

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
"You love her?" said Johanna.
"Certainly," I answered, "as my sister."

"Better than any woman now living?" she pursued.
"Yes," I replied.
"That is all Julia requires," she continued, "so let us say no more at present, Martin. Only understand that all idea of marriage between her and my brother is quite put away. Don't argue with me, don't contradict me. Come to see us as you would have done but for that unfortunate conversation last night. All will come right by-and-by."

"But Captain Carey—" I began.
"There! not a word!" she interrupted imperatively. "Tell me all about that wretch, Richard Foster. How did you come across him? Is he likely to die? Is he anything like Kate Daltry?—I will never call her Kate Daltry as long as she lives. Come, Martin, tell me everything about him."

She sat with me most of the morning, talking with animated perseverance, and at last prevailed upon me to take her a walk in Hyde Park. Her pertinacity did me good in spite of the irritation it caused me. When her dinner hour was at hand I felt bound to attend her to her house in Hanover street; and I could not get away from her without first speaking to Julia. Her face was very sorrowful, and her manner sympathetic. We said only a few words to one another, but I went away with the impression that her heart was still with me.

At dinner Jack announced his intention of paying a visit to Richard Foster.
"You are not fit to deal with the fellow," he said; "you may be sharp enough upon your own black sheep in Guernsey, but you know nothing of the breed here. Now if I see him I will squeeze out of him every mortal thing he knows about Olivia."

Jack returned, his face kindled with excitement. He caught my hand, and grasped it heartily.
"I no more believe she is dead than I am," were his first words. "You recollect me telling you of a drunken brawl in a street off the Strand, where a fellow, as drunk as a lord, was for claiming a pretty girl as his wife; only I had followed her out of Ridley's agency office, and was just in time to protect her from him. A girl I could have fallen in love with myself. You recollect?"

"Yes, yes," I said, almost breathless.
"He was the man, and Olivia was the girl!" exclaimed Jack.
"No!" I cried.
"Yes!" continued Jack, with an affectionate lunge at me; "at any rate I can swear he is the man; and I would bet a thousand to one that the girl was Olivia."

"But when was it?" I asked.
"Since he married again," he answered; "they were married on the 2d of October, and this was early in November. I had gone to Ridley's after a place for a poor fellow as an assistant to a druggist, and I saw the girl distinctly. She gave the name of Ellen Martineau. Those letters about her death are all forgeries."

"Olivia is not," I said; "I know her handwriting too well."
"Well, then," observed Jack, "there is only one explanation. She has sent them herself to throw Foster off the scent; she thinks she will be safe if he believes her dead."

"No," I answered hotly, "she would never have done such a thing as that."
"Who else is benefited by it?" he asked gravely. "It does not put Foster into possession of any of her property, or that would have been a motive for him to do it. But he gains nothing by it; and he is so convinced of her death that he has taken a second wife."

"What can I do now?" I said, speaking aloud, though I was thinking to myself.
"Martin," replied Jack, gravely, "isn't it wisest to leave the matter as it stands? If you find Olivia, what then? She is as much separated from you as she can be by death. So long as Foster lives it is worse than useless to be thinking of her."

"I only wish to satisfy myself that she is alive," I answered. "Just think of it, Jack, not to know whether she is living or dead! You must help me to satisfy myself. This mystery would be intolerable to me."
"You're right, old fellow," he said, cordially; "we will go to Ridley's together to-morrow morning."

We were there soon after the doors were open. There were not many clients present, and the clerks were enjoying a slack time. Jack had recalled to his mind the exact date of his former visit; and thus the sole difficulty was overcome. The clerk found the name of Ellen Martineau entered under that date in his book.
"Yes," he said, "Miss Ellen Martineau, English teacher in a French school; premium to be paid, about £10; no salary; reference, Mrs. Wilkinson, No. 19, Bellringer street."

"No. 19 Bellringer street!" we repeated in one breath.
"Yes, gentlemen, that is the address," said the clerk, closing the book. "Shall I write it down for you? Mrs. Wilkinson was the party who should have paid our commission; as you perceive, a premium was required instead of a salary given. We feel pretty sure the young lady went to the school, but Mrs. Wilkinson denies it, and it is a pity we cannot pursue our claim in law."

