Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE.....OREGON.

The mob spirit develops much more easily than it dies.

Manila is to have trolley cars. American progress certainly follows the flag.

If Lieutenant Peary has the least professional pride, he will proceed to get lost again.

The trouble about long hair is that you can't tell whether its wearer is a poet or a football player.

Secretary Root's proposed war college embodies a fresh effort to teach the young idea how to shoot.

It is hard for the professional politician to understand why any man should ever ask for a court of inquiry.

A German scientist now claims that monkeys are descended from man. There is some evidence for this belief on Hallowe'en night.

Anarchism is, briefly, colossal egotism, as the crime of Czalgosz and the philosophical tommyrot of Emma Goldman sufficiently prove.

It would, indeed, have been a sad exemplification of the irony of fate if Funston had been undone by a little old vermiform appendix.

John Armstrong Chanler has returned to Virginia and proposes to prove his sanity. But he can't deny that he married Amelie Rives.

According to the testimony of some witnesses, the log book is a record kept by ships for the purpose of not recording important incidents in it.

If the world concludes to put all its anarchists together on an island it might not be a bad plan to send along such college students as insist on having the privilege of hazing.

Any anti-foreign feeling that may be engendered by the attempt on the life of the president should be checked by the reflection that the would-be assassin is an American by birth.

A Brooklyn man lived without missing his stomach for fourteen months after the surgeons had removed it. It was nothing remarkable. Many men never know that they are without brains.

The theory that the monkey is descended from man now confronts civilization with a serious question. How far ought a human being be allowed to degenerate from the loftiest ideal of manhood before he is compelled to shed his clothes, climb a tree and refrain from conversation?

That we live too fast in this country has long been conceded. Fundamentally the cause of it is the old mistake of considering the means as the end. We pursue business and attainment of whatever sort as if the pursuit were the thing and not the results of the pursuit, and therefore as if the fiercer we pursue it the more it is to be desired. The result is that we wear ourselves out without getting the finest fruit or flavor of anything.

If a political party is worth perpetuation the young man is worth cultivation. It is not necessary to place him in a position of responsibility or to give him so much as an equal opportunity with his elders. It would be an exceptionally conceited young man who would expect as much. All he asks, as a rule, is to be allowed to serve an apprenticeship so that when the responsibility of propagating correct doctrine has fallen upon his generation he will not be entirely unworthy or unprepared.

In the long run education is the universal cure for anarchy. It is better than law. It is especially superior to special legislation. As soon as the educational systems of the States are comprehensive enough to draw all classes and conditions of people within their influences we will have the nearest approach to a millennium that can be obtained by mortal means. Great progress has been made and is still going on. Compulsory education is the only kind of paternalism that is tolerable under our most beneficent system of a union of States.

Encke's little comet, named after the French astronomer who first discovered its periodicity, is now on one of its every three-and-a-half-year visits to the earth's gaze. No other known comet has a period so short, and probably, in consequence, none other has a recorded history so large. Many other comets are domesticated, so to speak, celebrating occasional old home weeks of their own. Twice had a well-known astronomer hunted down a comet, only to find that a rival comet-hunter was a few hours ahead of him. The third time he was confident the prize was really his, and the news of the new discovery was circulated. "I think," wrote his friend, "you will find it is my comet of six years ago come back." So it was, and the disgusted reply came by wire, "Why don't you keep your comets chained up?"

A low birth rate, provided it does not proceed from the physical decadence of a people, has its compensations, in the opinion of the Des Moines News. Take France for instance. The census shows that in thirty years the population has increased from thirty-five millions to thirty-eight millions, an increase of only about 8 per cent. During the same time the population of Great Britain has increased about 50 per cent. Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy have gained even more than that. It is said that the low birth rate in France is a misfortune in that it makes difficult recruiting for its army. Germany's increase makes it possible for that country to maintain the largest army in the world. On the other hand the low birth rate in France makes its people, taken as a whole, the most prosperous of any nation on the globe. The French peasantry are the most thrifty of all the peasantry of Europe. They are small land owners and have millions of francs in bank. It was an easy task for France to pay off the tremendous idemnity demanded by the Germans after the Franco-Prussian war. France has money with which to maintain a war, and that is an important thing as war goes nowadays. Few Frenchmen leave France. There is comparatively no loss by emigration. Germany loses heavily by emigration. The young men of France find opportunities at home. Young Germans, Englishmen, Austrians and Italians must go from home to find a chance to better their fortunes. If the low birth rate of France is an evidence of physical decay it is of course calamitous and threatens final destruction. Otherwise it has its compensations.

