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## The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"You love her?" said Johanna.

"Certainly," I answered, "as my sister."

"Better than any woman now living?" she pursued.

"Yes," I replied.

"That is all Julia requires," she continued; "so let us say no more at present, Martin. Only understand that all idea of marriage between her and my brother is quite put away. Don't argue with me, don't contradict me. Come to see us as you would have done but for that unfortunate conversation last night. All will come right by-and-by."

"But Captain Carey——" I began.

"There! not a word!" she interrupted imperatively. "Tell me all about that wretch, Richard Foster. How did you come across him? Is he likely to die? Is he anything like Kate Daltrey?—I will never call her Kate Dobree as long as the world lasts. Come, Martin, tell me everything about him."

She sat with me most of the morning, talking with animated perseverance, and at last prevailed upon me to take her a walk in Hyde Park. Her pertinacity did me good in spite of the irritation it caused me. When her dinner hour was at hand I felt bound to attend her to her house in Hanover street; and I could not get away from her without first speaking to Julia. Her face was very sorrowful, and her manner sympathetic. We said only a few words to one another, but I went away with the impression that her heart was still with me.

At dinner Jack announced his intention of paying a visit to Richard Foster.

"You are not fit to deal with the fellow," he said; "you may be sharp enough upon your own black sheep in Guernsey, but you know nothing of the breed here. Now if I see him I will squeeze out of him every mortal thing he knows about Olivia."

Jack returned, his face kindled with excitement. He caught my hand, and grasped it heartily.

"I no more believe she is dead than I am," were his first words. "You recollect me telling you of a drunken brawl in a street off the Strand, where a fellow, as drunk as a lord, was for claiming a pretty girl as his wife; only I had followed her out of Ridley's agency office, and was just in time to protect her from him. A girl I could have fallen in love with myself. You recollect?"

"Yes, yes," I said, almost breathless.

"He was the man, and Olivia was the girl!" exclaimed Jack.

"No!" I cried.

"Yes!" continued Jack, with an affectionate lunge at me; "at any rate I can swear he is the man; and I would bet a thousand to one that the girl was Olivia."

"But when was it?" I asked.

"Since he married again," he answered; "they were married on the 2d of October, and this was early in November. I had gone to Ridley's after a place for a [illegible] as an assistant to a druggist, and I saw the girl distinctly. She and [illegible] Martineau. Those [illegible] are all forgeries."

"[illegible]," I said; "I know her handwriting [illegible]."

"Well, [illegible]," observed Jack, "there is only one explanation. She has sent them herself to throw Foster off the scent; she thinks she will be safe if he believes her dead."

"No," I answered hotly, "she would never have done such a thing as that."

"Who else is benefited by it?" he asked gravely. "It does not put Foster into possession of any of her property, or that would have been a motive for him to do it. But he gains nothing by it; and he is so convinced of her death that he has taken a second wife."

"What can I do now?" I said, speaking aloud, though I was thinking to myself.

"Martin," replied Jack, gravely, "isn't it wisest to leave the matter as it stands? If you find Olivia, what then? She is as much separated from you as she can be by death. So long as Foster lives it is worse than useless to be thinking of her."

"I only wish to satisfy myself that she is alive," I answered. "Just think of it, Jack, not to know whether she is living or dead! You must help me to satisfy myself. This mystery would be intolerable to me."

"You're right, old fellow," he said, cordially; "we will go to Ridley's together to-morrow morning."

We were there soon after the doors were open. There were not many clients present, and the clerks were enjoying a slack time. Jack had recalled to his mind the exact date of his former visit; and thus the sole difficulty was overcome. The clerk found the name of Ellen Martineau entered under that date in his book.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Ellen Martineau. English teacher in a French school; premium to be paid, about £10; no salary; reference, Mrs. Wilkinson, No. 19, Bellringer street."

"No. 19 Bellringer street!" we repeated in one breath.

"Yes, gentlemen, that is the address," said the clerk, closing the book. "Shall I write it down for you? Mrs. Wilkinson was the party who should have paid our commission; as you perceive, a premium was required instead of a salary given. We feel pretty sure the young lady went to the school, but Mrs. Wilkinson denies it, and it is not worth our while to pursue our claim in law."