"Can you describe the young lady?" I inquired.
"Well, no. We have such hosts of young ladies here."
"Do you know where the school is?"
"No. Mrs. Wilkinson was the party," he said. "We had nothing to do with it, except to send any ladies to her who thought it worth their while. That was all."

As we could obtain no further information we went away, and paced up and down the tolerably quiet street, deep in consultation. That we should have need for great caution, and as much craftiness as we both possessed, in pursuing our inquiries was quite evident. Who could be this Mrs. Wilkinson? Was it possible that she might prove to be Mrs. Foster herself?

for herself? At any rate it would not do for either of us to present ourselves there in quest of Miss Ellen Martineau. It was finally settled between us that Johanna should be entrusted with the diplomatic enterprise.

Johanna put in the next day following down the clues Jack and I had discovered.
"Well, Martin," she said that evening, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and comforts. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are extensive grounds for recreation, and the comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the domestic arrangements being on a thoroughly liberal scale. Here is also a photographic view of the place; a charming villa, you see, in the best French style. The lady's husband is an avocet; and everything is taught by professors—cosmography and pedagogy, and other studies of which we never heard when I was a girl. Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and in return for her services will take lessons from any professors attending the establishment. Your mind may be quite at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.
"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he said—"quite out of the range of railways and tourists. There will be no danger of any one finding her out there; and you know she has changed her name altogether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen Martineau are the same persons?" I asked.
"No, I did not," she answered; "I thought you were sure of that."
But I was not sure of it; neither could Jack be sure. He puzzled himself in trying to give a satisfactory description of his Ellen Martineau; but every answer he gave to my eager questions plunged us into greater uncertainty. He was not sure of the color either of her hair or eyes, and made blundering guesses at her height.

What was I to believe?
It was running too great a risk to make any further inquiries at No. 19 Bellringer street. Mrs. Wilkinson was the landlady of the lodging house, and she had told Johanna that Madame Perrier boarded with her when she was in London. But she might begin to talk to her other lodgers, if her own curiosity were excited; and once more my desire to fathom the mystery hanging about Olivia might plunge her into fresh difficulties, should it reach the ears of Foster or his wife.

"I must satisfy myself about her safety now," I said. "Only put yourself in my place, Jack. How can I rest till I know more about Olivia?"
"I do put myself in your place," he answered. "What do you say to having a run down to this place in Basse Normandy, and seeing for yourself whether Miss Ellen Martineau is your Olivia?"

"How can I?" I asked, attempting to hang back from the suggestion. It was a busy time with us. The season was in full roll, and our most aristocratic patients were in town. The easterly winds were bringing in their usual harvest of bronchitis and diphtheria. If I went Jack's hands would be more than full. Had these things come to perplex us only two months earlier, I could have taken a holiday with a clear conscience.

"Dad will jump at the chance of coming back for a week," replied Jack; "he is bored to death down at Fulham. Go you must, for my sake, old fellow. You are good for nothing as long as you're so down in the mouth. I shall be glad to be rid of you."
In this way it came to pass that two evenings later I was crossing the Channel to Havre, and found myself about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day at Falaise. It was the terminus of the railway in that direction; and a very ancient conveyance was in waiting to carry on any travelers who were venturesome enough to explore the regions beyond.

I very much preferred sitting beside the driver, a red-faced, smooth-checked Norman, habited in a blue blouse, who could crack his long whip with almost the skill of a Parisian omnibus driver. We were friends in a trice, for my patois was almost identical with his own, and he could not believe his own ears that he was talking with an Englishman.