People so frequently blame a doctor for failing to perform impossibilities that at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association a distinguished physician undertook to state the case fairly, and show that some of the burden of failure ought to rest upon the patients. As human beings have become more sensitive to pain, he said, they have got into the habit of requiring treatment that produces immediate results. Thence arise two evils—dangerous experiments with drugs and needless recourse to surgery. The average invalid, said this medical man, wants to know at once what is the matter with him. The doctor cannot always tell, and would like to await developments. But the patient insists on being dosed, and as often as not demands that an "operation" be performed. If he were content to go to bed and keep still, his ailment might cure itself; yet if the doctor suggests this, the patient concludes that "nothing is being done" for him, and he hastens to call another doctor. Two things the public needs to realize: That the best physicians do not travel with knives in their hands—since they know that surgery has its pains and perils, as well as its successes—and that they are increasingly averse to dealing out drugs. The great men of the profession win half their victories with pure air, cleanliness, proper diet, and insistence on exercise for well people and rest for sick ones. Less famous physicians would be glad to follow their example if men and women would possess their souls in patience and forego the desire to turn their stomachs into apothecary shops. Give the doctor—and nature—a chance.

Franklin Price, a grand old Chicago man, read in a newspaper some "advanced doctrine" tending to show that marriage is a failure and declaring for anarchy in affairs of the heart and in the relations of men and women. It didn't please Mr. Price. He had just celebrated his golden wedding and was happy with that chastened kind of affection that comes with years and prolonged association with a good woman. To show that marriage is not a failure this old lover got together a list of 125 couples who have lived together from fifty to seventy-five years in peace and happiness. They were all persons that had either come within his knowledge or were personal acquaintances. The institution of marriage is in no danger, and attacks on it are unworthy of serious thought. The marriage ceremony is simply the part that society and the State play in a union that should have nothing but love for its foundation if it is to be a true marriage. People who really love seldom trouble the divorce courts. They may have differences. There are thorns all along the way of life and few escape them. But considerateness is one of the fine qualities that comes from love and is developed by married life. It is easy to forgive when there is sincere affection. Standing alone divorce statistics are appalling. They present a panorama of selfishness, deceit, lying, greed and the mistakes of humanity. Most of the people concerned should never have married. Compare the divorce statistics with the great list of happy marriages, and they are nothing. There is not material left for a public scare nor ground for an attack on an institution that will endure as long as hearts are the foundations on which good men and women build happy homes.

TRIFLES AFFECT MEN'S LIVES.

Great Inventions Are Suggested by Commonplace Incidents.

Incidents of a trifling character have influenced the career of many successful inventors. E. J. Manville was a hard-working machinist, living in Waterbury, Conn., when one day he heard a woman complaining because she had pricked her finger with a pin. A pin that would not prick fingers, he thought, would have a ready sale. A week later he had worked out the safety pin and within five years his invention had made him rich. Carlos French, another Connecticut mechanic, in the course of a railway journey noticed the jarring and jolting of the car and fell to thinking how they could be overcome. The problem kept him awake nights for some two years, but in the end he solved it so successfully that his car spring is now used on all the railroads of the land. George Westinghouse was led in a somewhat similar manner to invent the air brake. He was the son of a manufacturer and possessed a marked mechanical bent. Once he was in a railroad collision, the result of a brake's failure to do its work. He immediately started to devise a brake that would operate more quickly and with greater certainty than the ones then in use, and, like Carlos French, he was completely successful in his efforts. His air brake brought him great wealth, and for thirty years he has constantly added to his fortune by inventing new devices of his own and buying those of other inventors. The result in life-saving has been simply enormous.

