

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XXIV.

I, Olivia Foster, take up the thread of the story—the woful, weary narrative of my wanderings after leaving my island friends.

Once more I found myself in London. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city in the Continent. Fortunately, Tardif had given me the address of a boarding house, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several governess agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. When a fortnight had passed with no opening for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding house which had been my temporary home. Wandering about the least fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost least, I found a bedroom in the third story of a house in a tolerably respectable street.

In this feverish solitude one day dragged itself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was as fond of companionship, and needed love as much as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat dangerously upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a panic would seize me, a dread unutterably great, that I might meet my husband amidst the crowd. I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconventional life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me, and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Bank of Australia, where very probably I could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the city. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail. I had a long time to wait. The office clock pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter stood a young man in consultation with a clerk. He looked earnestly at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau?" said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," I said eagerly.

"And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits falling again.

"A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would perfect yourself in French, you know; and you would gain a referee for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied.

"Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper. I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than the half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street towards the busier thoroughfares, with my head bent down and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking closely into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road.

I turned, almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards us, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken scoundrel like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Don't," I whispered; "oh! take me away quickly!"

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigor and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman. He looked utterly unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor enough now for the policeman to be very hard upon him, and the stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet street, where in a minute

or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"I do not know how to thank you," I said, falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied. "How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior of Brook street?"

"No," replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply engrossed in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there."

He called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was an time for bidding, so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman.

"All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid and I've taken cabbie's number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran upstairs to my little room. I kindled the fire. Then I sat down on my box before it, thinking.

Yes! I must leave London. I must take this situation, the only one open to me, in a school in France. I should at least be assured of a home for twelve months; and, as the clerk had said, I should appear myself in French and gain a referee. I should be earning a character in fact. The sooner I fled from London again the better, now that I knew my husband was somewhere in it. I unfolded the paper on which was written the name of the lady to whom I was to apply.

Mrs. Wilkinson, 19 Bellingham street. I ran down to the sitting room, and I asked my landlady where it was, and I had heard of a situation in France, Bellingham street was less than a mile away. I could be there before seven o'clock, not too late perhaps for Mrs. Wilkinson to give me an interview.

No, 19 was not difficult to find, and I pulled the bell handle with a gentle and quiet pull. A slight, thin child in rusty morning opened it, with the chain across, and asked in a timid voice who I was.

"Does Mrs. Wilkinson live here?" I asked.

"Yes," said the child.

"Who is there?" I heard a voice calling shrilly from within.

"I am come about a school in France," I said to the child.

"Oh! I'll let you in," she answered eagerly. "She will see you about that, I'm sure. I'm to go with you, if you go."

She let down the chain, and opened the door. There was a dim light burning in the hall, which looked shabby and poverty stricken. I had only time to take a vague general impression, before the little girl conducted me to a room on the ground floor.

"I'm to go if you go," she said again; "and, oh! I do so hope you will agree to go."

"I think I shall," I answered.

"I daren't be sure," she replied, nodding her head with an air of sagacity; "there have been four or five governesses here, and none of them would go. You'd have to take me with you; and, oh! it is such a lovely, beautiful place. See! here is a picture of it."

She ran eagerly to a side table, on which lay a book or two, one of which she opened, and reached out a photograph, which had been laid there for security. It was clear, sharply defined. At the left hand stood a handsome house, with windows covered with lace curtains, and provided with outer Venetian shutters. In the center stood a large square garden, with fountains, and arched and statues; and behind this stood a long building of two stories, and a steep roof with dormer windows, every element of which was provided, like the house in the front, with rich lace curtains and Venetian shutters. The whole place was clearly in good order and good taste, and looked like a very pleasant home.

"Isn't it a lovely place?" asked the child beside me, with a deep sigh of longing.

"Yes," I said; "I should like to go."

I had had time to make all these observations before the owner of the foreign voice, which I had heard at the door, came in. At the first glance I knew her to be a Frenchwoman. Her black eyes were steady and cold, and her general expression one of watchfulness.

