

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Heaba Stretton

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you, with the idea of your caring most for that girl. No, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you. But is there any hope of that?"

"Let us be frank with one another," I answered; "tell me, is there any one else whom you would marry if I released you from this promise, which was only given, perhaps, to soothe my mother's last hours?"

"Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia hid her face in her hands, "she would marry my brother."

"Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for breath. Such an idea had never once occurred to me, though I knew she had been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to marry! and to marry Julia! To go and live in our house! I was struck dumb, and I fancied that I had heard wrongly. If Julia wished for revenge—and who is not to revenge sweet to a jilted woman?—she had it now. I was as crestfallen as an amazed, almost as miserable as she had been. Yet I had no one to blame as she had. It was only I who had been for preferring Captain Carey's love to my poor affections."

"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do you love Captain Carey?"

"That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free, then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous, be yourself, Martin."

"I will," I said, "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman—happier than you would ever be with me."

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up.

"No," I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old folks. Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy."

Yet when I found myself in the street—for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them—I felt as if everything worth living for were slipping away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings towards my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing room two hours ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

I did not go straight home to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling place, for I was not in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. I was passing by the house, chewing the bitter cud of my reflections, and turned in to see if any messages were waiting there. The footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that a doctor would go as soon as possible to No. 19, Bellinger street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I asked.

"A woman, sir; not a lady. On foot—poorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case twice."

"Very good," I said.

Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cabstand, I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could. I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Gierney's I should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia.

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognizable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodgings-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor windows of No. 19; but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk home. By the time I turned to knock at the door, it was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorway. I could not see her face, for the candle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish mine.

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?" she asked.

The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.

"Yes," I answered, "but I do not know the name of my patient here."

"Dr. Martin Dobree," she exclaimed.

I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had fallen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as if she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's husband?

"I don't know whatever to do!" she ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I don't think he ought to see you—I don't think he would."

"I am not anxious to attend him. I came here simply because my friend is out of town. If he wishes to see me I will see him, and do my best. It rests entirely with himself."

"Will you wait here a few minutes," she asked, "while I see what he will do?"

She left me in the dimly lighted hall. The place was altogether sordid, and dingy, and miserable. At last I heard her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

is dead, that you have not taken possession of her property?"

"A shrewd question," he said jeeringly. "Why am I in these cursed poor lodgings? Why am I as poor as Job, when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My success in my favor, you may assure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeaths to me is this ring, which I gave her on our wedding day, curse her!"

He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point, the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my wife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I said.

"So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was conclusive of her identity. Would you like to see it?"

Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing.

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my last necessities."

There was no more to be said or done. Conviction had been brought home to me. I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine.

"Well, well!" he said, "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it."

I went down the narrow staircase,

CHAPTER XX.

I reached home just as Jack was coming in from his evening amusement. He let me in with his latch-key, giving me a cheery greeting; but as soon as we had entered the dining-room, and he saw my face, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Martin, what has happened to you?"

"Olivia is dead!" I answered.

His arm was about my neck in a moment, for we were like boys together still, when we were alone. He knew all about Olivia, and he waited patiently till I could put my tidings into words.

"It must be true," he said, though in a doubtful tone; "the second would not have married again if he had not sufficient proof."

"She must have died very soon after my mother," I answered, "and I never knew it."

"It's strange!" he said. "I wonder she never got anybody to write to you or Tardif."

There was no way of accounting for that strange silence toward us. We sat talking in short, broken sentences; but we could come to no conclusion about it. It was late when we parted, and I went to bed, but not to sleep.

Upon going downstairs in the morning I found that Jack was already off, having left a short note for me, saying he would visit my patients that day. I had scarcely begun breakfast when the servant announced "a lady," and as the lady followed close upon his heels, I saw behind me the familiar face of Johanna, looking extremely grave. She was soon seated beside me, watching me with something of the tender, wistful gaze of my mother.

"Your friend, Dr. John Senior, called upon you a short time since," she said, "and told us this sad, sad news."

I nodded silently.

"If we had only known it yesterday, we heard what we then said. This makes no vast a difference. Julia could not have become your wife while there was another woman living whom you loved more. You understand her feeling?"

"Yes," I said; "Julia is right."

"My brother and I have been talking about the change this will make," she resumed. "He would not rob you of any consolation or of any future happiness; not for worlds. He relinquishes all claim to a hope of Olivia's affection—"

"That would be unjust to Julia," I interrupted. "She must not be sacrificed to me any longer. I do not suppose I shall ever marry."

"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfit for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you—this cold, colorless life. No, of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I recalled my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling.

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the shipbuilding industry flourished before his time.

Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first shipbuilder of the world and that the ark in which he saved his family from drowning was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main." This supposition has been found to be erroneous, for there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats.

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, Viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christians. This craft was discovered in 1880 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

Heron Nests in the Maine Woods.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebasticus Lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The old birds go long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fifty miles. The birds of this species about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night.

Standing on the point one can see birds coming from all directions during the period in which they feed young.—New York Tribune.

Java's Great Explosion.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatau Java "the greatest explosion of our times." He says:

"It is quite safe to say, when we asked the question as to which of the mighty manifestations of power in this world thus far vied with the ken of science has been the stupendous, the most all-overwhelming the terrific annihilation of Krakatau, in 1883, surpasses all else. A wave that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 900 miles afar and an air shock heard thrice around the earth—what can be sought as testimony to the up energies beneath our very feet."

The Densest Population.

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 700 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If the entire population massed in the streets for any purpose, the density would equal 3,040 persons per acre.

Clock for Theatrical Use.

To indicate the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotatable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

A New Gun.

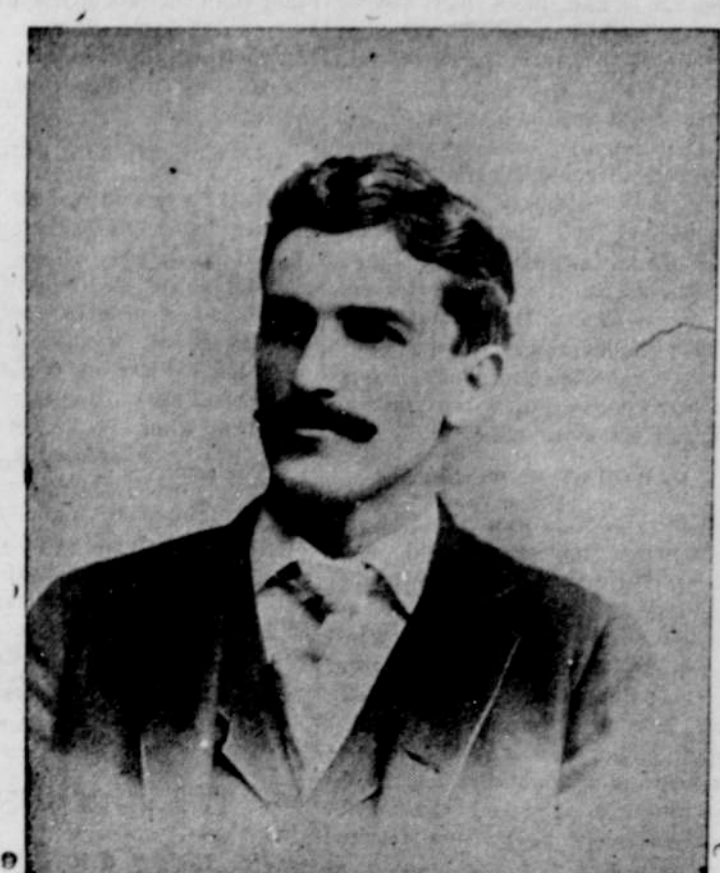
A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a case from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

Man's Temperature.

Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6 degrees when in good health; that of a snail 70 degrees, and of a chicken 111 degrees.

We have remarked that soon after it is announced that a man seems to drink at the fountain of perpetual youth he dies.

The most successful nation is determined.



EXPRESS MESSENGER C. F. CHARLES.

Who refused to open the express car for the robbers that recently held up the Southern Pacific express train near Eugene, Oregon. His action prevented the robbers getting a large sum of money. Mr. Charles will be transferred to San Francisco and given substantial promotion by the Wells, Fargo Express Company.

GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Proclaims November 28 to Be a Day of Thanksgiving.

Salem, Nov. 13.—Governor Geer today issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, designating November 28 as the day to be observed. The proclamation follows:

"Although not yet passed from beneath the shadow of the great national tragedy which took from us the presence and counsel of our beloved chief magistrate, we find reason for national thanksgiving in the unifying effect the great affliction has had upon the different sections of our common country, and for the prospect of a continued era of good feeling. At no time within 50 years has our country so harmonious in matters concerning its domestic welfare. Every department of our state government is performing the duties for which it was created, with promptness and fidelity; the hand of plenty has provided the necessities of life in abundance among our people, all classes of whom are engaged in remunerative employment, and the name of our fair state in other sections of our great country in synonymy with steady progress and an assuredly prosperous future."

"Recognizing in all these things the hand and mind of an overruling Providence who doth all things well, and that a spirit of gratitude suggests an acknowledgement of the bounty of our Father in Heaven, I do hereby proclaim the 28th day of November, 1901, as a day of Thanksgiving."

