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.

Fourteen people were killed in a race riot in Louisana.

Lieutenant General Miles has submitted his annual report.

The state dpeartment is more sanguine of saving Miss Stone.

Rains in Argentine have greatly weakened the wheat market.

Chinese government is being reorganized on conservative lines.

The British barks Bowman B. Law and Glenogle were destroyed by fire.

Admiral Schley will call two more witnesses and the prosecution about 15.

Senator Hoar asks to be excused from delivering a eulogy on McKinley.

All preparations for the execution of Czolgosz, the assassin, have been completed.

The Schley court of inquiry is slowly dragging itself along, with no definite time set for its closing.

Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was electrocuted. He went to the chair unconfessed and unrepentant.

If the rumors concerning the condition of King Edward are well founded, it is barely possible that he may never be crowned king of England.

There is a scarcity of firewood at Salem.

Chile and Argentine are preparing for war.

King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat.

Weyler denies that he aspires to a Spanish dictatorship.

Two steamers have arrived at Port Townsend from Nome.

Twenty-five insurgents were killed in a fight near Ilo Ilo.

Nashville police attempted to arrest a Great Northern robber.

Americans propose to buy up the street railways of St. Petersburg.

The town of Brobuisk, Russia, was destroyed by fire and several lives lost.

Several Boers, wearing khaki uniforms, were court martialed and shot.

The McKinley Memorial Arch Association issues a statement to the public.

Three persons were killed in a railroad wreck at a crossing near Milwaukee.

Many people are being devoured by wolves while working in the fields in Poland.

Eight million salmon eggs have been received at the Clackamas hatchery.

Conditions in Cebu are encouraging. Lack of food is bringing the natives to terms.

Japan raises a loan of 10,000,000 yen.

Verdict in the Islander investigation.

Conservative Chinese want Minister Wu recalled.

Southern Pacific passenger train held up in Lane county.

Noted smuggler escaped from jail at Port Townsend, Wash.

Roosevelt and other distinguished men receive degrees from Yale.

Cold rains in the Bulgarian mountains may force the brigands out.

Oregon export butter adjudged above highest standard at Buffalo.

Audubon Boy broke the world's half-mile trotting record at Memphis.

All Oregon counties interested in question involved in clash over move to expert books of Marion county officials.

Reinforcements reach the Island of Samar from Manila. General Chaffee does not consider that there is cause for alarm.

Wall Street awaits the return of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Many persons were hurt in a panic in a Louisville theater.

Cost of public schools of Oregon for 1900 was nearly $1,600,000.

An injured fireman sues the Southern Pacific for $40,000 damages.

General Buller has been relieved of command of the First Army Corps.

Oregon Short Line train wrecked in Idaho and engineer and fireman killed.

The performance of the Students' Dramatic Association was the feature of the Yale celebration.

The French chamber of deputies refused to discuss the proposed concessions to the miners.

In 1899 the inheritance tax in France produced the amount of 198,900,000 francs ($38,387,700).

In one New York factory 30,000,000 cigarettes a week are turned out on an average all the year round.

School savings banks are increasing rapidly in number in the United States. Last year the system was in practice in 72 schools of 99 cities in 18 states. During that year the deposits reached a total of $876,229.

Canada's exports of pulpwood and woodpulp in 1900 amounted to $3,335,265, of which $966,920 were sent to Great Britain and $2,302,215 to the United States, $66,194 going to other countries.

In the center of Liverpool there is a large roof garden. It forms the hobby of a lady who is at present in successful cultivation of currants, gooseberries and a fine show of outdoor flowers, besides exotics in a greenhouse. The earth was taken up to the tiles by means of a lift, and the garden is efficiently drained.

CONDITIONS IN CEBU.

Lack of Food Having Its Effect Upon Natives—One Cause of Samar Trouble.

Manila, Oct. 30.—The constabulary report a fight with insurgents near Passi, province of Ilo Ilo, island of Panay, in which 25 insurgents were killed, together with a quantity of arms and ammunition captured.

News from General Hughes regarding conditions in Cebu are encouraging. Lorega surrendered with his entire force and one cannon and seven rifles, while General Hughes is negotiating for the surrender of Maxilo, who styles himself "Governor Politico-Militar." His surrender will mean the pacification of the island.

Lack of food and the harrassing effects of the aggressive tactics now pursued by the American forces are having their influence upon the natives. In many places, where rice is doled out by the government, only enough is given for one meal, so that it is hardly possible for any large amount to find its way to the insurgents. It is believed that the recent manifestations in the island of Samar were chiefly due to the lack of food.

