DAYTON HERALD.

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DAYTON .....OREGON.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

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.

Last efforts to settle the steel strike have failed.

Blimot Plaig crushed to death in a well at Lents.

Buried forest discovered under the lava on Mount Hood.

The National reunion of the G. A. R. opened at Cleveland.

Chicago police believe they have located Emma Goldman.

Strange death of Winter Kyle at Astoria leads to suspicion of murder.

Improvement in President's condition has good effect in financial circles.

Governor Geer commends proposed New Jersey legislation against anarchists.

Abraham Isaak, anarchist, under arrest in Chicago, published The Firebrand in Portland.

Secretary Gage has been asked to relieve the money market by New York financial institutions.

President McKinley continues to improve and the physicians have strong hopes that he will recover.

H. O. Armour, the Chicago packer, died at Saratoga.

An attempt was made to murder a family of hoppickers.

A lone highwayman tried to hold up the Ager-Lakeview stage.

Thieves are robbing sluiceboxes in the vicinity of Dawson.

The Venezuelan fleet is bombarding Rio Hacha, Colombia.

An X-ray apparatus has been sent from New York to Buffalo.

Shooting of President McKinley discussed by ministers in their sermons.

Two bombs were discovered under the Haymarket monument in Chicago.

The steelworkers' executive committee ordered Shaffer to settle the strike.

Prayers for the President's recovery were offered in churches throughout the land.

New York police are looking for Emma Goldman. Steps are being taken for the suppression of anarchists.

President McKinley's chances of recovery have improved. For the present no attempt will be made to remove the bullet.

Messages of condolence were received from all parts of the world.

Dr. Von Miquel, Prussian ex-Minister of Finance, died at Frnakfort-on-the-Main.

The Texarania train robbers are still at large.

The ecumenical conference opened in London.

Fighting is expected at Bocas del Toro and at Colon.

The New York conference did not settle the steel strike.

Remarably quiet year reported in the English wheat market.

Columbia beat Constitution 17 seconds over a 30-mile course.

Bridge of the God's ascended by the Regulator exploring expedition.

Prince Chun delivered Chin's letter of apology to Emperor William.

Harvest Carnival of the Modern Woodmen of America opened at Albany.

New international boundary line may put much of Blaine, Wash., in Canada.

Census Office issues a bulletin on the sex, nativity and color of the population of Oregon.

The chainmakers are striking for more pay.

Venezuela issues an explanation of the trouble.

A Cotton Belt train was robbed near Texarkana.

The Japanese press is excited over the Honolulu incident.

Visible grain supply August 31st shows general increase.

Late developments were not favorable to the steel strikers.

Governor Schroeder reports prosperous conditions in Guam.

Men employed to take the strikers' places at the Le Roi smelter walked out.

Summary of crop conditions reports generally favorable weather.

The United States offered to mediate between Venezuela and Colombia.

The Caracas and Bogota governments replied to Secretary Hay's note.

English and Pittsburg syndicates bet $400,000 on the coming yacht race.

Boers threaten to shoot all British soldiers captured after September 15th.

Courts will be asked to set aside the sale of a Skagit County, Washington, road to the Great Northern Railway.

In Hong Kong there are only 400 women, and in Hawaii 532 women, to every 1000 men.

The number of retail liquor dealers in the United States at the close of last year was 206,000. The total vote of the prohibition party in the election of the same year was 209,000.

The bee and honey-raisers of North Germany are having a hard time. They feel the competition of the artificial honey factories very much. The artificial product contains often no more than 10 per cent of natural honey.

Some authorities on dyeing say that silk receives and holds a dye better than any other fabric.

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, has the reputation of being the best raconteur in Washington. His fund of stories is endless, and he seems to add to it daily.

Miss Ida May Jackson, of Milwaukee, has been appointed, under a new law of Wisconsin, Woman Factory Inspector, and will be the first woman in the state to take up official work of this kind. Her grandfather was an editor, and she has been doing newspaper work for a dozen years past.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY.

