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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIII.

In one sense time seemed to be standing still with me after my home return, so like were the days that followed the one to the other. But in another sense those days fled with awful swiftness, for they were hurrying us both, my mother and me, to a great gulf which would soon, far too soon, lie between us.

Every afternoon Julia came to spend an hour or two with my mother; but her arrival was always formally announced, and it was an understood thing that I should immediately quit the room, to avoid meeting her. There was an etiquette in her resentment which I was bound to observe.

I had not taken up any of my old patients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence at home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full to Dr. Martin Dobree:

"A lady from England, who is only a visitor in Guernsey, will be much obliged by Dr. Martin Dobree calling upon her at Rose Villa, Vauvert Road. She is suffering from a slight indisposition; and knowing Dr. Senior by name and reputation, she would feel great confidence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend."

I wondered for an instant who the stranger could be, and how she knew the Seniors; but as there could be no answer to these queries without visiting the lady, I resolved to go. Rose Villa was a house where the rooms were let to visitors during the season, and the Vauvert Road was scarcely five minutes' walk from our house. Julia was paying her daily visit to my mother, and I was at a loss for something to do, so I went at once.

I found a very handsome, fine-looking woman; dark, with hair and eyes as black as a gypsy's, and a clear olive complexion to match. Her forehead was low, but smooth and well shaped; and the lower part of her face, handsome as it was, was far more developed than the upper. There was not a trace of refinement about her features; yet the coarseness of them was but slightly apparent as yet. My new patient did not inspire me with much sympathy; but she attracted my curiosity, and interested me by the bold style of her beauty.

"You Guernsey people are very stiff with strangers," she remarked, as I sat opposite to her, regarding her with that close observation which is permitted to a doctor.

"So the world says," I answered. "Of course I am no good judge, for we Guernsey people believe ourselves as perfect as any class of the human family."

"I have been here a week," she replied, pouting her full crimson lips, "and have not had a chance of speaking a word, except to strangers like myself who don't know a soul."

That, then, was the cause of the little indisposition which had obtained me the honor of attending her. I indulged myself in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but it was lost upon her. She gazed at me solemnly with her large black eyes, which shone like beads.

"I am really ill," she said, "but it has nothing to do with not seeing anybody, though that's dull. There's nothing for me to do but take a bath in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, and go to bed very early. Good gracious! it's enough to drive me mad!"

"Try Jersey," I suggested.

"No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?"

"I am sorry to say no," I answered.

She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

"Do you have many visitors come to Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired.

"Not many," I answered; "a few may arrive who intend to winter here."

"A dear young friend of mine came here last autumn," she said, "alone, as I am, and I've been wondering ever since I've been here however she would get along amongst such a set of stiff, formal, stand-offish folks. She had not money enough for a dash, or that would make a difference, I suppose."

"Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions."

"What a dreary winter she'd have!" pursued my patient, with a tone of exultation. "She was quite young, and as pretty as a picture. All the young men would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to be known again."

Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her couldn't go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her—a slim, middle-sized girl, with a clear, fair skin and grey eyes and hair of a bright brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted to run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

"Ah! you recognize her!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernsey," I answered, looking steadily into her face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand.

"You want to keep it a secret," she said, "but I defy you to do it. I am come here to find her, and find her I will. She hasn't drowned herself, and the earth hasn't swallowed her up. I've traced her as far as here, and that I tell you. She crossed in the Southampton boat one dreadfully stormy night last October—the only lady passenger—and the stewardess recollects her well. She landed here. You must know something about her."

"I assure you I never saw that girl here," I replied evasively. "What inquiries have you made after her?"

"I've inquired here and there and everywhere," she said. "I've done nothing else ever since I came. It is of great importance to her, as well as to me, that I should find her. It's a very anxious thing when a girl like that disappears and is never heard of again, all because she has a little difference with her friends. If you could help me to find her you would do her family a very great service."

"Why do you fix upon me?" I inquired. "Why did you not send for one of the resident doctors? I left Guernsey some time ago."

"You were here last winter," she said, "and you're a young man, and would notice her more."

"There are other young doctors in Guernsey," I remarked.

"Ah, but you've been in London," she answered, "and I know something of Dr. Senior. When you are in a strange place you catch at any chance of an acquaintance."