The first labor problem growing out of the new tariff has arisen. A hat and umbrella factory, employing 600 hands, has found it necessary to close. The lawyers are making a protest to the commission, urging protection, as the same goods from Germany can be sold at half the price it takes to manufacture them here.

In an attack by insurgents on the municipal police and scouts at Sabang, one scout was killed and two of the police were captured. The insurgents secured two Krag-Jorgenson rifles, two shotguns and 200 rounds of ammunition.

Dispatches from Catbalogan, Samar, say that stringent and energetic measures are being taken to suppress the insurrection in that island. General Smith has notified all the presidents and head men of the pueblos that they must surrender all arms and turn over the persons implicated in the Balangiga massacre before November 6, threatening that otherwise the presidents will be sent to the island of Guam, the village destroyed and the property confiscated.

MILLION DOLLAR FRAUD.

Hundreds of People All Over the Country Buncoed Out of Savings.

Boston, Oct. 30.—In connection with what the United States marshal's office declares to be one of the biggest frauds they ever had to deal with in this city, members of the firm of J. C. Fisher & Co., brokers, were arrested today on a charge of using the United States mail in a scheme to defraud. It is alleged that $1,000,000 has been taken from the public since January 1, 1900.

The method of the firm is said by the authorities to have been very simple. People all over the country, it is alleged, were written to and told what exceptional chances there were to invest money, and that large returns could be expected. Pools were formed and those desirous of getting rich quickly were invited to remit. After two or three weeks, it is said, investors would be advised that a pool had been formed on a well-known stock and that as the quotations had gone down the margin had been swept away, and that more money was necessary immediately in order to save the stock. After having put in two or three times the original stock, some investor became suspicious and called the attention of the authorities to the matter.

ON CONSERVATIVE LINES.

Work of Board Reorganizing Chinese Government—Study Western Methods.

Washington, Oct. 30.—The state department has received from Minister Conger at Pekin, a translation of a series of preliminary regulations adopted by the recently organized Chinese Board of National Administration, charged with the reorganization of that government on modern and efficient lines. The sentiments expressed are conservative, says Mr. Conger, and it is made plain that there is no intention to imitate the too brisk pace set by the reformers of 1898, but instead to study Western methods and, without adopting Western civilization as a whole, to adapt to Chinese conditions such institutions as seem likely to add strength to the state.

Ex-Bank Official Arrested.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 30.—Adam A. Harley, ex-manager of the Bank of British North America at Fredericton, N. B., was arrested in this city tonight on a warrant charging him with stealing $6,000 belonging to the bank. Two weeks ago he met two friends from Scotland, and one of them, it is claimed, gave him $6,000 to deposit in the bank. It is alleged he did not make the deposit. Tonight he was arrested on a railroad train bound for St. John.

President Roosevelt's Birthday.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Sunday was the 43d anniversary of the birth of Prresident Roosevelt. Occurring on Sunday there was no formal celebration. Dr. Nichols, a friend from Baltimore, was at the White House a portion of the day and in the evening Commander Cowles was a guest at dinner. The president attended religious services at Grace Reformed church as usual.

Turkey's New Cruiser.

Constantinople, Oct. 30.—A further installment was paid yesterday on account of the contract with the Cramps, of Philadelphia, for a cruiser, making the total paid in the neighborhood of £70,000.

England's Mammoth Cruiser.

London, Oct. 30.—The King Alfred, the largest cruiser in the world, was successfully launched at Barrow-in-Furness today. The King Alfred cost £1,011,759. She will have a speed of 23 knots.

FOUL DEED AVENGED

CZOLGOSZ, THE ASSASSIN, DIES IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

Met His Fate With Perfect Composure—He Refused to Accept Religious Consolation and to Renounce Anarchism—Would Not Bid Relatives Farewell—His Body Will Be Buried at the Prison.

Auburn, N. Y., Oct 29.—Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was electrocuted at 7:12:30.

Czolgosz passed a quiet night. He slept nearly all night. He awoke finally at 4:45 o'clock.

He suffered a sight nervous attack late yesterday, but remained sullen and stoic up to the time the prison closed at 10 o'clock. He refused to heed the words of the priests who came to urge spiritual preparation for death and declined to re-embrace Roman Catholicism or to renounce anarchism. Czolgosz showed no strength of love for kin, nor did he turn to any of those higher considerations which ordinarily claim the thoughts of men occupying his position. He may have suffered untold torture, but outwardly he seemed sullen and indifferent. The state is not to surrender possession of his body, and by sundown it will have been secretly interred in ground controlled by the officials of Auburn prison.