Heroic Treatment.

In a recent case of pneumonia in Brooklyn 8,500 gallons of oxygen gas was used, the sick man was packed in ice, an alcohol bath was given every twenty-five minutes, and four quarts of milk with three quarts of whisky were administered daily. The patient recovered.

A woman seldom forgives until after she forgets.

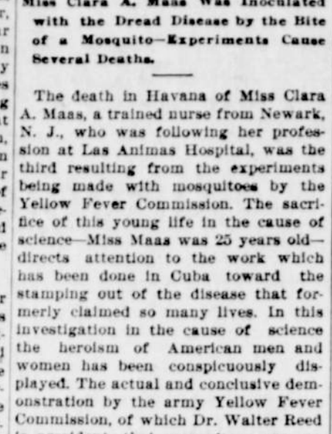
MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

NURSE DIES FROM EFFECTS OF YELLOW FEVER TESTS.

Miss Clara A. Maas Was Inoculated with the Dread Disease by the Bite of a Mosquito—Experiments Cause Several Deaths.

The death in Havana of Miss Clara A. Maas, a trained nurse from Newark, N. J., who was following her profession at Las Animas Hospital, was the third resulting from the experiments being made with mosquitoes by the Yellow Fever Commission. The sacrifice of this young life in the cause of science—Miss Maas was 25 years old—directs attention to the work which has been done in Cuba toward the stamping out of the disease that formerly claimed so many lives. In this investigation in the cause of science the heroism of American men and women has been conspicuously displayed. The actual and conclusive demonstration by the army Yellow Fever Commission, of which Dr. Walter Reed is president, that mosquitoes are responsible for the spread of yellow fever, will rank forever as one of the most beneficial discoveries in medical science.

The cause of yellow fever has always been a mystery; and, indeed, it is a mystery to-day, in a measure, since, although undoubtedly a disease of parasitic origin, the parasitic organism itself has not yet been discovered. Several times it has been thought that it was found, and there are those investigators who to-day believe that the Bacillus icteroides of Sanarelli is the causative organism of the fever; while the English physician, Dr. Herbert E. Durham, who, with the late Dr. Walter Myers, was sent out by the Liverpool



MISS CLARA A. MAAS.

School of Tropical Medicine to Brazil, believes that in a small bacillus which they have frequently found in autopsies they have discovered the true germ. The proof brought by the American experiments that certain mosquitoes will transmit the disease, however, renders both of these claims uncertain and probably incorrect. In fact, Dr. Reed denies that Sanarelli's bacillus has anything to do with yellow fever. The true parasite will be discovered, without doubt, and it is to be hoped that the American army officers who have been responsible for such an extraordinary advance in our knowledge of the etiology of the dread disease may be the investigators to carry the work through to its fullest conclusions.

The Experiments.

During the autumn of 1900 an experimental sanitary station was established, in the open, a mile from Quemados. Two houses were built, tightly constructed, with windows and doors protected by wire screens. In one of these houses, soiled sheets, pillowcases and blankets were used as bedding, and this bedding was brought straight from the beds of patients sick with yellow fever at Havana. For sixty-three days these beds were occupied by members of the hospital corps for periods varying from twenty to twenty-one days. At the end of this occupation the men, who were all nonimmunes, were taken to quarantine for five days and then released. Not one of them was taken ill. All were released in excellent health. This experiment is of the greatest importance, as showing that the disease is not conveyed by fomites, and hence the disinfection of clothing, bedding or merchandise supposed to have been contaminated by contact with yellow fever patients is no longer necessary, and the extremes to which this disinfection work has been carried in cases of yellow fever epidemics in our Southern States have been perfectly useless.

