

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I am no phantom," I said, touching her hand again. "No, we will not go back to the shore. Tardif will run us to the caves, and I will take you into them, and then we two will return along the cliffs. Would you like that, mamzelle?"

"Very much," she answered, the smile still playing about her face. It was brown and faded with exposure to the sun, but so full of health and life as to be doubly beautiful to me, who saw so many wan and sickly faces.

"Doctor," said Tardif's deep, grave voice behind me, "your mother, is she better?"

"It was like the sharp prick of a needle, which presently you know must pierce your heart."

"The one moment of rapture had fled. The Paradise that had been about me for an instant, with no hint of pain, faded out of my sight. But Olivia remained, and her face grew sad, and her voice low and sorrowful, as she leaned forward to speak to me."

"I have been so grieved for you, she said. 'Your mother came to see me once, and promised to be my friend.'"

"We said no more for some minutes, and the splash of the water in the water was the only sound. Olivia's air continued sad, and her eyes were downcast, as if she shrank from looking me in the face."

"Pardon me, doctor," said Tardif in our own dialect, which Olivia could not understand. "I have made you sorry when you were having little gladness. Is your mother very ill?"

"There is no hope, Tardif," I answered, looking round at his honest and handsome face, full of concern for me.

"May I speak to you as an old friend?" he asked. "You love mamzelle, and you are come to tell her so?"

"What makes you think that?" I said.

"I see it in your face," he answered, lowering his voice, though he knew Olivia could not tell what we were saying.

"Your marriage with mademoiselle your cousin was broken off—why? Do you suppose I did not guess? I knew it from the first week you stayed with us. No body could see mamzelle as we see her without loving her."

"The Sark folks say you are in love with her yourself, Tardif," I said, against my will.

"It is true," he answered; "but what then? If it had only pleased God to make me like you, or that she should be most to win her. But that is impossible! See, I am nothing else than a servant in her eyes. I do not know how to be anything else, and I am content. She is as far above my reach as one of the white clouds up yonder. To think of myself as anything but her servant would be irreligious."

"You are a good fellow, Tardif," I exclaimed.

"God is the judge of that," he said with a sigh. "Mamzelle thinks of me only as her servant. My good Tardif, do this, or do that. I like it. I do not know any happier moment than when I hold her little boots in my hand and brush them. You see she is as helpless and tender as my little wife was; but she is very much higher than my poor little wife. Yes, I love her as I love the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. But it will be quite different between her and you."

"I hope so," I thought to myself.

"You do not feel like a servant," he continued, his ears dipping a little too deeply and setting the boat rocking.

"By-and-by, when you are married, she will look up to you and obey you. I do not understand altogether why the good God has made this difference between us two; but I see it and feel it. It would be fitting for you to be her husband; it would be a shame to her to become my wife."

"Are you grieved about it, Tardif?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered; "we have always been good friends, and you and I, doctor, you shall marry her, and I will be happy. I will come with you sometimes, and she will call me her good Tardif. That is enough for me."

At last we gained one of the entrances to the caves, but we could not pull the boat quite up to the strand. A few pebbles of shallow water, clear as glass, with pebbles sparkling like gems beneath it, lay between us and the caves.

"Tardif," I said, "you need not wait for us. We will return by the cliffs."

"You know the caves as well as I do," he replied, though in a doubtful tone.

"All right," I said, as I swung over the side of the boat into the water, when I found myself knee-deep. Olivia looked from me to Tardif with a flushed face—an angry that made my pulses leap. Why should her face never change when he carried her in his arms? Why should she shrink from me?"

"Are you as strong as Tardif?" she asked, lingering and hesitating before she would trust herself to me.

"Almost, if not altogether," I answered gaily. "I'm strong enough to undertake to carry you without wetting the soles of your feet. Come, it is not more than half a dozen yards."

She was standing on the bench I had just left, looking down at me with the same vivid flush upon her cheeks and forehead, and with an uneasy expression in her eyes. Before she could speak again I put my arms round her, and lifted her down.

