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Address, GRAPHIC, Newberg, Oregon.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

We walked home together. We had a good deal to talk of during the evening, and sat up late. It was midnight before I found myself alone in my own room. I had half forgotten the crumpled paper in my waistcoat pocket, but now I smoothed it out before me and pondered over every word. No, there could not be a doubt that it referred to Miss Ollivier. Why should she have strayed from home? That was the question which possible reasons could there have been strong enough to impel a young and delicately nurtured girl to run all the risks and dangers of a flight alone and unprotected?

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark. I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day. It was positively true that I should have given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

week for more. Was it too much to pay? "Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child." "I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now." Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends. "You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?" "I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully. "If I had any, do you suppose I should be here?" "I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."



"HALF ASLEEP."

fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no." "Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please to fetch me my box out of my room?" "I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favored me in this, and I was together alone. I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it, and a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box. "That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly. I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

cult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my roughest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubles. I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Cross harbor, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard. "You here again, Martin?" exclaimed Emma. "Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Cross."

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slowly. I hailed him, and he quickened his pace, his honest features lighting up at the sight of me. "How do you find mam'zelle, doctor?" were his first eager words. "All right, I think," I said, "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself, Tardif. There is no air like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself." "Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word to me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long." "Not so very long," I said, testily; "but I will just run in and say good-by, and then I want you to walk with me to the cove." I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpses of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it. "Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier. "To be sure," I answered, "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now." "And may I write a letter to you?" "Yes," I said, "I will be glad to be pleased to express my more eloquent thanks." "Good-by," she said; "you are a very good doctor to me." "And friend," I added. "And friend," she repeated. For the next few days I waited with some impatience for Miss Ollivier's promised letter. It came at last, and I put it into my pocket to read when I was alone—why, I could scarcely have explained to myself. It ran thus: "Dear Dr. Martin—I have no little commission to trouble you with. Tardif tells me it was quite a mistake, his mother taking a sovereign from me each week. She does not understand English money; and he says I have paid quite sufficient to stay with them a whole year longer without paying any more. I am quite content about that now. Tardif says that he has a friend in Southampton who will buy my hair, and give more than anybody in Guernsey. So I need not trouble you about it, though I am sure you would have done it for me. "Good-by, my good doctor. I am trying to do everything you told me exactly; and am getting well again fast. I do not believe I shall be lame; you are too clever for that. Your patient, "OLIVIA." Olivia! I looked at the word again to make sure of it. Then it was not her surname that was Olivia, and I was still ignorant of that. I saw in a moment how the mistake had arisen, and how innocent she was of any deception in the matter. She would tell Tardif that her name was Olivia, and he thought only of the Olivia he knew. It was a mistake that had been of use in checking curiosity, and I did not feel bound to put it right. My mother and Julia appeared to have forgotten my patient in Sark altogether. Olivia! I thought it a very pretty name, and repeated it to myself with its abbreviations, Olive, Livy. It was diffi-

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PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

FIENDISH ACT The President is Shot By An Anarchist.

HE WAS WOUNDED TWICE—NOT NECESSARILY FATAL. HOPE OF RECOVERY.

Well Dressed Stranger Approached Him As If To Shake Hands, and Fired Twice With a Revolver Concealed Under a Handkerchief—Assault was Immediately Placed Under Arrest.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds a few minutes after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. One shot took effect in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

BOER COMMANDO CAPTURED. Many Killed and Wounded, and Several Important Officers Taken.

Middleburg, Cape Colony, Sept. 9.—The Boer commando which was captured at 42 wounded and 62 captured unharmed. The prisoners include Commandants Lotter and Breed, Field Cornets J. Kruger and W. Kruger, and Lieutenant Schoeman. Among the killed were the two Vaniers, notable rebels. The casualties were 10 killed and eight wounded.

Burned to Death. Topeka, Kan., Sept. 9.—Miss Eolah Housman was burned to death today in her home at 132 Kline street. The origin of the fire is unknown. Murder, with robbery in view, is suspected by the police, as she was known to have had some money.

Death List is Now Sixteen. Newark, N. J., Sept. 9.—The death list of the North Central train wreck, which occurred last week near Fairville, has been increased to 16 by the death today of Mrs. William Lee Munyon, of Port Gibson.

Garrisons at Shanghai. Shanghai, Sept. 9.—The Rajputa have left here, reducing the British garrison in Shanghai to one native regiment. The German garrison is 800 strong and is showing great activity. The Germans have leased for three years, with the option of six, a large tract inside the general settlement. They are fencing it and building barracks and storehouses. The British community strongly objects.

THE PRESIDENT IS IMPROVING. Reassuring News from the Milburn Residence at Buffalo.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—Through a quiet, peaceful Sunday every word that came from the big vine-clad house in Delaware street, in a bulletin from the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, was battling for life, was reassuring and tonight the chances of his recovery are so greatly improved that all of those who have kept the patient vigil at his bedside feel strongly that his life will be spared.

One Bullet Removed—Wounds Dressed Immediately and Patient Doing Well.

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—Secretary Cortelyou gave out the following statement last evening at 7 p. m.: "The President was shot about 4 o'clock. One bullet struck him on the upper portion of the breastbone, glancing and not penetrating; the second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches to the left of the median line. The abdomen was opened through the line of the bullet wound. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the stomach. The opening in the front wall of the stomach was carefully closed with silk stitches, after which a search was made for a hole in the back wall of the stomach. This was found and also closed by the same way."

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Plomaine Poisoning. Cleveland, Sept. 9.—Ninety people who ate clams at a lunch at the opening of a new public building a few days ago have been ill since, suffering, it is alleged, from ptomaine poisoning. No person has died, but many are still in bed.

Cyclist Loses a Leg. New York, Sept. 9.—Gangrene having set in, the surgeons at Bellevue hospital have decided that John Neilson, the cyclist, must have his leg amputated in an effort to save his life.

Snowstorm in Montana. Butte, Mont., Sept. 9.—The western portion of Montana is tonight in the grasp of a storm that began before daylight this morning. The weather is intensely cold and considerable snow has fallen. More is now coming and it is feared crops will suffer.

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Famous Racehorse Dead. Marion, Ind., Sept. 9.—Glenmoynne, the running horse, which on the Chicago tracks cleared \$120,000 for the owner, Harry Goldstein, in 1893-4, is dead.

Will Sign Protocol. Pekin, Sept. 9.—The Foreign Ministers have accepted the Imperial edicts and have arranged to sign the peace protocol tomorrow.

Harvest Killed in a Collision. Jamestown, N. D., Sept. 10.—Five men were killed and six others seriously injured, two of whom have since died, in a collision early today. A mixed train on the Northern Pacific came in from Oakes, carrying 17 men on a flatcar. As the train passed the station a road engine was struck, and the force of the collision caused the flatcar to collapse. The names of the dead and injured could not be learned. They were harvest hands who had boarded the car at Lamoure.