"I have not the honor of knowing you," she said politely.

"I come from Ridley's Agency office," I answered, "about a situation as English teacher in a school in France."

"It is a great chance," she said, "my friend, Madame Perrier, is very good, very amiable for her teachers. She is like a sister for them. The terms are very high, very high for France; but there is absolutely every comfort. I suppose you could introduce a few English pupils."

"No," I answered, "I am afraid I could not. I am sure I could not."

"That of course must be considered in the premium," she continued; "if you could have introduced, say, six pupils, the premium would be low. I do not think my friend would take one penny less than twenty pounds for the first year, and ten for the second."

"The terms started to my eyes. I had felt so sure of going if I would pay ten pounds, that I was quite unprepared for this disappointment. There was still my diamond ring left; but how to dispose of it, for anything like its value, I did not know.

"What were you prepared to give?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson, whilst I hesitated.

"The clerk at Ridley's office told me the premium would be ten pounds," I answered; "I do not see how I can give more."

"Well," she said, after musing a little, "it is time this child went. She has been here a month, waiting for somebody to take her down to Nureau. I will agree with you, and will explain to Madame Perrier. How soon could you go?"

"I should like to go to-morrow," I replied, feeling that the sooner I quitted London the better. Mrs. Wilkinson's steady eyes fastened upon me again with sharp curiosity.

"Have you references, miss?" she asked.



### FARMERS' CORNER.

**Abuse of the Check Reins.**  
The accompanying illustrations are taken from leaflet issued by the Humane Education Committee at Providence, R. I. This committee is calling attention to some of the ways in which our domestic animals are abused. A good deal of this abuse is thoughtless—that is, the owner or driver does not desire to torture the animal. He either does not know any better, or else does what others about him have been doing for years. There are many ways in which the tight, overdrawn check-rein annoys or injures the horse. The picture showing the wrong way of "checking" well illustrates the trouble. In fact, the pictures are a whole story in themselves. The leaflet mentioned makes a strong argument against the tight check, quoting some of the most noted breeders, drivers and horsemen against it. Here are two samples—the first from Wm. Pritchard, president of the Royal Veterinary College, London:

The continued pressure of the bit of the bearing-rein (check-rein) deadens the surrounding portion of the mouth with which it is in contact, thus producing a partially insensible condition of it—a condition most ill-suited to receive a sudden impression, as a check from the driver, in the event of the horse stumbling from any cause; I would, therefore, say that, instead of preventing horses from falling, the bearing-rein is calculated to render falling more frequent. Other not uncommon results of the use of this instrument of torture are distortion of the windpipe to such a degree as to impede the respiration ever afterward, excoriation of the mouth and lips, paralysis of the muscles of the face, etc. Another writer says: "Tying one part of an animal's body to another does not necessarily keep him on his feet. It is the pull from the arm of the driver that makes the horse regain himself when he stumbles. One might as well say that tying a man's head back to a belt at his waist would prevent him from falling if he stumbled in a race."

**To Kill Insects.**  
It may not be generally known that skim milk or buttermilk readily mixes with kerosene, forming an emulsion which destroys insects without danger or injury to animals or plants on which they might be that might result on the use of pure oil and water, says the American Cultivator. We first learned of this from using this mixture for the scaly insect, or mite, which causes scaly legs on fowls. We found that one or two dippings or washings with it would cure the worst case of scaly leg and leave the skin as smooth as when first hatched. We never had occasion to try it for lousy animals, for we never had one, but we do not hesitate to recommend it, and we have lately seen its use advised for ticks on sheep, using a gill of kerosene to one gallon of milk. We did not make our mixture so strong of kerosene as that, but perhaps the larger tick may need a stronger application than an insect so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye.

