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 Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Strike of railroad switchmen is ordered at Pittsburg.

Shakir Pasha has been appointed governor of Scutari, Asia Minor.

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, has arrived at St. Petersburg.

William Gwin, for 30 years chief messenger to the secretary of state, is dead.

Home Rule Republican party of Hawaii wants Chinese exclusion laws re-enacted.

Three masked men entered a gambling resort at Chickasaw, I. T., and carried off $700.

Half a million people in the Yangtse valley, China, will starve unless they receive aid.

The monetary loss from the recent gale on the Atlantic is greater than at first supposed.

Traffic on the Panama railway was stopped, but marines from the Iowa soon re-established it.

North Weymouth, Mass., was visited by a disastrous fire which will throw many men out of employment for a time.

Johnston, Miss., has been practically destroyed by fire. Fourteen stores and six residences were burned. Loss, $75,000.

According to a dispatch to the London Standard from Odessa, 130 persons perished in recent earthquakes at Errazoum.

Secretary Hay has just received from an unknown person, through the collector of customs at New York, a conscience contribution of $18,668.

Americans captured a rebel camp in Bohol island.

Sousa's band is playing to overflowing audiences in London.

Fire destroyed the Crawfordsville, Ind., wire and nail plant. Loss, $150,000.

Lord Salisbury is said to be aging rapidly, and displays little interest in public affairs.

Robbers blew open the Bolleesville, O., postoffice safe, and secured $300 worth of stamps and $50.

Pittsburg, Pa., switchmen have made a demand for higher wages and will go on strike if refused.

The bodies of the eight mining officials were recovered from the Baby mine in West Virginia.

Two men have been arrested and confessed to the murder of young Morrow, which occurred in Portland.

On the suggestion of Germany and Russia, there has been an international exchange of views regarding the surveillance of anarchists.

The steamer Alerta, with 200 passengers, some of them discharged soldiers, is believed to have been lost while en route from Subig bay to Manila.

Prelorin reports many more captures in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. In the southeastern district of the Transvaal, the British troops are dealing with isolated parties of Boers.

Turkey is in bad financial straits.

Aguinaldo wants to plead his cause before congress.

Queen Draga, of Servia, is said to have been shot at.

Fire at a Colorado mine caused the loss of probably 100 lives.

Canada will raise a mounted corps for the South African war.

Colombian Liberals captured Colon after three hours' of fighting.

Marines in Samar scaled a cliff 200 feet high and destroyed three insurgent camps, killing 30 rebels.

In his coming message the president will recommend the reenactment and strengthening of the Chinese exclusion law.

The union iron molders of San Francisco will return to work on a nine hour basis with an increase of 2½ cents per hour in wages.

Green goods men have been selling postmasters of small towns stamps from "understroyed plates of the government." The secret service is doing its best to capture the bunco men.

Two fast trains on the Santa Fe crashed into each other near the Needles, Cal., resulting in the death of two and the fatal injuring of several. Quite a number were less seriously hurt.

Student riots have occurred in Spanish towns.

A fund is being raised in Manila to prevent the execution of Torres.

The people of the South think that as soon as they can have faster steamers and more of them they can keep all their cotton mills working full time making cloth for export.

Dr. Bozarro, of Gorz, has published a pamphlet in which he tries to prove that the Adriatic has for more than a thousand years been rising and encroaching on its shores. The lower parts of Triest are experiencing trouble already, and in course of time Venice will be buried in the mud of the lagoon.

The Indians of the interior of Colombia wear shirts and hats made of the bark of a tree, which is soaked in water to soften the fibre and then beaten to make it pliable.

In the 18 years of its existence the Women's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the grand army has grown from 50 to 142,000 members, and disbursed $2,500,000 in aid to veterans and their families.

In the course of certain operations in the Belvidere Park, in Tunis, the workmen discovered a huge circle of enormous stumps of trees ranged around an immense square stone showing signs of artistic chisel work.

IDAHO'S LOG CABIN PRINTING OFFICE.