"You are quite as light as a feather," I said, laughing, as I carried her to the strip of moist and humid strand under the archway in the rocks. As I put her down I looked back to Tardif, and saw him regarding us with grave and sorrowful eyes.

"Adieu!" he cried; "I am going to look after my lobster pots. God bless you both!"

He spoke the last words heartily; and we stood watching him as long as he was in sight. Then we went on into the caves.

I had known the caves well when I was a boy, but it was many years since I had been there. Now I had, none in them with Olivia, no other human being in sight or sound of us. I had scarcely eyes for any sight but that of her face, which had grown shy and downcast, and was generally turned away from me. She would be frightened, I thought, if I spoke to her in that lone place. I would wait till we were on the cliffs, in the open eye of day.

She left my side for one moment whilst I was poking under a stone for a young plover, which had darkened the little pool of water round it with its lanky fish. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure. She was stooping down to look beneath a

low arch, not more than two feet high, and I knelt beside her. Beyond lay a straight, narrow channel of transparent water, blue from a faint reflected light, with smooth, sculptured walls of rock, clear from mollusca, rising on each side of it. Level lines of mimic waves rippled monotonously upon it, as if it was stirred by some soft wind which we could not feel. You could have peeped it with tiny boats fitting across it, or skimming lightly down it. Tears shone in Olivia's eyes.

"It reminds me so of a canal in Venice," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"Do you know Venice?" I asked; and the recollection of her portrait taken in Florence came to my mind.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I spent three months there once, and this place is like it."

"Was it a happy time?" I inquired, jealous of those tears.

"It was a hateful time," she said vehemently. "Don't let us talk of it."

"You have traveled a great deal, then?" I pursued, wishing her to talk about herself, for I could scarcely trust my resolution to wait till we were out of the caves. "I love you with all my heart and soul," was on my tongue's end.

"We traveled nearly all over Europe," she replied.

"I wondered whom she meant by 'we,'" she had never used the plural pronoun before, and I thought of that odious woman in Guernsey—an unpleasant recollection.

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had left us. The rapid current between us and Breckhook was running in swift eddies. Olivia stood near me; but a sort of chilly diffidence had crept over me, and I could not have ventured to press too closely to her, or to touch her with my hand.

"How have you been content to live here?" I asked.

"This year in Sark has saved me," she answered softly.

"What has it saved you from?" I inquired with intense eagerness. She turned her face full upon me, with a world of reproach in her grey eyes.

"Dr. Martin," she said, "why will you persist in asking me about my former life? Tardif never does. He never lures me by a word or look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

Just then my ear caught for the first time a low boom-boom, which had probably been sounding through the caves for some minutes.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

Yet a moment's thought convinced me that, though there might be a little risk, there was no paralyzing danger. I had forgotten the narrowness of the gulley through which alone we could gain the cliffs. From the open space of beach where we were now standing, there was no chance of leaving the caves except as we had come to them, by a boat for on each side a crag ran like a spur into the water. There was not a moment to lose. Without a word, I snatched up Olivia in my arms, and ran back into the caves, making as rapidly as I could for the long straight passage.

Neither did Olivia speak a word or utter a cry. We found ourselves in a low tunnel, where the water was beginning to flow in pretty strongly. I set her down for an instant, and tore off my coat and waistcoat. Then I caught her up again, and strode along over the slippery, slimy masses of rock which lay under my feet, covered with seaweed.

"Olivia," I said, "I must have my right hand free to steady myself with. Put both your arms round my neck and cling to me. Don't touch my arms or shoulders."

Yet the clinging of her arms about my neck, and her cheek close to mine, almost unnerved me. I held her fast with my left arm, and steadied myself with my right. We gained in a minute or two the mouth of the tunnel. The drift was pouring into it with a force almost too great for me, burdened as I was. But there was the pause of the tide, when the waves rushed out again in white floods, leaving the water comparatively shallow. There were six or eight yards to traverse before we could reach an archway in the cliffs, which would land us in safety in the outer caves. There was some peril, but we had no alternative. I lifted Olivia a little higher against my shoulder, for her long serge dress wrapped dangerously around us both; and then waiting for the pause in the throbbing of the tide, I dashed hastily across.