**About Selling Apples.**  
If apples are sold to commission men or fruit dealers it is best to consult them as to the time and manner of picking, grading and packing, says Farmers' Tribune. They are familiar with the wants of the trade and know best how to meet its demands. A large crop of good winter apples can sometimes be disposed of to the best advantage by selling in the orchard for a lump sum. This obviates the work and worry of marketing, and holding such a perishable crop for higher prices is risky business. It is not apt to pay unless one is a good judge of the market and the fruit is well stored. Where the apples are sold on the trees one should be able to correctly estimate the quantity of apples on a tree and know the highest price which they will command on the market. But however the crop is sold, it is well for the orchardist to have the picking under his control, as trees are often injured, blubs broken, etc.

**In Races in Horses.**  
Stimulants and tonics should be given from the start in cases of influenza. Give one dram dose of acetanilid and one ounce of alcohol in water every three, four or six hours, according to height of fever, and when fever drops to 102 degrees or less give a dram of quinine three times daily dissolved in two drams of tincture of iron, then mixed with a pint of thin oatmeal gruel. In the feed mix from the start from twenty to thirty grains of nuxvomica irrespective of the other medicinal and increase the dose gradually if the animal is weak and staggers. Affected animals should be kept in comfortable stalls or box stalls where they can have good care and feeding.

**Two Hundred Egg Hens.**  
How can be produced hens that will lay 200 eggs per annum? By scientific breeding, as for a good butter cow or a cow milker, or for a good trotter or high jumping horse. Experiments have

been made to increase the number of rows of corn on the cob with success. The same method is applicable to poultry breeding. We will start with a hen that lays 120 eggs. Some of her chicks will lay 130 per year. From these we will pick out layers and so on until 200 or better are the result. At the same time it is just as essential to breed out of males from prolific layers, as it is the females; in fact, it is more so. If we look after the breeding of the females only we will introduce on the male side blood which is lacking in prolificacy, and thus check every attempt in progress. It is just as essential that the male should be from the hen which lays 175 eggs and from a male that was bred from a hen that laid 150 eggs, as it is that the hen should be from one that laid 175 eggs and whose mother laid 150 eggs.—Poultry Herald.

**Sugar Beet Culture.**  
We have not been an advocate of sugar-beet growing because we have believed that a good farmer can grow other crops on good land with less labor that will bring more money, but we have not tried to injure the business, as a German paper would do when it says, "Plow in the spring, regardless of mud and water. Stop every drain that may be carrying the water away from the beet fields. Fall plowing is to retain the moisture. Spring plowing must aim to secure every bit of moisture for the beet field." We have grown some sugar beets, not for the factory, but for stock feeding, and we would say to any one growing for either purpose do not plow or sow the seed until the ground is dry and firm. To plow "regardless of mud and water" will insure a small crop of beets that are scarcely worth feeding to the cow or pigs. Fall plowing should be done to relieve the land of moisture and not to retain it, and thus it should be, when it is possible, up and down the side hills instead of around them, that the water may be drained off by the bottom of the furrow, below the earth that is turned over. As we never visited Germany we will not say the advice is not good here, but we know of no part of the United States where we think it would be good. But we will give a little bit of what we think is better advice. If you grow sugar beets do not sell them at \$4 or \$5 a ton, when you have cattle or hogs to feed them to, unless you can get back all the pomace made from them.—New England Homestead.

**Rations for Milch Cows.**  
It is generally understood that the average cow ought to have between two and three pounds of digestible protein daily as a part of the ration. One often finds one or more cows in a herd that will do well on a ration containing less than two pounds of protein, and on the other hand some of the herd need considerable more protein. Wheat bran of good quality is generally conceded to be an ideal product to feed with corn and other grains, although we may obtain much more protein and considerable mineral matter from feeding cotton-seed meal, but this may not be fed in large quantities. Gluten meal supplies protein in other sections, while in still other sections dependence for protein is placed almost wholly on cowpea hay and alfalfa, with small feeds of cotton-seed meal, the hay of the cowpeas and alfalfa being ground. The essential thing is to obtain the best quality of protein for one's herd at the smallest possible expense.—Exchange.

