

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my impudent curiosity had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown. "Olivia," I said, "there is a woman in Guernsey who has some clue to you—"

"But I could say no more, for I thought she would have fallen to the ground in her terror. I drew her hand through my arm and hastened to reassure her.

"No harm can come to you," I continued, "whilst Tardif and I are here to protect you. Do not frighten yourself; we will defend you from every danger."

"Martin," she whispered—and the pleasant familiarity of my name spoken by her gave me a sharp pang, almost of gladness—"no one can help me or defend me. The law would compel me to go back to him. A woman's heart may be broken without the law being broken. I could prove nothing that would give me a right to be free—nothing. So I took it into my own hands. I tell you I would rather have been drowned this afternoon. Why did you save me?"

I did not answer, except by pressing her hand against my side. I hurried her on silently towards the cottage. She was shivering in her cold, wet dress, and trembling with fear. It was plain to me that even her fine health should not be trifled with, and I loved her too tenderly, her poor, shivering, trembling frame, to let her suffer if I could help it. When we reached the foldyard gate, I stopped her for a moment to speak only a few words.

"Go in," I said, "and change every one of your wet clothes. I will see you again, once again, when we can talk with one another calmly. God bless and take care of you, my darling!"

She smiled faintly, and laid her hand in mine.

"You forgive me?" she said.

"Forgive you!" I repeated, kissing the small brown hand lingeringly; "I have nothing to forgive."

She went on across the little fold. Then I made my way, blind and deaf, to the edge of the cliff, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I flung myself down on the turf, with my face to the ground, to hide my eyes from the starting light of the summer sun.

Married? That was what she had said. It shut out all hope for the future. She must have been a mere child four years ago, she looked very young and girlish still. And her husband treated her ill—my Olivia, for whom I had given up all I had to give. She said the law would compel her to return to him, and I could do nothing. I could not interfere even to save her from a life which was worse to her than death.

My heart was caught in a vice, and there was no escape from the torture of its relentless grip. Whichever way I looked there was sorrow and despair. I wished, with a faint-heartedness I had never felt before, that Olivia and I had indeed perished together down in the caves where the tide was now sweeping below me.

"Martin!" said a clear, low, tender tone in my ear, which could never be deaf to that voice. I looked up at Olivia without moving. My head was at her feet, and I laid my hand upon the hem of her dress.

"Martin," she said again, "see, I have brought you Tardif's coat in place of your own. You must not lie here in this way. Captain Carey's yacht is waiting for you below."

I staggered giddily when I stood on my feet, and only Olivia's look of pain steadied me. She had been weeping bitterly. I could not trust myself to look in her face again. Tardif was standing behind her, regarding us both with great concern.

"Doctor," he said, "when I came in from my lobster-pots, the captain sent a message by me to say the sun would be gone down before you reach Guernsey. He has come round to the Havre Gosselin. I'll walk down the cliff with you."

"Take care of man's self," I said, when we had reached the top of the ladder, and the little boat from the yacht was dancing at the foot of it. "There is some danger ahead, and you can protect her better than I."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you may trust her with me. But God knows I should have been glad if it had gone well with you."

## CHAPTER XVI.

My mother passed a restless and agitated night, and I, who sat up with her, was compelled to listen to all her lamentations. But towards the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, likely to last for some hours. I could leave her in perfect security; and at an early hour I went down to Julia's house, strung up to bear the worst, and intending to have it all out with her, and put her on her guard before she paid her daily visit to our house. She must have some hours for her excitement and rejoicing to bubble over, before she came to talk about it to my mother.

"I wish to see Miss Dobree," I said to the girl who quickly answered my noisy peal of the house bell.

"Please, sir," was her reply, "she and Miss Daltrey are gone to Sark with Captain Carey."

"Gone to Sark?" I repeated in utter amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Martin. They started quite early because of the tide, and Captain Carey's man brought the carriage to take them to St. Sampson's. I don't look for them back before evening."

"When did they make up their minds to go to Sark?" I inquired anxiously.

"Only late last night, sir," she answered.

Why were Julia and Kate Daltrey gone to Sark? What could they have to do with Olivia? It made me almost wild with anger to think of them finding Olivia, and talking to her perhaps of me and my love-questioning her, arguing with her, tormenting her! The bare thought of those two badgering my Olivia was enough to drive me frantic.