The sun sank below the distant horizon, with the trees showing clearly against it, and the light of the stars that came out one by one almost cast a defined shadow upon our path, from the poplar trees standing in long straight rows in the hedges. If I found Olivia at the end of that star-lit path my gladness in it would be completed. Yet if I found her, what then? I should see her for a few minutes in the dull salon of a school, perhaps with some watchful, spying Frenchwoman present. I should simply satisfy

myself that she was living. There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.
"Not one," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English manz'le—peste!—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, m'sieur, some months ago. There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very intrepid, are the English manz'elles. She did not know a word of our language. But that was droll, m'sieur! A French demoiselle would never voyage like that."

The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman traveling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia. At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau.

"Where was she going to?" I asked.
"She came to Noireau to be an instructor in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment—"an establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocet! He! he! he! how droll that was, m'sieur! An avocet! So they believed that in England? Bah! Emile Perrier an avocet!"

"But what is there to laugh at?" I asked.
"Am I an avocet?" he inquired derisively, "am I a proprietor? am I even a cure? Pardon, m'sieur, but I am just as much avocet, proprietor, cure, as Emile Perrier. He was an impostor. He became bankrupt; he and his wife ran away to save themselves; the establishment was broken up. It was a bubble, m'sieur, and it burst!"

My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to disperse it.
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but

where became of Oli—of the young English lady, and the child?"
"Ah, m'sieur!" he said, "I do not know. I do not live in Noireau, but I pass to and fro from Falaise. She has not returned in my omnibus, that is all I know. But she could go to Granville, or to Caen. There are other omnibuses there, you see. Somebody will tell you down there."

It was nearly eleven o'clock before we entered the town; but I learned a few more particulars from the middle-aged woman in the omnibus service. She recollected the name of Miss Ellen Martineau, and her arrival; and she described her with the accuracy and faithfulness of a woman. If she were not Olivia herself she must be her very counterpart.

I started out early the next morning to find the Rue de Grace, where the inscription on my photographic view of the premises represented them as situated. There were two houses, one standing in the street, the other lying back beyond a very pleasant garden. A Frenchman was pacing up and down the broad gravel path which connected them, examining critically the vines growing against the walls. Two little children were gamboling about in close white caps, and with frocks down to their heels. Upon seeing me he lifted his hat. I returned the salutation with a politeness as ceremonious as his own.

"Monsieur is an Englishman?" he said in a doubtful tone.
"From the Channel Islands," I replied. "Ah! you belong to us," he said, "but you are hybrid, half English, half French; a fine race. I also have English blood in my veins."

I paid monsieur a compliment upon the result of the admixture of blood in his own instance, and then proceeded to unfold my object in now visiting him.
"Ah!" he said, "yes, yes, yes; Perrier was an impostor. These houses are mine, monsieur. I live in the front one; my daughter and son-in-law occupy the other. We had the photographs taken for our own pleasure, but Perrier must have brought them from the artist, no doubt. I have a small cottage at the back of my house; monsieur! there it is. Perrier rented it from me for two hundred francs a year. I permitted him to pass along this walk, and through our coach house into a passage which leads to the street where madame had her school. Permit me, and I will show it to you."

He led me through a shed, and along a dirty, vaulted passage, into a mean street at the back. A small, miserable-looking house stood in it, shut up, with broken persiennes covering the windows. My heart sank at the idea of Olivia living here, in such discomfort and neglect and sordid poverty.

"Did you ever see a young English lady here, monsieur?" I asked; "she arrived about the beginning of last November."
"But yes, certainly, monsieur," he replied, "a charming English demoiselle! One must have been blind not to observe her. A sweet face, with hair of gold, but a little more somber."

"What height was she, monsieur?" I inquired.
"A just height," he answered, "not tall like a camel, nor too short like a monkey. She would stand an inch or two above your shoulder, monsieur."

It could be no other than my Olivia! She had been living here, then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?
"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, monsieur. We have fever often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the information that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill, and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and discouraged; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed. It was impossible, he maintained, that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed. He went with me to all the omnibus bureaux, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Noireau during the last month. No places had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

(To be continued.)

SPOLIING THE FLIRTATION.
Pony Was a Racer and Had to Keep in the Front.

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wiry "cayuse" or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed an unexpected ambition to lead the procession, according to the New York Mail and Express. He let the "cayuse" have its own way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horses. It pranced about, jumped from side to side and pulled the bit and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."

