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 mather'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 golderned pages, suppose you shet up 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.

Science and Invention

The fishes of America north of the Isthmus of Panama, as listed by Jordan and Evermann, embrace three classes, thirty orders, 225 families, 1,113 genera, 335 sub-genera, 3,262 species and 133 sub-species.

A Belgian engineer, Tobiansky, has invented an apparatus for producing light from smoke. It appears that the origin of the smoke is a matter of indifference. It is simply forced into a receiver, where it is saturated with hydrocarburet, and can then be burned, giving a brilliant illumination.

An interesting meteorological station is that of Mammoth Tank, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway, in Diego County, Cal. The mean annual rainfall for twenty-three years has been 1.81 inches; maximum temperature 130 degrees, on Aug. 17, 1878; hottest month July, with a mean of 98.5 degrees.

The best test for rubies and emeralds, says Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender of Berlin, is microscopic examination. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects which are so characteristic that the expert can recognize them, and which cannot be produced in artificial stones. True emeralds have minute enclosures of liquids and curious dentrites. Sapphires also show peculiar net-like formations. A magnifying power of 100 diameters suffices to reveal the characteristic defects. For diamonds a good test is that of hardness. A genuine diamond cannot be scratched by a file or by quartz, and a ruby should stand a similar test; but emerald is not much harder than quartz, and cracks easily.

During the firing of minute-guns by the English fleet at Spithead, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral, the sounds were heard at surprising distances inland, and the English scientific journals have since published many interesting facts about these phenomena. It seems to be established that not only the direction of the wind, but its relative velocity at different elevations from the ground, affected the direction of the sound waves. In some cases, contrary winds refracted the sound over the heads of observers between 10 and 45 miles from the ships, so that they did not hear the guns, but the same waves were afterward brought to the ground by favorable upper currents, rendering the sounds audible at fifty miles, and even as far as 140 miles, while at 84 miles they were so loud that laborers in the fields put down their spades and listened to them.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite, and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax, is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but, says our consul at Trieste, Mr. Hossfeld, ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Boryslav, in Austrian Gallicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian sea. In mining this mineral wax, shafts are sunk until a bed, or "nest," of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger, and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

AN OLD-TIME POSTAL DELIVERY.

The Long-Delayed Letter Brought Joy to Grandmother's Heart.

The arrival of the first batch of letters after the establishment of rural free delivery in Mansfield, Conn., recalled to an aged lady of that town a postal incident remembered in her family for a hundred and twenty years. "My mother always cried when she told the story," she said.

When my mother was a little girl—the narrator went on—to have one's letters regularly brought and handed in at the door would have seemed a miracle of privilege; and to get them without paying postage would have been another. Mails were so slow and uncertain that the safe arrival of an expected letter by any means was an event in a country family, with the postoffice miles away.

Sometimes the delivery was helped along by volunteer, carriers—a farmer going home from the grist mill, a housewife returning from market town with her bargains of lamp oil, West Indian molasses and green tea, or even a passing peddler with his load of tinware and corn brooms. In the old war time the army had post riders, but they were few and far between.

My grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and grandmother kept the home fire burning here, and provided for their three children as well as she could while he was at the front. All summer she had heard no word of him, and when, one autumn day, a man in a military cloak rode to the door on a white horse her heart beat quick.

"Does Ruth Fuller live here?" he says, holding a thick letter in his hand.

"Yes, I am Ruth Fuller," and grandmother reached eagerly for the letter, for she saw the address in her husband's handwriting.

"The postage is two shillin's."

Grandmother's countenance fell. There wasn't so much money in the house.

"Guess you don't know me," remarked the man, opening his cape and tipping back his cocked hat, but still holding the letter. She knew him then; an enemy capable of a mean revenge.

"Ah, yes, you remember Tom Turner, and how he asked you to marry him, and you give him 'No, I thankee,' and took John Fuller. I wasn't good enough to marry ye, but I'm good enough now to bring ye letters from the man that did; and I'm good enough to charge ye a steep price for goin' out o' my way. So hand over your two shillin's and take your letter."

The poor woman told him she had no money. To be held up in this heartless and insulting way was a bitter hurt to bear. Her grief was deeper than her resentment but she was too proud to let the cruel fellow see her weep.

"I will get you a good dinner," she said, "and feed your horse, and give you a pair of nice long stockings."

It was a humiliation to plead with Tom Turner, but she could do no less.

"Money or nothin'," he says. And he put the letter in his pocket and rode away.

Grandmother went into the house and sat down and cried; and her children, clinging about her, cried, too. During her long months of waiting, at odd hours she had spun, and woven cloth, and sewed garments, and knitted woolen stockings for John's winter comfort, trusting to find some way to send them to him. Now the messenger had come and gone who could at least have carried word, and he had refused even to give her her husband's letter.

"Ma, God knows what the bad man did," sobbed one of the little ones. "He knows what nice things you've made for pa, and He'll send a good man next time."

The baby's thought relieved the mother's despair, and the three lonely hearts prayed and waited anxiously for the "next time;" and, sure enough, before winter came they saw the same white horse galloping toward the house. "He's brought the letter back!" they all cried out together, for they believed the rider to be the same man.

Grandmother rushed from the door with all her children. The horseman held out the same letter, and as he gravely put it into her hands she glanced up to his face and screamed for joy.

"John! It is you!"