"Come, be candid with me," I said. "Did not Messrs. Scott and Brown send you here?"

The suddenness of my question took her off her guard and startled her. She hesitated, stammered, and finally denied it with more than natural emphasis.

"I could take my oath I don't know any such persons," she answered. "I don't know who you mean, or what you mean. All I want is quite honest. There is a fortune waiting for that poor girl, and I want to take her back to those who love her, and are ready to forgive and forget everything. I feel sure you know something of her. But nobody except me and her other friends have anything to do with it."

"Well," I said, rising to take my leave, "all the information I can give you is that I never saw such a person here, either last winter or since. It is quite possible she went on to Jersey, or to Granville, when the storm was over. That she did not stay in Guernsey I am quite sure."

I went away in a fever of anxiety. The woman, who was certainly not a lady, had inspired me with a repugnance that I could not describe. Surely this person could not be related to Olivia! I tried to guess in what relationship to her she could possibly stand. I felt more chafed than I had ever done about Olivia's secret. I tried to satisfy myself with the reflection that I had put Tardif on his guard, and that he would protect her. But that did not set my mind at ease. I never knew a mother yet who believed that any other woman could nurse her sick child as well as herself; and I could not be persuaded that even Tardif would shield Olivia from danger and trouble as I could, if I were only allowed the privilege. Yet my promise to Julia bound me to hold no communication with her.

I had strolled down some of the quieter streets of the town whilst I was turning this affair over in my mind, and now as I crossed the end of the Rue Haute, I caught sight of Kate Daltrey turning into a milliner's shop. There was every reasonable probability that she would not come out again soon, for I saw a bonnet reached out of the window. If she were gone to buy a bonnet she was safe for half an hour, and Julia would be alone. I had felt a strong desire to see Julia ever since I returned home. My mind was made up on the spot. If I found her in a gentle mood she would release me from the promise she had extorted from me when she was in the first heat of her anger and disappointment. It was a chance worth trying. If I were free to declare to Olivia my love for her, I should establish a claim upon her full confidence, and we could laugh at further difficulties. She was of age, and therefore mistress of herself. Her friends, represented by this odious woman, could have no legal authority over her.

I turned shortly up a side street and walked as fast as I could towards the house which was to have been our home. By a bold stroke I might reach Julia's presence. I rang, and the maid who answered the bell opened wide eyes of astonishment at seeing me there. I passed by quickly.

"I wish to speak to Miss Dobree," I said. "Is she in the drawing room?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, in a hesitating tone.

I waited for nothing more, but knocked at the drawing room door for myself, and heard Julia call, "Come in."

CHAPTER XIV.

Julia looked very much the same as she had done that evening when I came reluctantly to tell her that my heart was not in her keeping, but belonged to another. She wore the same kind of fresh, light muslin dress, with ribbons and lace about it, and she sat near the window, with a piece of needlework in her hands; yet she was not sewing, and her hands lay listlessly on her lap. A mingled feeling of sorrow, pity and shame prevented me from advancing into the room. She looked up to see who was standing in the doorway, and my appearance there evidently alarmed and distressed her.

"Martin!" she cried.

"May I come in and speak to you, Julia?" I asked.

"Is my aunt worse?" she inquired hurriedly. "Are you come to fetch me to her?"

"No, no, Julia," I said; "my mother is as well as usual, I hope. But surely you will let me speak to you after all this time?"

"It is not a long time," she answered.

"Has it not been long to you?" I asked. "It seems years to me. All life has changed for me. I had no idea then of my mother's illness."

"Nor I," she said, sighing deeply.

"If I had known it," I continued, "all this might not have happened. Surely the troubles I shall have to bear must plead with you for me!"

"Yes, Martin," she answered; "yes, I am very sorry for you."

She came forward and offered me her hand but without looking into my face. I saw that she had been crying, for her eyes were red. In a tone of formal politeness she asked me if I would not sit down. I considered it best to remain standing, as an intimation that I should not trouble her with my presence for long. I had no time to lose, lest Kate Daltrey should come in, and it was a very difficult subject to approach.

"We were talking of you to-day," she said at length, in a hurried and thick voice. "Aunt is in great sorrow about you. It preys upon her day and night that you will be dreadfully alone when she is gone, and—and—Martin, she wishes to know before she dies that the girl in Sark will become your wife."