Idaho has a printing office—and a good one—that is still maintained in the old log cabin built over 20 years ago. The Wood River Times, daily and weekly, at Hailey, occupies this odd building and everything about it is comfortable and convenient. Additions to the building have been made as needed, partly of logs and partly of modern building material. T. E. Picotte has owned and published The Times since the first issue, June 15, 1881. When the daily was started, May 22, 1882, Associated Press dispatches were received by wire at Blackfoot and then sent 175 miles by stage to Hailey. It was the first daily published in Idaho. The office floor in the log cabin was for a time the virgin soil. Then flooring was hauled in 160 miles, costing $125 per thousand feet. Mr. Picotte has been identified with daily papers in New York City, Chicago and several other large cities, always in important and successful positions. With a single exception he has always declined political offices, because he feels that a newspaper man should devote all his time to his profession. The log cabin printing office attracts all visitors to the Wood river country and Editor Picotte may well be proud of his building, his plant and his two newspapers.

RAILROAD MEN STRIKE.

Order Made Affecting Switchmen of Seven Lines at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, Nov. 27.—The switchmen on seven railroads of Pittsburg have decided to strike at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. At a meeting of the Brotherhood of Switchmen tonight which was attended by about 600 members, this action was decided upon, and the result of this meeting can only be conjectured. In anticipation of possible trouble it is learned that the Pennsylvania Railroad has made an application to the city for 60 officers to be on hand in the Union station yards at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, and in the Baltimore & Ohio yards fully 100 Pinkerton men are on duty tonight.

The claim made at the switchmens meeting tonight was that 700 to 1,000 men would obey the strike order in the morning. The estimate was that in the Union station yards of the Pennsylvania Railroad 138 men would go out; that the yards at Pitcairn and Wall would go out in the same proportion; that the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pittsburg & Lake Erie yards would go out solidly and that the Monongahela, the Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston, the Shoenberger Terminal and the Pittsburg and Western would be practically without men. It was also said that the Fort Wayne and Panhandle men would lend a helping hand.

The demand of the men is that the Chicago rate be paid here. This rate is 27 cents per hour for day conductors as 29 cents for night conductors of switch engines; helpers, 25 cents day and 27 cents night. The Pittsburg rate at present is 25 cents for day and 26 for night conductors; 19 cents day and 20 cents night for helpers

Grand Master Hawley, of the Switchmen's Union, is expected here tomorrow to conduct the strike.

Treasure-Ship Making Good Time.

New York, Nov. 27.—The North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which left New York last week carrying over $7,000,000 worth of gold bullion for London, Paris and Berlin, was reported by cable passing the Scilly islands this morning. The treasure ship has made good time.

Chile's First Iron Steamer.

Santiago de Chile, Nov. 27.—The launch of the first iron steamer constructed in Chile occurred at Valparaiso today, and was a great success. The ceremony was attended by the president, the federal authorities, and a large assemblage of the people. The entire ship, from keel to truck, was constructed in this country.

French Chinese Indemnity Loan.

Paris, Nov. 27.—The chamber of deputies today, by a vote of 295 to 249, adopted the sum of 265,000,000 francs for the Chinese indemnity loan, rejecting the smaller sums proposed. It was declared, during the course of the discussion, that the government would make no distinction between those who were entitled to indemnities, but would pursue in the far East France's traditional policy and fulfill all the duties of its protectorate, just as it claimed all its rights.

Bought San Juan Battlefield.

Santiago de Cuba, Nov. 27.—During his recent visit General Wood bought for the government the principal portion of the San Juan battle field, including the San Juan hill, the site of the blockhouse and Bloody Bend. The tract comprises 200 acres and cost $15,000. It will be considered a United States reservation and the goverment intends to lay out a beautiful park on the old battlefield.

Appeal for Aid for Chinese.

Washington, Nov. 27. — John Goodnow, consul general at Shanghai, reports to the state department that over 500,000 of people in the Yangtse valley will starve this winter unless they get help from the outside. A committee of foreigners and Chinese has been formed in Shanghai to relieve the condition of these people, and all foreigners in China are subscribing liberally. Contributions may be made through the British consul general at Shanghai, P. L. Warren.

CONGER'S PROTEST.