In the other house, which was known as the "infected mosquito building," were no articles which had not been carefully disinfected. The house contained two rooms, and non-immunes were placed in both rooms. In one room, separated from the other by wire screen partitions only, mosquitoes which had bitten yellow fever patients were admitted. In the other room they were excluded. In the latter room the men remained in perfect health; in the mosquito room 50 per cent of the persons bitten by infected mosquitoes that had been kept twelve days or more after biting yellow fever patients were taken with the disease, and the yellow fever diagnosis was confirmed by resident physicians in Havana who were above all others familiar with the disease in every form. Persons bitten by mosquitoes at an earlier period than twelve days after they had bitten a yellow fever patient did not contract the disease. In another series of experiments, of seven persons bitten by infected mosquitoes by placing the hand in a jar containing the insects, five, or 71 per cent, contracted the disease.

The direct agency of mosquitoes in spreading the disease having been established, practical anti-mosquito work was at once undertaken in Cuba. General orders were issued requiring the universal use of mosquito bars in all barracks, especially in hospitals, as well as in field service where practicable. The drainage of breeding-places, the use of petroleum on standing water, in which mosquitoes breed, was directed, and the medical department of the army furnished oil for this purpose. It has resulted that Havana had less yellow fever during the present year than at any time in its history.

The efforts of Dr. Reed have been supplemented by experiments, under government authorization, by Dr. Caldas. The latter has prepared a serum, inoculation with which, he claims, renders a person proof against the disease. To test the efficacy of his discovery Dr. Caldas needed the aid of heroic persons. Half a dozen or more volunteered, among them Miss Maas. These persons were inoculated with the serum, and, this inoculation having become perfect, the patients were subjected to the bites of one or more infected mosquitoes.

GRUESOME STORY OF CRIME.

Murderous Assaults Since 1800 on the Earth's Great Ones.

The list of rulers who have been attacked by assassins during the nineteenth century is a painfully long one. History makes a list of thirty-odd attempts at assassination, fifteen resulting in death. None has been safe from the anarchist and fanatic. In fact, the most liberal rulers have been the victims of the assassin, while, with the exception of Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey, the despots have escaped.

The first attempt recorded during the 100 years past took place in May, 1800, when some one, unknown to this day, shot at George III. of England while the king was driving through Hyde Park, London. The following night a lunatic took a shot at the king at the Drury Theater, but the king was not hurt.

Two unsuccessful attempts were made upon the life of Napoleon, one while he was first consul and afterwards while he was Emperor. In the first instance a barrel of powder was exploded in the street as his carriage passed, killing twenty-two people. The other attempt was more scientific, but likewise a failure. A galvanic battery of great power was used, but Napoleon was warned in time.

In 1835, Joseph Marie Fieschi made his famous attack upon Louise Philippe of France. He was a Corsican adventurer opposed to the regime to which Louis belonged. The infernal machine he constructed for his fell purpose was composed of 25 rifle barrels inserted in a huge wooden stock so as to point in various directions. They were loaded with a hundred balls and placed in a window opposite where Louis Philippe would pass. Forty people were killed by the fusillade, but by a miracle the object of the attack escaped. Three other attempts were made upon the life of Louis during his reign.

In 1852 Queen Isabelle II. of Spain was stabbed by a friar while on her way to church. The following year King Victor Emmanuel of Italy was attacked. In 1856 King Ferdinand of Naples was attacked and as a result abdicated his throne.

Napoleon III. was several times attacked, but escaped each time without injury.

Prince Daniel of Mentenegro and Prince Michael of Servia paid the penalty of their greatness with death in the '60s.

In 1876 Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, was found dead in the palace gardens. He had by progressive ideas and natural ability, incurred the enmity of a clique in the government.

Alfonso, father of the present King of Spain, was shot at twice by fanatics, but escaped each time. Emperor William I., of Germany, was the subject of assassins' attack twice also, but escaped with slight wounds.

In 1881 Alexander II. was killed by nihilists, the plot being hatched by students in the School of Mines. He was literally blown to pieces.

The next assassination was that of President Carnot of France, in 1894. He was stabbed by Caesario Santo. Two years later an assassin ended the earthly career of the Shah of Persia.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria was fatally stabbed by Luccheni while she was walking from her hotel at Geneva.

