

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 procuring 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 her, when she is here. But that will 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 and you may 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 chances are. Some further conditions 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 said, his face; and it was after much discussion that we came to an agreement."

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 Bellinger street to some apartments in Fallow, 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, until his 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, however, much interested 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, in which she would have to live a life of loneliness, where she would find a home. Could I persuade Joanna 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 consensually 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 tulle of grey was considered more suitable. Captain Carey enjoyed the purchase with the rapture I had fallen 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 Fallow 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, Simon, the cabby, was announced. He was a favorite with Jack, who bade the servant show him in.

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

"No, Dr. John, no," he answered, "there isn't anything amiss with them, except being too many of 'em 'p'raps, and I'm old woman won't own to that. But there's something in the wind as concerns Dr. Doby, 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 street, crying as all very hard, but taking no heed of any '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 was there, at not showing myself so green. I look hard at her. A very fine make of a woman, with hair and eyes as black as coal, and an 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 rent 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 an 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 an art-crown into my hand, quite pleasant."

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

"Doctors," he answered solemnly, "I did go in. There's nothing to be said against that. The lady is sitting in a office upstairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coal, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little doubtful as to getting her, when she is here. But that will be some months hence as I said. Still I will run the risk."

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

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COLLAR OF HIS OWN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MUST BE MADE TO ORDER.

Not to Be Obtained in the Shops—A Little Disquisition on the Styles of Neckwear Affected by Our Presidents of Recent Years.

President Roosevelt is liable to revolutionize the collar business if he doesn't change his style," said a Broadway haberdasher the other day, "since he became President we have had a number of calls for the Roosevelt collar. Of course, there is no such collar in the market either as to name or style. It is my opinion that the President has his collars made to order. Unquestionably there is more comfort in the kind he wears than in most others, but they are not becoming to everybody any more than the high turban would be becoming to President Roosevelt. The Roosevelt collar, if you care to get at its genesis, came in Presidential favor when Grant was elected the first time. But Grant wore a bow-tie, which gave the collar a different appearance from that worn by President Roosevelt.

Lincoln was the first of our Presidents to discard the old-fashioned stock, which, if worn now, would make a man look as if he had a sore throat. Lincoln's collars when he became President were part and parcel of his shirt 'sewed on,' as a woman would say. I am told that Lincoln was not noticeably tidy in his collars. They had a witted look always. His favorite neckwear was black silk tied in a careless way quite becoming to him. When Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency the old stock returned to the White House. He wore the wide stand-up collar, which was encircled by a black satin stock with a short, stiff bow.

Mr. Hayes' collar was a broad, turndown with long points, but it was not high. It didn't make much difference what sort of tie he wore, as his shirt front was covered by his beard. Garfield's collar was rather tasteful, a turndown with square points. His tie was black satin with a square bow.

Mr. Arthur was the most correct dresser of recent Presidents. He wore a high collar with points slightly turned out. The bow was always perfect. He was the first President to wear a fancy scarf, which was always set off by a handsome but never loud scarf pin. He had, so I am told, the biggest stock of neckwear of any of the Presidents. He was rather partial to black with white dots.

Mr. Cleveland's collars and style of neckwear looked as if they had been made from the same patterns as those worn by Andrew Johnson. However, Mr. Cleveland never confined himself to one kind of collar. I saw him at his second inaugural ball, when he wore a plain, wide, turndown, under which was a white string tie.

President Harrison wore a turndown collar, broad and simple, and a plain black tie, except on state occasions, when his neckwear was conventional.

President McKinley usually wore a stand-up collar with slight flare points. He liked to be at ease, and that's the sort of collar for a man to wear if he wants to feel comfortable in a stand-up collar. McKinley's neckwear was in keeping with his character, simple and unaffected.

There have been a good many changes in Presidential neckwear since 1825, when John Q. Adams wore the high collar which was completely enveloped by the great bundle of material that was the fashion of the statesmen of the early period. I think he was the last President to appear in that style. But for plain, common-sense, unconventional style, the Roosevelt collar is, like its wearer, a style of its own.—New York Sun.

ABOUT WOMEN'S CLUBS.

The Work They Are Doing and What They Mean to Do.

trium being the watchword of the day, and brotherly love an increasing passion, women are not long content to sit at home. They are feeling restlessness stirring up in them a desire to do something for the community. Fortunately, there are appropriate objects for them all, and perhaps they will advance to ward these.

HEIRESS, SHE DIED A PAUPER.

Woman in a Poorhouse Eight Years, with a Fortune Awaiting Her.

To die a pauper in the poorhouse was Mrs. Mary Minich's lot. Yet for eight years, all the time she was an alumna charge, she was heir to \$40,000, while a firm of New York bankers were scouring the United States for her. Only to-day did her representative learn about her, and then she had been in her grave at the poorhouse a twelve-month.

The \$40,000 was left by Rudolph Bach, a wealthy bookbinder of Brooklyn. He died Nov. 27, 1893, without having made a will. Rudolph Bach, Thalmann & Co., of 40 Wall street, were made administrators, with orders to turn the money over to Bach's next of kin, his niece, Miss Mary Bach that day.

All the bankers knew was that years ago Mary Bach had been a belle in Wilkes-Barre. She was the daughter of Rudolph Bach's only brother. Her marriage was a fashionable one. She plighted her troth to Dr. William Minich, Wilkes-Barre's foremost physician. He died thirty years ago, and instead of a fortune, as all thought he had, he left his widow only a legacy of debt. Retired in luxury, Mrs. Minich found herself without a penny, and there was nothing for the one-time belle to do but earn her own living. She found employment with Jacob Mattheus, who kept a roadhouse up in the mountains—"Seven-Mile Jake's," it was called.