Was Made Under Instructions From the State Department.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Minister Conger's action in protesting to the Chinese government against the arbitrary cancellation of a railway franchise, granted to an American company, and its transfer to a French corporation, was taken upon representations made to the state department by the American-China Improvement Company, which has a franchise to construct a railroad from Canton to Hankow. It is understood that forfeiture of the claim was based on two counts: First, that the road was not completed within the stipulated period of time; and second, that the American corporation had passed to the Belgians.

The state department holds that the conditions in China for the past year and a half have been such as to make it impossible for the American company to have completed its work, and that for this delay the Chinese government itself is responsible. In the second count the fact that the road maintains its American charter makes it incumbent upon our government, following its rule, to defend the franchise.

A BANKRUPT GOVERNMENT.

Turkey Is Without Funds and Unable to Borrow—Troops Are Unpaid.

Constantinople, Nov. 26.—Never has the Turkish government been in such financial straights as at the present time. It is impossible to see how the expenses of the Ramazan and Bairam, due in December and January and involving £360,000, can be met. The Ottoman bank utterly refuses to make any more advances and the penury is so acute that even the troops in many provinces are unpaid. The consequence is that there have been mutinies in several districts. Hostile demonstrations here recently have only been quieted by the authorities hastily scraping together a few thousand piastres as something on account.

Athletic Club Swindle.

Fort Scott, Kan., Nov. 26.—The federal grand jury has indicted five of the principal men of the Webb City, Mo., Athletic Club in connection with recent heavy losses of money at the club's foot racing track. It is asserted by the officers that the members of the club do not deny having won, in the last 18 months, upward of $200,000. The winnings last week are known to have been $27,000, notwithstanding the publicity resulting from the prosecution instituted by Representative J. M. Davis, of this county, who lost $5,000 there and says he was swindled out of it.

The Charleston Exposition.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 26.—The opening of the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian exposition is only six days off and all the builders and exhibitors are on the rush. The United States marine corps has gone into camp on the exposition grounds for the entire exposition period. Many of the best exhibits have already arrived, and the interiors of the buildings are being beautified by rich decorations. The merchants and manufacturers of this city will make the opening day a public holiday.

Grave Fears for German Vessel.

Long Branch, N. J., Nov. 26.—Storm tossed and lying broadside at anchor in a heavy sea, the German ship Flotbek, from Plymouth for New York, was laboring hard against all odds, to save herself from being beached at a late hour tonight, about one-third of a mile off shore, between North Long Branch and Monmouth beach. Grave fears are entertained by the life saving station officers at Monmouth beach.

Japan May Adopt Holland Type.

New York, Nov. 26.—Commanders Nishi and Sata and Lieutenant Ide, of the Japanese navy, witnessed a trial of the Holland submarine torpedo boat Fulton here today. When asked what he thought of the boat Commander Nishi said he would recommend the adoption of the Holland boat by the Japanese navy. After witnessing the mile submerged run and porpoise dives, the visitors took a trip in the Fulton.

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.

A good quality of gas was struck in the oil well being drilled near Ontario.

The next session of the legislature will be asked to divide Umatilla county.

A movement is on foot to have some of the star mail routes in Baker county changed

Malheur and Harney county wool growers have organized and will hereafter pool their clips.

Salem shoe merchants will follow the grocers in closing their stores at 6:30 P. M., except Saturdays.

Three car loads of dressed turkeys were shipped from Douglas county to San Francisco for Thanksgiving.

A rich body of gold ore has been uncovered in the Water Gulch district, 25 miles east of Grants Pass.

Southern Oregon placer miners are jubilant over the recent heavy rains, which will raise the creeks enough to allow operations to be resumed

Articles of incorporation of the Douglas County Bank, located at Roseburg, have been filed with the secretary of state. Capital, $850,000.

The Olive Creek Placer Mines Co, with headquarters at Sumpter, has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. Capital, $1,000,000.

Crater lake, in which it has long been conceded that fish could not live, has been found to contain fish of the cold water trout species. Some of them have attained the length of 30 inches.

The rush for public lands in Umatilla county were never so numerous as this year.

Another oil company has been organized to operate in the Malheur county district.

Portland capitalists are figuring on leasing the Weston water works and electric light plant.

A four-foot vein of rich gold bearing quartz has been uncovered in the Baker mining district.

The Coburg lumber mill has installed an electric light plant and will run day and night.