FIENDISH ACT

The President is Shot By An Anarchist.

AT BUFFALO FAIR

HE WAS WOUNDED TWICE—NOT NECESSARILY FATAL.

Well Dressed Stranger Approached Him As If To Shake Hands, and Fired Twice With a Revolver Concealed Under a Handkerchief—Assailant Was Immediately Placed Under Arrest.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds a few minutes after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

The President was approached by a man with a dark mustache and with one hand covered with a handkerchief. As the man extended his hand to the President, apparently with the intention of shaking hands with him, he fired a shot which entered the President's right breast, lodging against the breast bone. Another shot was fired at once, which entered the President's abdomen.

The assailant was immediately arrested and was thrown to the ground, and quick as a flash 20 men were upon him. When rescued he was covered with blood from a gash in his face. Cries of lynching were heard on every hand, but the police managed to get the man out of the grounds and locked him up in a station house a short distance from the grounds. Later he was removed to the police headquarters.

Detective Geary was near the President and he fell into his arms.

"Am I shot?" asked the President.

The officer opened the President's vest, and, seeing blood, replied: "Yes, I am afraid you are, Mr. President."

The President was at once taken to the emergency hospital, where a bullet which had lodged against the breast bone was removed. Later the President was reported as resting easily.

At 6 o'clock Dr. Roswell Parke, the well-known surgeon, arrived at the hospital, and after putting the President under an anesthetic, began probing for the ball in the abdomen.

The prisoner declares that he is Fred Nieman, of Detroit. When arrested he was asked why he had shot the President, and replied:

"I am an anarchist and have done my duty."

Later he denied to a police official that he was an anarchist.

Mrs. McKinley received the news of the attempted assassination with the utmost courage.

HOPE OF RECOVERY.

One Bullet Removed—Wounds Dressed Immediately and Patient Doing Well.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—Secretary Cortelyou gave out the following statement last evening at 7 p. m.:

"The President was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches to the left of the madian line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed by the same way.

"The further course of the bullet could not be discovered, although careful search was made. The abdominal wound was closed without drainage. No injury to the intestines or other abdominal organ was discovered. The patient stood the operation well; pulse of good quality, rate of 130; condition at the conclusion of the operation was gratifying. The result cannot be foretold. His condition at present justifies hope of recovery.

"GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
"Secretary to the President."

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—The following bulletin was issued by the President's physician at 10:40 p. m. last night:

"The President is rallying satisfactorily and is resting comfortably.

"10:50 p. m.—Temperature, 100.4 degrees; pulse, 124; respiration, 24."

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—At 3 a.m. the following bulletin was issued:

"The President continues to rest well. Temperature 101.6; pulse, 110; respiration, 24."

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—At 4:30 the President was still resting easily.

BOER COMMANDO CAPTURED.

Many Killed and Wounded, and Several Important Officers Taken.

Middelburg, Cape Colony, Sept. 9.—Lotter's entire commando has been taken by Major Scholl of Pietersburg. One hundred and three prisoners were captured, 12 Boers were killed and 46 wounded. Two hundred horses also were captured.

London, Sept. 9.—Lord Kitchener's report from Pretoria to the War Office covering the capture of Lotter's commando gives the figures as 19 killed, 42 wounded and 62 captured unwounded. The prisoners include Commandants Lotter and Breedt, Field Cornets J. Kruger and W. Kruger, and Lieutenant Shoeman. Among the killed were the two Vaslers, notable rebels. The casualties were 10 killed and eight wounded.

Burned to Death.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 9.—Miss Eolah Hounsom was burned to death today in her home at 132 Kline street. The origin of the fire is unknown. Murder, with robbery in view, is suspected by the police, as she was known to have had some money.

Death List is Now Sixteen.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 9.—The death list of the North Central train wreck, which occurred last week near Fairville, has been increased to 16 by the death today of Mrs. William Lee Munyon, of Port Gibson.

