DAYTON HERALD.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dayton, Oregon.

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 Busy Readers.

Lord Pauncefote is ready to begin work on the canal treaty.

A cargo of wheat and flour left Portland for South Africa.

Coal or gas believed to be burning underground near Stevenson, Wash.

Brigands have been employed to try and catch the abductors of Miss Stone.

Seven regiments of British cavalry in India have been sent to the seat of war in South Africa.

Trial has begun at Seattle of John Considine, charged with murder of Chief of Police Meredith.

Four hundred cigarmakers are going from Havana to Tampa, Fla., to take the places of strikers.

Admiral Gaillard, the French commander, has arrived at Smyrna and seized the Turkish customs.

Germany believes that mismanagement of affairs in South Africa is the cause of the war being prolonged.

London and other ports of England have been enveloped with so thick a fog the last few days that all navigation is at a standstill.

A large force of Venezuelans were crossing a bridge when a Colombian force attacked them and in the fight nearly all the Venezuelan soldiers were drowned or shot.

France has sent an ultimatum to Turkey.

Carnegie is not a believer in the Nicaragua canal.

Oregon hops took the first prize at the Pan-American.

No fresh plague cases have been reported at Liverpool.

The Subig bay naval station will cost nearly $20,000,000.

All navigation on the Yukon has stopped on account of the ice.

An attempt was made to assassinate the dowager empress of China.

President Roosevelt has issued his first Thanksgiving proclamation.

Efforts are being made to prevent Samar rebels from receiving supplies.

The acting governor of Hawaii asks that Oriental laborers be admitted.

The report is current in Washington that Chinese Minister Wu has been recalled.

Commissioner Hermann reports nearly 35,000,000 acres of unreserved land in Oregon.

Botha personally led the attack on the British a few days ago which ended so disastriously for the latter.

A captive balloon containing nine persons broke lose at San Francisco and floated away. The occupants landed safely after a ride of 50 miles.

The cross examination of Admiral Schley has been concluded.

Canada opposes the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

The postal estimates for the coming fiscal year call for $15,000,000.

A French squadron sailed for Turkey to press France's demands.

Six deaths from plague have occurred at Liverpool since September 2.

New York city is flooded with light weight half dollars, which have been "sweated"

A force of British soldiers surprised the Boers, capturing 22 men and two commanders.

Two men have been arrested at Roseburg for the Southern Pacific train hold-up

Anarchists throughout the world have held dances and other demonstrations in honor of Czolgosz.

Late steamers form Nome say that a reign of terror is expected in Alaska this winter as there are hundreds there who have no means of support.

Ten states will vote for state officers this fall.

It is believed at Sofia that Miss Stone is dead.

Ten persons were killed in the Louisiana race war.

A heavy storm has been raging on Puget sound for two days.

The Northern Pacific has insured its property for $20,000,000.

King Edward's physician attended him at an official reception.

The Czolgosz autopsy proved that the murderer was perfectly sane.

Noyes has made application for a postponement of the hearing in his case.

The administration will not suspend the reduction of the Philippine army.

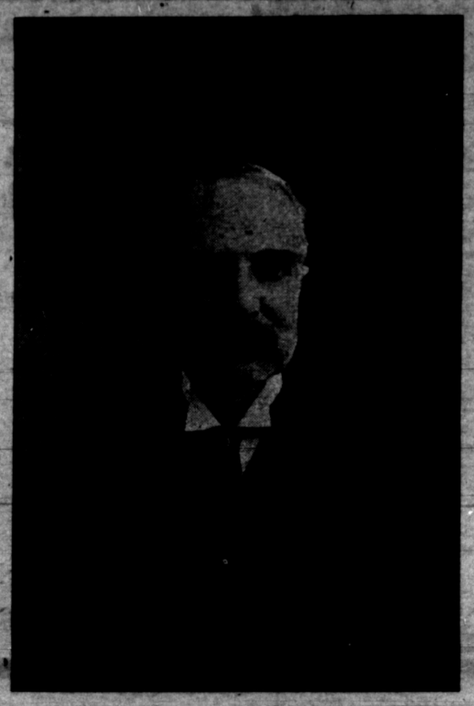
France has a soldier to every 59 inhabitants, Germany one to every 89, Italy one to every 14, Great Britain one to every 100.