The words struck like a shot upon my ear and brain. What! had Julia and my mother been arranging between them my happiness and Olivia's safety that very afternoon Such generosity was incredible. I could not believe I had heard aright.

"She has seen the girl," continued Julia, in the same husky tone, "and she is convinced she is no adventuress. Johanna says the same. They tell me it is unreasonable and selfish in me to doom you to the dreadful loneliness I feel. If Aunt Dobree asked me to pluck out my right eye just now, I could not refuse. It is something like that, but I have promised to do it. I release you from every promise you ever made to me, Martin."

"Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before; "this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do it because I cannot help myself, with aunt's white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that girl in Sark. I hope I shall never see her or you for many, many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her till you are settled in a practice somewhere; but you are free to ask her to be your wife. Aunt wants you to have somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done."

"But you are generous to consent to it," I said again.

"No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting up her head; "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian, but it is not easy to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, and wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to me. I fancied myself very superior to what I am. I hope you may not be disappointed in that girl in Sark."

Her hand was lying on her lap, and I stooped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me or bid me good-bye, and I went out of the house, my veins tingling with shame and gladness. I met Captain Carey coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.

"Why, Martin!" he exclaimed, "can you have been to see Julia?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Reconciled?" he said, arching his eyebrows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a stiff smile exceedingly difficult to force; "nothing of the sort indeed. Captain, when will you take me across to Sark?"

"Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honor, you know. You are pledged to poor Julia not to visit Sark again."

"She has just set me free," I answered; and out of the fullness of my heart I told him all that had just passed between us. His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away.

"She is a noble girl," he ejaculated; "a fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round again now. We will have a run over to Sark to-morrow."

I felt myself lifted into a third heaven of delight all that evening. My mother and I talked of no one but Olivia. The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow that I forgot how soon it would be upon me: I remember now that my mother neither by word nor sign suffered me to be reminded of her illness. She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother!

Swiftly we ran across the next day, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long furrow lying in the wake of our boat. It was almost low tide when we reached the island. I found Tardif's house completely deserted. The only sign of life was a family of hens clucking about the fold.

The door was not fastened, and I entered, but there was nobody there. I stood in the middle of the kitchen and called, but there was no answer. Olivia's door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had lent her on the table, and her velvet slippers were on the floor, as if they had only just been taken off. Very worn and brown were the little slippers, but they reassured me she had been wearing them a short time ago.

I returned through the fold. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardif's sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there. At last I caught sight of a head rising from behind a crag, the rough shock head of a boy, and I shouted to him, making a trumpet with my hands.

"Where is neighbor Tardif?" I called.

"Down below there!" he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Havre Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but darted off down the long, steep gulley to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lapped lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it. I shouted again with a vehemence which made them both start.

"Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and take me with you!"

The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the time it neared the shore and I plunged in knee-deep to meet it, her face was bright with smiles, and her hands were stretched out to help me over the boat's side.

If Tardif had not been there I should have kissed them both. As it was, I tucked up my wet feet out of reach of her dress and took an oar, unable to utter a word of the gladness I felt.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, addressing neither of them in particular.

"Tardif was going to row me past the entrance to the Gouliot Caves," answered Olivia, "but we will put it off now. We will return to the shore and hear all your adventures, Dr. Martin. You come upon us like a phantom and take an oar in ghostly silence. Are you really, truly there?"

(To be continued.)

TURKEY AND PARTRIDGE NESTS.

Owner of the Turkey Found Them Sitting on a Nest of Eggs.

A peculiar and unprecedented friendship has been found to exist between a turkey and a partridge near Monticello, N. Y. Herm Cooney, who resides on the shores of Silver lake, has a small flock of turkeys of which he is justly proud. The queen of the flock is an especially fine specimen, and has always proved a perfect domestic model, but for a week past she has been acting strangely, leaving home in the morning and not returning until late in the afternoon. Affairs grew gradually worse and finally reached the climax when she did not return home at night.

Mr. Cooney, noticing the absence of his prize turkey, organized a searching party composed of himself and Patrick Callery, and started out to search the woods. The search had progressed for some time when they discovered the missing turkey and by its side was a large partridge. The two were covering a large nest and seemed perfectly contented. They were scared off, and thirteen partridge eggs and nearly as many turkey eggs were found in the nest.

