

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 I am 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 should be broken with 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 form, 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, 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 and see if we have 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 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 to wards 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 enjoyed, 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 to intervene. 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."

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

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged off-hand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sark. We had a splendid passage. Kate was in raptures with the landing place, and the lovely lane leading up to 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 Olivia."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching brows, 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 Olivia, 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 more and more before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

"Certainly," she answered; "it is no secret. Her father was a wealthy col-



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

ing 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 Sark never thinking that you, 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, 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 you, Miss Olivia, whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more ready they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot outwit a fox, and how could Olivia escape if they once traced her to Sark?"

"My dear Olivia, 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 lovely 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 fore-castle 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.)

A Horrid Mean Thing.

They sat in a swing, half-hidden by the fragrant shrubbery of an east end lawn. She was trying to make him jealous, which he had penetration enough to detect and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm.

All the rapturous adjectives of her high-school vocabulary were pressed into service of a rival, says the Memphis Scimitar.

"He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met," she fervently declared, clasping her hands above her heart and lifting her lustrous orbs moonward.

"He must be a bird," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Such adorable eyes; such a low, musical voice, as full of soul as the murmur of a meadow brook. And, oh! he sings divinely."

"Sorry I never met your friend," he said in a tone irritatingly practical. "Two people with a yawn artistically audible."

"Oh, I do so want you to meet him. I know you will like him. He is fond of poetry and music, and he drives the loveliest horses—"

"And! Whom does he drive for?"

"For a few minutes later the swing swung empty."

Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected the paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have jotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only 'C. P. A.'"

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' Why, that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money," and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

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, every one—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 gold-darned pages, suppose you shut up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

Why Locomotives Are Numbered.

A prominent railroad man told me that the old custom of naming engines instead of numbering them was done away with because there was such a pressure brought to bear in favor of this, that and the other locality. The various influences used became so annoying to the officials that they decided to adopt the plan of numbering the locomotives, which was done. A similar nuisance exists at Washington in the Navy Department. Probably during the late war Secretary Long was pestered more with people who wanted vessels named in honor of somebody or something than he was with all the other questions which came before him put together.—Boston Record.

Writer and Reader.

A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are overlaid the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea, the speed is not more than 6,000 miles a second.

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.

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.

There is a scarcity of firewood at Salem.

Chile and Argentina are preparing for war.

King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat.

Weyler denies that he aspires to a Spanish dictatorship.

Twenty-five insurgents were killed in a fight near Ilo Ilo.

Nashville police attempted to arrest a Great Northern robber.

Americans propose to buy up the street railways of St. Petersburg.

The town of Brobuck, Russia, was destroyed by fire and several lives lost.

Several Boers, wearing khaki uniforms, were court-martialed and shot.

The McKinley Memorial Arch Association issues a statement to the public.

Three persons were killed in a railroad wreck at a crossing near Milwaukee.

Many people are being devoured by wolves while working in the fields in Poland.

Eight million salmon eggs have been received at the Clackamas hatchery.

Conditions in Cebu are encouraging. Lack of food is bringing the natives to terms.

Seattle engineers to sue inspectors Japan raises a loan of 10,000,000 yen.

Verdict in the Islander investigation.

Conservative Chinese want Minister Wu recalled.

Southern Pacific passenger train held up in Lane county.

Noted smuggler escaped from jail at Port Townsend, Wash.

Roosevelt and other distinguished men receive degrees from Yale.

Cold rains in the Bulgarian mountains may force the brigands out.

Oregon export board adjudged above highest standard at Buffalo.

Audubon boy broke the world's half-mile trotting record at Memphis.

All Oregon counties interested in question involved in clash over move to expert books of Marion county officials.

Reinforcements reach the Island of Samar from Manila. General Chaffee does not consider that there is cause for alarm.

Wall Street awaits the return of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Many persons were hurt in a panic in a Louisville theater.

Cost of public schools of Oregon for 1900 was nearly \$1,600,000.

An injured fireman sues the Southern Pacific for \$40,000 damages.

General Buller has been relieved of command of the First Army Corps.

Oregon Short Line train wrecked in Idaho and engineer and fireman killed.

The performance of the Students' Dramatic Association was the feature of the Yale celebration.

The French chamber of deputies refused to discuss the proposed concessions to the miners.

Macedonian fugitives, supposed to belong to the American Mission church, were killed by Turks.