The Ganz system of electric traction uses 3,000 volts in each phase which is fed directly to two trolley wires, the track forming the third conductor. This system provides for hauling a 250-ton train of freight 20 miles an hour on a 10 per cent. grade by a 600-horse power locomotive.

Over 350 linemen of the Chicago Telephone commpany went on strike for higher wages.

Arrests for drunkenness in 129 cities of the United States are said to aggregate 12,000 during the last fiscal year.

Search light signals have been sent 58 miles, from Buffalo tc Toronto. The government has gathered 150 varieties of hard wheat found in foreign countries to sow them in arid regions of the west, by which it is believed 80,000,000 bushel can be grown on now valueless lands.



COLONEL R. C. JUDSON.

Devotes Himself to Developing Agricultural Resources of Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

The latest good work started by Colonel R. C. Judson, of Portland, is the holding of exchange fairs at central business points at frequent intervals. Farmers and stockmen attend these fairs and display their farm products, also cattle, horses and sheep, in the streets for a day or two. Sales are then made to local merchants. They in turn are patronized freely. Business moves briskly. Ideas are exchanged. The women folks enjoy shopping and a brief rest. Land sales are also made. Settlers are attracted by the newspaper publicity. Colonel Judson's efforts are always original, attractive and substantial. He believes in amity rather than animosity, a principle that makes friends and business for his railroad, the O. R. & N.

The practical experiments conducted by Mr. Judson on the O. R. & N. Walla Walla farm, his broad views in encouraging diversified farming, and work of organising farmer's institute meetings, have made him a familiar figure to all the progressive industrial workers of the United States. The United States agricultural department has been attracted by his work and used his methods as object lessons in encouraging the same kind of work in other states.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Sets Apart Thursday, November 28, as a Day of National Thanksgiving.

Washington, Nov. 2.— President Roosevelt today issued his proclamation fixing Thursday, November 28, as a day of national thanksgiving. It reads:

"A Proclamation. The season is nigh when, according to the time-hallowed custom of our people, the president appoints a day as the especial occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God.

"This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good president. We mourn for President McKinley because we loved and honored him, and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety and a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod.

"Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year, in particular, has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material, and have been able to work for our own uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us; and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which, on this earth, and at this time, each of us does his duty to his fellow men.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 28th of this present November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations and at their several homes and places of worship thank the giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this 2d day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

(Seal.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"By the president.

"JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."

PACIFIC REGALIA COMPANY.

Business of This Home Industry Requires a Larger Factory and More Capital.

Portland, Nov. 6.—The Pacific Regalia Company, of Portland, has been re-incorporated by Paul Pferdner, J. L. Mitchell, John S. Pinney, T. B. McDevitt and May Pferdner, with $50,000 capital stock. The company manufactures badges, buttons, regalia and lodge supplies of all kinds. The factory now operates 30 machines of various kinds and will be still further enlarged to accomodate its growing business.

SELLS FOR MILLIONS.

Colorado Mine Purchased by Eastern Capitalists for $6,875,000.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Nov. 6.—The control of the Elkton Consolidated Gold Mining Company on the property of which a remarkably rich strike was made recently, has passed into the hands of Eastern capitalists for a consideration based on a valuation of $6,875,000 for the entire capitalization. The names of the buyers are withheld for the present by E. M. Delavergne, their local agent, himself a prominent stockholder.

The deal is perhaps the largest involving Colorado mining property since Stratton's Independence was sold in April, 1899, for $10,000,000. In local mining circles it is thought that the purchasers are New York capitalists,.

Turkey Calls on England.

Paris, Nov 6.—"The porte asked Great Britain," says the Constantinople correspondent of the Echo de Paris, "to fulfill the terms of the convention of 1878, whereby, in exchange for the island of Cyprus, Great Britain guaranteed the integrity of the sultan's Asiatic possessions. The porte holds that under this convention Great Britain should protect Asiatic Turkey against attack by France, and suggests that Great Britain should send a squadron to the Levant for that purpose."

Venezuelan Force Surprised.

Maricaibo, Venezuela, Nov. 6.—Advices received here from Rubica say that a night attack of the Colombians has caused a general reorganization of the Venezuelan plan of defense. The Venezuelans were caught crossing a river near Rubica. The rope bridge broke and numbers of the Venezuelans were drowned. General Uribe-Uribe's force, which was on the extreme left, has reinforced the center. The general is entrenching.