Czolgosz held his last two interviews last night, the first with Superintendent Collins and the second with his brother and brother-in-law. Both of the interviews were brief. The interviewers did most of the talking until the question of religion was mentioned, when Czolgosz broke from his seeming lethargy and violently denounced the church and the clergy and made his relatives promise that there should be no service for him, living or dead. When his brother and brother-in-law bid him farewell, he turned and walked to the other side of the cell and refused to answer them.

SEVERE STORM.

Many Vessels On the North Coast Forced to Seek Shelter—Damage Great.

Vancouver, Oct. 30.—The severest storm of the season broke over the Northern coast last week, and for three days shipping was nearly at a standstill. Skagway steamers were forced to seek shelter and the steamers New England and Capilano, which have arrived here, report that the sea was the roughest seen on the north coast for a year.

The greatest damage done was at Port Essington, just above the Indian village of Iverness. There the building of the Church of England has been leveled by the storm and half a dozen other buildings were blown over and pieces of their roofs scattered for half a mile up the river.

Pulled a Lamp From the Table.

Alleghany, Pa., Oct. 30.—Thirteen-months-old Robbie Busler tonight pulled a lighted lamp from a table and was fatally burned. His mother, in her efforts to save the baby, was seriously burned about the head and breast and her recovery is doubtful. Three neighbors were all painfully burned while extinguishing the flames. Mrs. Busler ran into the yard with her clothing ablaze and it became necessary literally to tear the clothing from her.

Gun at Army Fort Exploded.

Leavenworth, Kan., Oct. 30.—By an explosion of a Colt's automatic firing gun at Fort Leavenworth today, Captain Menoher and five men of the Twenty-eighth battery of field artillery were wounded, three severely. The gun, a new one, was being tested, and was allowed to become too hot, and when a shell came into the breech after firing, the shell exploded, tearing out the breech, fragments of which struck and injured the men.

Boers Court Martialed and Shot.

London, Oct. 29.—The South African mail brings news that several Boers who were captured wearing Khaki uniforms were court martialed and shot. It seemed also that Commandant Theron crossed the Cape line, west of Touwse river station, September 23.

Confident of Rescue.

Washington, Oct. 30.—The state department officials are more sanguine than they have been of late as to the successful outcome of the efforts now being put forth in behalf of Miss Stone. It is true they have not succeeded in establishing communication with the kidnapers, but the reports they have received from Spencer Eddy, at Constantinople, and Dr. Dickinson, at Sofia, encourage the belief that they are about at a point where direct negotiations can be opened with the brigands.

Quick Way to Settle With Americans.

Washington, Oct. 30.—As a quick way of adjusting the claims of the small number of American citizens who were deported from South Africa and the Transvaal as a military necessity, the British government has offered to pay the lump sum of $30,000 over to the state department, which will distribute the money among the claimants. This proposition has not yet been acted upon, but probably it will be accepted.

Prohibited by Turkey.

New York, Oct. 30.—A dispatch from Constantinople to the London Times and New York Times says an irade has been promulgated by which the settlement in Turkey of any of the religious congregations expelled from France is prohibited.

Russian Rioters Convicted.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 30.—The trial of 37 persons arrested in connection with the riot at the Oboukoff Steel Works last spring has just ended in the conviction of all but 12 to hard labor for a term of years.

SHIPS FROM NOME.

Two More Steamers From the Icy North—Bring 1,200 Passengers.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 29.—Two steamers arrived here from Nome today, bringing over 1,200 passengers, the Senator bringing 525 and the Garrone 700.

The Senator sailed from Nome October 19 and for several days before sailing the icy fingers of winter had fastened themselves on Nome and vicinity. Snow was falling and ice had formed and preparations were being made for a long, cold winter. When the Senator sailed the steamship Queen was at Nome and the Roanoke was at St. Michael. A furious northern gale was blowing. The Queen, Valencia and Roanoke will be the last steamers from Nome, and they will bring about 2,000 people, and there are many more who would return if transportation could be secured, besides a large number of destitute who would be compelled to remain at Nome and face an Arctic winter, depending upon charity.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Increase in Loss of Life on Steamboats Last Year.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The annual report of General James A. Dumont, supervising Inspector General of steam vessels the last fiscal year, has been made public. It shows that 9,773 vessels were inspected during the year, a decrease of 80 from the figures for the preceeding year. The total loss of life on steam vessels last year was 340, an increase of 140 over the previous year. By the loss of the steamer Rio de Janeiro at San Francisco last February 127 lives were lost.