"Can you describe the young lady?" I inquired.

"Well, no. We have such hosts of young ladies here."

"Do you know where the school is?"

"No. Mrs. Wilkinson was the party," he said. "We had nothing to do with it, except to send any ladies to her who thought it worth their while. That was all."

As we could obtain no further information we went away, and paced up and down the tolerably quiet street, deep in consultation. That we should have need for great caution, and as much craftiness as we both possessed, in pursuing our inquiries was quite evident. Who could be this Mrs. Wilkinson? Was it possible that she might prove to be Mrs. Foster herself? At any rate it would not do for either of us to present ourselves there in quest of Miss Ellen Martineau. It was finally settled between us that Johanna should be entrusted with the diplomatic enterprise.

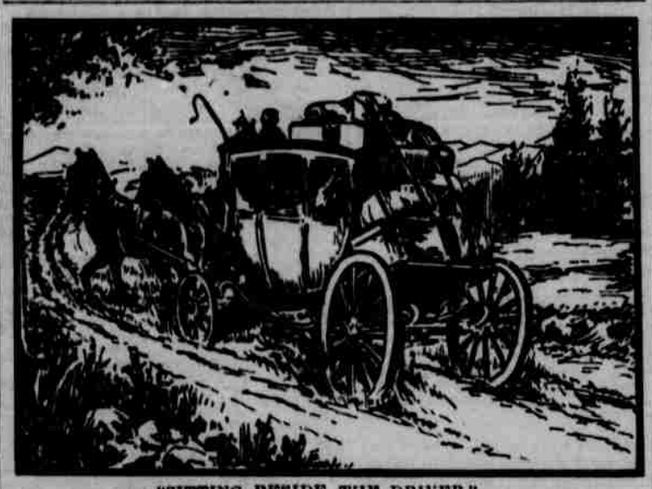
Johanna put in the next day following down the clews Jack and I had discovered.

"Well, Martin," she said that evening, "you need suffer no more anxiety. Olivia has gone as English teacher in an excellent French school, where the lady is thoroughly acquainted with English ways and comforts. This is the prospectus of the establishment. You see there are 'extensive grounds for recreation, and the comforts of a cheerfully happy home, the domestic arrangements being on a thoroughly liberal scale.' Here is also a photographic view of the place; a charming villa, you see, in the best French style. The lady's husband is an avocat; and everything is taught by professors—cosmography and pedagogy, and other studies of which we never heard when I was a girl. Olivia is to stay there twelve months, and in return for her services will take lessons from any professors attending the establishment. Your mind may be quite at ease now."

"But where is the place?" I inquired.

"Oh! it is in Normandy—Noireau," he said—"quite out of the range of railways and tourists. There will be no danger of any one finding her out there; and you know she has changed her name altogether this time."

"Did you discover that Olivia and Ellen Martineau are the same persons?" I asked.



"SITTING BESIDE THE DRIVER."

"No, I did not," she answered; "I thought you were sure of that."

But I was not sure of it; neither could Jack be sure. He puzzled himself in trying to give a satisfactory description of his Ellen Martineau; but every answer he gave to my eager questions plunged us into greater uncertainty. He was not sure of the color either of her hair or eyes, and made blundering guesses at her height.

What was I to believe?

It was running too great a risk to make any further inquiries at No. 19 Bellringer street. Mrs. Wilkinson was the landlady of the lodging house, and she had told Johanna that Madame Perrier boarded with [illegible] when she was in London. But she might begin to talk to her other lodgers, if her own curiosity were excited; and even more my desire to fathom the mystery hanging about Olivia might plunge her into fresh difficulties, should it reach the ears of Foster or his wife.

"I must satisfy myself about her safety now," I said. "Only put yourself in my place, Jack. How can I rest till I know more about Olivia?"

"I do put myself in your place," he answered. "What do you say to having a run down to this place in Basse Normandy, and seeing for yourself whether Miss Ellen Martineau is your Olivia?"

"How can I?" I asked, attempting to hang back from the suggestion. It was a busy time with us. The season was in full roll, and our most aristocratic patients were in town. The easterly winds were bringing in their usual harvest of bronchitis and diphtheria. If I went Jack's hands would be more than full. Had these things come to perplex us only two months earlier, I could have taken a holiday with a clear conscience.

