

# 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 on the Continent. Fortunately, I had given me the address of a boarding house, or rather a small family hotel, where I had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several 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 most 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 I dragged myself after another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sultry heat grew ever cooler, and the long day shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was a fund 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, I would see a man—a man I had never seen before, but 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, I did not know, 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 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 to a child?"

"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 reference 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 I had 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 cruel force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the utterance 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 he 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 thus blundered 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 me, 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. At 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 bravely.

"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, who 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 man, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-filled purse, such as he had used to be. He was shabby and poor enough now for the policeman to be very hard upon him, and to prevent him from following me. 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 to 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 Brook Street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and

### HOW CRESCUS DID IT.

Performance at Columbus a Spectacle that Made 15,000 Shout.

The fastest mile ever trotted would naturally have its interest for the professional horseman who would enthrone over the result as an accomplishment, but to the lay spectator such a performance has sensational features that prove most fascinating. Not one of the great throng of people who saw George Ketchum drive Crescus to his own and the world's record of 2:02 1/4 at Columbus, Ohio, on Aug. 2, will ever forget the day. A strong wind had been blowing all day and the trial was deferred until late in the afternoon with the hope that the wind would die, and it did not until 5 o'clock that the great horse, driven by his owner, appeared on the track and was greeted by a royal welcome. The running horse, Mike, the Tramp, who formerly prompted the king of racers, Star Pointer, 1:50 1/4, hitched to an ordinary sulky, and driven by Tim Purman, trainer of Crescus, with the permission of the owner, was started immediately and came down in grand style with the runner hustling along behind at top speed. Ketchum did not for the moment and Crescus was brought to a standstill, and taken back to score again. The second attempt to get away did not satisfy the driver, but at the third trial Ketchum nodded, and as the great stallion, now on his stride, swept under the wire at lightning speed, the driver shouted "go," and the great struggle was over. The running horse, covered with lather, urged by several stinging blows of the whip, now sprang forward in a supreme effort. The first quarter was reached in 25 1/2 seconds. There was not a skip in his work, and he moved along with an ease and grace that was charming to the eye. He was truly a superb example of the trotting horse, and it was with a feeling of suppressed excitement that the vast crowd watched his every move and hoped for a record. At the half mile was reached in 50 1/4 seconds, a mighty roar went up from the 15,000 spectators, which quickly subsided, however, and the crowd waited and looked with breathless expectancy for the mark for the three-quarters of the mile. At the half he was joined by several runners, and both pace-makers were on even terms with the stallion and setting a hot pace. When 1:20 1/4 was announced for the three-quarters, the suspense was broken and the pent-up excitement was relieved by the wildest demonstration. It was a two-minute city. "He will break the record," "He will make it in two minutes," and like expressions were ejaculated from thousands of throats as the great gamey son of Robert McGregor swung into the stretch. At the third quarter he faced the wind blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but not for an instant did the lion-hearted Crescus falter. With a runner on either side and going wide with eyes flashing determination, nostrils dilated and mouth wide open, Peter the Great, and saying "Do you think Mr. Schuyler would be shocked if I brought him in here?" When they were asked to write their names in the visitors' book, it was found that a queen's writing materials go astray like other people's, she called out, as any other who might call on the man of the house for help: "Oh! Villos, VII-lee, I have no pen; I have no ink." The king, though known to the public as "George," is "Willos" to his own family.

### KING AND QUEEN AT HOME.

Interesting Glimpses of the Ruler of Greece and His Consort.

Some interesting glimpses of the king and queen of Greece are given in the introduction to Eugene Schuyler's essays, just published. When Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler were about to leave Athens, in the 80s, they were invited to the king's country palace at Dekelcia to say good-bye. "It was all quite charming and leaves a pretty picture in one's mind—the king making jokes with the children and running upstairs two steps at a time to see if the queen was ready to receive the guests, the king taking Mrs. Schuyler into her bedroom to show her an ikon which had belonged to Peter the Great, and saying, 'Do you think Mr. Schuyler would be shocked if I brought him in here?' When they were asked to write their names in the visitors' book, it was found that a queen's writing materials go astray like other people's, she called out, as any other who might call on the man of the house for help: "Oh! Villos, VII-lee, I have no pen; I have no ink." The king, though known to the public as "George," is "Willos" to his own family.

### TOO BAD OF HIM.

Professor Figgers (who has just run across an old acquaintance at the reception)—I am so glad to have stumbled upon you in this way, my dear Mrs. Goldwin. How long it has been since we met! But, I may say, time has dealt very lightly with you. Who could imagine that you have a daughter as old as Miss Prudence, there—and little Prue—well, just think of her having "come out" already!

Mrs. Goldwin—Yes, professor, I can't realize these things myself. Prudence is 29 to-day.

Professor Figgers—Why, my dear Mrs. Goldwin, you don't tell me so! And only ten short years ago I remember her so well as a romping little chit of sixteen! Well, well, how marvelous! These girls do grow!—London Tit-Bits.

### SCOTCH THIEF.

The city council had placed a price on the head of every rat in the city, and a grocer's boy became a perfect Nimrod, and slew about thirty. At the risk of contracting the plague, he carried his dead along, obtained the scalp money and came back jubilant to his master, and told him how much he had made. The master cast upon him an eye of Aberdeen gray, and then remarked quietly: "Well, well, you'll just pay the rats to our cashier, for ye ken the rats is mine, not yours."—Sydney Bulletin.

### AMERICAN SUPREMACY.

First London Burglar—Eh, Jimmy, 'wot you don't' around here? Why ain't you at work?

Second Burglar—Aw, I'm all right, I'm waitin'.

"Waitin' for what?"

"For my new Yankee tools to arrive."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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8:00 a.m.	2:04 p.m.	Gilman	11:50 a.m.	3:12 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	2:34 p.m.	Wasco	10:45 a.m.	2:56 p.m.
8:45 a.m.	2:51 p.m.	Kilo	10:30 a.m.	2:49 p.m.
9:15 a.m.	3:21 p.m.	Summit	10:25 a.m.	2:42 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	3:36 p.m.	Hay C.	10:15 a.m.	2:32 p.m.
9:45 a.m.	3:51 p.m.	Melrose	10:00 a.m.	2:18 p.m.
10:00 a.m.	4:06 p.m.	Moro	9:50 a.m.	2:04 p.m.
10:15 a.m.	4:21 p.m.	Brattonville	9:30 a.m.	1:50 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	4:36 p.m.	W. 7 1/2	9:15 a.m.	1:36 p.m.
10:45 a.m.	4:51 p.m.	Beeson	9:00 a.m.	1:22 p.m.
11:00 a.m.	5:06 p.m.	Knit	8:40 a.m.	1:08 p.m.
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