In the cool twilight, Julia and Kate

were announced. I was about to withdraw from my mother's room, in conformity with the etiquette established amongst us, when Julia recalled me in a gentler voice than she had used towards me since the day of my fatal confession.

"Stay, Martin," she said; "what we have to tell concerns you more than any one."

I sat down again by my mother's sofa, and she took my hand between both her own, fondling it in the dusk.

"It is about Olivia," I said in as cool a tone as I could command.

"Yes," answered Julia; "we have seen her, and we have found out why she has refused you. She is married already."

"She told me so yesterday," I replied.

"Told you so yesterday?" repeated Julia in an accent of chagrin. "If we had only known that we might have saved ourselves the passage across to Sark."

"My dear Julia," exclaimed my mother, feverishly, "do tell us all about it, and begin at the beginning."

There was nothing Julia liked so much, or could do so well, as to give a circumstantial account of anything she had done. She could relate minute details with so much accuracy that when one was lazy or unoccupied it was pleasant to listen. My mother enjoyed, with all the delight of a woman, the small touches by which Julia embellished her sketches. I resigned myself to hearing a long history, when I was burning to ask one or two questions and have done with the topic.

"To begin at the beginning, then," said Julia, "dear Captain Carey came into



town very late last night to talk to us about Martin, and how the girl in Sark had refused him. I was very much astonished, very much indeed! Captain Carey said that he and dear Johanna had come to the conclusion that the girl felt some delicacy, perhaps, because of Martin's engagement to me. We talked it over as friends, and thought of you, dear aunt, and your grief and disappointment, till all at once I made up my mind in a moment. I will go over to Sark and see the girl myself! I said. 'Will you?' said Captain Carey. 'Oh, no, Julia, it will be too much for you.' 'It would have been a few weeks ago,' I said; 'but now I could do anything to give aunt Dobree a moment's happiness.'

"Heaven bless you, Julia," I interrupted, going across to her and kissing her cheek impetuously.

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged off-hand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sark. We had a splendid passage. Kate was in raptures with the landing place, and the lovely lane leading up into the island. We turned down the nearest way to Tardif's. Well, you know that brown pool in the lane leading to the Havre Gosselin? Just there, where there are some low, weather-beaten trees meeting overhead and making a long green aisle, we saw all in a moment a slim, erect, very young-looking girl coming towards us. I knew in an instant that it was Miss Olivier."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching brows, and the sunbeams playing fondly with her shining golden hair! I held my breath to listen.

"What completely startled me," said Julia, "was that Kate suddenly darted forward and ran to meet her, crying, 'Olivia!'"

"How does she know her?" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Martin! Don't interrupt me. The girl went so deadly pale, I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. She stood for a minute looking at us, and then she burst into the most dreadful fit of crying! I have always thought her name was Olivier, and so did Kate. 'For pity's sake,' said the girl, 'if you have any pity, leave me here in peace—do not betray me!'"

"But what does it all mean?" asked my mother, whilst I paced to and fro in the dim room, scarcely able to control my impatience, yet afraid to question Julia too eagerly.

"I can tell you," said Kate Daltrey in her cold, deliberate tones; "she is the wife of my half-brother, Richard Foster, who married her more than four years ago in Melbourne; and she ran away from him last October, and has not been heard of since."

"Then you know her whole history," I said, approaching her and pausing before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

"Certainly," she answered; "it is no secret. Her father was a wealthy cel-

ing up her mind to be deaf and blind and dumb."

"But could he not be induced to leave her in peace if she gave up a portion of her property?" I asked.

"Why should he?" she retorted. "If she was in his hands the whole of the property would be his. He will never release her—never. No, her only chance is to hide herself from him. The law cannot deal with wrongs like hers, because they are as light as air apparently, though they are as all-pervading as air, and as poisonous as air can be. They are like choke-damp, only not quite fatal. He is as crafty and cunning as a serpent. He could prove himself the kindest, most considerate of husbands, and Olivia next thing to an idiot. Oh, it is ridiculous to think of pitting a girl like her against him!"

"But what can be done for her?" I asked vehemently and passionately. "My poor Olivia! what can I do to protect her?"