"Dad will jump at the chance of coming back for a week," replied Jack; "he is bored to death down at Fulham. Go you must, for my sake, old fellow. You are good for nothing as long as you're so down in the mouth. I shall be glad to be rid of you."

In this way it came to pass that two evenings later I was crossing the Channel to Havre, and found myself about five o'clock in the afternoon of the next day at Falaise. It was the terminus of the railway in that direction; and a very ancient conveyance was in waiting to carry on any travelers who were venturesome enough to explore the regions beyond.

I very much preferred sitting beside the driver, a red-faced, smooth-cheeked Norman, habited in a blue blouse, who could crack his long whip with almost the skill of a Parisian omnibus driver. We were friends in a trice, for my patois was almost identical with his own, and he could not believe his own ears that he was talking with an Englishman.

The sun sank below the distant horizon, with the trees showing clearly against it, and the light of the stars that came out one by one almost cast a defined shadow upon our path, from the poplar trees standing in long straight rows in the hedges. If I found Olivia at the end of that star-lit path my gladness in it would be completed. Yet if I found her, what then? I should see her for a few minutes in the dull salon of a school, perhaps with some watchful, spying Frenchwoman present. I should simply satisfy myself that she was living. There could be nothing more between us. I dared not tell her how dear she was to me, or ask her if she ever thought of me in her loneliness and friendlessness.

I began to sound the driver, cautiously wheeling about the object of my excursion into those remote regions. I had tramped through Normandy and Brittany three or four times, but there had been no inducement to visit Noireau, which resembled a Lancashire cotton town, and I had never been there.

"There are not many English at Noireau?" I remarked suggestively.

"Not one," he replied—"not one at this moment. There was one little English mam'selle—peste!—a very pretty little English girl, who was voyaging precisely like you, m'sieur, some months ago. There was a little child with her, and the two were quite alone. They are very intrepid, are the English mam'selles. She did not know a word of our language. But that was droll, m'sieur! A French demoiselle would never voyage like that."

The little child puzzled me. Yet I could not help fancying that this young Englishwoman traveling alone, with no knowledge of French, must be my Olivia. At any rate it could be no other than Miss Ellen Martineau.

"Where was she going to?" I asked.

"She came to Noireau to be an instructress in an establishment," answered the driver, in a tone of great enjoyment—"an establishment founded by the wife of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat! He! he! he! how droll that was, m'sieur! An avocat! So they believed that in England? Bah! Emile Perrier an avocat!"

"But what is there to laugh at?" I asked.

"Am I an avocat?" he inquired derisively, "am I a proprietor? am I even a cure? Pardon, m'sieur, but I am just as much avocat, proprietor, cure, as Emile Perrier. He was an impostor. He became bankrupt; he and his wife ran away to save themselves; the establishment was broken up. It was a bubble, m'sieur, and it burst."

My driver clapped his hands together lightly, as though Monsieur Perrier's bubble needed very little pressure to disperse it.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "but it could be no other than my Olivia! She had been living here, then, in this miserable place, only a month ago; but where could she be now? How was I to find any trace of her?

"I will make some inquiries from my daughter," said the Frenchman; "when the establishment was broken up I was ill with the fever, monsieur. We have fever often here. But she will know—I will ask her."

He returned to me after some time, with the information that the English demoiselle had been seen in the house of a woman who sold milk, Mademoiselle Rosalie by name; and he volunteered to accompany me to her dwelling.

It was a poor-looking house, of one room only, in the same street as the school; but we found no one there except an old woman, exceedingly deaf, who told us that Mademoiselle Rosalie was gone somewhere to nurse a relative, who was dangerously ill, and she knew nothing of an Englishwoman and a little girl.

I turned away baffled and discouraged; but my new friend was not so quickly depressed. It was impossible, he maintained, that the English girl and the child could have left the town unnoticed. He went with me to all the omnibus bureaus, where we made urgent inquiries concerning the passengers who had quitted Noireau during the last month. No places had been taken for Miss Ellen Martineau and the child, for there was no such name in any of the books. But at each bureau I was recommended to see the drivers upon their return in the evening; and I was compelled to give up the pursuit for that day.