**Testing Seed.**  
The result of tests made by competent men with samples of seeds sent to the Buffalo Exposition proves two things: First, the necessity for care on the part of farmers in buying seeds only from reputable seedsmen, and, second, the desirability of testing all seeds during the winter, that the loss of both seed and crop may be avoided. In the tests referred to the percentage of good seed was very low in the majority of cases. With some samples the good seed was found to be only about 20 per cent of the whole. In one test of orchard grass sold at \$5 per hundred pounds, the good seed was only 16.5 per cent of the whole, making the real cost of the good seed \$38.46 per hundred pounds. It is true the original price of \$5 per hundred pounds is low, but the result ought to have been better even then.

**Washing and Working Butter.**  
After drawing off the buttermilk wash twice or until the wash water runs off clear. Then work in salt to suit the taste of your trade and set away for three or four hours, then rework and pack or stamp. The interval between salting and stamping allows the salt thoroughly to permeate the whole mass, and the second working also insures a uniform mixing of the salt as well as working out any excess of water. Never work butter when it is warm enough to be salvy. There are two watchwords for the buttermaker. They are cleanliness and uniformity, and are worth remembering if you are looking for trade and reputation.

**Improvement in Hogs.**  
The hog has been improved in the last twenty years to such an extent that he is able to mature earlier and produce a larger amount of grain and growth from the same quantity of food. The improved pig shows the great feeding capabilities and earlier maturing qualities that have been bred into him. No time is lost. Pigs can be marketed as quickly as a crop of grain.—Kansas Farmer.

**Tree Protectors.**  
Tree guards and other protectors are now in order. A strip of wire fly screening is about the best thing we know of, and it will remain on the trees for several years.—Exchange.

**ROSEVELT ON THE COUGAR.**  
He Writes About the Habits and Characteristics of the Big Cat.  
Fables aside, the cougar is a very interesting creature, says Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's. It is found from the cold, desolate plains of Patagonia to north of the Canadian line, and lives alike among the snow-clad peaks of the Andes and in the steaming forests of the Amazon. Doubtless careful investigation will disclose several varying forms to an animal found over such immense tracts of country and living under such utterly diverse conditions. But in its essential habits and traits the big, slinking, nearly uncolored cat seems to be much the same everywhere, whether living in mountain, open plain or forest, under arctic cold or tropic heat.

When the settlements become thick it retires to dense forest, dark swamp or inaccessible mountain gorge, and moves about only at night. In wilder regions it not infrequently roams during the day and ventures freely into the open. Deer are its customary prey when they are plentiful, bucks, does and fawns being killed indifferently. Usually the deer is killed almost instantaneously, but occasionally there is quite a scuffle, in which the cougar may get bruised, though, as far as I know, never seriously. It is also a dreaded enemy of sheep, pigs, calves, and especially colts, and when pressed by hunger a big male cougar will kill a full-grown horse or cow, mouse or wapiti. It is the special enemy of mountain sheep. In 1881, while hunting white goats north of Clarke's fork of the Columbia, in a region where cougar were common, I found them preying as freely on the goats as on the deer. It rarely catches antelope, but is quick to seize rabbits, other small beasts, and even porcupines.

No animal, not even the wolf, is so rarely seen or so difficult to get without dogs. On the other hand, no other wild beast of its size and power is so easy to kill by the aid of dogs. There are many contributions in its character. Like the American wolf, it is certainly very much afraid of man; yet it habitually follows the trail of the hunter, or solitary traveler, dogging his footsteps, itself always unseen. I have had this happen to me personally. When hungry it will seize and carry off any dog; yet it will sometimes go up a tree when pursued by a single small dog, wholly unable to do it the least harm. It is small wonder that the average frontier settler should grow to regard almost with superstition the great furtive cat which he never sees, but of whose presence he is ever aware and of whose prowess shiner proof is sometimes afforded by the deaths not alone of his lesser stock, but even of his milk cow or saddle horse. The cougar is as large, as powerful and as fearfully armed as the Indian panther and quite as well able to attack man; yet the instances of its having done so are exceedingly rare. The vast majority of the tales to this effect are undoubtedly inventions. But it is foolish to deny that such attacks on human beings ever occur.