Gunboat Crew Mutinied.

Panama, Nov. 6.—The crew of the Colombian gunboat Darien has mutinied and the vessel is now in the hands of the insurgents. The Darien has been operating on the Panama side of the isthmus. She is one of the recent acquisitions to the Colombian navy and is of small size.

To Be Made Prince of Wales.

London, Nov. 6.—It is announced that the Duke of Cornwall and York will shortly receive the title of Prince of Wales.

Rear-End Collision.

Rosalia, Wash., Nov. 5.—A rear end collision of freight trains occurred in front of the depot here today. The engines were badly smashed, two freight cars and caboose were wrecked, the depot was wrecked and the building fired, and one tramp was slightly hurt. The local freight train was standing on the main track. The engine was detached and was doing some switching. An extra freight train, with cars loaded with wheat, and pulled by two engines, came down the track.

Remains of Admiral Villamil.

New York, Nov. 5.—The Spanish steamship Montserrat, on her way home from Havana, came into port today with her flags at half-mast. In a mortuary apartment aboard the liner is the body of Admiral Villamil, who lost his life during the encounter with the American ships at Santiago. The body is on the way to Spain. Before the Montserrat leaves, the Spanish consul and Spanish residents of this city hold memorial services.

Tried to Kill the Empress.

Pekin, Nov 5.—While the empress dowager was embarking to cross the river today before entering Ho Nan, an assassin attempted to murder her and killed an attendant with a spear before he was cut down.

Havana Cigarmakers Aroused.

Havana, Nov. 5.—The cigarmakers of Havana have petitioned the government to expel from Havana the agents of the Tampa Resistencia Union, who have been triyng to persuade workmen to go to Tampa.

NEWS OF THE STATE

TEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth —Latest Market Report.

The normal school building at Weston is nearing completion.

Klamath Falls has six cases of smallpox. The public schools are closed.

Grants Pass is considering the prohibition of bicycle riding on the sidewalks within the city limits.

George A. Forbes has been engaged as physical director of the Monmouth normal school. Prior to his coming to Oregon he was at the Berea college, in Kentucky.

A contract has been let by the school teachers and clerks who have filed on land in the south end of Umatilla county, to build 18 cottages and 10 miles of fence on their property.

Cattle feeding has begun at Butter creek. About 4,200 are being feed, more than ever before in the history of that section. The condition of the cattle is much better than usual at this season.

The congestion of railroad ties in the mill company's yards at Nicolai has caused the mill to only run half time, and consequently many men have been thrown out of employment and have moved away.

The cougar, lynx, wildcat, panther and an occasional bear are still to be found in Malheur valley. Coyotes, jackrabbits and cottontails are numerous. Ducks, geese sage hens and prairie chickens are plentiful. There are a few bob white quail. Back in the hills there are still a few deer and an occasional antelope. A few beaver are also found in the valley.

Many improvements are contemplated on the Golden Standard mine, on Galls creek.

It is estimated that the Douglas county prune crop will approximate 5,000,000 pounds.

Hoboes broke the seal on the door of a freight car at Eugene and took herefrom a box containing a large number of rifle cartridges.

The coal bunkers at Riverton, Coos county, are filled with coal. The mine is now in position to get out a large amount of coal if the proper arrangements for shippiing can be made.

A 30 foot steel tower, weighing between 500 and 600 pounds, will arrive at Athena this week for the new fire bell. This bell was presented to the department by C. A. Barrett, of Athena.

Bailed timothy hay continues to be hauled to Athens by the ranchers of Weston mountain. The hay is stored in warehouses and later will be shipped to market. The price paid is $9 per ton, or $3 less than was paid in Athena last season.

The city of Ontario has let the contract for a 500 foot artesian well. The material taken from the well will be assayed for gold. If oil indications are good it will be sunk to a much greater depth. The machinery is on the ground and has started to work.

Portland Markets.

Wheat — Walla Walla, nominal, 55@55¼c?; bluestem, 56c; Valley, 55@55¼c.

Flour—Best grades, $2.65@3.50 per barrel; graham, $2.60.