"Nothing," replied Kate Daltrey, coldly. "Her only chance is concealment, and what a poor chance that is! I went over to Sark, never thinking that your Miss Olivier whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more readily they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot double; and how could Olivia escape if they only traced her to Sark?"

My dread of the woman into whose hands my imbecile curiosity had put the clue was growing greater every minute. It seemed as if Olivia could not be safe now, day or night; yet what protection could I or Tardif give to her?

"You will not betray her?" I said to Kate Daltrey, though feeling all the time that I could not trust her in the smallest degree.

"I have promised dear Julia that," she answered.

It became my duty to keep a strict watch over the woman who had come to Guernsey to find Olivia. If possible I must decoy her away from the lovely nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not seen me again, but I called upon her the next morning professionally, and stayed some time talking with her. But nothing resulted from the visit beyond the assurance that she had not yet made any progress towards the discovery of my secret.

Neither did I feel quite safe about Kate Daltrey. She gave me the impression of being as crafty and cunning as she described her half-brother. Did she know this woman by sight? That was a question I could not answer. There was another question hanging upon it. If she saw her, would she not in some way contrive to give her a sufficient hint, without positively breaking her promise to Julia? Kate Daltrey's name did not appear in the newspapers among the list of visitors, as she was staying in a private house; but she said this woman might meet any day in the streets or on the pier.

I had to cross over to Sark the next

week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step on after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident.

She did not see me at first; but her air was exultant and satisfied. There was no face on board so elated and flushed. I kept out of her way as long as I could without consigning myself to the black hole of the cabin; but at last she caught sight of me, and came down to the forecastle to claim me as an acquaintance.

"Ha, ha! Dr. Dobree!" she exclaimed; "so you are going to visit Sark, too?"

"Yes," I answered more curtly than courteously.

(To be continued.)

### A Horrid Mean Thing.

They sat in a swing, half-hidden by the fragrant shrubbery of an east end lawn. She was trying to make him jealous, which he had penetration enough to descry and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm.

All the rapturous adjectives of her high-school vocabulary were pressed into praise of a rival, says the Memphis Scimitar.

"He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met," she fervently declared, clasping her hands above her heart and lifting her lustrous orbs moonward.

"He must be a bird," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Such adorable eyes; such a low, musical voice, as full of soul as the murmur of a meadow brook. And, oh! he sings divinely."

"Sorry I never met your friend," he said in a tone irritatingly practical, accompanied with a yawn artistically audible.

"Oh, I do so want you to meet him. I know you will like him. He is fond of poetry and music, and he drives the loveliest horses—"

"Eh! Whom does he drive for?"

And a few minutes later the swing swung emptily.

### Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected the paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have jotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only 'C. P. A.'"

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' Why, that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money," and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

### The Anthem Again.

The "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way, own way—every one to his own way." The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned." A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turnin', turnin' them golden pages, suppose you shut up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

### Why Locomotives Are Numbered.

A prominent railroad man tells me that the old custom of naming engines instead of numbering them was done away with because there was such a pressure brought to bear in favor of this, that and the other locality. The various influences used became so annoying to the officials that they decided to adopt the plan of numbering the locomotives, which was done. A similar nuisance exists at Washington in the Navy Department. Probably during the late war Secretary Long was pestered more with people who wanted vessels named in honor of somebody or something than he was with all the other questions which came before him put together.—Boston Record.

### Writer and Reader.

A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but when ever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

### Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are overlaid the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea, the speed is not more than 6,020 miles a second.

If the cook breaks only one dish a week, it is on Sunday, when the man of the house is home to hear the crash, and grumble about it.