If the partnership between the turkey and partridge continues to be agreeable, Mr. Cooney intends doing an extensive business in partridge and turkey raising next year.

That New Educational System.

The Speers system of imparting useful knowledge to the young, as exemplified in Chicago, is not a novel one. With modifications, it is the same system used in training performing monkeys and dogs. The learned pig gets his education by the Speers method, and so the system may justly claim to be well grounded.

In the Speers system as prepared for the little bipeds of Chicago, the teacher points out on the Speers chart the word "hop." Then the teacher hops and the children hop. The next word is "skip," and the teacher skips and the children skip. If the next word is "grin," they all grin. If it is "wink" they all wink. It is fun as well as profit, you see—especially for the teacher. When it reaches "flip-flap" and "summersault" it becomes more so.

"What is that word, George?" says the fond Chicago father to his bright offspring.

"Pronounce it for me, daddy," says the bright offspring.

"'Reverse,'" replies daddy.

"Ah, I know," cries Master George, and at once stands on his head.

It certainly is a nice system.

Thread Used in Surgery.

The modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds. Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, in a point like a miniature knife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular.

"Phtholognyrrh" Spells "Turner."

He walked up to the hotel register and signed his name with a flourish, "E. K. Phtholognyrrh."

"Look here, Turner," exclaimed the clerk, who knew him well, "are they hunting for you or what? Where do you get that outlandish name?"

"Get back, my boy, get back! You're slow," replied Turner, airily, as he lit a cigar; "that's my same old name written in plain English and pronounced as usual just 'Turner.' Look at it. Of course I do it just to get them all guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all round. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Phth,' there is the sound of 't' in 'phthisis'; 'olo,' there is the 'ur' in 'Colonel;' 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat;' 'yrrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"

Hens Not Feeling Well.

Twelve eggs sold by a Brooklyn dairyman had among them five that were decayed. The purchaser returned them, saying that he wanted the product of healthy hens. "These," said the purchaser, "must have been laid when the hens were not feeling well."

When a woman meets another woman down town, she always screams out in an excited way: "Well, what on earth are you doing down town?"

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.

Malvar is preparing to operate in Bulocan province.

Pat Crowe states the terms on which he will surrender.

The business section of Los Gatos was destroyed by fire.

There is much demand for cheap Eastern Oregon lands.

Catches of the Behring Sea fleet were reported by a sealer.

General Otis wants better garrison prisons in his department.

Russia demands that Turkey punish the murderers of Armenians.

The construction of more naval vessels will be recommended to congress.

A French aeronaut is trying to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon.

There is criticism at Manila of the recent statements of Congressman Weeks.

General Merriam calls attention to the necessity of better drill work by soldiers.

Braganza, who ordered the execution of 103 Spanish prisoners, will be hanged.

The steamer Ha Ting from Skagway to Vancouver, ran ashore on Jarvis Island.

The attorney general of Washington holds that high schools cannot be supported by common school funds.

Admiral Schley was placed on the retired list.

Russians believe Afghanistan is on the verge of civil war.

Martial law has been declared throughout Cape Colony.

King Edward has bought back his former racing cutter Brittania.

Dr. H. P. Tuttle, inventor of thorite, dropped dead at Tacoma.

Oregon's farm exhibit took first prize at Pan-American exposition.

Prince Ching asks that foreign merchants be removed from Pekin.

Halifax police took two deserting British seamen from an American ship.

Charges of drunkenness are made against Commander Tilley, of Tutuila.

Ex Chief Justice Scott, of Washington, charged with criminal assault, proved an alibi.

Miss Stone has been located in the mountains on the Turkish frontier, alive and well.

Lipton's offer to race Shamrock next year for the cup was rejected by the New York Yacht club.

A Seattle firm has been awarded a $2,000,000 contract for dredging and mproving the harbor of Manila.

Fifteen Mexican artillery officers have been sent to France to study manufacture and manipulation of ordnance.

Child instantly killed on the West Side railroad.

Caleb Powers' second trial opened at Georgetwon.

Two Negro murderers were hanged at Philadelphia.

Colombian rebels fired on a British steamer at Tumaco.

Shamrock will remain in America and race next summer.

Galveston was visited by another bad rain and wind storm.

The great Aspen tunnel on the Union Pacific is completed.