Oats—Nominal 90@$1.00 pr cental.

Barley—Feed, $15@15.50; brewing, $16.00 per ton.

Millstuffs — Bran, $17@18; middling, $20@21; shorts, 19@20; shop, $16.

Hay—Timothy. $11@13; clover, $7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 14@15c per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20c; fresh, 23@24c; Eastern 20@21.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½@13c; Young America, 13½@14c.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3.00; hens, $4.00; dressed, 10@11c per pound springs, $2.50@ 3.00, per dozen; ducks, $3 for old $3.00@4.00 for young; geese, $6@7 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10@11c; dressed, 8@10c per pound.

Mutton—Lambs, 3½c gross; dressed 6@6½c per pound; sheep, $3.25 gross dressed, 6c per pound.

Hogs—Gross, heavy, $6@6.25; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 7@7½c per pound.

Veal—Small, 8@8½c; large, 7@7½c per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, $3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, $3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 5½@6½c per pound.

Hops—8@10½c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@13½c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 20@21c per pound.

Potatoes—65@85 per sack.

Kansas City is troubled with a gang of female footpads.

Senator Hanna's secretary says that since 1896 500 children have been named after the senator.

Bankers and brokers unite in saying that Roosevelt's attitude has inspired confidence.

It is said that King Oscar will send one of his sons to represent Sweden and Norway at the St. Louis exposition.

St. Louis has nearly $17,000,000 in bank or in sight for exposition purposes, and has reason to expect a great deal more.

English electricians declare they have discovered a sure method of transmitting electrical energy without wires and are able to control submarine torpedoes with certainty.

Estimates of English, French and Hungarian authorities on the world's wheat crop of 1901, agree that it is larger than that of either of the two preceding years, the principal increase being in America.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"You are looking rather low," she said triumphantly—"rather blue, I might say. Is there anything the matter with you? Your face is as long as a fiddle. Perhaps it is the sea that makes you melancholy."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak briskly; "I am an old sailor. Perhaps you will feel melancholy by-and-by."

Luckily for me, my prophecy was fulfilled shortly after, for the day was rough enough to produce uncomfortable sensations in those who were not old sailors like myself. My tormentor was prostrate to the last moment.

When we anchored at the entrance of the Creux, and the small boats came out to carry us ashore, I managed easily to secure a place in the first, and to lose sight of her in the bustle of landing. As soon as my feet touched the shore I started off at my swiftest pace for the Havre Gosselin.

But I had not far to go, for at Vaudin's Inn, which stands at the top of the steep lane running from the Creux Harbor, I saw Tardif at the door. He came to me instantly, and we sat down on a low stone wall on the roadside, but well out of hearing of any ears but each other's.

"Tardif," I said, "has mam'selle told you her secret?"

"Yes, yes," he answered; "poor little soul! and she is a hundredfold dearer to me now than before. But mam'selle is not here. She is gone!"

"Gone!" I ejaculated. I could not utter another word; but I stared at him as if my eyes could tear further information from him.

"Yes," he said; "that lady came last week with Miss Dobree, your cousin. Then mam'selle told me all, and we took counsel together. It was not safe for her to stay any longer, though I would have died for her gladly. But what could be done? We knew she must go elsewhere, and the next morning I rowed her over to Peter-port in time for the steamer to England. Poor little thing! poor little hunted soul!"

"Tardif," I said, "did she leave no message for me?"

"She wrote a letter for you," he said, "the very last thing. She did not go to bed that night, neither did I. I was going to lose her, doctor, and she had been like the light of the sun to me. But what could I do? She was terrified to death at the thought of her husband claiming her. I promised to give the letter into your own hands. Here it is:

It had been lying in his breast pocket, and the edges were worn already. He gave it to me lingeringly, as if loth to part with it. The tourists were coming up in greater numbers, and I made a retreat hastily towards a quiet and remote part of the cliffs seldom visited in Little Sark.

There, with the sea, which had carried her away from me, playing buoyantly amongst the rocks, I read her farewell letter. It ran thus:

"My Dear Friend—I am glad I can call you my friend, though nothing can ever come of our friendship—nothing, for we may not see one another as other friends do. I am compelled to flee away again from this quiet, peaceful home, where you and Tardif have been so good to me. I began to feel perfectly safe here, and all at once the refuge fails me. It breaks my heart, but I must go, and my only gladness is that it will be good for you. By and by you will forget me, and return to your cousin Julia, and be happy, just as you once thought you should be—as you would have been but for me. You must think of me as one dead. I am quite dead—lost to you.