Garrisons at Shanghai.

Shanghai, Sept. 9.—The Rajputs have left here, reducing the British garrison in Shanghai to one native regiment. The German garrison is 800 strong and is showing great activity. The Germans have leased for three years, with the option of six, a large tract inside the general settlement. They are fencing it and building barracks and storehouses. The British community strongly objects.

Bishop Charged With Murder.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—Sensational charges against Bishop Anthony Koslowski and attendants at the St. Anthony Independent Catholic Hospital were testified to today by witnesses for the defense in the conspiracy case started on the complaint of the head of the Independent Catholic Church before Justice Martin. Dr. Stanislaus Slominski, one of the defendants, again accused Bishop Koslowski with being responsible for the death of certain patients at St. Anthony's, and charged that these people were poisoned and their money kept.

Cloudburst in Kansas.

Kansas City, Sept. 9.—A special to the Star from Ness City, Kan., says: A cloudburst struck Ness City last night and it is estimated that over eight inches of water fell. Bridges and sidewalks were washed out, cellars were flooded and several small business houses were undermined and ruined. No lives are reported lost. Ness City is a town of 1000 people, situated on the Santa Fe railroad in Ness County, 55 miles east of the Colorado State line.

Ptomaine Poisoning.

Cleveland, Sept. 9.—Ninety people who ate clams at a lunch at the opening of a new public building a few days ago have been ill since, suffering, it is alleged, from ptomaine poisoning. No person has died, but many are still in bed.

Clyclist Loses a Leg.

New York, Sept. 9.—Gangrene having set in, the surgeons at Bellevue hospital have decided that John Nelson, the cyclist, must have his leg amputated in an effort to save his life.

Snowstorm in Montana.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 9.—The western portion of Montana is tonight in the grasp of a storm that began before daylight this morning. The weather is intensely cold and considerable snow has fallen. More is now coming and it is feared crops will suffer.

Ligh house is Too Low.

London, Sept. 9.—According to reports from Ottawa, an engineer of the Canadian Marine Department has visited Cape Race, N. F., where several wrecks have occurred this year. He reports that the lighthouse is in good order, but that the light is 55 feet lower than it is advertised as being, which reduces the horizon by two miles. He also suggests that the duration of the fog whistles be changed to two blasts of five seconds each.

Invitation to Prince Chun.

Berlin, Sept. 9.—A special to the Lokalanzeiger, from Dantzic, says Emperor William has invited Prince Chun to witness the autumn maneuvers.

Jockey Killed.

Carbondale, Ill., Sept. 9.—Frank McClathy, jockey, was killed late today in the last race of the Jacksonville County fair at Murphysboro. He was one of the five that were riding in a bunch. His mount fell and two other horses fell upon the boy and the horse. McClathy was buried beneath two horses, and sustained injuries from which he died two hours later.

HE STILL IMPROVES

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S CONDITION IS SATISFACTORY.

No Unfavorable Conditions Have Appeared—Physicians Express Confidence That He Will Ultimately Recover—Many Friends and Relatives Leaving Him Confident That He is Out of Danger.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 10, 3 a. m.—President McKinley is resting easily. His condition continues to improve. His physicians express the utmost confidence that he will recover, though there is still a possibility that complications may set in. Up to this time there have been no symptoms of peritonitis, and the danger of this setting in decreases every hour. Dr. McBurney, however, says that if the improvement continues it will be a week before the President can be pronounced out of danger and convalescent. The President himself is cheerful, and was given light nourishment yesterday. Everything is quiet at the Milburn house, and the vigilance of the guards is not as strict as it has been heretofore.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 10, 6:25 a. m.—Up to this hour no bulletin of the President's exact condition has been issued, but it is learned that the patient passed a good night and at this hour is quietly sleeping.