Conditions in Leyte are as bad as in Samar. A force of marines has been sent to Catagan, Samar. Bolomen are preparing to operate in Talar province.

Yale University holds a bi-centennial celebration.

Burglars secure \$5,000 in stamps from Chicago postoffice vault.

Great Northern annual reports shows a falling off in net income.

A Turk in San Francisco instantly killed a girl and then shot himself.

Sir Thomas Lipton will enter no yacht for the America's cup next fall.

Germans discussed the "American danger" in connection with the new tariff.

Systematic embezzlement of government supplies discovered at Fort Keogh, Minn.

Joe Levy and two Frenchwomen arrested at Baker City for implication in murder at Boise.

A valuable gold watch and a wallet containing 20 sovereigns were stolen from the royal yacht Ophir in Halifax.

In 1899 the inheritance tax in France produced the amount of 198,000,000 francs (\$38,387,700).

In one New York factory 30,000,000 cigarettes a week are turned out on an average all the year round.

School savings banks are increasing rapidly in number in the United States. Last year the system was in practice in 72 schools of 99 cities in 18 states. During that year the deposits reached a total of \$576,229.

SHIPS FROM NOME.

Two More Steamers From the Icy North—Bring 1,200 Passengers.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 29.—Two steamers arrived here from Nome today, bringing over 1,200 passengers, the Senator bringing 525 and the Garrone 700.

The Senator sailed from Nome October 19 and for several days before sailing the icy fingers of winter had fastened themselves on Nome and vicinity. Snow was falling and ice had formed and preparations were being made for a long, cold winter. When the Senator sailed the steamship Queen was at Nome and the Roanoke was at St. Michael. A furious northern gale was blowing. The Queen, Valencia and Roanoke will be the last steamers from Nome, and they will bring about 2,000 people, and there are many more who would return if transportation could be secured besides a large number of destitute who would be compelled to remain at Nome and face an Arctic winter, depending upon charity.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Increase in Loss of Life on Steamboats Last Year.

Washington, Oct. 28.—The annual report of General James A. Dumont, supervising inspector General of steam vessels the last fiscal year, has been made public. It shows that 9,773 vessels were inspected during the year, a decrease of 80 from the figures for the preceding year. The total loss of life on steam vessels last year was 340, an increase of 140 over the previous year. By the loss of the steamer Rio de Janeiro at San Francisco last February 127 lives were lost. General Dumont advises that section 4490 of the revised statutes, providing for at least three water tight compartments in all sea-going and coastwise steamers, be amended to include all passenger and ferry boats hereafter built of 500 tons and upward, regardless of the water they navigate, and further, that the number of passengers be limited on ferry boats running routes exceeding three miles from dock to dock.

ENTOMBED BY CAVE-IN.

Unsuccessful Efforts Made to Rescue Two Utah Miners.

Salt Lake, Utah, Oct. 29.—A telephone message from Bingham, Utah, tonight states that up to 10 P. M., rescuing parties had failed to reach Charles Nutting and William Anderson, the two miners who were entombed in a cave-in in the Highland Boy mine. At that hour it was not known whether the imprisoned men were dead or alive, their signals having ceased after midnight last night. Great difficulty is being encountered in reaching the place where the men are located. The walls of the tunnel are constantly crumbling, not only impeding the work of rescue, but also endangering the lives of the miners who were endeavoring to save their entombed comrades.

KING HAS CANCER.

Real Condition of Edward VII Is Explained—Trouble Is in His Throat.

London, Oct. 29.—Reynolds Weekly Newspaper is the first British paper to assert that King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat. In today's issue, it declared that since his majesty's accession, three operations have been performed for the removal of papilloma on the left vocal chord and that one was removed from the right vocal chord last week. "Assistance was hastily summoned," says this journal, "as his majesty was breathing with difficulty, and an immediate operation was performed. But it is regarded as only a temporary relief, the injured epithelium now having become a cancerous growth, and serious developments are expected."

Chicago Laborer's Crime.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Because he was denied the sight of his two little children, James Kennedy, a laborer, to-day murdered his wife and killed himself. The couple were married 12 years ago, but quarreled recently and separated. Kennedy called on his wife today and asked to see them. She refused, fearing he meant to take them away and keep them from her.