"Good-by, my dear friend; good-by, good-by! OLIVIA."

The last line was written in a shaken, irregular hand, and her name was half blotted out, as if a tear had fallen upon it. I remained there alone on the wild and solitary cliffs until it was time to return to the steamer.

Tardif was waiting for me at the entrance of the little tunnel through which the road passes down to the harbor. He did not speak at first, but he drew out of his pocket an old leather pouch filled with yellow papers. Amongst them lay a long curling tress of shining hair. He touched it gently as if it had feeling and consciousness.

"You would like to have it, doctor?" he said.

"Ay," I answered, and that only. I could not venture upon another word.

CHAPTER XVII.

Three months passed slowly away after my mother's death. Dr. Dobree, who was utterly inconsolable the first few weeks, fell into all his old maundering, philandering ways again, spending hours upon his toilet, and paying devoted attentions to every passable woman who came across his path. My temper grew like touchwood; the least spark would set it a blaze. I could not take such things in good part.

We had been at daggers drawn for a day or two, he and I, when one morning I was astonished by the appearance of Julia in our consulting room, soon after my father, having dressed himself elaborately, had quitted the house. Julia's face was ominous, the upper lip very straight, and a frown upon her brow.

"Martin," she began in a low key, "I am come to tell you something that fills me with shame and anger. I do not know how to contain myself. I could never have believed that I could have been so blind and foolish. But it seems as if I were doomed to be deceived and disappointed on every hand—I who would not deceive or disappoint anybody in thed worl. I declare it makes me quite ill to think of it. Just look at my hands, how they tremble."

"Your nervous system is out of order," I remarked.

"It is the world that is out of order," she said petulantly; "I am well enough. Oh, I do not know however I am to tell you. There are some things it is a shame to speak of."

"Must you speak of them?" I asked.

"Yes; you must know, you will have to know all sooner or later. If my poor, dear aunt knew of it she could not rest in her grave. Martin, cannot you guess? Are men born so dull that they cannot see what is going on under their own eyes?"

"I have not the least idea of what you are driving at," I answered. "Sit down and calm yourself."

"How long is it since my poor, dear aunt died?"

"You know as well as I do," I replied, wondering that she should touch the wound so roughly. "Three months next Sunday."

"And Dr. Dobree," she said in a bitter accent—then stopped, looking me full in the face. I had never heard her call my father Dr. Dobree in my life.

"What now?" I asked. "What has my unlucky father been doing now?"

"Why," she exclaimed, stamping her foot, while the blood mantled to her forehead, "Dr. Dobree is in haste to take a second wife! He is indeed, my poor Martin. He wishes to be married immediately to that viper, Kate Daltrey."

"Impossible!" I cried, stung to the quick by these words. I remembered my mother's mild, instinctive dislike to Kate Daltrey, and her harmless hope that I would not go over to her side. Go over to her side! No. If she set her foot into this house as my mother's successor, I would never dwell under the same roof. As soon as my father made her his wife I would cut myself adrift from them both. But he knew that; he would never venture to outrage my mother's memory or my feelings in such a flagrant manner.

"It is possible, for it is true," said Julia. "They have understood each other for these four weeks. You may call it an engagement, for it is one; and I never suspected them, not for a moment! Couldn't you take out a commission of lunacy against him? He must be mad to think of such a thing."

"How did you find it out?" I inquired.

"Oh, I was so ashamed!" she said. "You see I had not the faintest shadow of a suspicion. I had left them in the drawing room to go upstairs, and I thought of something I wanted, and went back suddenly, and there they were—his arm around her waist, and her head on his shoulder—he with his gray hairs, too! She says she is the same age as me, but she is forty if she is a day. The simpletons! I did not know what to say, or how to look. I could not get out of the room again as if I had not seen, for I cried, 'Oh!' at the first sight of them. Then I stood staring at them; but I think they felt as uncomfortable as I did."

"Julia," I said, "I shall leave Guernsey before this marriage can come off. I would rather break stones on the highway than stay to see that woman in my mother's place. My mother disliked her from the first."

