The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

That same evening I received a note, desiring me to go and see him immediately. He was looking brighter and better than in the morning, and an odd smile played now and then about his face as he talked to me, after having desired Mrs. Foster to leave us alone together.

"Mark?" he said, "I have not the slightest reason to doubt Olivia's death, except your own opinion to the contrary, which is founded upon reasons of which I know nothing. But acting on the supposition that she may be still alive, I am quite willing to enter into negotiations with her. I suppose it must be through you."

"It must," I answered, "and it cannot be at present. You will have to wait for some months, perhaps, whilst I pursue my search for her. I do not know where she is any more than you do."

A vivid gleam crossed his face at these words, but whether of incredulity or satisfaction I could not tell.

"But suppose I die in the meantime?" he objected.

"I do not know that I might not leave you in your present position," I said at last; "it may be I am acting from an over-strained sense of duty. But if you will give me a formal deed protecting her from yourself, I am willing to advance the funds necessary to remove you to purer air, and more open quarters than these. A deed of separation, which both of you must sign, can be drawn up, and receive your signature. There will be no doubt as to getting hers, when we find her. But that may be some months hence, as I said. Still I will run the risk.""

"For her sake?" he said, with a sneer.

"For her sake, simply," I answered; "I will employ a lawyer to draw up the deed, and as soon as you sign it I will advance the money you require. My treatment of your disease I shall begin at once; that falls under my duty as your doctor; but I warn you that fresh air and freedom from agitation are almost, if not positively, essential to its success. The sooner you secure these for yourself, the better your chance."

Some further conversation passed between us, as to the stipulations to be insisted upon, and the division of the yearly income from Olivia's property, for I would not agree to her alienating any portion of it. Foster wished to drive a hard bargain, still with that odd smile on his face; and it was after much discussion that we came to an agreement.

I had the deed drawn up by a lawyer, who warned me that if Foster sued for a restitution of his rights they would be enforced. But I hoped that when Olivia was found she would have some evidence in her own favor, which would deter him from carrying the case into court. The deed was signed by Foster, and left in my charge till Olivia's signature could be obtained.

As soon as the deed was secured, I had my patient removed from Bellringer street to some apartments in Fulham, near to Dr. Senior, whose interest in the case was now almost equal to my own. Here I could visit him every day. Never had any sufferer, under the highest and wealthiest ranks, greater care and science expended upon him than Richard Foster.

The progress of his recovery was slow, but it was sure. I felt that it would be so from the first. Day by day I watched the pallid hue of sickness upon his face changing into a more natural tone. I saw his strength coming back by slight but steady degrees. The malady was forced to retreat into its most hidden citadel, where it might lurk as a prisoner, but not dwell as a destroyer, for many years to come.

There was no triumph to me in this, as there would have been had my patient been any one else. The cure aroused much interest among my colleagues, and made my name more known. But what was that to me? As long as this man lived, Olivia was doomed to a lonely and friendless life. I tried to look into the future for her, and saw it stretch out into long, dreary years. I wondered where she would find a home. Could I persuade Johanna to receive her into her pleasant dwelling, which would become so lonely to her when Captain Carey had moved into Julia's house in St. Peterport? That was the best plan I could form.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Julia's marriage arrangements were going on speedily. There was something ironical to me in the chance that made me so often the witness of them. We were so merely cousins again, that she discussed her purchases and displayed them before me, as if there had never been any notion between us of keeping house together. Once more I assisted in the choice of a wedding dress, for the one made a year before was said to be yellow and old-fashioned. But this time Julia did not insist upon having white satin. A dainty tint of grey was considered more suitable. Captain Carey enjoyed the purchase with the rapture I had failed to experience.

The wedding was fixed to take place the last week in July, a fortnight earlier than the time proposed; it was also a fortnight earlier than the date I was looking forward to most anxiously, when, if ever, news would reach Tardif from Olivia.

Dr. Senior had agreed with me that Foster was sufficiently advanced on the road to recovery to be removed from Fulham to the better air of the south coast. We required Mrs. Foster to write us fully, three times a week, every variation she might observe in his health. After that we started them off to a quiet village in Sussex. I breathed more freely when they were out of my daily sphere of duty.