One swirl of the water coiled about us, washing up nearly to my throat, and giving me almost a choking sensation of dread; but before a second could sweep down upon us I had staggered half-blinded to the arch, and put down Olivia in the small, secure cave within it. She had not spoken once. She did not seem able to speak now. Her large, terrified eyes looked up at me dumbly, and her face was white to the lips. I clasped her in my arms once more, and kissed her forehead and lips again and again, in a paroxysm of passionate love and gladness.

"Olivia," I cried, "I wish you to become my wife."

"You wish that?" she gasped, recoiling. "Oh! no, no—I am already married!"

CHAPTER XV.  
Olivia's answer struck me like an electric shock. For some moments I was simply stunned, and knew neither what she had said, nor where we were.

"Olivia," I cried, stretching out my arms towards her, as though she would flutter back to them and lay her head again where it had been resting upon my shoulder, with her face against my neck. But she did not see my gesture, and the next moment I knew that she could never let me hold her in my arms again. I dared not even take one step nearer to her.

"Olivia," I said again, after another minute or two of troubled silence—"Olivia, is it true?"

She bowed her head still lower upon her hands, in speechless confirmation. A stricken, helpless, covering child also seemed to me, standing there in her drenched clothing. An unutterable tenderness, altogether different from the feverish love of a few minutes ago, filled my heart as I looked at her.

"Come," I said, as calmly as I could speak, "I am at any rate your doctor, and I am bound to take care of you. You must not stay here wet and cold. Let us make haste back to Tardif's, Olivia."

I drew her hand down from her face and through my arm, for we had still to re-enter the outer cave, and to return through a higher gallery, before we could reach the cliffs above. I did not glance at her. The road was very rough, strewed with huge boulders, and she was compelled to receive my help. But we did not speak again till we were on the cliffs, in the eye of day, with our faces and our steps turned towards Tardif's farm.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly, in a tone that made my heart ache the keener, "how sorry I am!"

"Sorry that I love you?" I asked, feeling that my love was growing every moment in spite of myself. The sun shone on her face, which was just below my eyes. There was an expression of sad perplexity and questioning upon it, which kept away every other sign of emotion.

"Yes," she answered; "it is such a miserable, unfortunate thing for you. But how could I have helped it?"

"You could not help it," I said.

"I do not mean to deceive you," she continued—"neither you nor any one. When I fled away from my husband I had no plan of any kind. I was just like a bird driven about by the wind, and it tossed me here. I did not think I ought to tell any one I was married. I wish I could have foreseen this."

"Are you surprised that I love you?" I asked.

"Now I saw a subtle flush steal across her face, and her eyes fell to the ground. 'I never thought of it till this afternoon,'" she murmured. "I knew you were going to marry your cousin Julia, and I knew I was married, and that there could be no release from that. All my life is ruined, but you and Tardif made it more bearable. I did not think you loved me till I saw your face this afternoon."

"I shall always love you," I cried passionately, looking down on her shining, drooping head beside me, and the sad face and listless arms hanging down in an attitude of dejection.

"No," she answered in her calm, sorrowful voice. "When you see clearly that it is an evil thing you will conquer it. There will be no hope whatever in your love for me, and it will pass away. Not soon, perhaps; I can scarcely wish you to forget me soon. Yet it would be wrong for you to love me now. Why was I driven to marry him so long ago?"

"Your husband must have treated you very badly, before you would take such a desperate step as this," I said again, after a long silence, scarcely knowing what I said.

"He treated me so ill," said Olivia, with the same hard tone in her voice, "that when I had a chance to escape it seemed as if heaven itself opened the door for me. He treated me so ill that if I thought there was any fear of him finding me out here, I would rather a thousand times you had left me to die in the caves."