The details of the assassination of King Humbert are still fresh in the public mind.

Siamese Cats.

Siamese cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are now favorite pets. The Chicago Inter Ocean describes them as follows:

In many respects the animals of Siamese breed are unique among cats. They follow their owners like a dog; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention, and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk, and to a deaf person at that. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. There are two varieties, the temple cats and the palace cats, the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.

The only sacred temple cats that ever left the land of their birth were given to Dr. Nightingale as a mark of special favor by the King of Siam. They were named by their new owner Romeo and Juliet, and are now the property of Lord Marcus Beresford.

Honors in Store for Malcolm.

The dignities that confront the elder brother are usually appalling to the small sister, and there is a little girl in Columbus, Ohio, who has been giving to the subject much careful attention, as the Dispatch bears witness. She electrified the family at breakfast by announcing:

"Next year Malcolm will be a lawnmower. I wonder why they call him that."

"A lawn-mower!" echoed the astonished mother. "What do you mean?"

"That is what you told me," replied the child, gravely. "This year he was a freshman. Next year he'll be a lawnmower, and then a janitor and then a senior. And then he'll graduate."

A Ferret and an Eagle.

A mountain eagle pounced upon a ferret near Gunnson, Col., and with it flew high in the air. The ferret's jaws closed upon the throat of the eagle, and in a few minutes the latter dropped to the earth stone dead. The ferret was still clinging to the bird's throat.

Forty Happy Texas Counties.

There are forty counties in Texas which have to seek legal advice outside their limits, as they have not a single attorney of their own.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my imprudent curiosity had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown.

"Olivia," I said, "there is a woman in Guernsey who has some clue to you——"

But I could say no more, for I thought she would have fallen to the ground in her terror. I drew her hand through my arm and hastened to reassure her.

"No harm can come to you," I continued, "whilst Tardif and I are here to protect you. Do not frighten yourself; we will defend you from every danger."

"Martin," she whispered—and the pleasant familiarity of my name spoken by her gave me a sharp pang, almost of gladness—"no one can help me or defend me. The law would compel me to go back to him. A woman's heart may be broken without the law being broken. I could prove nothing that would give me a right to be free—nothing. So I took it into my own hands. I tell you I would rather have been drowned this afternoon. Why did you save me?"

I did not answer, except by pressing her hand against my side. I hurried her on silently towards the cottage. She was shivering in her cold, wet dress, and trembling with fear. It was plain to me that even her fine health should not be trifled with, and I loved her too tenderly, her poor, shivering, trembling frame, to let her suffer if I could help it. When we reached the foldyard gate, I stopped her for a moment to speak only a few words.

"Go in," I said, "and change every one of your wet clothes. I will see you again, once again, when we can talk with one another calmly. God bless and take care of you, my darling!"

She smiled faintly, and laid her hand in mine.

"You forgive me?" she said.

"Forgive you!" I repeated, kissing the small brown hand lingeringly; "I have nothing to forgive."

She went on across the little fold. Then I made my way, blind and deaf, to the edge of the cliff, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I flung myself down on the turf, with my face to the ground, to hide my eyes from the staring light of the summer sun.

Married? That was what she had said. It shut out all hope for the future. She must have been a mere child four years ago; she looked very young and girlish still. And her husband treated her ill—my Olivia, for whom I had given up all I had to give. She said the law would compel her to return to him, and I could do nothing. I could not interfere even to save her from a life which was worse to her than death.

My heart was caught in a vice, and there was no escape from the torture of its relentless grip. Whichever way I looked there was sorrow and despair. I wished, with a faint-heartedness I had never felt before, that Olivia and I had indeed perished together down in the caves where the tide was now sweeping below me.

"Martin!" said a clear, low, tender tone in my ear, which could never be deaf to that voice. I looked up at Olivia without moving. My head was at her feet, and I laid my hand upon the hem of her dress.

"Martin," she said again, "see, I have brought you Tardif's coat in place of your own. You must not lie here in this way. Captain Carey's yacht is waiting for you below."

