarded me for a minute with his keen eyes, which had looked through the window of disease into many a human soul. I shrank from the scrutiny, but I need not have done so. He grasped my hand firmly and closely.

"God bless you, Martin!" he said, "God bless you!"

I went straight from Fulham to Bellinger street. A healthy impulse to fulfill all my duty, however difficult, was in its first fervid moment of action. Nevertheless there was a subtle hope within me founded upon one chance that was left—it was just possible that Foster might refuse to be made the subject of an experiment; for an experiment it was.

I sat down beside him, and told him what I believed to be his chance of life; not concealing from him that I proposed to try, if he gave his consent, a mode of treatment which had never been practiced before. His eye, keen and sharp as that of a lynx, seemed to read my thoughts as Dr. Senior's had done.

"Martin Dobree," he said, in a voice so different from his ordinary caustic tone that it almost startled me, "I can trust you. I put myself with implicit confidence into your hands."

The last chance—dare I say the last hope?—was gone. I stood pledged on my honor as a physician, to employ this discovery, which had been laid open to me by my mother's fatal illness, for the benefit of the man whose life was most harmful to Olivia and myself. I felt suffocated, stifled. I opened the window for a minute or two, and leaned through it to catch the fresh breath of the outer air.

"I must tell you," I said, when I drew my head in again, "that you must not expect to regain your health and strength so completely as to be able to return to your old dissipations. But if you are careful of yourself you may live to sixty or seventy."

"Life at any price!" he answered.

"There would be more chance for you now," I said, "if you could have better air than this."

"How can I?" he asked.

"Be frank with me," I answered, "and tell me what your means are. It would be worth your while to spend your last farthing upon this chance."

"Is it not enough to make a man mad," he said, "to know there are thousands lying in the bank in his wife's name, and he cannot touch a penny of it? It is life

# NEWS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

A Good Week's Record of Commercial and Industrial Progress and Development in Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California.

## A Future Pittsburg.

Development work is now being done on what may prove to be the most important mineral properties in the State of Washington so far as adding to the state's commercial and industrial supremacy is concerned. These are locations of coal and iron mines located in adjacent and overlapping claims on the divide between Cowlitz and Lewis counties and about sixty miles southwest of Yakima. The properties consist of some 700 or 800 acres of coal lands located under the coal land laws and a large number of iron claims located under the laws governing mineral locations. These claims are the property of Yakima business men and the work of developing them on a small scale is going slowly forward on the properties.

Two Spokane capitalists recently visited North Yakima for the purpose of purchasing or bonding the properties with a view of installing development work on a much larger scale and eventually building upon the properties a vast productive industry in mining and smelting iron ore.

The importance of a discovery of iron ore in this state has long been recognized by men who have made a study of the commercial progress and development of the world and many have been the efforts to find iron in sufficient quantity and of sufficient quality to justify mining and smelting it. As yet none of the reported discoveries has proven sufficiently promising to justify the expenditure at this time of the large sum of money it would require in order to properly develop the industry on a scale commensurate with its importance. Several promising iron locations have been made but little or no development is being done on any of them except as is necessary in order to make the locations valid from year to year. The feature of these properties which makes them seem particularly promising is the fact that the coal and iron deposits are so near to each other, thus permitting the former to be used for the purpose of smelting the latter without the necessity and cost of transporting it. The coal is claimed to be an excellent grade of anthracite, the first discovery of that variety to be reported in the state, while the iron ore is very fine and of high grade in addition to being in such a form and in such a condition as to be easily and economically reducible.

The European merchants and manufacturers understand this, and arrange to give the South American merchant ample time in which to meet his obligations. The Europeans make a careful, comprehensive systematic study of the conditions and necessities of the Latin-American market, and then set to work in an intelligent way to meet and satisfy those conditions and needs.

The Latin-American merchant is accustomed to long credit. Six months is the usual period, but sometimes it is a year. He will pay, but he must have time in which to pay, for it is the custom of the South American trader to be a banker as well as a merchant, and he has to make large advances in money and supplies to the owners of coffee and other plantations to enable them to pay their laborers, and the merchant does not expect repayment until the coffee crop is harvested and sold, once a year. So it will be seen that long time in making his own payments is essential to him.

The Northern Pacific road is also considering the falls as a source of power for running its trains from Portland and Seattle to the summit of the Cascades.

President Hill has decided that electricity shall be the motive power through the Cascade tunnel, and if feasible, from the summit of the Cascades to the western terminals.

The falls have a total of 100,000 horsepower. Only 10,000 of this is now in use. The falls are 280 feet high and at present they supply the power for the street railways, flouring mills and factories of Seattle.

The Northern Pacific road is also considering the falls as a source of power for running its trains from Portland and Seattle to the summit of the Cascades.

President Hill has decided that electricity shall be the motive power through the Cascade tunnel, and if feasible, from the summit of the Cascades to the western terminals.

The falls have a total of 100,000 horsepower. Only 10,000 of this is now in use. The falls are 280 feet high and at present they supply the power for the street railways, flouring mills and factories of Seattle.

In remote Harney and Malheur counties automobiles are taking the place of the old-fashioned stage in the long runs into the interior. Two autos will shortly be purchased to make the 160 mile stage trip between Ontario, Malheur county, and Burns, county seat of Harney. Here a lumbering stage makes the run in 36 hours, delaying the mail of Burns business men and residents. P. A. Snyder, an Ontario business man, will have two automobiles on this arid route shortly, which he calculates can make a daylight run in 11 hours.

She did not dare turn her face from the Emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The Emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed, and he said: "A Kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot."—Philadelphia Post.

Vegetables Will Become Valuable.

