

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"You are looking rather low," she said triumphantly—"rather blue, I might say. Is there anything the matter with you? Your face is as long as a fiddle. Perhaps it is the sea that makes you melancholy."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak bravely. "I am an old sailor. Perhaps you will feel melancholy by-and-by."

Luckily for me, my prophesy was fulfilled shortly after, for the day was rough enough to produce uncomfortable sensations in those who were not old sailors like myself. My tormentor was prostrate to the last moment.

"When we anchored at the entrance of the Creux, and the small boats came out to carry us ashore, I managed easily to secure a place in the first, and to lose sight of her in the bustle of landing. As soon as my feet touched the shore I started off at my swiftest pace for the Havre Gosnell."

But I had not far to go, for at Vaudin's Inn, which stands at the top of the steep lane running from the Creux Harbor, I saw Tardif at the door. He came to me instantly, and we sat down on a low stone wall on the roadside, but well out of hearing of any ears but each other's.

"Tardif," I said, "has ma'm'selle told you her secret?"

"Yes, yes," he answered; "poor little soul and she is a hundredfold dearer to me now than before. But ma'm'selle is not here. She is gone."

"Gone!" I ejaculated. I could not utter another word; but I stared at him as if my eyes could tear further information from him.

"Yes," he said; "that lady came last week with Miss Dobree, your cousin. Then ma'm'selle told me all, and we took her to stay any longer, though I would have died for her gladly. But what could be done? We knew she must go elsewhere, and the next morning I rowed her over to Peter-port in time for the steamer to England. For little thing! poor little hearted soul!"

"Tardif," I said, "did she leave no message for me?"

"She wrote a letter for you," he said, "the very last thing. She did not go to bed that night, neither did I. I was going to lose her, doctor. I was going like the least of me to the sun to me. But what could I do? She was terrified to death at the thought of her husband claiming her. I promised to give the letter into your own hands. Here it is!"

It had been lying in his breast pocket, and the edges were worn and the ink faded. I gave it to me hesitatingly, as if loth to part with it. The tourists were coming up in greater numbers, and I made a retreat hastily towards a quiet and remote part of the cliffs seldom visited in Little Sark.

There, with the sea, which had carried her away from me, playing buoyantly amongst the rocks, I read her farewell letter. It ran thus:

"My Dear Friend—I am glad I can call you my friend, though nothing can ever come of our friendship—nothing, for we may not see one another as other friends do. I am compelled to flee away again from this quiet, peaceful home, where you and Tardif have been so good to me. I began to feel perfectly safe here, and all at once the refuge fails me. It breaks my heart, but I must go, and my only comfort is to know that you will be good to me. By and by you will forget me, and return to your cousin Julia, and be happy just as you once thought you should be—as you would have been but for me. You must think of me as one dead. I am quite dead—to you."

"Good-by, my dear friend—good-by, good-by!" OLIVIA.

The last line was written in a shaken, irregular hand, and her name was half-blotted out, as if a tear had fallen upon it. I remained there alone on the wild and solitary cliffs until it was time to return to the steamer.

Tardif was waiting for me at the entrance of the little tunnel through which the road passes down to the harbor. He did not speak at first, but he drew out of his pocket an old leather pouch filled with yellow papers. Amongst them lay a long curling tress of shining hair. He touched it gently as if it had feeling and consciousness.

"You would like to have it, doctor?" he said.

"Ay," I answered, and that only. I could not venture upon another word.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Three months passed slowly away after my mother's death. Dr. Dobree, who was utterly inconceivable the first few weeks, fell into all his old mauling, philandering ways again, spending hours upon his toilet, and paying devoted attentions to every passable woman who came across his path. My temper grew like touchwood; the least spark would set it a blaze. I could not take such things in good part.

We had been in dangers drawn for a day or two, he and I, when one morning I was astonished by the appearance of a tall, thin, consulting-room, nose-rimmed man, my father, having dressed himself elaborately, had quitted the house. Julia's face was ominous, the upper lip very straight, and a frown upon her brow.

"Martin," she began in a low key, "I am come to tell you something that fills me with shame and anger. I do not know how to contain myself. I could never have believed that I could have been so blind and foolish. But it seems as if I were doomed to be deceived and disappointed in every hand—I who would not deceive or disappoint anybody in the world. I declare it makes me quite ill to think of it. Just look at my hands, how they tremble."

"Your nervous system is out of order," I remarked.

"It is the world that is out of order," she said petulantly. "I am well enough. Oh, I do not know how I am to tell you. There are some things it is a shame to speak of."

"Yes, you must know, you will have to know all sooner or later. If my poor, dear aunt knew of it she could not rest in her grave. Martin, cannot you guess? Are men born so dull that they cannot see what is going on under their own eyes?"