T. T. GEER, Governor.
F. J. DUNBAR, Secretary of State.

Stage Hugging.

Miss Julia Marlowe, writing in the Dramatic Number of Collier's Weekly, says that she was once asked if an actress did not sacrifice her finer nature by permitting "stage embraces." In reply she declares with some spirit: "Such a question demands the application of only a fair degree of common sense to ensure a negative answer."

Gunboats for the Philippines.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The report from Japan that the United States government had placed an order for six gunboats with the Uraga Boat Company is not strictly accurate. Some time ago, the secretary of war authorized the Philippine commission to purchase 30 or 40 gunboats, to be used among the islands for revenue and police patrol purposes. They were to be bought at Hong Kong and other places where they could be obtained at the best advantage.

Americans Control German Line.

London, Nov. 15.—An American syndicate has purchased 10,000 shares of the stock of a Hamburg steamship line through a Vienna bank, says a Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail. The purchaser is thus enabled to demand at the next meeting a revision of the articles of association in its own favor. There is a general feeling here that the American danger to German shipping is more serious than has been supposed.

Fired at United States Minister.

New York, Nov. 14.—A Bogotá correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune says that a senator from Tequendam Falls October 25, declined to honor the passport of the United States Minister Charles B. Hart, and fired one shot at the diplomat. The minister was not hit by the bullet. The government has severely punished the sentinel and is seeing that the minister is fully protected.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

A rebel signal station in Leyte has been broken up.

The president of Tacloban, Leyte, has been arrested for treason.

Count von Hatzfeldt, German ambassador to England, has retired.

A Colombian soldier shot at, but missed, United States Minister Hart.

Wind, rain and snow are playing havoc with the shipping of the British Isles.

The business portion of Berlin, Md., was practically destroyed by fire. Loss, \$30,000.

The United States Steel Corporation is endeavoring to enlarge by buying up the independent companies.

Hereafter Australian mail for London will go via San Francisco and New York instead of the Suez canal.

A London anarchist meeting to "commemorate the legal murder of anarchists" was prohibited by the police.

A German electric railroad has attained a speed of 105 miles an hour and the officials believe that even this speed can be beaten.

The bank of Plymouth, Ia., was dynamited. Fifteen hundred dollars was secured. This is the seventh bank robbery in Iowa within a month.

The vault of the bank at Trenton, Ky., was blown open with nitro glycerine by robbers, who secured the postoffice deposit box, containing \$300.

The first day of the deer season in Wisconsin was marked by three casualties, the men in each instance being taken for deer. One of them will die and the other two crippled for life.

The French squadron has withdrawn from the Turkish ports.

Board of visitors to naval observatory reports in favor of civic control.

The Hague council of administration will meet November 27 to consider Boers' appeal.

Filipinos attempted to repeat the Samar tactics, but were completely routed by the Americans.

One more of the four Kansas escaped convicts has been taken, making one-half of them recaptured.

Columbia university has asked Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, to fill the chair of Chinese literature.

William P. Sullivan, Jr., head of the San Francisco police, is dead from a complication of diseases caused by worry and over work.

Chan Yen Tung will be the new governor of Shan Tung province, China, the position held by Li Hung Chang at the time of his death.

A new dynamite gun has been tested by the United States government. It shows better powers of destructiveness than any previous gun tried.

The Nome steamer City of Seattle struck an iceberg in Taku bay, staving a large hole in her side. The steamer was not disabled to such an extent that she could not proceed on her voyage to Douglas Island. She returned to Seattle without passengers or cargo. The damage will amount to about \$5,000.

The Franco-Turkish dispute has been settled.

All Russian crops are reported below the average.

General Smith says the rebel leader will soon be captured.

Escaped convicts in Kansas captured a sheriff and deputy.

The Federal party continues its turbulent meetings at Manila.

Tariff legislation is not probable at the coming session of congress.

A Lick observatory astronomer finds the new star in Perseus is moving.

Several burglaries have occurred in Pendleton, Oregon, the past few days.

A fatal duel in the German army may lead to a reichstag investigation.

An American schooner was seized by a Portuguese gunboat in the Azores.

Surgeon at Port Townsend, Wash., is ordered to Liverpool to inspect immigrants.

Lukban says he will not surrender until the Americans withdraw from Gandara valley.

Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways may utilize Snoqualmie Falls, Wash., for power.

One hundred and eleven sections of land in Malheur, Oregon, oil district have been withdrawn from entry.

English mail for Australia is delivered by the steamer "Aurora" and did not become a law.

Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, L.L. D., founder and for almost 50 years president of Mount Union college, died at Alliance, O., after a long illness from Bright's disease. He was 78 years old.