But before they went a hint of treachery reached me, which put me doubly on my guard. One morning, when Jack and I were at breakfast, Simmons, the cabby, was announced. He was a favorite with Jack, who bade the servant show him in.

"Nothing amiss with your wife or the brats, I hope?" said Jack.

"No, Dr. John, no," he answered, "there ain't anything amiss with them, except being too many of 'em p'raps, and my old woman won't own to that. But there's something in the wind as concerns Dr. Dobry, so I thought I'd better come and give you a hint of it."

"Very good, Simmons," said Jack.

"You recollect taking my cab to Gray's Inn Road about this time last year, when I showed up so green, don't you?" he asked.

"To be sure," I said.

"Well, doctors," he continued, "the very last Monday as ever was, a lady walks slowly along the stand, eyeing us all very hard, but taking no heed of any of 'em, till she catches sight of me. The lady comes along very slowly—she looks hard at me—she nods her head, as much as to say, 'You, and your cab, and your horse are what I'm on the lookout for;' and I gets down, opens the door, and sees her in quite comfortable. Says she, 'Drive me to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road.'"

"No!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, doctors," replied Simmons. "'Drive me,' she says, 'to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road.' Of course I knew the name again; I was vexed enough the last time I were there, at showing myself so green. I looks hard at her. A very fine make of a woman, with hair and eyes as black as coals, and a impudent look on her face somehow. She told me to wait for her in the street; and directly after she goes in there comes down the gent I had seen before, with a pen behind his ear. He looks very hard at me, and me at him. Says he, 'I think I have seen your face before, my man.' Very civil; as civil as a orange, as folks say. 'I think you have,' I says. 'Could you step upstairs for a minute or two?' says he, very polite; 'I'll find a boy to take charge of your horse.' And he slips a arf-crown into my hand, quite pleasant."

"So you went in, of course?" said aJck.

"Doctors," he answered solemnly, "I did go in. Ther's nothing to be said against that. The lady is sitting in a orfice upstairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coals, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little under the weather. 'What's your name, my man?' asked the black gent. 'Waler,' I says. 'And where do you live?' he says, taking me serious. 'In Queer street,' I says, with a little wink to show 'em I were up to a trick or two. They all three larfed a little among themselves, but not in a pleasant sort of way. Then the gent begins again. 'My good fellow,' he says, 'we want you to give us a little information that 'ud be of use to us, and we are willing to pay you handsome for it. It can't do you any harm, nor nobody else, for it's only a matter of business. You're not above taking ten shillings for a bit of useful information?' 'Not by no manner of means,' I says."

"Go on," I said impatiently.

"Jest so, doctors," he continued, "but this time I was minding my P's and Q's. 'You know Dr. Senior, of Brook street?' he says. 'The old doctor?' I says; 'he's retired out of town.' 'No,' he says, 'nor the young doctor neither; but there's another of 'em, isn't there?' 'Dr. Dobry?' I says. 'Yes,' he says, 'he often takes your cab, my friend?' 'First one and then the other,' I says, 'sometimes Dr. John and sometimes Dr. Dobry. They're as thick as brothers, and thicker.' 'Good friends of yours?' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'they take my cab when they can have it; but there's not much friendship, as I see, in that. It's the best cab and horse on the stand. Dr. John's pretty fair, but the other's no great favorite of mine.' 'Ah!' he says."

"OFF WITH HIM TO THE CARRIAGE."

Simmons' face was illuminated with delight, and he winked sportively at us.

"It were all flummery, doctors," he said. "I jest see them setting a trap, and I wanted to have a finger in it. 'Ah!' he says, 'all we want to know, but we do want to know that very particular, is where you drive Dr. Dobry to the oftenest. He's going to borrow money from us, and we'd like to find out something about his habits. You know where he goes in your cab.' 'Of course I do,' I says; 'I drove him and Dr. John here nigh a twelvemonth ago. The other gent took my number down, and knew where to look for me when you wanted me.' 'You're a clever fellow,' he says. 'So my old woman thinks,' I says. 'And you'd be glad to earn a little more for your old woman?' he says. 'Try me,' I says. 'Well, then,' says he, 'here's a offer for you. If you'll bring us word where he spends his spare time, we'll give you ten shillings; and if it turns out of any use to us, we'll make it five pound.' 'Very good,' I says. 'You've not got any information to tell us at once?' he says. 'Well, no,' I says, 'but I'll keep my eye upon him now.' 'Stop,' he says, as I were going away; 'they keep a carriage, of course?' 'Of course,' I says; 'what's the good of a doctor that hasn't a carriage and pair?' 'Do they use it at night?' says he. 'Not often,' says I; 'they take a cab; mine if it's on the stand.' 'Very good,' he says; 'good morning, my friend.' So I come away, and drives back again to the stand."