(To be continued.)

STILL USE POISONED ARROWS.  
Some of World's Inhabitants Cling to Ancient Mode of Warfare.

Dr. W. J. Hoffman of the geological survey has been making a study of poisoned arrows. Among other things he says:

"I have never met an Indian who would admit the use of poisoned arrows in warfare against man. They will say they use poisoned arrows to kill game, but not to shoot in warfare. In nearly all instances when poisons are prepared with more or less ceremony, chanting and incantation, for the purpose of evoking evil spirits or demons. In their belief the effects of poisons are due wholly to the presence in them of malevolent spirits or demons, which enter the body of the victim and destroy life."

The Shoshone and Bannock Indians state that the proper way to poison arrows, as formerly practiced by them, is to secure a deer and cause it to be bitten by a rattlesnake, immediately after which the deer is killed and the meat removed and placed in a hole in the ground. When the mass has become putrid the arrow points are dipped into it. The Clallams of Puget Sound used to make arrow points of copper, which were afterward dipped in sea water and permitted to corrode. This was a dead-sure death device.

A microscopic examination of such a coating upon arrows obtained from Apaches years ago showed the presence of blood and a crystalline substance that was apparently rattlesnake venom. It is a well-established fact that the venom of serpents retains its poisonous properties when dried indefinitely.

# NEWS OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

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

## Railroad and Smelter for Oregon Mines.

The Helena and the Musick Mining & Milling Companies, of the Bohemia district, announce that arrangements have been completed for building a railroad from Cottage Grove, Or., southeasterly, a distance of 35 miles through a region of heavy timber to the Bohemia mines. It is expected that the construction work will be commenced this fall and that about half the track will be laid before spring. Connected with this, though not yet wholly arranged for, is the project of building a smelter, either at Portland or in the Bohemia mining district. The smelter enterprise is expected to follow the completion of the railroad and it is deemed probable that both will be in operation in less than a year from date.

"We have gone so far," said President Jennings, yesterday, "that the rest of the work is easy. We have \$500,000 assured for the railroad, largely on the basis of the mineral richness of the district as shown by developments already made. Capital is being built at a smelter, but there would be no use for the smelter until the railroad, so the road is to go first. This is the natural order. I have not a doubt that the smelter will be provided when ready for it. The field is too important to be neglected and the problem of ore, fuel and fluxes practically solves itself here."

The money for the railroad enterprise will be supplied by Eastern capitalists.

## Big Thing for Eastern Oregon.

William Pollman and a number of other Baker City men have filed on the waters of Rock creek, and have announced their intention to establish a power system for the generation and transmission of electric power to this city. It will be necessary to construct a ditch about three miles long, to convey the water to the site of the powerhouse, where a fall of several hundred feet can be obtained. From there was used 1,500,000 feet of lumber and 150 tons of iron. Centrifugal pumps, operated by electric motors, will be used to empty the water compartments by which the dock is to be lowered or raised in the water, together with any vessel which may be placed in it.

Work will immediately be begun on the second section of the dock, and when it is completed the dock 400 feet in length and 80 feet in width, with towers 20 feet high above the pontoon, which is 12 feet deep. It has a floating capacity of 3,000 tons and its own weight is 2,000 tons. In its construction there was used 1,500,000 feet of lumber and 150 tons of iron. Centrifugal pumps, operated by electric motors, will be used to empty the water compartments by which the dock is to be lowered or raised in the water, together with any vessel which may be placed in it.

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## Chrysanthemums Take a Back Seat

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco people literally flocked to see it.

It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy.

There are the rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long. One advantage of the Shasta daisy is said to be that it is exceedingly hardy, enduring much cold, so that it can be grown out of doors. It is claimed that it prospers in almost any kind of soil, blooms all summer long (in California nearly all the year round) and may be rapidly multiplied by dividing the roots.