Where Centenarians Dwell.
More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German Empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Cotrin, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

Further Information Wanted.
In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the Judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the Judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"
The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:
"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

Wanted to Be a Heathen.
Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Bamalam Islanders)—I wish I was a heathen!
Sabbath-School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?
"The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gettin' somethin'."—Harper's Bazar.

What He Was Doing Of.
Mrs. Kelly—Did you hear of the felly oocrot the way dyin' of Anglophobia? Mrs. Googan—Yes mean hydrophobia! Mrs. Kelly—No; I mean Anglophobia! He wuz cheerin' fer King Edward, ar' de gawz heard him!—Judge.

Speed of Ocean Steamers.
The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of express trains on Italian railways.

Few Millionaires in France.
There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-class friend.

A Bureau of Information.

The Burlington ticket office in Portland is a veritable Bureau of Information for travelers—a place where they can learn what it will cost to reach ANY point in America or Europe; how long the trip will take, and what there is to see on the way.
If you are figuring on an eastern trip, drop in and get full information, or, if you prefer, write me about it. Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis—and EVERYWHERE beyond.



A. C. SHELTON, General Agent,
Cor. Third and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.
SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.
WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.
The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good provided for me. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel, New York, Jan. 8, 1901.
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted every other remedy, I saw your advertisement for Asthmalene, and bought a bottle. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can confidently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully,
O. D. DELFELS, M. D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co. Feb. 5, 1901.
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you wish.
Home address, 255 Rivington street.
S. RAPHAEL,
East 125th St., City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on receipt of Postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS., 255 RIVINGTON ST., N. Y. CITY.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES	ARRIVE
Chicago-Portland Special 9:00 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 9 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:40 a. m.
Spokane Flyer 6 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	7 a. m.
8 p. m.	OCEAN STEAMSHIPS All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—sail every 5 days.	4 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8 p. m. Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers To Astoria and Way-Landings.	4 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem Independence and Way-Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7 a. m. Tue. Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, and Way-Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
6 a. m. Tue. Thur. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis and Way-Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Leave Riparia 8:40 a. m. Daily.	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston.	Leave Lewiston Daily 8:50 a. m.

A. L. CRAIG, G. P. A., Portland, Or.

LEGAL BLANKS.

The following general forms are always in stock and for sale at the Reporter office:
Warranty Deeds Real Estate Mortgage
Quit-claim Deeds Chattel Mortgage
Satisfaction of Mort.
Farm Lease Transfer of Mortgage
Notes and Receipts Bill of Sale
Crop Mortgages Order books
Acknowledgments Abstracts
Justices' Blanks.
We carry a large stock of stationery and are prepared to do job printing of every sort in the best style of the art and at low figures.

J. S. ROSCOE.

UMBRELLAS

Recovered and Repaired

Full line of repairs and all repair work done in the best style. South side Third Street near B.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

Safe. Always reliable. Ladies ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metal boxes, contains blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutes and imitations. Buy only Druggist, or send for particulars. Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," sent by return mail. 10,000 testimonials. Sold by all Druggists.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA. Mention this paper.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The Great Republican Paper of America. The Greatest Newspaper of the World. Twice Every Week—One Dollar a Year.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE REPORTER \$1.75 Both Papers one year \$1.75

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has no rival as a great modern newspaper. Its reputation is world-wide, and it circulates wherever there are readers of the English language. It gives the latest telegraphic news from all the world every Tuesday and Friday. Its market reports are complete in every detail. It has special departments devoted to "The Farm, Garden and Dairy," "The Family Circle" and "The Home," and many other features which combine to furnish help, amusement and instruction for people in all conditions and circumstances of life. In each department, and as a whole, it is the peer of any family newspaper in the world, and it ought to be at every fireside during the coming year.

Do not miss this opportunity to get the best National News and Home Journal and favorite local paper, both one year only for \$1.75. This offer is made in spite of the advance price of white paper and will be continued. Send your subscription.

THE REPORTER, MCM.