For years Mrs. Minich lived on the mountain-top. One day Matthias was found murdered in his bed. The mystery was never solved. The woman who had kept house so long for him declared she was his widow, and put in a claim for a third of his estate. The legal battle that followed was long and wordy and she lost.

Sinking lower and lower in poverty's scale, the woman in 1886—she was then 70—was sent to the poorhouse just at the time that Rudolph Bach died intestate. The bankers sought strenuously for Mrs. Minich, but she was then known as Mrs. Matthias, and her identity was swallowed up.

So it was that year after year the old woman lived on at the poorhouse, just outside of Wilkes-Barre, not knowing that \$40,000 was only waiting to be claimed to be hers.

To-day Poor Director Tisch, says a Wilkes-Barre special to the New York World, led the bankers' representative to the lonely grave on the hillside.

"She has been lying there since last autumn," said she. "She died at the age of 80, never knowing of this good fortune."

He furnished legal proof of the death, and now the \$40,000, unclaimed for eight years, will go to some cousins of the name of Bach, who live here.

SOUTH AFRICA OF TO-MORROW.

Years Will Pass Before Real Peace Comes Between Boer and Briton.

These are the general conditions—a physical situation which must be faced by settlers in South Africa. But there are still further considerations in the question of South African development. The settlement of new countries and the increase of population in old countries by immigration are, to a considerable extent, questions of competition. Few emigrants go out wholly in the dark concerning the conditions to which they go. A vigorous booming night land hundreds, or even thousands of settlers in South Africa. Their success or failure would soon be advertised. Others purposing to leave their homes for some new country would weigh the advantages and opportunities of this region against those of other lands which, for many years to come, will still remain open to the surplus thousands of over-crowded populations. Home-making in arid South Africa will be weighed against life in Canada, in the far West of America, in distant New Zealand and Australia, in hot North Borneo, and on the pampas of South America. Cuba offers homes and the promise of prosperity to several millions; Egypt, with its new system of irrigation, has attractions for others; the Argentine holds out possibilities of its own. South Africa has no monopoly of new lands or prospective wealth with which to tempt the intending emigrant. Enthusiasm may talk loudly of trade and population following the flag, and of a vast influx immediately upon the conclusion of hostilities in South Africa. Calmer judgment halts at such ready opinion, and notes that Canada, Australia, North Borneo and even Cape Colony have been under the British flag for many years, and are not yet densely populated, though each of them offers greater promise of comfort and prosperity than does England's latest acquisition.

Political and social conditions will remain, for many years, important factors in the development of South Africa. The war has stimulated an existing race antagonism. More than one generation must elapse, says a writer in the Forum, even though England's flag shall fly throughout the whole country, ere English neighbor and Dutch neighbor will forgive and forget. Peace may be declared, but many years will pass ere real peace will come. The conqueror will hate the conqueror and the conqueror will triumph over the conquered and glory in his triumph, unless human nature can be changed by royal fiat. Boer and Briton are not of one blood, and the present struggle is but the culmination of nearly a century of antagonism. The intensification of the old bitterness will remain as a barrier to the peace and harmony of South Africa, until a new people shall arise who can forget Slachtersnek and Boomplaat, Amajuba and Ingogo, Ladysmith and Spinkop, Jameson and Dewet, Kruger and Chamberlain. This is not for the children of to-day, and it may not be for their children's children.

LATE JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

In Pennsylvania the wages of a minor child cannot be held by the employer for the debts of the father without the minor's consent, unless the contract between the employer and the father expressly stipulates for such application. 10 Pa. Dist. R. 243.

A person who has loaned money to a priest to pay a note due by the church of the priest to a bank, and the money loaned has been so used, may recover from the church the amount of the loan, though the priest had no authority to borrow the money. 16 Pa. Super. Ct. 444.

An agreement to give a person employment at stipulated wages if he will give up his business and enter the service of the other party in a business of a similar nature is not a violation of the anti-trust law, as being a combination restricting trade or commerce. 8 Ohio N. P. 311.

A pledgee, who holds commercial paper as collateral security for the payment of his debt, has no power, in the absence of special authority, to sell it on default of payment, but is bound to hold and collect it as it becomes due, and apply the net proceeds to the payment of his debt. 92 Ill. App. 95.

School orders, drawn by the President and Secretary of a School Board on the Treasurer of the Board, are not negotiable, and the transfer of such orders to an innocent holder does not prevent the School Board from setting up any defense against the indebtedness for which the orders were given. 10 Pa. Dist. R. 135.

A and B made a contract for the purchase and sale of certain land, the coal underlying it, and mining rights belonging to a third party. Both parties understood that only a small part of the land was underlaid with coal, whereas the entire tract had coal. Held, that there was a mutual mistake, and specific performance would not be enforced. 31 Pittsb. Leg. J. (N. S.) (Pa.) 265.

Width of a Lightning Flash.

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JOHN M. FILLION, Agent, The Dalles.
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J. C. WATT, Agent, Vancouver.
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PRATHER & BARNES,
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Chicago Special 11:20 a. m.	Balt. Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Portland Special 2:00 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minn., Appleton, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Portland Flyer 6:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:47 p. m.	Balt. Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Mail and Express 8:47 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND.	ARRIVE
8:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Sails every 5 days.	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 a. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
8:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday 10:00 a. m.	Willamette River, Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. To Oregon City, Dayton, Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
8:45 a. m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
11:30 a. m. Daily	NAKED RIVER. Riparian to Lewiston	9 a. m. Daily

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