Bulletins Don't Tell All.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 10.—After the 9:30 bulletin had been issued from the Milburn residence last night announcing a continuance of the favorable condition of the President, there were many indications that the bulletins were but meager indications of the real improvement of the distinguished patient. At 9:45 p. m., Miss McKinley, a sister of the President; Dr. and Mrs. Herman Baer, the latter a niece of the President, and the Misses Barber, nieces of the President, left the house, and, taking carriages, announced their intention of returning to their homes tonight. Abner McKinley accompanied them to the station, and to the Associated Press said:

"The nearest relatives of the President are so confident of his recovery that they have no hesitancy in leaving."

Postmaster Frease, of Canton, a warm personal friend of the President, who came today filled with anxiety, said tonight: "I go back because I have the most positive assurance that the President is going to make a rapid recovery."

GREAT FLOODS IN CHINA.

Thousands of Lives Lost Along the Yangtse River—Rice Crop Ruined.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Under date of Shanghai, July 25, Consul-General Goodnow reports to the State Department that the most disastrous floods are prevailing in the valley of the Yangtse River. He understands that they are the worst known by Europeans in that valley. All the towns in the neighborhood of Wuhu and Kiuklang are, to a large extent, under water. The farms, especially in the rice-growing region about Wuhu, are so completely flooded that there is no hope for the crop this year. In addition to this, thousands of lives have been lost, and unknown numbers rendered homeless by the overflow. The stoppage of trade is very serious. The destruction of the crops in the fields, and particularly the probable loss of the rice crops in the district of Wuhu, the great rice-producing center, will add famine to the other difficulties besetting the empire.

Arms for Colombia.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Following is a translation of a cablegram received late today by the Colombian Legation from a confidential agent of the Colombian Government:

"Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 9.—Colombian Legation, Washington. It is known officially that the Ecuadorian vessel Cotopaix sailed with arms from Esmeraldos, Ecuador. Tomaco besieged by filibusterers from Nicaragua. A considerable expedition was expected to land near Panama on the 5th of September."

The signature to the dispatch was not made public, but the information contained in the message is believed by Colombian officials here to be entirely authentic.

Dynamiters at Work.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—Three men who said they were linemen, on being refused admission to the office of the Chicago General Electric Company, here today, placed a dynamite cartridge under the front door and exploded it, wrecking the building and injuring Nightwatchman Brenn. The men escaped.

Ordered Out of France.

Paris, Sept. 11.—Ferideoun Bey, head of the Turkish police in Paris, and the right hand man of Munir Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, has been ordered to quit France within 48 hours.

Windfall for a Waiter.

Ashland, Or., Sept. 11.—James Ellison, a young man who for the past four years has lived in this city, following the occupation of a waiter, has come into a windfall by the death of a hitherto unknown aunt in Switzerland. He has received word from a firm of attorneys, stating that he and three others would inherit the estate of the deceased aunt, and that his share, when finally administered, would amount to $50,000.

Germany Got All It Wanted.

London, Sept. 11.—The Berlin correspondent of the Times quotes an article on China in the Cologne Gazette, which maintains that Germany has carried out her programme satisfactorily for the immediate objects she set herself in China have all been attained. These were the rescue of the legations; the exaction of atonement; security against a recurrence of the disorders, and the repayment of expenses. Germany, says the article, has no ambitious schemes. All she desired was an open door for her merchants and manufacturers.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

We walked home together. We had a good deal to talk of during the evening, and sat up late. It was midnight before I found myself alone in my own room. I had half forgotten the crumpled paper in my waistcoat pocket, but now I smoothed it out before me and pondered over every word. No, there could not be a doubt that it referred to Miss Ollivier. Why should she have strayed from home? That was the question. What possible reason could there have been, strong enough to impel a young and delicately nurtured girl to run all the risks and dangers of a flight alone and unprotected?

What ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposely under my notice? What was I to do with the clue? I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Brown, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before. I might sell my knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardif's description of her as looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. I was not prepared to deliver her up until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be then able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend as I meant to be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocketbook with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were mementoes of the three women I cared most for in the world—my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day.