"I have not the least idea of what you are driving at," I answered. "Sit down and calm yourself."

"How long is it since my poor, dear aunt died?"

"Ten or so, as well as I do," I replied, wondering that she should touch the wound so roughly. "Three months next Sunday."

"And Dr. Dobree," she said in a bitter accent—then stopped, looking me full in the face. I had never heard her call my father Dr. Dobree in my life.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Early in the spring I received a letter from Julia, desiring me to look out for apartments, somewhere in my neighborhood, for herself and Johanna and Captain Carey. They were coming to London to spend two or three months of the season. I had not had any task so agreeable since I left Guernsey. Jack was hospitably anxious for them to come to our own house, but I knew they would not listen to such a proposal. I found some suitable rooms for them, however, where I could be with them at any time in five minutes. On the appointed day I met them at Waterloo station, and installed them in their new apartments.

It struck me that Julia was looking better and happier than I had seen her look for a long time. Her brook dress suited her, and gave her a style which she never had in colors. Her complexion looked dark, but not sallow; and her brown hair was certainly more becomingly arranged. Her appearance was that of a well-bred, cultivated, almost elegant woman, of whom no man could be without the least perceptible change. But Captain Carey again looked ten years younger, and was evidently taking pains with his appearance. I was more than satisfied, I was proud of all my friends.

"I want you to come and have a long talk with us to-morrow," said Johanna; "it is too late to-night. We shall be busy shopping in the morning, but can you come in the evening?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I am at leisure most evenings, and I count upon spending the winter at my usual places of amusement as you wish to visit."

"To-morrow," she said, "we shall take tea at eight o'clock."

I bade them good-night with a lighter heart than I had felt for a long while. I held Julia's hand the moment she stepped into her face earnestly, till it flushed and glowed a little under my scrutiny.

"True heart!" I said to myself, "true and constant! and I have nothing, and shall have nothing, to offer it but the ashes of a dead love. Would to heaven, I thought as I parted with her, that I had never been fasted to see Olivia!"

I was punctual to my time the next day. I sat among them quiet and silent, but reveling in this partial return of olden times. When Julia poured out my tea, and passed it to me with her white hand, I started at the sight of her jeweled fingers. If Captain Carey had not been present I think I should have done so.

We lingered over the pleasant meal. At the close Captain Carey announced that he was about to leave us alone to gether for an hour or two. I went down to the door with him, for he had made me a mysterious signal to follow him. In the hall he whispered a few incomprehensible sentences into my ear.

"Don't think anything of me, my boy. Don't sacrifice yourself for me. I'm an old fellow compared to you, though I'm not fifty yet; everybody in Guernsey knows that. So put me out of the question, Martin. There's many a ship 'twixt the cup and the lip." That I know quite well, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could ask for any explanation. I returned to the drawing room, pondering over his words. Johanna and Julia were sitting side by side on the sofa, in the darkest corner of the room.

"Come here, Martin," said Johanna; "we wish to consult you on a subject of great importance to us all."

"I drew up a chair opposite to them and sat down, much as if it was about to be a medical consultation.

"It is nearly eight months since your poor dear mother died," remarked Johanna.

"Eight months! Yes; and no one knew what those eight months had been to me—how desolate! how empty!"

"You recollect," continued Johanna, "how her heart was set on your marriage with Julia, and the promise you both made to her on her death-bed?"

"Yes," I answered, leaning forward and pressing Julia's hand. "I remember every word."

There was a minute's silence after this; and I waited in some wonder as to what this prelude was leading to.

"Martin," asked Johanna, in a solemn tone, "are you forgetting Julia's hand as the image of Olivia flashed across me reproachfully, 'not at all. What would you have me say? She is as dear to me at this moment as she ever was.'"

"I thought you would say so," she replied. "I thought you would say so. It would quickly pass away, if it ever does. There are men who can love with the constancy of a woman. Do you know anything of her?"

"Nothing," I said despondently; "I have no clue as to where she may be now."

"Nor has Tardif," she continued; "my brother and I went across to Sark last week to ask him."

"That was very good of you," I interrupted.

"It was partly for our own sakes," she said, with a faint smile. "Martin, Tardif says that if you have once loved Olivia, it is once for all. You would never conquer it. Do you think that this is true? Be candid with us."

"Yes," I answered, "it is true. I could never love again as I love Olivia."

"Then," my dear Martin," said Johanna, very softly, "do you wish to keep Julia to her promise?"

I started violently. What did Julia wish to be released from that semi-engagement, and be free? Was it possible that any one else could my place in her affection, and in the new house which we had fitted up for ourselves? I felt like the dog in the manger. It seemed an unheard-of encroachment for any person to come between my cousin Julia and me.

"Do you ask me to set you free from your promise, Julia?" I asked, somewhat sternly.

(To be continued.)