"And you left the lady there?" I asked, with no doubt in my mind that it was Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, doctor," he answered, "talking away like a poll-parrot with the black-haired gent. That were last Monday; to-day's Friday, and this morning there comes this bit of a note to me at our house. That's what's brought me here at this time, doctors."

He gave the note into Jack's hands; and he, after glancing at it, passed it on to me. The contents were simply these words: "James Simmons is requested to call at Gray's Inn Road, at 6:30 Friday evening." The handwriting struck me as one I had seen and noticed before. I scanned it more closely for a minute or two; then a glimmering of light began to dawn upon my memory. Could it be? I felt almost sure it was. In another minute I was persuaded that it was the same hand as that which had written the letter announcing Olivia's death. Probably if I could see the penmanship of the other partner, I should find it to be identical with that of the medical certificate which had accompanied the letter.

"Leave this note with me, Simmons," I said, giving him half a crown in exchange for it. I was satisfied now that the papers had been forged, but not with Olivia's connivance. Was Foster himself a party to it? Or had Mrs. Foster alone, with the aid of these friends or relatives of hers, plotted and carried out the scheme, leaving him in ignorance and doubt like my own?

I crossed in the mail steamer to Guernsey, on a Monday night, as the wedding was to take place at an early hour on Wednesday morning, in time for Captain Carey and Julia to catch the boat to England. The ceremony was to be solemnized at seven. Under these circumstances there could be no formal wedding breakfast, a matter not much to be regretted.

Captain Carey and I were standing at the altar of the old church some minutes before the bridal procession appeared. He looked pale, but wound up to a high pitch of resolute courage. The church was nearly full of eager spectators, all of whom I had known from my childhood. Far back, half sheltered by a pillar, I saw the white head and handsome face of my father, with Kate Daltrey by his side. At length Julia appeared, pale like the bridegroom, but dignified and prepossessing. She did not glance at me; she evidently gave no thought to me. That was well, and as it should be.

Yet there was a pang in it—reason as I would, there was a pang in it for me. I should have liked her to glance once at me, with a troubled and dimmed eye. I should have liked a shade upon her face, as I wrote my name below hers in the register. But there was nothing of the kind. She gave me the kiss, which I demanded as her cousin Martin, without embarrassment, and after that she put her hand again upon the bridegroom's arm and marched off with him to the carriage.

A whole host of us accompanied the bridal pair to the pier, and saw them start off on their wedding trip, with a pyramid of bouquets before them on the deck of the steamer. We ran round to the lighthouse, and waved out hats and handkerchiefs as long as they were in sight. That duty done, the rest of the day was our own.

It was almost midnight the next day when I reached Brook street, where I found Jack expecting my return. A letter was waiting for me, directed in queer, crabbed handwriting, and posted in Jersey a week before.

It had been so long on the road in consequence of the bad penmanship of the address. I opened it carelessly as I answered Jack's first inquiries; but the instant I saw the signature I held up my hand to silence him. It was from Tardif. This is a translation:

"Dear Doctor and Friend—This day I received a letter from mam'zelle; quite a little letter with only a few lines in it. She says, 'Come to be. My husband has found me; he is here. I have no friends but you and one other, and I cannot send for him. You said you would come to me whenever I wanted you. I have not time to write more. I am in a little village called Ville-en-bois, between Granville and Noireau. Come to the house of the cure; I am there.'

"Behold, I am gone, dear monsieur. I write this in my boat, for we are crossing to Jersey to catch the steamboat to Granville. To-morrow evening I shall be in Ville-en-bois. Will you learn the law of France about this affair? They say the code binds a woman to follow her husband wherever he goes. At London you can learn anything. Believe me, I will protect mam'zelle, or I should say madame, at the loss of my life. Your devoted TARDIF."

"I must go!" I exclaimed, about to rush out of the house.

"Where?" cried Jack.