General Chaffee sends the list of casualties in Samar massacre.

Residents of Utah begin a war of extermination on desert horses

Four trainmen were killed in a wreck on the New York Central.

Sensation was sprung in the trial of ex-Chief Justice Scott, of Washington.

Delano stamp mill at Boulder, Colo., destroyed by fire. Loss $100,000.

A sheriff's wife in Indiana died from the effects of fright when a mob attacked the jail.

The announcement of the accession of the new Ameer of Afghanistan was received quietly.

Charles Hartsell, of Colorado, appointd secretary of Porto Rico.

Time of payment of the ransom of Miss Stone, the missionary, has been extended one month.

Roosevelt will be asked to end the South African war by American sympathizers of the Boers.

Lord Pauncefote will soon join Secretary Hay to put the finishing touches to a canal treaty.

Accordng to the anthropologist, Alfredo Nicefore, a North Italian differs less from a German than he does from a Cicillian.

At a historic place not far from Albany, N. Y., a certain young man who is fond of having his name appear wherever it will be seen, carefully carved his initials, which happened to be "A. S." Some mean person wrote directly under it, "Two-thirds of the truth."

ALASKA LINER ASHORE.

Struck in a Dense Fog—Passengers Not in Danger.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 15.—In a dense fog the Canadan Pacific steamer Ha Ting, from Skagway to Vancouver, went ashore yesterday afternoon at Tucker Bay, Jarvis Island, and is now hard and fast on the rocks. The place is a small rocky islet lying to the northeast of Lasquetti Island, at the entrance to Sabine Strait, 49 miles north of Vancouver.

When the steamer went ashore Captain Gosse was on watch, and first officer Newrotsos was on the bridge with the master of the vessel. The fog at the time was so dense that it was impossible to see 10 feet in any direction. The Ha Ting had on board 170 passengers, of whom 130 were first class and 40 second class. There was no panic when the steamer struck, and the passengers were soon made aware that there was no danger to be apprehended. After examination of the steamer, when it was found that she could not get off the rocks by her own efforts, the captain started Pilot Gunns off to Vancouver in a ship's boat with four men. Gunns rowed down, arriving in Vancouver this afternoon. He met no steamer until his crew had rowed 35 miles distance, when a tug picked them up.

The Ha Ting is a particularly good boat, having been brought from Hong Kong for the northern trade about eight months ago. Her estimated value is $240,000.

The Ha Ting a Total Loss.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 15.—The latest reports from the steamer Ha Ting are to the effect that a big hole has been discovered in the steamer's bottom. It is stated that at high tide the stern is under seven feet of water. The passengers have all been landed on adjacent islands. Canadian Pacific officials here have advices to the effect that the Ha Ting will be a total loss. Captain Gosse, who was in command, was considered a most careful and successful navigator. This is his first accident.

LETTER FROM PAT CROWE.

He Will Surrender If Bail Is Placed at $500—Letter Believed to be Genuine.

Omaha, Oct. 15.—Chief of Police Donahue has received a letter from Pat Crowe, naming the terms on which he will surrender. The letter came in the care of an Omaha newspaper in which it is published, and covers 15 closely written pages of manuscript. The postmark is illegible, but the letter was mailed at 8 o'clock in the morning, and reached this city at 8 o'clock in the evening of that day, indicating that it had not traveled a long distance. In the letter Crowe agrees to give himself up and stand trial for the kidnapping of Eddie Cudahy, providing he is not locked up until a jury shall adjudge him guilty. He says he is unable to furnish bond in excess of $500, and demands that bail be fixed in that sum.

Chief Donahue expresses himself as satisfied that the letter came from Crowe. Donahue has known Crowe for several years, is acquainted with his manner of handwriting and style of expression. The Chief also received a letter from Crowe's uncle at Manchester, Ia., submitting similar terms for Crowe's surrender, which leads the police to believe that they are dealing with the right man. Crowe, in his letter, takes the detective agencies to task, defying them to attempt his arrest.

AFAIRS IN AFFGHANISTAN.

New Ameer's Brothers Did Not Acquiesce in His Accession.