## How to Become Wealthy.

Isa New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone, said:

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as I—"

# APPEALS BY THE PEOPLE

## Man a Girl Should Marry.

Choice in matrimony does not as a rule come from the female side. A refined girl will not take the initiative, but she has the responsibility of refusing those who are ineligible. To be happy in heart and character, it is necessary in the proper sense of the word—that is to say, one who is generous and unselfish, who considers another's happiness and welfare and not merely his own. A man who is a bear to his sisters, discourteous to his mother and poor relations is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question to be answered, yes or no.

A "duck of a man" generally makes a goose of a husband, so it is wise to choose for a husband one with lasting qualities of heart and character. Some women marry in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to turn the man from the error of his ways. This is not a wise thing to do. The poorhouses are full of women who thought that they could reform their husbands.

A husband need not be handsome, but he should be good-looking, in the sense of looking good morally and physically. "When I marry," said a budding school-girl, "I will want a fine, tall, broad, handsome man that everybody will admire."

"There's where you are wrong," said her older and more experienced sister. "You'd have much less trouble in watching a less good-looking man, and would enjoy a great deal more of his society."

As to the age a husband should be, we need say little about this, because men differ so much. Some are more fitted to take upon themselves the responsibility of marriage at 25 years of age than others are at 35. It is not natural for a young girl to wish to marry an old man, but we think that her husbands are a mistake. They never know what they are pleased to call their minds, and it is not easy to discover from day to day what they are going to do, or into what they are going to grow.

There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellow and more worthy a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things that are sometimes gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them.

## REV. E. J. HARDY, Author of "How to Be Happy Married."

## Action Against Anarchists.

It is easy to say that international measures should be taken to protect society against anarchists. But it is not so easy to explain how measures can be devised which would find international assent. Anarchists are the enemies of the human race, and the civilization against which they have a right to suppress them like venomous snakes. But this can be done only by the united action of all nations. A criminal opinion only becomes a punishable crime when an individual or an association of individuals confederates with it to give effect to it against some other individual.

I believe that no international agreement can be arrived at in regard to anarchists, and I should be sorry were we to be a party to one. Each country, however, owes it to the common bond which unites civilized nations to do what it can to put an end to its being used as an asylum from which assassins can

## HOW TREES ARE DWARFED.

Japanese Arboriculturists Are Peculiarly Successful in the Art. The dwarf trees of Japan have been a never-ending source of wonder to Europeans ever since the opening of the hermit kingdom to inspection by the rest of the world. A single pine, perfect in form and foliage, has recently sold for \$1,200. It is six feet high and alleged to be 850 years old. It has long been supposed that the process by which dwarfing forest trees was a long and costly one. It is now said that it is a simple process, and that anyone can do the trick. The following directions are given for producing a miniature oak tree:

Take an orange and scoop out the pulp. Fill the interior with a rich mold and plant an acorn in the center of it, leaving the hole in the rim for it to sprout through. Put it in a sunny place and water it frequently. Soon after the first shoots have appeared the roots begin to break through the orange skin. Take a sharp knife and shave these off carefully and keep them shaved. The tree will grow about five or six inches high and then stop. In a year it will be a perfect miniature oak. When the facts come to grow the orange skin should be varnished over and imbedded in a flower pot.

The Japanese dwarf all kinds of trees and make them live to a great age. Some of these dwarfs, like the Chabo Hiba, are well known, and their owners have documentary evidence attesting their great age. The older they are the more valuable, of course, they are. In Japan certain families follow the calling, trade, art or what you will of growing dwarf trees from generation to generation, and you can buy a miniature oak 500 years old from a descendant of the man who first planted the acorn. Not only forest trees but fruit trees and flowering shrubs are dwarfed by these clever gardeners.

## MEN WHO REFUSED TITLES.

Distinguished Englishmen Who Regarded Rank as an Empty Honor. Not all Englishmen are seeking titles of nobility. At least there have been many subjects of the crown who might have worn coronets, but declined to accept them for varying reasons that were at least sufficient to themselves. The late William Ewart Gladstone was a notable example of the latter order of humanity. For the peerage which time after time was held out to him was always rigidly rejected.

## Value of Technical Schools.

The American of the immediate future who is most likely to measure successfully his strength and talents with the largest opportunity will be a technically educated American. With every increase of knowledge and light, God seems again to be saying to Adam as of old: "Here is your earth; subdue it, and train its energies into serviceableness unto yourself."

The young American has almost everything that would invite him into the profession of the engineer. The railway of to-day, so marvellously improved in its roads, rails and motive power, has a far larger realm of improvement ahead than any but the scholarly engineer may imagine. The problem of national wealth is largely a problem of transportation of products. Railway companies, manufacturers of ships are now employing graduates from technical schools, for the reason that only the scholarly view of materials and their use is found to be practical.