"To Olivia," I answered; "that villain, that scoundrel has hunted her out in Normandy. Read that, Jack. Let me go."

"Stay!" he said; "there is no chance whatever of going so late as this. Let us think for a few minutes."

But at that moment a furious peal of the bell rang through the house. We both ran into the hall. The servant had just opened the door, and a telegraph clerk stood on the steps, with a telegram, which he thrust into his hands. It was directed to me. I tore it open. "From Jean Grimont, Granville, to Dr. Dobree, Brook street, London." I did not know any Jean Grimont of Granville; it was the name of a stranger to me. A message was written underneath in Norman patois, but so misspelt and garbled in its transmission that I could not make out the sense of it. The only words I was sure about were "mam'zelle," "Foster," "Tardif," and "a l'agonie." Who was on the point of death I could not tell.

(To be continued.)

WASPS BENEFIT THE FIGS.

Insects Are Necessary to the Fruit's Successful Cultivation.

The long-continued effort to produce the Smyrna fig of commerce in California has been crowned with success. The history of the experiment is interesting. It began over twenty years ago with importation of cuttings from Asia Minor. Figs have been produced from these and other imported cuttings, but they were not the famous white fig of commerce. The credit of producing the latter in California belongs to Geo. C. Roeding of Fresno. Until this summer every true Smyrna fig tree planted in California which bore fruit failed to mature it; the figs were unfertilized and withered and dropped. It was finally discovered that the fertilization of this fig depended upon the service of the blastophaga wasp, whose habitat is in the capri, or wild fig. The latter was imported and thrived amazingly, but the blastophaga did not accompany it.

Special importations of the wasp followed, but it thrived only for a season on the capri fig and then disappeared. It was assumed that it could not survive our winters. Last year the Department of Agriculture took the matter in hand. A fresh consignment was imported and its care intrusted to Mr. Roeding. Last April the young insect colony emerged in full force from the first capri cot, entered the second, emerged again, and then took possession of the Smyrna fig trees, the fruit on which was ready for fertilization. Mr. Roeding reports that this experiment has been perfectly successful. A ton of the fruit has been picked from his trees and the entire crop will yield five or six tons more. Mr. Roeding believes that the blastophaga has come to stay and he expects that California will be enriched soon with another industry.

Tulkinghorn's House to Disappear.

Yet another famous house has to make way for street improvements. It is the mansion in Lincoln's-Inn-fields adjoining Sardinia street, and was built from the designs of Inigo Jones for the Earl of Lindsey. The right-hand room on the first floor of the house was chosen by Dickens for the scene of the assassination of Mr. Tulkinghorn, Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer, in "Bleak House." Already, however, the painted ceiling, with the Roman soldier pointing his truncheon to the body of the dead solicitor, has disappeared under a coat of whitewash, wickedly applied a few years ago.—London Globe.

His Words Indorsed.

It was the worst domestic storm they had ever encountered.

"You don't deserve even hanging," he said as he left the house.

"I deserve it better than you do!" she sent after him as a parting shot.—Philadelphia Times.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

How a Small Boy Made Double Profits Out of a Dog.

"There is a small cross-eyed boy living in this city, who if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow purp that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city and spends most of her time hugging and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally the dog worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:

"'See here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?'

"'Sure,' said he.

"'Well, then,' said I, 'you go up to my house, watch your chance and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him bring him down to my office and get your dollar.'

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope.

"'What will I do with him, boss?' he asked after I paid him.

"'I don't care,' I snapped. 'Drown him if you want to.'

"That night I discovered my wife in tears and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers offering $10 for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door and announced that Fido had been found.

"'Where?' I asked, concealing a groan.

"'A little boy brought him back,' she answered.

"'What kind of a boy?' I asked, suspiciously.

"'A small, cross-eyed boy, with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him $10, it being all I had, and told him if he would go down and see you that I knew you would be glad to add $5 to it.'

"But the boy didn't show up," continued Jones, according to the Detroit Free Press. "As a matter of fact I hadn't the slightest idea he would. I wouldn't mind giving him $5 if he would call."

Boy Nearly Eight Feet Tall.

Edward Beaupre, 20 years old, seven feet ten and three-quarter inches tall in his stockings, and not fully grown, is making a tour of Maine and astonishing the citizens.