**RECENT INVENTIONS.**  
A new toy for the children is a bowling alley, in which the pins are set at one end of a long wooden gallery, with a spring gun to propel the balls against the pins.

The back of a newly designed brush is provided with a receptacle for the comb, with a flush lid sliding into grooves to cover it and a mirror is set in the bottom of the compartment.

An Australian has patented a necktie which has a number of buttonholes worked in the neckband at short distances apart, one of which is fastened to the collar button when the tie is adjusted.

A Michigan man has patented a handy cuffholder in which a wire rod is fitted with a spring clamp at one end for attachment to the shirt sleeve, with the other end twisted into a spiral to be inserted into the cuff buttonhole.

Hand saws are prevented from sticking in the piece of wood which is being cut out by a new holder which is set in a recess in the handle and discharges a small quantity of oil on the blade and into the slot at each downward cut.

Lamps will not explode or take fire when overturned if a new attachment is used, consisting of a weighted or spring lever in the bottom of the lamp, to drop downward as soon as the lamp base is tipped from the table, a chain being fastened to the lever to operate an extinguisher on the top of the wick tube.

In a new baby carriage the sides and ends of the body are formed of small metal strips pivoted together at the ends to fold up, with the bottom and track made in sections, which are hinged together, the whole carriage being contained in a space about as large across as the wheels when it is folded.

**It Could Not Be.**  
Little Ham stood on the main deck of the ark, crying bitterly.

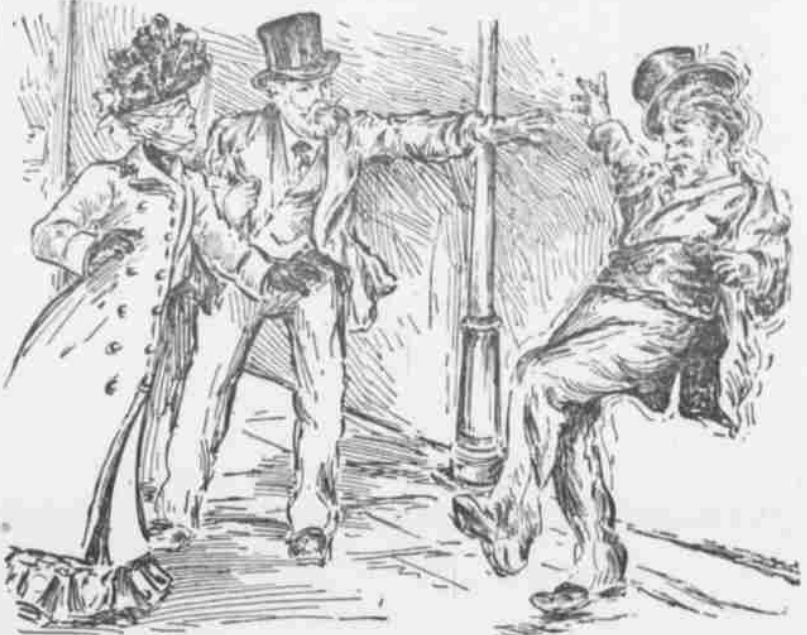
"What is the matter, my son?" inquired Noah, pausing in his effort to induce the prodigal to cease annoying the lighthouse.

"I been all through the animal quarters and I don't see any red lemonade stands or peanuts and I think your old circus is no good," wailed the youth.

How in the world did Ham know anything about circus, though?—Baltimore American.

**Production of Borax.**  
The United States produces as much borax as the rest of the world combined.

It may be sweet to die for one's country, but the average man doesn't care for sweet things.



"SENT WHIRLING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."