"I know it," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "and I thought it was nothing but prejudice. It was my fault, bringing her to Guernsey. But I could not bear the idea of her coming as mistress here. I said so distinctly. 'Dr. Dobree,' I said, 'you must let me remind you that the house is mine, though you have paid me no rent for years. If you ever take Kate Daltrey into it, I will put my affairs into a notary's hands. I will, upon my word, and Julia Dobree never broke her word yet.' That brought him to his senses better than anything. He turned very pale, and sat down beside Kate, hardly knowing what to say. Then she began. She said if I was cruel, she would be cruel, too. Whatever grieved you, Martin, would grieve me, and she would let her brother, Richard Foster, know where Olivia was."

"Does she know where she is?" I asked eagerly, in a tumult of surprise and hope.

"Why, in Sark, of course," she replied.

"What! Did you never know that Olivia left Sark before my mother's death?" I said, with a chill of disappointment. "Did I never tell you she was gone, nobody knows where?"

"You have never spoken of her in my hearing, except once—you recollect when, Martin? We have supposed she was still living in Tardif's house. Then there is nothing to prevent me from carrying out my threat. Kate Daltrey shall never enter this house as mistress."

"Would you have given it up for Olivia's sake?" I asked, marveling at her generosity.

"I should have done it for your sake," she answered frankly.

"But," I said, reverting to our original topic, "if my father has set his mind upon marrying Kate Daltrey, he will brave anything."

"He is a dotard," replied Julia. "He positively makes me dread growing old. Who knows what follies one may be guilty of in old age! I never felt afraid of it before. Kate says she has two hundred a year of her own, and they will go and live on that in Jersey, if Guernsey becomes unpleasant to them. Martin, she is a viper—she is indeed. And I have made such a friend of her! Now I shall have no one but you and the Careys. Why wasn't I satisfied with Johanna as my friend?"

She stayed an hour longer, turning over this unwelcome subject till we had thoroughly discussed every point of it. In the evening, after dinner, I spoke to my father briefly but decisively upon the same topic. After a very short and very sharp conversation, there remained no alternative for me but to make up my mind to try my fortune once more out of Guernsey. I wrote by the next mail to Jack Senior, telling him my purpose.

I did not wait for my father to commit the irreparable folly of his second marriage. Guernsey had become hateful to me. In spite of my exceeding love for my native island, more beautiful in the eyes of its people than any other spot on earth, I could no longer be happy or at peace there. Julia could not conceal her regret, but I left her in the charge of Captain Carey and Johanna. She promised to be my faithful correspondent, and I engaged to write to her regularly. There existed between us the half-betrothal to which we had pledged ourselves at my dying mother's urgent request. She would wait for the time when Olivia was no longer the first in my heart; then she would be willing to become my wife. But if ever that day came she would require me to give up my position in England, and settle down for life in Guernsey.

Fairly, then, I was launched upon the career of a physician in the great city, as a partner with Jack and his father. The completeness of the change suited me. Nothing here, in scenery, atmosphere or society, could remind me of the fretted past. The troubled waters subsided into a dull calm, as far as emotional life went. To be sure, the idea crossed me often that Olivia might be in London—even in the same street with me. I never caught sight of a faded green dress but my steps were hurried, and I followed till I was sure that the wearer was not Olivia. But I was aware that the chances of our meeting were so small that I could not count upon them. Even if I found her, what then? She was as far away from me as though the Atlantic rolled between us. If I only knew that she was safe, and as happy as her sad destiny could let her be, I would be content.

Thus I was thrown entirely upon my profession for interest and occupation. I gave myself up to it with an energy that amazed Jack, and sometimes surprised myself. Dr. Senior, who as an old veteran loved it with ardor for its own sake, was delighted with my enthusiasm. He prophesied great things for me.

So passed my first winter in London.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Early in the spring I received a letter from Julia, desiring me to look out for apartments, somewhere in my neighborhood, for herself and Johanna and Captain Carey. They were coming to London to spend two or three months of the season. I had not had any task so agreeable since I left Guernsey. Jack was hospitably anxious for them to come to our own house, but I knew they would not listen to such a proposal. I found some suitable rooms for them, however, where I could be with them at any time in five minutes. On the appointed day I met them at Waterloo station, and installed them in their new apartments.