A peculiarity of this new and beautiful blossom is that it sometimes shows various hues and of gigantic size may be placed on the market before long.

## To Open Boise Basin.

The railway project from Boise to the Boise basin is being put on a firm foundation. A surveying party is in the field under the supervision of the chief engineer of the new company, D. O. Stevenson.

It is now investigating the feasibility of a railway line in the More creek canyon from the mouth of More creek to the mouth of Grimes creek, a distance of 25 miles. This is a very bad piece of country, broken rocky and precipitous. If the railway is feasible here, it will be easy the rest of the way.

The railway is projected chiefly because of the great timber being traversing a large portion of Boise county, which the line would tap. The mines of Boise basin, Idaho City, Placerville, Quartzburg, Centerville, Blackfoot, Grimes Pass and Pioneerville would all largely be the business of the corporation, but it is entirely upon their timber that the business men at the head of the project figure for sufficient revenue to justify the line.

Made Some Pin Money.  
R. C. McCroskey, who owns and cultivates 1400 acres of land near Gardfield, Wash., has finished threshing his wheat and finds that he has a total of 38,000 bushels of wheat for this season's crop. Mr. McCroskey's crop averaged 25 bushels to the acre. He had about 1000 acres of wheat, the remainder of his land being in oats or other crops. He has figured all expenses of the crop just harvested and finds that his wheat cost him an average of 23 cents per bushel placed in the warehouse. He sold 15,000 bushels before the beginning of the harvest for 45 cents per bushel. Wheat is now worth 40 cents per bushel, and if it were all sold at the present price, Mr. McCroskey would net 17 cents per bushel, or \$5,950 per acre from this single crop. But adding the amount sold at 45 cents per bushel makes the total average, if the remainder were sold at present prices, 32 cents to the acre net profit. Multiplying this by 100 gives a total net profit on this crop of wheat of \$5,950.

Gigantic Steel Mill at Everett.  
There is no longer any reason to doubt the report that in the next two years ago that a gigantic steel and iron mill company was in a state of formation to build a mill on Puget Sound. Since that time the coke and coal mines at Hamilton, Wash, near Everett, have come under the control of President Hill, of the Great Northern, and further and exhaustive prospecting on Hamilton and Texacia islands prove them to be liberally supplied with ore. Railroad and street car building in addition to the numerous trolley line projects has rendered an enterprise of this kind an absolute necessity. A plant to meet all the demands sure to be made upon it will have to be a big one, the estimate running to as high as \$18,000,000. It is in all probability to be erected at Everett, or in that immediate vicinity.

Cuts Out Frisco.  
The Western Union Telegraph Company will soon begin the construction of a new line between Boise, Idaho, and Pendleton Or. The new wire will double the capacity of the line between the places named. From Pendleton west there are several wires. It is the intention to put up another wire between Ogden, Utah, and Boise, and when that is up most of the through business from the East to Portland will come over this new wire instead of going by the way of San Francisco.

Trying a New Part.  
As an experiment, 2000 tons of Washington wheat was shipped, October 8, to the port of Caliao, Peru, from Seattle, on the big steamship Memphis. This is the first consignment of this grain ever made to this port, and the shippers are confident that the venture will prove profitable, in which event other ports will be invaded.

Boise's Public Building Started.  
The foundation of the new government building, to be erected at Boise City, Idaho, is now completed. Superintendent J. E. Hoster, superintendent of construction of the government building at Helena, Mont., is here and will have charge of the Boise building until another superintendent is appointed. The building is being erected by Boise contractors, the contract calling for completion within 22 months, and the price is \$285,000. It will be four stories, built of stone.

New Dredger at Work.  
The powerful shovel dredger recently completed by the Puget Sound Bridge & Dredging Company, of Seattle, has started work on the new slip for the pier to be built on the ocean dock site. Unlike the ordinary dredger, the machine has the shovel fitted at the end of a huge beam which is driven into the debris and mud by means of slots into which the play a rapidly driven cog-wheel. By reason of its unusual size the dred