Beaupre is a native of the province of Assiniboine, N. W. T., where his father is a farmer. His parents are both persons of ordinary size and height. Edward showed no remarkable growth until he was 7 years old, but from that time out he flourished amazingly. He worked on the farm and as a cowboy until a few months ago, and now he is traveling about to get a look at the world, his view of things being as comprehensive as other men would get from the housetops. He weighs 367 pounds and is well proportioned. He wears a No. 21 shoe and the same number collar and his big hands require a glove that looks like a small mail sack. All of his clothing must be made to order.

Beaupre is having a pretty good time in Maine, says a Bangor (Me.) special to the New York World, the only drawback to his comfort here, as elsewhere, being that no hotel has a bed long enough for him to stretch out in. Usually he places two chairs at the foot of a couch, but oftener he makes his bed on the floor.

Morgan's One "Interview."

The interviewer disturbs J. Pierpont Morgan. He makes his boast that he never has been interviewed, and declares that in the last seven years but one interviewer ever has been able to approach him. The story of this one exception he told to Bishops Potter and Doane.

On a recent trip to Europe a representative of the London Times would not take no for his answer.

"Tell the Times man my time is worth £10 a minute," at last said Morgan.

"The Times man says he'll take two minutes at that," came back the reply.

"He handed me £20," said Mr. Morgan, "talked just two minutes by both our watches, did all the talking himself, and rose to go on the instant.

"'Why did you want to see me?' I asked, in curosity.

"'Oh, I wagered £100 that I would interview you personally, that's all,' was his reply. I congratulated him on his enterprise, and dismissed him within the third minute of his call."

"Did you keep his £20?" dryly asked Bishop Potter, as Mr. Morgan ended.

"Yes, and I haven't earned money in a long time that gave me the satisfaction that £20 did."—San Francisco Examiner.

They Were Whispering.

A conspicuous corner in the business district of Chicago is a favorite resort of deaf-mutes on Sunday afternoons. Here they meet for a social hour, often to the great amusement of the passers-by. One interesting incident of these weekly reunions is reported by the Chicago Tribune:

Two men were at some distance from the others. They were standing three feet apart and talking energetically in the sign language. One of them leaned over to the other, grasped his coat lapels and drew him toward him. When they were close to each other the second man caught hold of the other's coat, and they stood face to face. From where the other deaf-mutes stood it was impossible to see the movements of their hands.

Intensely interested in the performance, one of the spectators, who was not a deaf-mute, took out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote this question, which he handed to the mute:

"Why are you two standing away from the rest and talking with your fingers hidden behind your coats?"

The mute read the question and scribbled the answer:

"I am telling him a secret, and we don't want the others to hear."

State of Portugal.

Among European nations Portugal ranks most decidedly as one which has fallen from power and high estate and conspicuously degenerated. Emigration at an alarming rate robs the country of its best and strongest young men. Whole districts in Portugal are deserted and stand in need of colonization, while the peasants who remain in the land are illiterate to the extent of 80 per cent.

Blue Back.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

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7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
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7:30 a.m	1:34 p.m	Biggs	11:25 a.m	3:40 p.m
8:00 a.m	1:59 p.m	Gibsons	11:00 a.m	3:12 p.m
8:30 a.m	2:14 p.m	Wasco	10:45 a.m	2:56 p.m
8:45 a.m	2:27 p.m	Klo'dyke	10:30 a.m	2:40 p.m
8:56 a.m	2:33 p.m	Summit	10:25 a.m	2:33 p.m
9:08 a.m	2:43 p.m	Hay C Je	10:15 a.m	2:12 p.m
9:12 a.m	2:48 p.m	McDo'lds	10:12 a.m	2:08 p.m
9:25 a.m	3:00 p.m	DeMoss	10:00 a.m	1:52 p.m
9:50 a.m	3:09 p.m	Moro	9:30 a.m	1:40 p.m
.....	3:19 p.m	Erskinvl	9:39 a.m	.....
10:50 a.m	3:44 p.m	G's V'y	9:15 a.m	1:00 p.m
.....	4:06 p.m	Bourbon	8:55 a.m	.....
.....	4:26 p.m	Kent	8:40 a.m	.....
.....	4:40 p.m	Wilcox	8:30 a.m	.....
.....	5:20 p.m	Shaniko	8:00 a.m	.....

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