Two Melbournettes claim to have discovered a new motive power, "lighter than air, more powerful than dynamite, very simple and nominal in cost." Byronite (named after one of the inventors) is a fine powder alleged to be made from cheap vegetables, and generates, it is said, when specially treated, a gas which supplies the actual motive power.—Sydney Bulletin.

Blisters by Suggestion.

Hypnotic suggestion enables us to control processes which are ordinarily beyond the reach of the will. For instance, blisters have been produced in highly sensitive subjects by simply touching the part with the finger or some inert substance and suggesting the presence of a strong irritant.—Journal of Physical Therapeutics.

Good Use for Small Potatoes.

Capt. J. A. Brown is preparing to build a new starch factory on his place at Terry, Ore. He has secured a practical starchmaker from California, who will use potatoes in the manufacture of the product. Each year there are hundreds of sacks of small and unsalable potatoes raised in that neighborhood which have served as feed for stock heretofore. They can be made into starch, and will net their owners a handsome revenue if utilized in that way. It is

Idaho Mines Active.

The owners of the Thunder Mountain mines near Boise, Idaho, have ordered a 100-stamp mill to be delivered next spring. It will be one of the most completely equipped mills in the west. The 19-stamp mill set in this fall will begin work in a few days. The last news from the mine is to the effect that it was about ready to be started up.

A Million-Dollar Company.

The Cascade Coal Mining Company filed articles of incorporation here this afternoon. The incorporators are J. M. Wilhelm, H. E. Wilhelm and J. R. Campbell. The stock is \$1,000,000. Shares are worth \$1. The company has a coal prospect on Mr. Wilhelm's place east of Creswell, which has been worked for several years.

## An Important Railroad Enterprise.

The most important railroad enterprise since the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Southern Oregon, was the commencement on November 14, of the work on the Sugar Pine Lumber Company's Railroad from a point two miles south of Klamath Station to the timberland holdings of the same company at Pokoogama, Ore., a distance of 30 miles by the route. The work is being prosecuted vigorously, and by next July or sooner the cars will be running and carrying logs, passengers and freight.

It will be a standard-gauge road with 60-pound rails. The cost of construction will be \$20,000 per mile. There will be only one bridge, which will span the Klamath River about two miles from Jenny Creek. The end of the present construction is in the heart of the company's 70,000 acres of timberland holdings and will also bring the road over the high grades into the Klamath Basin land and will allow them to make Pokoogama the freight-shipping point for Klamath County, and a wide range of Eastern Oregon. As a starter and for the principal motive the road is built to haul logs from their timber district to the connection with the Southern Pacific line, and 100 logging cars have been arranged for, as well as other rolling stock.

The Sugar Pine Company has secured 1600 acres of land two miles south at Klamath, and will erect thereon an immense two-set sawmill and will manufacture lumber of all kinds, sash, doors, boxes, etc., making one of the most up-to-date outfits on the Coast. They will lay out a townsite and establish a small city at that place.

## Pacific's Trade Supreme.

A writer in the Monthly Review sometime ago drew attention to the statement that supremacy in trade was passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, at least that the relative importance of the latter was sure to increase. A writer in the New York World points out that there are 800,000,000 people in Asia, Africa, Australia and the Pacific archipelago, and his expectation is that the American countries will obtain the larger share of their trade. So far as China, Japan and Asiatic Russia are concerned the United States and Canada are certainly in an advantageous position for trade, the route across the Pacific being better than any of those available for European countries.

Half the steam merchant vessels now under construction in the United States are for the Pacific, and attempts are being made to shorten the voyage by the building of very powerful vessels. The development of China will be one of the most important elements in the trade of the Pacific. If Chinamen were to increase their consumption of foreign goods to the extent of \$5 a head, the amount would be nearly as great as the whole of the present trade of the United States.

## California Lemons Are the Best.

At the request of the Earl Fruit Company, Messrs. Stillwell and Gladding, chemists to the New York Produce Exchange, have made an analysis of this year's California lemon crop. It is almost a year since a similar analysis was made, showing the comparative merits of California and Italian lemons, the result being much discussed on account of the favorable showing made by the California product. The growers in California have been making every effort to bring their fruit to a still higher degree of perfection, by scientific methods of cultivation, and, as compared with the test made last November, this year's analysis is even more favorable.

The percentage of waste matter, consisting of pulp, seeds and rind last year was 64 per cent.; this year it is 53.65 per cent., according to the last analysis. The percentage of juice was 36 per cent. The citric acid, equivalent to crystallized citric acid last year was 8.23 ounces per United States wine gallon; this year it is 9.21 ounces per United States wine gallon.

## New Source of Western Wealth.

A large number of inquiries from various parts of the state have been received at the State Agricultural College of Oregon, of the progress of an experiment conducted by the college experiment station for the manufacture of vinegar from refuse prunes. The character and number of the inquiries indicate that much interest is aroused in the experiment. The inquiries generally seek information concerning methods and steps necessary in securing fermentation, acetic acid and other matters connected with vinegar-making.

An analysis yesterday of the prune juice, now but a month along in the three or four months of process necessary to secure final results, shows an acetic acid content of 2.16 per cent., a far greater per cent. than Professor Pernot expected. It is now believed that the ultimate acetic acid content will be greater than is usually secured in pure cider vinegar.

## Farm Land at \$300 per Acre.

W. T. Grider has sold his fruit farm of 10 acres, two miles from La Grande, Ore., for \$3000. This is one of the largest prices ever paid for orchard land in this valley. For the land, Mr. Grider paid \$80 per acre six years ago. He has since harvested two heavy crops. It is estimated that the purchaser will be able to pay for the orchard from next season's crop, if the season is favorable.