General Dumont adivses that section 4490 of the revised statutes, providing for at least three water tight compartments in all sea-going and coastwise steamers, be amended to include all passenger and ferry boats hereafter built of 500 tons and upward, regardless of the water they navigate, and further, that th number of passengers be liimited on ferry boats running routes exceeding three miles from dock to dock."

ENTOMBED BY CAVE-IN.

Unsuccessful Efforts Made to Rescue Two Utah Miners.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 29.—A telephone message from Bingham, Utah, tonight states that up to 10 P. M., rescuing parties had failed to reach Charles Nutting and William Anderson, the two miners who were entombed in a cave-in in the Highland Boy mine. At that hour it was not known whether the imprisoned men were dead or alive, their signals having ceased after midnight last night. Great difficulty is being encountered in reaching the place where the men are located. The walls of the tunnel are constantly crumbling, not only impeding the work of rescue, but also endangering the lives of the miners who were endeavoring to save their entombed comrades.

KING HAS CANCER.

Real Condition of Edward VII Is Explained—Trouble Is in His Throat.

London, Oct. 29.—Reynolds Weekly Newspaper is the first British paper to assert that King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat. In today's issue, it declared that since his majesty's accession, three operations have been performed for the removal of papilloma on the left vocal chord and that one was removed from the right vocal chord last week.

"Assistance was hastly summoned," says this journal, "as his majesty was breathing with difficulty, and an immediate operation was performed. But it is regarded as only a temporary relief, the injured epithelium now having become a cancerous growth, and serious developments are expected."

Chicago Laborer's Crime.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Because he was denied the sight of his two little children, James Kennedy, a laborer, today murdered his wife and killed himself. The couple were married 12 years ago, but quarreled recently and separated. Kennedy called on his wife today and asked to see them. She refused, fearing he meant to take them away and keep them from her.

Chinese Eager for Reform.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Regeneration of the Chinese people and the overthrow of the Chinese government were predicted by the Right Rev. F. R. Graves, missionary bishop of Shanghai, in a sermon at Grace Episcopal church. According to the prelate, the recent outbreaks in China are but signs of a coming revolution. The Chinese people, he said, were becoming eager for reform and the new generation would revolt in order to learn of the customs and habits of other people.

Sunset Limited Starts December 3.

New Orleans, Oct. 28.—The Sunset Limited, the transcontinental service of the Southern Pacific, will be put into operation between New Orleans and San Francisco, Monday, December 3, the first train west bound leaving New Orleans that day. The Sunset Limited is the train which eight years ago established a record in transcontinental service.

Forest Fires in Cololado.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Oct. 29.—A big forest fire is raging on the mountain range just west of this city. The fire is in the vicinity of Garfield mountain, nearly south of Pike's Peak. The cause is unknown. The flames have spread over a big area, owing to the high wind. The blaze is easily discernible from this city. So far as can be found out, there are no houses in danger, but much damage will be done to timber.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my imprudent 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 staring 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 mam'zelle," 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 Daltrey 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 mather'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 enjoled, 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.'"

"PERHAPS YOU WILL FEEL MELANCHOLY BY-AND-BY."

"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 offhand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sar. 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 Ollivier."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching trees, 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 Ollivier, 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 colonist, and he died when she was fifteen, leaving her in the charge of her stepmother, Richard Foster's aunt. The match was one of the stepmother's making, for Olivia was little better than a child. Richard was glad enough to get her income. One-third of it was settled upon her absolutely. Richard was looking forward eagerly to her being one-and-twenty, for he had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and tried to do the same with mine. He would have done so with his wife's; but a few weeks before Olivia's twenty-first birthday she disappeared mysteriously. There her fortune lies, and Richard has no more power than I have to touch it. He cannot even claim the money lying in the Bank of Australia, which has been remitted by her trustees; nor can Olivia claim it without making herself known to him. It is accumulating there, while both of them are on the verge of poverty."

"But he must have been very cruel to her before she would run away!" said my mother in a pitiful voice.

"Cruel!" repeated Kate Daltrey. "Well, there are many kinds of cruelty. I do not suppose Richard would ever transgress the limits of the law. But Olivia was one of those girls who can suffer great torture—mental torture I mean. Even I could not live in the same house with Richard, and she was a dreamy, sensitive, romantic child, with as much knowledge of the world as a baby. I was astonished to hear she had had daring enough to leave him."

"But there must be some protection for her from the law," I said, thinking of the bold, coarse woman, no doubt his associate, who was in pursuit of Olivia. "She might sue for a judicial separation, at the least, if not a divorce."

"I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion. He calls her his cousin. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or making 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 is, 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 Ollivier 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 lowly nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not sent for 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 and 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.)

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 golderned pages, suppose you shet up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

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.