I staggered giddily when I stood on my feet, and only Olivia's look of pain steadied me. She had been weeping bitterly. I could not trust myself to look in her face again. Tardif was standing behind her, regarding us both with great concern.

"Doctor," he said, "when I came in from my lobster-pots, the captain sent a message by me to say the sun would be gone down before you reach Guernsey. He has come round to the Havre Gosselin. I'll walk down the cliff with you."

"Take care of mam'zelle," I said, when we had reached the top of the ladder, and the little boat from the yacht was dancing at the foot of it. "There is some danger ahead, and you can protect her better than I."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you may trust her with me. But God knows I should have been glad if it had gone well with you."

CHAPTER XVI.

My mother passed a restless and agitated night, and I, who sat up with her, was compelled to listen to all her lamentations. But towards the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, likely to last for some hours. I could leave her in perfect security; and at an early hour I went down to Julia's house, strung up to bear the worst, and intending to have it all out with her, and put her on her guard before she paid her daily visit to our house. She must have some hours for her excitement and rejoicing to bubble over, before she came to talk about it to my mother.

"I wish to see Miss Dobree," I said to the girl who quickly answered my noisy peal of the house bell.

"Please, sir," was her reply, "she and Miss Daltrey are gone to Sark with Captain Carey."

"Gone to Sark!" I repeated in utter amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Martin. They started quite early because of the tide, and Captain Carey's man brought the carriage to take them to St. Sampson's. I don't look for them back before evening."

"When did they make up their minds to go to Sark?" I inquired anxiously.

"Only late last night, sir," she answered.

Why were Julia and Kate Daltrey gone to Sark? What could they have to do with Olivia? It made me almost wild with anger to think of them finding Olivia, and talking to her perhaps of me and my love—questioning her, arguing with her, tormenting her! The bare thought of those two badgering my Olivia was enough to drive me frantic.

In the cool twilight, Julia and Kate Daltrey were announced. I was about to withdraw from my mother's room, in conformity with the etiquette established amongst us, when Julia recalled me in a gentler voice than she had used towards me since the day of my fatal confession.

"Stay, Martin," she said; "what we have to tell concerns you more than any one."

I sat down again by my mother's sofa, and she took my hand between both her own, fondling it in the dusk.

"It is about Olivia," I said in as cool a tone as I could command.

"Yes," answered Julia; "we have seen her, and we have found out why she has refused you. She is married already."

"She told me so yesterday," I replied.

"Told you so yesterday!" repeated Julia in an accent of chagrin. "If we had only known that we might have saved ourselves the passage across to Sark."

"My dear Julia," exclaimed my mother, feverishly, "do tell us all about it, and begin at the beginning."

There was nothing Julia liked so much, or could do so well, as to give a circumstantial account of anything she had done. She could relate minute details with so much accuracy that when one was lazy or unoccupied it was pleasant to listen. My mother enjoled, with all the delight of a woman, the small touches by which Julia embellished her sketches. I resigned myself to hearing a long history, when I was burning to ask one or two questions and have done with the topic.

"To begin at the beginning, then," said Julia, "dear Captain Carey came into town very late last night to talk to us about Martin, and how the girl in Sark had refused him. I was very much astonished, very much indeed! Captain Carey said that he and dear Johanna had come to the conclusion that the girl felt some delicacy, perhaps, because of Martin's engagement to me. We talked it over as friends, and thought of you, dear aunt, and your grief and disappointment, till all at once I made up my mind in a moment. 'I will go over to Sark and see the girl myself,' I said. 'Will you?' said Captain Carey. 'Oh, no, Julia, it will be too much for you.' 'It would have been a few weeks ago,' I said; 'but now I could do anything to give aunt Dobree a moment's happiness.'"

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

"Heaven bless you, Julia," I interrupted, going across to her and kissing her cheek impetuously.