A vein of coal has been discovered near Huntington which promises to develop into a very fair quality.

Scarcity of cars in Southern Oregon is delaying somewhat the shipment of wheat from that section.

Small stockmen in the souther part of Umatilla county are being crowded out of business by the owners of large herds.

Of the estimated 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 bushels of wheat raised in Umatilla this year, a total of 1,500,000 bushels have been sold to date. The price averaged about 40 cents.

According to present indications, Pendleton will suffer a fuel famine this year, as there are about 4,000 cords less of wood in the market than usual. The shortage is due to a scarcity of laborers.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 57½@58; bluestem, 59c; Valley, 57½@58c.

Flour—Best grades, $2.65@3.50 per barrel; graham, $2.50.

Oats—Nominal 95@$1.00 pr cental.

Barley—Feed, $15.50@16; brewing, $16@16.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, $15.50@17; middling, $19@20.50; shorts, 16@17.50; chop, $15@16.50.

Hay—Timothy, $11@12; clover, $7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, $5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 22½@25c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 12½@14c per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20@22½; fresh, 28@30c, Eastern 22@25c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13@13½c; Young America, 14@15c.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $2.50@3.50; hens, $4.00; dressed, 9@10c per pound; springs, $2.50@3.00, per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $4.00@5.00 for young; geese, $6@6.50 pr dozen; turkeys, live, 10@12c; dressed, 12½@14½c per pound.

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

Hogs—Gross, heavy, $5@5.25; light, $4.75@5; dressed, 6@7c 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, 3@7c per pound.

Hops—8@10c per pound.

Wool—Valley, 11@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@12½c; mohair, 21@21½c per pound.

Potatoes—75@90 per sack.

The supply of silver bullion in the treasury has dwindled until only about $42,000,000 worth is left.

The census of 1900 shows that there are 13,197 Negroes to every 100,000 whites, as compared with 13,575 in 1890.

Mrs. May Preston Slasson, wife of the vice president of the faculty of the University of Wyoming, is the only woman chaplain of a prison in the United States.

It costs four dollars for ten words by the new telegraph line to Yukon.

The money in circulation November 1 in the United States is put at $2,246,300,542 by the treasury department, which is $28.72 per capita.

Grover Cleveland was the guest of honor at Carnegie Institute Founders' day exercises in Pittsburg and talked on duties of citizenship.

A delay of one year in the St. Louis fair is urged by the chairman of the foreign relations committee. He predicts failure unless this is done.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXI.

I went out late in the evening to question each of the omnibus drivers, but in vain. Whether they were too busy to give me proper attention, or too anxious to join the stir and mirth of the townspeople, they all declared they knew nothing of any Englishwoman. As I returned dejectedly to my inn, I heard a lamentable voice, evidently English, bemoaning in doubtful French. The omnibus from Falaise had just come in, and under the lamp in the entrance of the archway stood a lady before my hostess, who was volubly asserting that there was no room left in her house. I hastened to the assistance of my countrywoman, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face revealed to me who she was.

"Mrs. Foster!" I exclaimed, almost shouting her name in my astonishment. She looked ready to faint with fatigue and dismay, and she laid her hand heavily on my arm, as if to save herself from sinking to the ground.

"Have you found her?" she asked, involuntarily.

"Not a trace of her," I answered.

Mrs. Foster broke into an hysterical laugh, which was very quickly followed by sobs. I had no great difficulty in persuading the landlady to find some accommodation for her, and then I retired to my own room to turn over the extraordinary meeting which had been the last incident of the day.

It required very little keenness to come to the conclusion that the Fosters had obtained their information concerning Miss Ellen Martineau where we had got ours, from Mrs. Wilkinson; also that Mrs. Foster had lost no time in following up the clue, for she was only twenty-four hours behind me. She had looked thoroughly astonished and dismayed when she saw me there; so she had had no idea that I was on the same track. But nothing could be more convincing than this journey of hers that neither she nor Foster really believed in Olivia's death. That was as clear as day. But what explanation could I give to myself of those letters, of Olivia's above all? Was it possible that she had caused them to be written, and sent to her husband? I could not even admit such a question, without a sharp sense of disappointment in her.