It was positively necessary that I should run over to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke—kill two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's harbor, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, when I could visit my other patient, and nobody be made miserable by the trip?

"I will make you up some of your old medicine," I said, "but I strongly recommend you to have a day out on the water; seven or eight hours at any rate. If the weather keeps as fine as it is now, it will do you a world of good."

"It is so dreary alone," he objected.

"If I could manage it," I said, deliberating, "I should be glad to have a day with you."

"Ah! if you could do that!" he replied eagerly.

"I'll see about it," I said. "Should you mind where you sailed to?"

"Not at all, not at all, my boy," he answered, "so that I get your company. You shall be skipper or helmsman, or both, if you like."

"Well, then, I replied, "you might take me over to the Havre Gosselin, to see how my patient's broken arm is going on. It's a bore there being no resident medical man there at this moment."

The run over was all that we could wish. The cockle-shell of a boat belonging to the yacht bore me to the foot of the ladder hanging down the rock at Havre Gosselin. A very few minutes took me to the top of the cliff, and there lay the little thatched nest-like home of my patient. I hastened forward eagerly.

All was silent as I crossed the stony causeway of the yard. Not a face looked out from door or window. Mam'zelle's casement stood a little way open, and the breeze played with the curtains, fluttering them like banners in a procession. I dared not try to look in. The house door was ajar, and I approached it cautiously. "Thank heaven!" I cried within myself as I gazed eagerly into the cottage.

She was lying there upon the fern-bed, half asleep, her head fallen back upon the pillow, and the book she had been reading dropped from her hand. The whole interior of the cottage formed a picture. The old furniture of oak, the neutral tints of the wall and ceiling, and the deep tone of her green dress threw out into strong relief the graceful shining head and pale face.

I suppose she became subtly conscious, as women always are, that somebody's eyes were fixed upon her, for she awoke fully and looked up as I lingered on the door sill.

"Oh, Dr. Martin!" she cried, "I am so glad!"

"I am come to see how my work is going on," I said. "How is the arm, first of all?"

I almost wished that mother Renouf or Susanne Tardif had been at hand. But Miss Ollivier seemed perfectly composed, as much so as a child. She looked like one with her cropped head of hair, and frank, open face. My own momentary embarrassment passed away. The arm was going on all right, and so was mother Renouf's charge, the sprained ankle.

"We must take care you are not lame," I said. "You must promise me not to set your foot on the ground, or in any way rest your weight upon it, till I give you leave."

"That means that you will have to come to see me again," she said; "is it not very difficult to come over from Guernsey?"

"Not at all," I answered, "it is quite a treat to me."

Her face grew very grave, as if she was thinking of some unpleasant topic. She looked at me earnestly and questioningly.

"May I speak to you with great plainness, Dr. Martin?" she asked.

"Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich," she went on hurriedly, "I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me oftener than is quite necessary."

My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer.

"I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone.

"No," I answered; "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from its profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please tofetch me my box out of my room?"

I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favored me in thus throwing us together alone.

I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

"HALF ASLEEP."

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and sealskin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"Because that ought to be sold for something," she said. "I am almost glad you had it cut off. My hairdresser told me once he would give five guineas for a head of hair like mine, it was so long, and the color was uncommon. Five guineas would not be half enough to pay you, though, I know."

She spoke so simply and quietly that I did not attempt to remonstrate with her about her anxiety to pay me.

"Tardif has it," I said; "but of course he will give it you back again. Shall I sell it for you, mam'zelle?"

"Oh, that is just what I could not ask you!" she exclaimed. "You see there is no one to buy it here, and I hope it may be a long time before I go away. I don't know, though; that depends upon whether I can dispose of my things. There is my sealskin, it cost twenty-five guineas last year, and it ought to be worth something. And my watch—see what a nice one it is. I should like to sell them all, every one. Then I could stay here as long as the money lasted."