(To be continued.)

### SPOILED THE FLIRTATION.

**Pony Was a Racer and Hard to Keep in the Front.**

A gentleman who is a member of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club and delights in horseback riding received a few days ago a wiry "cayuse" or cow-pony, as they are called in the Northwest. The animal had some speed and an easy gait, and, after riding it around the country roads a few days, he rode it, one evening, with a party of ladies and gentlemen who were out for a moonlight canter.

The party split up into couples, and while the gentleman in question would much prefer to have taken the rear of the line with the lady whose escort he was, yet the pony developed an unexpected ambition to lead the procession, according to the New York Mail and Express. He let the "cayuse" have its own way only to find that the headstrong animal insisted on being at least one-half a length in front of the horse ridden by the lady.

There was no holding that pony back on even terms with the other horses. It pranced about, jumped from side to side and pulled the bit and would be quiet only when it had its nose well to the front. The lady enjoyed it immensely, but the gentleman—well, he left unsaid many things which he had planned to say to the young lady when they started on the ride. Subsequently the gentleman found the pony had been used for racing in the West and had been trained to "go to the front and stay there."

**Where Centenarians Dwell.**

More people over one hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher altitudes, according to the "Family Doctor." According to the last census of the German Empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only 78 have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146; in Ireland, 578; and in Scotland, 46. Sweden has 10, and Norway 23; Belgium, 5; Denmark, 2; Switzerland, none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over 100 years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio Janeiro. He is 150 years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived for 140 years.

**Further Information Wanted.**

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the Judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the Judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied eagerly:

"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

**Wanted to Be a Heathen.**

Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Bamalam islanders)—I wish I was a heathen!

Sabbath-School Teacher—Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?

"The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gettin' somethin'."—Harper's Bazar.

**What He Was Doing Of.**

Mrs. Kelly—Did yez hear of the felly ocrosht the way dyin' of Anglophobia?

Mrs. Googan—Yes mean hydrophobia!

Mrs. Kelly—No; I mean Anglophobia! He wuz cheerin' fer King Edward, an' de gang heerd him!—Judge.

**Speed of Ocean Steamers.**

The speed of our fastest ocean steamers is now greater than that of express trains on Italian railways.

**Few Millionaires in France.**

There are four millionaires in England to one in France.

A second-class joke has caused many a man to lose a first-class friend.

## EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

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

Student riots have occurred in Spanish towns.

Colonel Meade, of the marines, is on trial for drunkenness.

Fire at Assumption, Ill., destroyed property valued at $55,000.

The Metropolitan bank, of Tacoma, has closed its doors.

Ex-Representative Sweet, of Idaho, is charged with embezzlement.

The National reciprocity convention has opened in Washington.

Smallpox is spreading in Vienna, 35 cases being reported in two days.

Prominent Seattle woman has been carrying on smuggling on a large scale.

An entire family near Los Angeles, Cal., was shot and then literally cut to pieces.

Consul Dickinson has located Miss Stone and asks for Bulgarian troops to rescue her.

John Hay was the principal speaker at the New York chamber of commerce dinner.

There is trouble in the Washington delegation over the appointment of a United States marshal.

The United States training ship Alert has sailed from San Diego for Magdalena bay for gun practice.

Robbers blew open the safe of the First National Bank at Mondori, Wis., and secured between $5,000 and $6,000.

**WHY LIPTON SUCCEEDS.**

*My receipt for prosperity, in such a concern as mine, is at the disposal of all. Here it is: "Work hard, deal honestly, be enterprising, exercise careful judgment, advertise freely but judiciously."—Sir Thomas Lipton, in Saturday Evening Post.*

Two plague deaths are reported from Odessa.

Bolomen tried to rush an American force in Samar.

Oregon wins 232 prizes at Pan-American Exposition.

Many accidents in the United Kingdom were due to fog.

An Aberdeen editor attacked the character of Judge Irwin.

Scouts fought engagements with rebels in Southern Luzon.

Oil prospects are good in Idaho and in Malheur County, Oregon.

The demand for raw material from abroad shows a steady increase.

Japanese and Russians are assuming closer commercial relations.

A Mississippi moonshiner killed two deputies and burned their remains.