And to this class of engineers those who must deal with the products of the mine and one has an increasing army. The mining interest in the United States are in the infancy of their development. More gold and silver has been wasted by unskilful processes employed in handling the resources of the earth than has ever been coined or turned into articles of beauty or use. The mining engineer of the future will be the wealth of the world in handling what is called the "dum." The great fortunes of some of the provision men in the United States have been made by their use of what has formerly been wasted. The chemical engineer takes what is thrown away and bone, and horns, and hoofs, and much else previously considered worthless, he makes a series of by-products that are coming to be the most important factors in the creation of wealth.

The successful workman of the future in even the money-making lines of pro-

## Dead Heads a Necessary Evil.

There is no good reason why everybody should not pay fare to the railroad. We have no free newspapers, no free groceries, no free meat, no free ice, no free coal. We have to pay for everything we use, but there is a large percentage of Americans who believe that it is their right to ride on a railroad train—perhaps taking up the space of a passenger willing to pay—on a free basis.

Nevertheless, it appears to be impossible to check the pass evil. It has been tried many times before. The railroads have united in an agreement to issue no passes, but to and behold, the first thing we know somebody broke faith. Then and there the agreement exploded and for a time there appeared to be a race between the railroads to see which could carry the most deadheads.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPIEW, Ex-President New York Central Railway.

## DR. ROBERT KOCH.

Discoverer of Tubercle Bacillus, and Foremost Bacteriologist of the Age. Dr. Robert Koch, discoverer of tubercle bacillus, and who has announced that bovine tuberculosis cannot be transmitted to the human system, is regarded as the foremost bacteriologist of the age. He is 65 years of age, and at 29 was a country physician in a little German village, attending to the needs of farmers and peasants.

In 1880 he entered the University of Bonn as an assistant, and two years later made himself world famous by the announcement that he had discovered the bacillus of tubercle—the dread creator of consumption. The idea of inoculation followed in the train of his discovery, and patients flocked to his laboratory by thousands. He was appointed professor of hygiene and of bacteriology in the University of Berlin and given free scope to prosecute his studies of the cholera bacillus and other dread germs hostile to human life. Dr. Koch is as modest as he is famous.

## Notary Submarine.

Fill a glass vessel with lampblack, colored silk or worsted. Focus the rays of the sun in a lens—that is, hold a magnifying glass so that the rays pass through it before they fall on the glass vessel. Then revolve in the light, between the lens and the vessel, a disk with an opening or a slit in it, so that the light is alternately falling on the vessel and being shut out. Now listen, and you will hear a noise when the light passes through the slit, but there will be silence when it is shut out. You must place your ear close to the glass, holding the silk or other substance.

Another experiment is to use a prism instead of an ordinary lens. This makes a rainbow, and as the rays pass through the slit it is possible to tell that some parts of the solar spectrum—as it is called—produce a sound as they fall on the glass vessel, while other parts have no effect.

## The Family Home Run.

The national game is frequently productive of "home runs," and one of the most interesting of this variety of tallies was made by a Philadelphia batsman in Chicago.

He hit the ball squarely, and drove it over the right field fence. It entered the window in the second story of a house, rolled down the back stairs into the kitchen, and lodged in a pan of dough under the stove.

The natural inference is that the family parrot the next day of ball-bearing bread.

## Australian Shipping Trade.

The Australian shipping trade continues to expand. In New South Wales in 1900 it was larger than in any previous year. The total number of vessels entered and cleared was 7,082, against 6,460 in 1899. Of the former 5,908 were under the British flag and 734 under those of other countries. Notwithstanding the significance of these figures, we are daily informed of the decadence of the British Empire and of the enormous growth of the maritime of other countries.

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## Str. "Tahoma,"

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## O. R. & N.

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM HOOD RIVER	ARRIVE
Chicago Special 11:20 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Portland Special 2:05 p. m.
Spokane Express 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minnehaha, Pullman, Duluth, Billings, Chicago and East.	Portland Express 4:30 a. m.
Mell and Express 11:42 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mell and Express 5:42 a. m.

## OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

5:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Express 8:00 a. m. Saturday 9:00 a. m.	Columbia River Steamers.	4:00 p. m. Sat. Sunday
8:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
1:30 p. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat.	Willa Metcalf and Vancouver.	5:30 p. m. Mon, Wed. and Fri.
4:45 a. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat.	Willa Metcalf and Vancouver.	4:30 p. m. Mon, Wed. and Fri.
5:30 a. m. daily	Willa Metcalf and Vancouver.	5:30 p. m. daily
6:45 a. m. daily	Willa Metcalf and Vancouver.	6:30 p. m. daily
7:30 a. m. daily	Willa Metcalf and Vancouver.	7:30 p. m. daily

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