"How much do you pay here?" I inquired, for she had taken me so far into counsel that I felt justified in asking that question.

"A pound a week," she answered.

"A pound a week!" I repeated, in amazement. "Does Tardif know that?"

"I don't think he does," she said. "When I had been here a week I gave Mrs. Tardif a sovereign, thinking perhaps she would give me a little out of it. I am not used to being poor, and I did not know how much I ought to pay. But she kept it all, and came to me every week for more. Was it too much to pay?"

"Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child."

"I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now."

Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends.

"You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?"

"I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully. "If I had any, do you suppose I should be here?"

"I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."

"Ah, new friends," she replied; "but I mean real old friends who have known you all your life, like your mother, Dr. Martin, or your cousin Julia. I want somebody to go to who knows all about me, and say to them, after telling them everything, keeping nothing back at all, 'Have I done right? What else ought I to have done?' No new friend could answer questions like those."

Was there any reason I could bring forward to increase her confidence in me? I thought there was, and her friendlessness and helplessness touched me to the core of my heart. Yet it was with an indefinable reluctance that I brought forward my argument.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer those questions, if you could prevail upon yourself to tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be your friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly. "Tardif told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

Just then we heard the foldyard gate swing to behind some one who was coming to the house.

It was an immense relief to see only Tardif's tall figure crossing the yard slowly. I hailed him, and he quickened his pace, his honest features lighting up at the sight of me.

"How do you find mam'zelle, doctor?" were his first eager words.

"All right, I said; "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself, Tardif. There is no air like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself."

"Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word by me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long."

"Not so very long," I said, testily; "but I will just run in and say good by, and then I want you to walk with me to the cliff."

I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

"Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier.

"To be sure," I answered. "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now."

"And may I write a letter to you?"

"Yes," was my reply. I was too pleased to express myself more eloquently.

"Good-by," she said; "you are a very good doctor to me."

"An friend?" I added.

"And friend," she repeated.

For the next few days I waited with some impatience for Miss Ollivier's promised letter. It came at last, and I put it into my pocket to read when I was alone—why, I could scarcely have explained to myself. It ran thus:

"Dear Dr. Martin—I have no little commission to trouble you with. Tardif tells me it was quite a mistake, his mother taking a sovereign from me each week. She does not understand English money; and he says I have paid quite sufficient to stay with them a whole year longer without paying any more. I am quite content about that now, Tardif says, too, that he has a friend in Southampton who will buy my hair, and give more than anybody in Guernsey. So I need not trouble you about it, though I am sure you would have done it for me.

"Good-by, my good doctor. I am trying to do everything you told me exactly; and I am getting well again fast. I do not believe I shall be lame; you are too clever for that. Your patient,

"OLIVIA."

Olivia! I looked at the word again to make sure of it. Then it was not her surname that was Ollivier, and I was still ignorant of that. I saw in a moment how the mistake had arisen, and how innocent she was of any deception in the matter. She would tell Tardif that her name was Olivia, and he thought only of the Ollivlers he knew. It was a mistake that had been of use in checking curiosity, and I did not feel bound to put it right. My mother and Julia appeared to have forgotten my patient in Sark altogether.

Olivia! I thought it a very pretty name, and repeated it to myself with its abbreviations. Olive, Livy. It was difficult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.

I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Creux harbor, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard.

"You here again, Martin!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Creux."

"You have been to see that young person?" asked Maria.

"Yes," I replied.

"She is a very singular young woman," she continued; "we think her stupid. We cannot make anything of her. But there is no doubt poor Tardif means to marry her."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated hotly; "I beg your pardon, Maria, but I give Tardif credit for sense enough to know his own position."

I had half an hour to wait in the little harbor, its great cliffs rising all about me, with only a tunnel bored through them to form an entrance to the green island within. My rage had partly fumed itself away before the yacht came in sight.

(To be continued.)

The early circus catches the small boy's quarter.