I saw Mrs. Foster early in the morning, somewhat as a truce-bearer may meet another on neutral ground. She was grateful to me for my interposition in her behalf the night before; and as I knew Ellen Martineau to be safely out of the way, I was inclined to be tolerant towards her. I assured her, upon my honor, that I had failed in discovering any trace of Olivia in Noireau, and I told her all I had learned about the bankruptcy of Monsieur Perrier, and the scattering of the school.

"But why should you undertake such a chase?" I asked; "if you and Foster are satisfied that Olivia is dead, why should you be running after Ellen Martineau? You show me the papers which seem to prove her death, and now I find you in this remote part of Normandy, evidently in pursuit of her. What does this mean?"

"You are doing the same thing yourself," she answered.

"Yes," I replied, "because I am not satisfied. But you have proved your conviction by becoming Richard Foster's second wife."

"That is the very point," she said, shedding a few tears; "as soon as ever Mrs. Wilkinson described Ellen Martineau to me, when she was talking about her visitor who had come to inquire after her, I grew quite frightened lest he should ever be charged with marrying me whilst she was alive. So I persuaded him to let me come here and make sure of it, though the journey costs a great deal, and we have very little money to spare. We did not know what tricks Olivia might do, and it made me very miserable to think she might be still alive, and I in her place."

I could not but acknowledge to myself that there was some reason in Mrs. Foster's statement of the case.

"There is not the slightest chance of your finding her," I remarked.

"Isn't there?" she asked, with an evil gleam in her eyes, which I just caught before she hid her face again in her handkerchief.

"At any rate," I said, "you would have no power over her if you found her. You could not take her back with you by force. I do not know how the French laws would regard Foster's authority, but you can have none whatever, and he is quite unfit to take this long journey to claim her. Really I do not see what you can do; and I should think your wisest plan would be to go back and take care of him, leaving her alone. I am here to protect her, and I shall stay until I see you fairly out of the place."

I kept no very strict watch over her during the day, for I felt sure she would find no trace of Olivia in Noireau. At night I saw her again. She was worn out and despondent, and declared herself quite ready to return to Falaise by the omnibus at five o'clock in the morning. I saw her off, and gave the driver a fee to bring me word for what town she took her ticket at the railway station. When he returned in the evening he told me he had himself bought her one for Honfleur, and started her fairly on her way home.

As for myself I had spent the day in making inquiries at the offices of the local custom houses which stand at every entrance into a town or village in France, for the gathering of trifling, vexatious taxes upon articles of food and merchandise. At one of these I had learned that, three or four weeks ago a young Englishwoman with a little girl had passed by on foot, each carrying a small bundle, which had not been examined. It was on the road to Granville, which was between thirty and forty miles away. From Granville was the nearest route to the Channel Islands. Was it not possible that Olivia had resolved to seek refuge there again? Perhaps to seek me! My heart, bowed down by the sad picture of her and the little child leaving the town on foot, beat high again at the thought of Olivia in Guernsey.

At Granville I learned that a young lady and a child had made the voyage to Jersey a short time before, and I went on with stronger hope. But in Jersey I could obtain no further information about her; nor in Guernsey, whither I felt sure Olivia would certainly have proceeded. I took one day more to cross over to Sark, and consult Tardif; but he knew no more than I did. He absolutely refused to believe that Olivia was dead.

"In August," he said, "I shall hear from her. Take courage and comfort. She promised it, and she will keep her promise. If she had known herself to be dying she would certainly have sent me word."

"It is a long time to wait," I said, with an utter sinking of spirit.

"It is a long time to wait!" he echoed, lifting up his hands, and letting them fall again with a gesture of weariness; "but we must wait and hope."

To wait in impatience, and to hope at times, and despair at times, I returned to London.

CHAPTER XXII.

One of my first proceedings, after my return, was to ascertain how the English law stood with regard to Olivia's position. Fortunately for me, one of Dr. Senior's oldest friends was a lawyer of great repute, and he discussed the question with me after a dinner at his house at Fulham.

"There seems to be no proof of any kind against the husband," he said, after I had told him all.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "here you have a girl, brought up in luxury and wealth, willing to brave any poverty rather than continue to live with him."

"A girl's whim," he said.