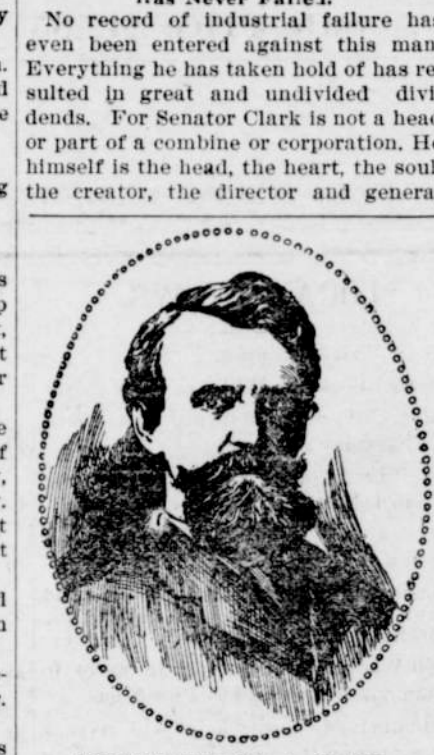
## GIANT OF INDUSTRY.

### SENATOR CLARK, THE WORLD'S RICHEST BUSINESS MAN.

His Ch in of Properties, from Maine to California, Includes a Quarry, Mines, Ranches, Street Railways and Other Things.

By the purchase of a granite quarry in Maine, Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, king of all copper kings, manufacturer, banker, publisher, sugar refiner, rubber grower, lumber operator, railroad builder, coal miner and many, many times a millionaire, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, has completed a chain of industries from Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border.

Up in North Jay, Maine, he has bought and equipped a quarry with 300,000 tons of beautiful white granite in sight, he says. Away off across the continent in Southern California, 3,000 miles away, he owns a monster range of countless acres devoted to beet sugar raising. On the Gulf of Mexico he owns another big range of 130,000 acres devoted to the growth of rubber trees and coffee. Thousands of miles north, in the State of Montana, he owns mines, banks, street railways, real estate, lumber mills and lots of other things, besides being a United States Senator. Between these four points of the compass Senator Clark is the active head of various industries of his own creating.



SENATOR WILLIAM A. CLARK.

### Has Never Failed.

No record of industrial failure has even been entered against this man. Everything he has taken hold of has resulted in great and undivided dividends. For Senator Clark is not a head or part of a combine or corporation. He himself is the head, the heart, the soul, the creator, the director and general superintendent. He is a master of details, a systematizer, and therein, he says, lies the secret of his successful business career.

Men who know both say W. A. Clark is head and shoulders above J. Pierpont Morgan as a business man. Clark creates industries; Morgan formulates combines to absorb created industries. Clark alone runs his mighty business; Morgan doesn't. No mind but the Senator's from Montana is recognized in his affairs. No board of directors pass upon his ideas. He is the whole thing. It isn't so with Morgan. Everything he is connected with has its board of directors, each of whom conceives ideas and nurses them as tenderly as Morgan.

The purpose of Clark in purchasing the quarry was to supply granite for his New York mansion. Every piece of granite is cut to fit a certain place in the growing palace in New York. The quarrymen have the architect's plans to go by and each piece of granite is numbered to correspond with the number in the specifications. The quarry yields a beautiful white granite of a kind unlike any other in the world. One hundred skilled quarrymen with compressed air drills carve out huge slices of this pure granite, each slice being destined to fit a specified niche in the New York mansion. Seventy-five skilled stone cutters receive the granite at Portland and chip the slices into dressed condition. Then the dressed slices are wrapped in bagging, garnished with slats and shipped by train or boat to New York. Senator Clark waited nearly two years for a certain company to furnish the granite and then brushed them aside, bought a quarry adjoining the procrastinating company's works and equipped it himself.

### Richest Business Man.

Senator Clark is 63 years old, medium height, slender and wiry. His most striking feature is found in his eyes. Clear, steady, piercing, they reach one's thoughts before they are put in words. Eyes that seem like flashes of burnished steel, at first, they change to gray-blue at near range. They are good eyes—nothing sinister or underhanded lurk in their depths. With eyes like these a man can see clearly his own plans and perceive more clearly points in an opponent's campaign. Ten years hence it is admitted on all sides that Senator Clark will be the richest man in the world. He keeps no costly racing stable, steam yacht; he doesn't risk his great fortune in stock gambling. Even to-day he is known to be the richest business man in America. His income is about \$8,000,000 a year, and is growing apace. His wealth is unknown to all men except himself. It has been estimated at \$60,000,000, and from that figure up to \$150,000,000. Every dollar of his great fortune has been actually earned. Not a penny of it has been won or lost in stock speculation.