London, Oct. 15.—According to official intelligence from the Ameer of Bokhara," says a dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Daily Telegraph, "the brothers of Habib Ullah Khan left Cabul secretly with their partisans the moment their father died, and therefore cannot be said to have acquiesced in the accession of their brother. Habib Ullah, indignant at their flight, has taken measures to defend the capital and sent strong detachments to prevent their return or to endeavor to capture them as rebels. He has further resolved to ask assistance of Emperor Nicholas and the Ameer of Bokhara."

Maintaining Order at Cabul.

London, Oct. 15.—"A large Afghan force has been assembled around Cabul and is maintaining order," says a dispatch to the Daily Mail from Simla. "Habib Ullah Khan has appointed a special guard for each European in Cabul, directing that the guards shall answer with their lives for the safety of their charges. "The Indian government has postponed the usual move to Calcutta, and Lord Curzon has indefinitely postponed his projected tour."

Second Gold Medal He Has Won.

Olympia, Oct. 14.—For the second time in his career W. O. Bush, a pioneer of Thurston county, has won a gold medal at the great expositions of the world. Mr. Bush has been awarded the gold medal at the Pan-American exposition for the best individual agricultural exhibit. Mr. Bush, at the Chicago world's fair, wona similar medal, for the same form of exhibit.

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.

Sumpter's new hotel is nearing completion.

City election at Albany will take place December 2.

A lodge of Woodmen of the World has been organized at Milton.

An institute of Jackson county teachers will be held at Ashland, October 16-18.

A. A. Davis warehouse at Medford, which collapsed recently, will not be rebuilt until the grain in it, of which there is about 10,000 bushels, is sold.

The onion crop of Milton is large. Several carloads have already been shipped out, mainly to Kansas and Nebraska. Probably 20 carloads will be shipped from Milton this season.

Dr. N. G. Blalock, of Walla Walla, is purchasing large quantities of fruit throughout the Walla Walla valley and in the vicinity of Weston and Athena.

He pays for apples 1¼ cents per pound, and the same price for pears. For prunes $6 per ton is the price, the Blalock people picking the prunes from the trees.

A. A. McDaniel, who lives a mile east of Saxe station, on the Wild Horse, is harvesting and delivering his potato crop. He says he will have over 3,000 sacks, which at $1.50 a sack, will bring $5,000.

Crook county is now out of debt and has money in the treasury. The treasurer's notice calls for all warrants registered prior to September 3, and there is something over $2,500 in the road fund to apply on the new bridges that are now in course of construction.

The Independence school district has voted to maintain a high sochol.

Oregon's wool exhibit took first prize at the Pan-American exposition.

The Baker City electric light plant will be equipped with a new dynamo.

A John Day correspondent says that the bridge at Beech Creek collapsed last Monday.

Railroads announce that their future policy will be the industrial development of Oregon.

Oregon postoffice returns for the fiscal year show a marked increase over the previous year.

Edward Everett Young urges a special session of the legislature to act on the Lewis and Clark centennial.

It is reported from Prineville that the farm residence of J. S. McMeen, near Lamonta, was burned recently, with all of the contents excepting a few minor articles. The building was almost new.

Several Chinese pheasants have been driven into the city from the country around Albany. D. A. Kirkpatrick caught one under a bush, and Mr. A. J. Hodges captured one in the alley near his house.

Portland Markets.

Wheat — Walla Walla, nominal 53@53½c; bluestem, 54c; valley, 54.

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

Oats—Old, 90@$1 per cental.

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

Millstuffs—Bran, $17 @ 18; middlings, $20@21; shorts, $19@20; chop, $16.

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

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 12½@15c per pound.

Eggs—Storage 20c; fresh 23@25c.

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

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3.00@4.00; hens, $4.00@4.50; dressed, 10@11c per pound; springs, $2.00@3.50 per dozen; ducks, $3 for old; $3.00@4.00 for young; geese, $6@9 per dozen; turkeys, live, 12@15c; dressed, 10@12½c per pound.

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

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

Veal — Small, 8@9c; 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—8½@9½c per pound.

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

Potatoes—$1@$1.15 per sack.

The Seine is 407 miles in length and during the lower part of its course frequently attains a width of a mile.

Next in cost to the war of the rebellion was the Franco-Prussian war in 1870. It cost in round numbers $2,500,000,000.

A pot containing gold coins of the fifteenth century, of French and Spanish origin, and valued at £3,500, has been plowed up at Huemmeling, in Germany.