"Then Foster could compel her to return to him?" I asked.

"As far as I see into the case, he certainly could," was the answer, which drove me frantic.

"But there is this second marriage," I objected.

"There lies the kernel of the case," he said. "You tell me there are papers, which you believe to be forgeries, purporting to be the medical certificate with corroborative proof of her death. Now, if the wife be guilty of framing these, the husband will bring them against her as the grounds on which he felt free to contract his second marriage. She has done a very foolish and a very wicked thing there."

"You think she did it?" I asked.

He smiled significantly, but without saying anything.

"But what can be done now?" I asked.

"All you can do," he answered, "is to establish your influence over this fellow and go cautiously to work with him. As long as the lady is in France, if she be alive, and he is too ill to go after her, she is safe. You may convince him by degrees that it is to his interest to come to some terms with her. A formal deed of separation might be agreed upon, and drawn up; but even that will not perfectly secure her in the future."

I was compelled to remain satisfied with this opinion. Yet how could I be satisfied, whilst Olivia, if she was still living, was wandering about homeless, and, as I feared, destitute, in a foreign country?

I made my first call upon Foster the next evening. Mrs. Foster had been to Brook street every day since her return, to inquire for me, and to leave an urgent message that I should go to Bellringer street as soon as I was again in town. The lodging house looked almost as wretched as the forsaken dwelling down at Noireau, where Olivia had perhaps been living; and the stifling, musty air inside it almost made me gasp for breath.

"So you are come back!" was Foster's greeting, as I entered the dingy room.

"Yes," I replied.

"I need not ask what success you've had," he said, sneering. "Why so pale and wan, fond lover? Your trip has not agreed with you, that is plain enough. It did not agree with Carry, either, for she came back swearing she would never go on such a wild-goose chase again. You know I was quite opposed to her going!"

"No," I said incredulously. The diamond ring had disappeared from his finger, and it was easy to guess how the funds had been raised for the journey.

"Altogether opposed," he repeated. "I believe Olivia is dead. I am quite sure she has never been under this roof with me, as Miss Ellen Martineau has been. I should have known it as surely as ever a tiger scented its prey. Do you suppose I have no sense keen enough to tell me she was in the very house where I was?"

"Nonsense!" I answered. His eyes glistened cruelly, and made me almost ready to spring upon him. I could have seized him by the throat and shaken him to death, in my sudden passion of loathing against him; but I sat quiet, and ejaculated "Nonsense!" Such power has the spirit of the nineteenth century among civilized classes.

"Olivia is dead," he said, in a solemn tone. "I am convinced of that from another reason; through all the misery of our marriage, I never knew her guilty of an untruth, not the smallest. She was as true as the gospel. Do you think you or Carry could make me believe that she would trifle with such an awful subject as her own death? No, I would take my oath that Olivia would never have had that letter sent, or written to me those few lines of farewell, but to let me know that she was dead."

There was no doubt whatever that he was suffering from the same disease as that which had been the death of my mother—a disease almost invariably fatal, sooner or later. A few cases of cure, under most favorable circumstances, had been reported during the last half century; but the chances were dead against Foster's recovery. In all probability, a long and painful illness, terminating in inevitable death, lay before him. In the opinion of my two senior physicians, all that I could do would be to alleviate the worst pangs of it.

His case haunted me day and night. In that deep undercurrent of consciousness which lurks beneath our surface sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly eating away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after a consultation that I came accidentally upon the little note book which I had kept in Guernsey—a private note book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made of a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now, that a better chance was thrust upon me in his favor, I shrank from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heartsick at the thought of it.

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with terrible distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the certainty that he must die. I took up my note book, and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight.

It seemed cruel that this power should come to me from my mother's death. If she were living still, or if she had died from any other cause, the discovery of this remedy would never have been made by me. And I was to take it as a sort of miraculous gift, purchased by her pangs, and bestow it upon the only man I hated. For I hated him; I said so to myself.

But it could not rest at that. I fought a battle with myself all through the quiet night, motionless and in silence, lest Jack should become aware that I was not sleeping. How should I ever face him, or grasp his hearty hand again, with such a secret weight upon my soul? Yet how could I resolve to save Foster at the cost of dooming Olivia to a lifelong bondage should he discover where she was, or to lifelong poverty should she remain concealed? If I were only sure that she was alive! It was for her sake merely that I hesitated.