Chinese Eager for Reform.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—Regeneration of the Chinese people and the overthrow of the Chinese government were predicted by the Right Rev. F. R. Graves, missionary bishop of Shanghai, in a sermon at Grace Episcopal church. According to the prelate, the recent outbreaks in China are but signs of a coming revolution. The Chinese people, he said, were becoming eager for reform and the new generation would revolt in order to learn of the customs and habits of other people.

Sunset Limited Starts December 3.

New Orleans, Oct. 28.—The Sunset Limited, the transcontinental service of the Southern Pacific, will be put into operation between New Orleans and San Francisco, Monday, December 3, the first train west bound leaving New Orleans that day. The Sunset Limited is the train which eight years ago established a record in transcontinental service.

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.

Albany college has an enrollment of 118 students.

A 2-year-old child was drowned near Athena by falling into a pool of water.

Irrigation in the Sprague river country, has been largely extended this year.

The salmon run has been very good so far and some heavy hauls have been made.

A Lodge of Degree of Honor of 75 members has been formed at New Pine Creek.

Two Umatilla Indians are under arrest for killing an Indian woman whom they believed to be a sorcerer.

The chair factory at Albany was destroyed by fire which started by a hot electric light globe breaking and falling into a varnish tank.

The body of W. H. Young, of Haines, who suddenly disappeared several weeks ago, was found about 12 miles from Baker City.

Louis Harvey was arrested at Prescott Saturday and taken to Pendleton, charged with assault. Harvey had been wanted for three weeks.

A larger acreage of peas will be put in at Wedderburn next season, and the pea canning industry will be carried on on a larger scale than ever.

R. Hume, the Curry county cannerman, expects to build a large number of cottages this winter at Wedderburn, also a large seahouse for fish nets.

Saw mills of Harney county are said to have had an excellent trade this season. Building and improvement at Burns has made a market for many thousands of feet of lumber.

Oregon is asked to send her forestry exhibit, now at the Pan-American Exposition, to the International Forest, Game and Fish association exposition to be held at Philadelphia, November 26 to December 21.

Oregon supreme court hands down three important decisions.

A Chinaman was brutally beaten and robbed of \$70 at Menahan.

Oregon railroads will promote home fattening of hogs for local markets.

Machinery for boring for oil to a depth of 1,500 feet is being placed on a farm near Toledo.

The total output of young salmon from the hatcheries tributary to the Columbia will be about 60,000,000 fish this year.

A Hood River apple grower gathered 50 boxes of apples from 4-year old trees and found less than a box of wormy fruit.

A Salem man was attacked by a foot pad, but gave the robber such a drubbing that the latter was hardly able to get away.

Crook county is fast coming to the front as a cattle raising country. One raiser recently sold 60 head at \$22 and 50 head of yearling heifers at \$24.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, nominal, 55¢@55½¢; bluestem, 56¢; Valley, 55¢@55½¢.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.65@3.50 per barrel; Graham, \$2.60.

Outs—Nominal 90¢@1.00 per cental. Barley—Feed, \$15@15.50; brewing, \$16.00 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$17@18; middling, \$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¢@27½¢; dairy, 18¢@20¢; store, 14¢@15¢ per pound.

Eggs—Storage, 20¢; fresh, 23¢@24¢; Eastern, 20¢@21¢.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 12½¢@13¢; Young America, 13½¢@14¢.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, \$2.50@3.00; hens, \$4.00; dressed, 10¢@11¢ per pound; springs, \$2.50@3.00 per dozen; ducks, \$3@7 per dozen; 4.00 for young; geese, \$6@7 per dozen; turkeys, live, 10¢@11¢; dressed, 8¢@10¢ per pound.

Mutton—Lamb, 34¢ gross; dressed 66¢@68¢ per pound; sheep, \$3.25 gross; dressed, 6¢ per pound.

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

Veal—Small, 8¢@8½¢; large, 7¢@7½¢ per pound.

Beef—Gross top steers, \$3.50@4.00; cows and heifers, \$3.00@3.50; dressed beef, 5½¢@6½¢ per pound.

Hops—\$8@10½¢ per pound.

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

Potatoes—65¢@85¢ per sack.

Electric car service in Paris has proved very unprofitable. It is said that the loss so far represents \$900,000.

Germany imports vast quantities of red wine each year for mixing with wines of her own growth. In 1900 4,788 tons were imported from Italy for this purpose, 1,319 tons from France, 1,273 tons from Greece, 4,878 tons from Austria-Hungary, and 3,473 tons from Spain.