It struck me that Julia was looking better and happier than I had seen her look for a long time. Her black dress suited her, and gave her a style which she never had in colors. Her complexion looked dark, but not sallow; and her brown hair was certainly more becomingly arranged. Her appearance was that of a well-bred, cultivated, almost elegant woman, of whom no man need be ashamed. Johanna was simply herself, without the least perceptible change. But Captain Carey again looked ten years younger, and was evidently taking pains with his appearance. I was more than satisfied, I was proud of all my friends.

"We want you to come and have a long talk with us to-morrow," said Johanna; "it is too late to-night. We shall be busy shopping in the morning, but can you come in the evening?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "I am at leisure most evenings, and I count upon spending them with you. I can escort you to as many places of amusement as you wish to visit."

"To-morrow, then," she said, "we shall take tea at eight o'clock.

I bade them good-night with a lighter heart than I had felt for a long while. I held Julia's hand the longest, looking into her face earnestly, till it flushed and glowed a little under my scrutiny.

"True heart!" I said to myself, "true and constant! and I have nothing, and shall have nothing, to offer it but the ashes of a dead love. Would to heaven," I thought as I paced along Brook street, "I had never been fated to see Olivia!"

I was punctual to my time the next day. I sat among them quiet and silent, but revelling in this partial return of olden times. When Julia poured out my tea, and passed it to me with her white hand, I felt inclined to kiss her jeweled fingers. If Captain Carey had not been present I think I should have done so.

We lingered over the pleasant meal. At the close Captain Carey announced that he was about to leave us alone together for an hour or two. I went down to the door with him, for he had made me a mysterious signal to follow him. In the hall he whispered a few incomprehensible sentences into my ear.

"Don't think anything of me, my boy. Don't sacrifice yourself for me. I'm an old fellow compared to you, though I'm not fifty yet; everybody in Guernsey knows that. So put me out of the question, Martin. 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' That I know quite well, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could ask for an explanation. I returned to the drawing room, pondering over his words. Johanna and Julia were sitting side by side on the sofa, in the darkest corner of the room.

"Come here, Martin," said Johanna; "we wish to consult you on a subject of great importance to us all."

I drew up a chair opposite to them and sat down, much as if it was about to be a medical consultation.

"It is nearly eight months since your poor dear mother died," remarked Johanna.

Eight months! Yes; and no one knew what those eight months had been to me—how desolate! how empty!

"You recollect," continued Johanna, "how her heart was set on your marriage with Julia, and the promise you both made to her on her deathbed?"

"Yes," I answered, bending forward and pressing Julia's hand, "I remember every word."

There was a minute's silence after this; and I waited in some wonder as to what this prelude was leading to.

"Martin," asked Johanna, in a solemn tone, "are you forgetting Olivia?"

"No," I said, dropping Julia's hand as the image of Olivia flashed across me reproachfully, "not at all. What would you have me say? She is as dear to me at this moment as she ever was."

"I thought you would say so," she replied; "I did not think yours was a love that would quickly pass away, if it ever does. There are men who can love with the constancy of a woman. Do you know anything of her?"

"Nothing," I said despondently; "I have no clue as to where she may be now."

"Nor has Tardif,' she continued; "my brother and I went across to Sark last week to ask him."

"That was very good of you," I interrupted.

"It was partly for our own sakes," she said, blushing faintly. "Martin, Tardif says that if you have once loved Olivia, it is once for all. You would never conquer it. Do you think that this is true? Be candid with us."

"Yes," I answered, "it is true. I could never love again as I love Olivia."

"Then, my dear Martin," said Johanna, very softly, "do you wish to keep Julia to her promise?"

I started violently. What! did Julia wish to be released from that semi-engagement, and be free? Was it possible that any one else coveted my place in her affections, and in the new house which we had fitted up for ourselves? I felt like the dog in the manger. It seemed an unheard-of encroachment for any person to come between my cousin Julia and me.

"Do you ask me to set you free from your promise, Julia?" I asked, somewhat sternly.

(To be continued.)

How to Become Wealthy.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone, said:

"Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as h——l."—Buffalo Commercial.

The coquette is able to flirt a fan and fan a flirt simultaneously.