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged offhand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sar. We had a splendid passage. Kate was in raptures with the landing place, and the lovely lane leading up into the island. We turned down the nearest way to Tardif's. Well, you know that brown pool in the lane leading to the Havre Gosselin? Just there, where there are some low, weather-beaten trees meeting overhead and making a long green aisle, we saw all in a moment a slim, erect, very young-looking girl coming towards us. I knew in an instant that it was Miss Ollivier."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching trees, and the sunbeams playing fondly with her shining golden hair! I held my breath to listen.

"What completely startled me," said Julia, "was that Kate suddenly darted forward and ran to meet her, crying, 'Olivia!'"

"How does she know her?" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Martin! Don't interrupt me. The girl went so deadly pale, I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. She stood for a minute looking at us, and then she burst into the most dreadful fit of crying! I have always thought her name was Ollivier, and so did Kate. 'For pity's sake,' said the girl, 'if you have any pity, leave me here in peace—do not betray me'

"But what does it all mean?" asked my mother, whilst I paced to and fro in the dim room, scarcely able to control my impatience, yet afraid to question Julia too eagerly.

"I can tell you," said Kate Daltrey in her cold, deliberate tones; "she is the wife of my half-brother, Richard Foster, who married her more than four years ago in Melbourne; and she ran away from him last October, and has not been heard of since."

"Then you know her whole history," I said, approaching her and pausing before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

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

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

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

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

"I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion. He calls her his cousin. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or making up her mind to be deaf and blind and dumb."

"But could he not be induced to leave her in peace if she gave up a portion of her property?" I asked.

"Why should he?" she retorted. "If she was in his hands the whole of the property would be his. He will never release her—never. No, her only chance is to hide herself from him. The law cannot deal with wrongs like hers, because they are as light as air apparently, though they are as all-pervading as air is, and as poisonous as air can be. They are like choke-damp, only not quite fatal. He is as crafty and cunning as a serpent. He could prove himself the kindest, most considerate of husbands, and Olivia next thing to an idiot. Oh, it is ridiculous to think of pitting a girl like her against him!"

"But what can be done for her?" I asked vehemently and passionately. "My poor Olivia! what can I do to protect her?"

"Nothing!" replied Kate Daltrey, coldly. "Her only chance is concealment, and what a poor chance that is! I went over to Sark, never thinking that your Miss Ollivier whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more readily they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot double; and how could Olivia escape if they only traced her to Sark?"

My dread of the woman into whose hands my imbecile curiosity had put the clue was growing greater every minute. It seemed as if Olivia could not be safe now, day or night; yet what protection could I or Tardif give to her?

"You will not betray her?" I said to Kate Daltrey, though feeling all the time that I could not trust her in the smallest degree.

"I have promised dear Julia that," she answered.

It became my duty to keep a strict watch over the woman who had come to Guernsey to find Olivia. If possible I must decoy her away from the lowly nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not sent for me again, but I called upon her the next morning professionally, and stayed some time talking with her. But nothing resulted from the visit beyond the assurance that she had not yet made any progress towards the discovery of my secret.

Neither did I feel quite safe about Kate Daltrey. She gave me the impression of being as crafty and cunning as she described her half-brother. Did she know this woman by sight? That was a question I could not answer. There was another question hanging upon it. If she saw her, would she not in some way contrive to give her a sufficient hint, without positively breaking her promise to Julia? Kate Daltrey's name did not appear in the newspapers among the list of visitors, as she was staying in a private house; but she and this woman might meet any day in the streets or on the pier.

I had to cross over to Sark the next week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step on after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident.

She did not see me at first; but her air was exultant and satisfied. There was no face on board so elated and flushed. I kept out of her way as long as I could without consigning myself to the black hole of the cabin; but at last she caught sight of me, and came down to the forecastle to claim me as an acquaintance.

"Ha, ha! Dr. Dobree!" she exclaimed; "so you are going to visit Sark, too?"

"Yes," I answered more curtly than courteously.

(To be continued.)

The Anthem Again.

The "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way, own way—every one to his own way." The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned!" A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turnin', turnin' them derned pages, suppose you turn up and see about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

If the cook breaks only one dish a week, it is on Sunday, when the man of the house is home to hear the crash and grumble about it.