Senator Clark owns several mining properties and a smelter at Butte. He

owns the biggest banking institution in the whole Northwest. He owns twenty-five miles of street railway. He owns a big daily newspaper plant. He owns thousands of dollars' worth of real estate. He owns big business blocks. He owns the Opera House. In other parts of Montana he owns five newspapers, timber tracts and lumber mills, coal mines and ranches. He owns and operates mines in Idaho, Nevada and Colorado. He owns the franchise and is building a railroad from Utah to Southern California. He owns a controlling interest in a daily paper in Salt Lake City. In Arizona he owns the rich United Verde copper mines, said to be worth \$200,000,000. He owns a ranch of 300,000 acres in Southern California devoted to beet sugar raising, the first one of any consequence started in this country. He owns and operates a large coal mine in Mexico. On the Gulf of Mexico, on the Mexico side, he owns a vast tract of fertile land which is to be utilized in growing rubber and coffee. This is one of Senator Clark's latest projects. The work of setting out rubber trees is now being pushed ahead and will not be finished until 1,000,000 trees are planted. When five or six years old these trees will each yield \$1 worth of raw material. One of the largest of Senator Clark's industries is the Wacker Copper Wire Company of New Jersey. This plant treats the copper bricks from the Senator's smelters and turns them into coils of high-priced wire ready for the hardware market.

## CANADA VS. PHYSICAL FACTS.

### Rigorous Climate and Dangerous Waters Hold Dominion Back.

In 1897, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was enjoying himself as one of the colonial premiers who took a leading part in the queen's jubilee in London, both in London and in Paris, particularly in Paris, he went out of his way to slur the United States and paint a future for Canada, which largely ignored the physiographic, hydrographic and climatic facts. Canada was to surpass the United States as only a first magnitude star could surpass another and lesser star in glory. But, unfortunately, the climatic facts will not down. Immigrants will not go to a country that has six months winter and an uncertain summer, with wretched communications and shipping interests are avoiding a route to the new world that is notorious for its dangers.

Though the slow growth of the population of Canada has worried the leaders of the dominion and the Canadian publicists, they are still taking cold comfort in the alleged fact that the growth of Canada, "when one considers the healthy and stable character of this increase, as compared with the vast hordes of impoverished alien outcasts who contribute so largely to the increase for the corresponding period in the neighboring republic of America," gives slight cause for disappointment. Moreover, they are still pointing out that the climacteric moment is about to arrive when the tide will turn and Canada's snowy wastes will swarm with untold millions of people and its dangerous waters will be crowded with busy shipping. But the facts are otherwise. The recent census of Canada reveals an increase of 9.7 per cent only, which gives a total population of 5,300,000, just one million, in round numbers, behind Pennsylvania's population of 6,301,365. From these figures of Canadian growth and the known total of immigration, it is clear there is no movement of immigrants from the United States to Canada as has been asserted, nor any repatriation of thrifty Canadians who have sought the United States in order to "earn a living," nor any drift from the old world.

Moreover, while the census reveals the fact that the world still gives some attention to the snow line, and to the isothermal of zero weather, an even more serious blow has been struck at Canada's claims by the refusal of British insurance companies to handle policies for vessels trading in St. Lawrence waters. The disasters of the past few years have but clinched, in the minds of the shippers, the great risks involved, and though an effort has been made to form a Canadian Lloyds, with government backing, the shippers who have abandoned the Canadian route will not have anything to do with it.—Philadelphia Press.

## Siamese Cats.

Siamese cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are now favorite pets. The Chicago Inter Ocean describes them as follows: In many respects the animals of Siamese breed are unique among cats. They follow their owners like a dog; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention, and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk, and to a deaf person at that. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. There are two varieties, the temple cats and the palace cats, the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.

The only sacred temple cats that ever left the land of their birth were given to Dr. Nightingale as a mark of special favor by the King of Siam. They were named by their new owner Romeo and Juliet, and are now the property of Lord Marcus Beresford.

## A Ferret and an Eagle.

A mountain eagle perched upon a ferret near Gunnison, Col., and with it flew high in the air. The ferret's jaws closed upon the throat of the eagle, and in a few minutes the latter dropped to the earth stone dead. The ferret was still clinging to the bird's throat.

The chewing gum trust causes more jawing than any other.