A native priest, convicted of murder, has been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment.

An alleged conspiracy to proclaim a republic at Dawson is reported from Skagway.

E. F. Lowenthal, of New York, robbed of $10,000 in diamonds in Portland Hotel.

The transport Hancock is ashore in Japanese waters.

More shipwrecks are reported on the English coast.

A mounted force of Cape Dutch surrendered to the Boers.

Twenty persons were killed by the earthquakes in Erzroum.

The President's Thanksgiving proclamation was cabled to Manila.

Merit and not political influence will be recognized in army promotions.

Ways and means committeemen are divided on the subject of reducing war taxes.

Aguinaldo declines the offer of an American lawyer to work for his release.

State of Oregon will make a survey of arid lands in eastern part of state.

Insane man killed an officer at Cosmopolis, Wash., shot a friend, and was seriously wounded himself.

Tom Considine broke down while testifying in behalf of his brother, on trial for murder at Seattle.

Fire in Boston destroyed property valued at $100,000.

The secretary of the interior has created a bureau of forestry.

President Roosevelt has pledged the Lewis and Clark Centennial his hearty support.

Fire destroyed every mercantile and several fine houses in Pucwash, N. S. Loss, $50,000.

Latest advices from Miss Stone's place of confinement state that her imprisonment is affecting her reason.

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.

### ASSAULTED BY MINERS.

**Non-Union Men Are Attacked at Mines Near Vincennes, Indiana.**

Vincennes, Ind., Nov. 21.—Four hundred union coal miners from Washington, Connelburg, Petersburg, Princeton and Montgomery arrived here at an early hour this morning and at 5 o'clock made an attack upon the non-union miners employed at the Prospect Hill mines near this city. As a result two men are fatally hurt and a half dozen more seriously injured.

The union miners formed at the union station and marched to the mines. Just as the men on the day shift were going on duty they were attacked. The union men asked for the foreman and when told that he was in bed said: "All right; we will get him." They started after Scott, the foreman, and in the melee that followed Scott and his family defended themselves as best they could but were powerless. Scott was badly beaten and W. P. Collins, an attorney of Washington, a brother-in-law of Scott, who was visiting with the family, sustained injuries that may prove fatal.

### VALUABLE CARGO.

**Steamship Brought Products From Alaska Valued a $200,000.**

Seattle, Nov. 20.—Products of Alaska valued at $200,000 were brought to Seattle as the cargo of a single vessel, the Senator, Captain James B. Patterson, which arrived from the North today. Fish and fish products made up the entire shipment. There were 37,215 cases of salmon from Petersburg, Girard Point and Sitka Bay canneries, and 2500 cases of fish guano and 550 barrels of fish oil from the Kilasnoo fisheries.

On the return the Senator got aground on a rocky bottom at the north entrance to Wrangel Narrows, bending several plates on the starboard side forward. She hung fast about 20 minutes and then hauled herself off. While the springing of the plates did not cause a leak, it may later be necessary for the vessel to go into drydock.

The Senator brought 89 pasengers from various Southeastern Alaska points, prominent among whom were Professor C. C. Georgeson, special agent of the United States Agricultural Department; W. T. Summers, president of the First National Bank of Juneau, and Dr. B. K. Wilbur, of Sitka.

### BIG GOLD SHIPMENT.

**Largest Sum Ever Sent to Europe in a Single Shipment.**

New York, Nov. 21.—Ladenburg, Thalman & Co. today engaged $500,000 in gold for export. The big Lloyd German liner Kaiser William der Grosse, which sailed for Europe today, carried in her treasure room coin and bar gold valued at more than $7,000,000. It was carefully stowed away in oak casks and iron bound boxes and was under seal in the specie room. It was the largest sum ever sent across the Atlantic in a single steamship and represented the engagements made by the larger financial houses of New York since the final shipment of last week. Most of the gold goes to meet foreign obligations not paid by balances.