The morning dawned before I could decide. The decision, when made, brought no feeling of relief or triumph to me. As soon as it was probable that Dr. Senior could see me, I was at his house at Fulham; and in rapid, almost incoherent words laid what I believed to be my important discovery before him. He sat thinking for some time, running over in his own mind such cases as had come under his own observation. After a while a gleam of pleasure passed over his face, and his eyes brightened as he looked at me.

"I congratulate you, Martin," he said, "though I wish Jack had hit upon this. I believe it will prove a real benefit to our science. Let me turn it over a little longer, and consult some of my colleagues about it. But I think you are right. You are about to try it on poor Foster?"

"Yes," I answered, with a chilly sensation in my veins.

"It can do him no harm," he said, "and in my opinion it will prolong his life to old age, if he is careful of himself. I will write a paper on the subject for the Lancet, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart," I said sadly.

The old physician regarded me for a minute with his keen eyes, which had looked through the window of disease into many a human soul. I shrank from the scrutiny, but I need not have done so. He grasped my hand firmly and closely.

"God bless you, Martin!" he said. "God bless you!"

I went straight from Fulham to Bellringer street. A healthy impulse to fulfill all my duty, however difficult, was in its first fervid moment of action. Nevertheless there was a subtle hope within me founded upon one chance that was left—it was just possible that Foster might refuse to be made the subject of an experiment; for an experiment it was.

I sat down beside him, and told him what I believed to be his change of life; not concealing from him that I proposed to try, if he gave his consent, a mode of treatment which had never been practiced before. His eye, keen and sharp as that of a lynx, seemed to read my thoughts as Dr. Senior's had done.

"Martin Dobree," he said, in a voice so different from his ordinary caustic tone that it almost startled me, "I can trust you. I put myself with implicit confidence into your hands."

The last chance—dare I say the last hope?—was gone. I stood pledged on my honor as a physician, to employ this discovery, which had been laid open to me by my mother's fatal illness, for the benefit of the man whose life was most harmful to Olivia and myself. I felt suffocated, stifled. I opened the window for a minute or two, and leaned through it to catch the fresh breath of the outer air.

"I must tell you," I said, when I drew my head in again, "that you must not expect to regain your health and strength so completely as to be able to return to your old dissipations. But if you are careful of yourself you may live to sixty or seventy."

"Life at any price!" he answered.

"There would be more chance for you now," I said, "if you could have better air than this."

"How can I?" he asked.

"Be frank with me," I answered, "and tell me what your means are. It would be worth your while to spend your last farthing upon this chance."

"Is it not enough to make a man mad," he said, "to know there are thousands lying in the bank in his wife's name, and he cannot touch a penny of it? It is life itself to me; yet I may die like a dog in this hole for the want of it. My death will lie at Olivia's door, curse her!"

He fell back upon his pillows, with a groan as heavy and deep as ever came from the heart of a wretch perishing from sheer want. I could not choose but feel some pity for him; but this was an opportunity I must not miss.

"It is of no use to curse her," I said; "come, Foster, let us talk over this matter quietly and reasonably. If Olivia be alive, as I cannot help hoping she is, your wisest course would be to come to some mutual agreement, which would release you both from your present difficulties; for you must recollect she is as penniless as yourself. Let me speak to you as if I were her brother. Of this one thing you may be quite certain, she will never consent to return to you; and in that I will aid her to the utmost of my power. But there is no reason why you should not have a good share of the property, which she would gladly relinquish on condition that you left her alone."

(To be continued.)

Vegetables Will Become Valuable.

Two Melbournetes claim to have discovered a new motive power, "lighter than air, more powerful than dynamite, very simple and nominal in cost." Byronite (named after one of the inventors) is a fine powder alleged to be made from cheap vegetables, and generates, it is said, when specially treated, a gas which supplies the actual motive power.—Sydney Bulletin.

Molly—My little sister's got measles.

Jimmie—Oh, so has mine.

Molly—Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has.—London Tit-Bits.

You can always tell a nice girl by the manner in which she uses the telephone