### TEN JAPANESE KILLED.

**Twenty-eight Others Were Injured in a Montana Train Collision.**

Great Falls, Mont., Nov. 20.—Ten Japanese laborers were killed and 28 injured, three probably fatally, and the others more or less seriously, in a collision between a freight train and a work train on the Great Northern Railroad near Culbertson, a station close to the Eastern boundtry line of the state, Sunday morning. The freight train was running at a rate of speed estimated at 25 miles per hour; the work train was stationary. Round a curve, the freight crashed into the work train, and sad havoc followed. One of the cars in the work train was a bunk or sleeping car. In this there were 41 Japanese laborers. But three of them escaped death or injury.

**Roosevelt's Message Is Long.**

Wahsington, Nov. 21.—The cabinet meeting today lasted about two and a half hours. The whole time was spent in the reading of the president's message and in commenting upon its various features. The message is long, and is said to be vigorous in tone, in that respect at least quite characteristic of Roosevelt No other business was transacted.

**Student Riots in Spain.**

Madrid, Nov. 21.— Students' riots have begun in Madrid. Yesterday the tramways were attacked, and attempts were made to set the cars on fire. Over 20 persons were injured. Students disorders were also reported in Barcelona and Valencia. In the senate several senators referred to the serious nature of the student disturbances and the minister of education replied that the government was resolved upon acting with the greatest energy.

**Shot by a Woman**

Creston, Ia., Nov. 21.—Mrs. Charles Edwards, a widow, living three miles west of here, today shot Andy Narly and Herman James, white, who she claims were trying to prevent her from occupying a leased farm where the shooting occurred. Nearly may die, but James is not seriously hurt. Mrs. Edwards and her children were ejected last week.

## NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS 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 Astoria Canning Company will not sell its Alaska cannery to the trust.

A daily mail service will at once be instituted between North Yamhill and Tillamook.

The 10-stamp mill on the Flagstaff mine at Baker City is again running day and night.

The Astoria City Council has ordered the improvement of five blocks of city streets.

Seattle capitalists have purchased the Little Chieftain mine, in the Myrtle Creek district, for $20,000.

Portland parties have bonded three claims in the Myrtle Creek district for $12,000, and another for $10,000.

Stock in all parts of the state is reported as being in better condition now than ever before. Stockmen are sanguine that the losses this winter will be very small.

The amount of scalp bounty warrants issued by Wasco County during the two months ending October 31 is $502. This is less than the two corresponding months of last year.

T. L. Gilliam has 6,500,000 feet of sawlogs ready on the Upper Mohawk to deliver on his 10,000,000 contract with the Booth-Kelly company as soon as there is sufficient water to run them.

Lewis C. Pooler, a pioneer of 1852, died at Willard, in the Waldo Hills, November 8, aged 69 years. He was a native of New York. He crossed the plains to Oregon with an ox team and settled in the district where he died.

Gold worth 50 cents was taken from the craw of a duck raised at Scotts Mills.

Thieves broke into a Eugene store and stole a number of small articles of little value.

A recevier has been appointed for the Columbia Logging Company, near St. Helens.

Superintendent Brown, of the Falls River fish hatchery, says the outlook there is very favorable.

Practically all the hops about Dallas have been shipped. Prices were from 8½ to 10 cents per pound.

Senator Mitchell has announced that he will endeavor to have a new federal court district established in Eastern Oregon.

Roseburg's city council has let the contract of grading and surfacing with crushed rock about 10 blocks of the principal streets.

Thirty dwelling houses have been built in Dallas since January 1. Every dwelling and business house in the town is occupied.

Nine carloads of wool left Harrisburg the other day for the East. The shipment weighs 103,000 pounds and is one of the largest individual sales ever made in that valley.

The Indian war veterans of Lane county met at the court house in Albany and began arrangements toward securing legislation by the next congress granting pensions to all veterans entitled to them.

**Portland Markets.**

Wheat—Walla Walla, 57; bluestem, 58c; Valley, 56@57c.

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@16.75 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, 25@26½c; dairy, 18@22c; store, 12½@14c per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20@23½; 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, 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, 11@12c; dressed, 12@14c per pound.

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

The first English postage stamp was black, but the postmarks were hardly visible on it, and this tone was followed by red, with the familiar portrait of Queen Victoria.

Vibration caused by the underground electric road has injured the tower of St. Mary-le-Bow on Cheapside, London, a famous church built by Sir Christopher Wren. The company has agreed to pay $5000 in order that the tower might be straightened. It is now 23 inches out of perpendicular.