It did not take her husband long to tell the rest of the story. Tom Turner had returned to headquarters, and one night, made talkative by an extra ration of rum, he had bragged how he "got even" with an old sweetheart who jilted him. His exploit reached the ears of his commanding officer, who took away his commission and put my grandfather in his place. The new post rider had brought his own letter to his wife. It was the first rural free delivery in Mansfield town.—Youth's Companion.

MAKES $40,000 A DAY.

Senator Clark Said to Get That Income from His Copper Mines.

William Quigley, known familiarly among his numerous friends as "Colonel," formerly a resident of Cleveland, but now of Chicago, is at the Hollenden. As his friends express it, "Colonel" Quigley makes money so easily that it looks simple, yet at the same time he is one of the most approachable men in the world.

"Colonel" Quigley turned his conversation onto the marvelous success and wealth of Senator Clark, the copper king, in the lobby of the hotel the other night.

"A good-size-up of Senator Clark," said Mr. Quigley, "is obtained when it is truthfully stated that he is a man who not only laughs at great trusts, but simply snaps his fingers in their faces. The powerful copper trust, known as the Amalgamated Copper Company, would like very much to get Senator Clark and his vast interests under their control. This man, however, not only repudiates all advances, but hurls back defiance.

"He rolls in wealth that it would be folly to try to compute, and cares absolutely nothing for any man. His copper mines are the most wonderful in the United States, besides which the famous Calumet and Hecla mines fade almost into insignificance, and they net him an income of easily $40,000 a day. He purchased this tract of land around Jerome, Ari., after it had been passed up as a poor investment by a number of mining experts.

"It has since developed to be literally a mountain of copper. The working shafts are now down over 600 feet, and a diamond drill sent into the earth shows that the copper extends to a distance of over 2,000 feet.

"There is no Jerome mining stock on the market, for Senator Clark owns the whole thing—mines, machinery, warehouses, and has his own railway. His possessions are enormous, and he is truly a great rival of Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company, as far as wealth is concerned.

"Speaking about the value of the mines at Jerome, Senator Clark was approached in New York with reference to purchasing the Arizona claims. His reply was $16,000,000, but it is doubtful if he would sell the mines for anywhere near that figure."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Comets of a Century.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered, as against sixty-two in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor. The finest of these were the comets of 1811, 1843, 1858, 1881 and 1882. In the year 1800 only one periodical comet was known, Halley's; now many are known, of which at least seventeen have been seen at more than one return of perihelion.

All from a Street Lamp.

In London they have a street lamp which provides a stream of boiling water and dispenses tea, coffee and cocoa. The heat of the lamp warms the water, and by dropping a cent in the slot a gallon of boiling water may be had. Two cents brings you milk, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The light and heat are provided by the city, which co-operates with a private corporation that furnishes the rest.

An old colored woman was "taking on" yesterday afternoon over the death of her baby as she was going from the church to the hack which was to take her to the cemetery. A white woman, who knew her, happened to be passing and said, sympathetically: "Which one of your children is dead, Aunt Eliza?" "The one in the hearse," moaned the negress.

Every unmarried person is told at least ten times a day that he doesn't know what trouble is.

Flashes of Fun.

"Is there any cure for jealousy?" "Yes." "What?" "The faith cure."—Chicago Post.

Mrs. Gaswell—The Czar of Russia now has four daughters. Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Czardines!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mother—Where's papa? Flossie—He's downstairs. Mother—What's he doing? Flossie—His bicycle is out of breaff, and he's giving it some more!

Outside the Fence: Swipesey—Did youse see de last baseball game? Shorty—Yes, all but de last inning. Den's when de limb broke.—Ohio State Journal.

Her Mother—Edith, don't you think you are getting too old to play with little boys? Edith—No, mamma; the older I get the better I like them.—Tit-Bits.

"There are forty counties in our State," remarks a Texas paper, "that resemble heaven in at least one important particular—there isn't a lawyer in any of them."

"I should think the Spink girls would feel the disgrace. Their father has been proved a common thief." "Nothing of the sort. Why, he appropriated nearly a quarter of a million."

Hopeless Task: Larry—Bedad! O! don't think much av this coal oil exterminator for mosquitoes. Denny—Yez don't? Larry—No; it takes too long to dip aich wan in th' oil separately.—Chicago News.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl?" "I do, sir" (with emotion); "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Tit-Bits.

Diplomacy: First Boy—It's 6 o'clock. Let's go home. Second Boy—Nit! If we go home now we'll git licked fer stayin' so late. If we stay till eight we'll git hugged and kissed fer not bein' drowned.—Puck.

Crawford—Did your wife have a good time in the country? Crabshaw—No; the only thing that reconciled her was the thought that she stayed away two weeks longer than the woman next door.—Town Topics.

Hands Off: "What have you got that sign, 'Hands Off,' posted outside your works for?" asked the curious individual. "Because," returned the jocular mill owner, "my men are on strike."—Philadelphia Record.

Smoke and Fire: "Yes, it certainly is a warm family; the son smokes and the daughter scorches." "How about the father and mother?" "Well, the old man fumes and the old woman blazes out at all hours."—Chicago News.

Sympathy: "Yis; Mike's on a shtrike. 'Tis wan av thim sympat'etic shtrikes, where they sympat'ize wit' other min that's shtrikin'." "An' so ye have to take in washin'?" "Yis; I have to sympat'ze wit' the childher!"—Puck.

Benny's Hedge: "Benny Bloobumper, how do we know that the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth?" Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner) replied—Y-y-you said so yourself, sir.—Tit-Bits.

No Monkey Business: He offered to act as her escort, but she declined the offer. "You are as full of airs as a hand-organ," he spitefully declared. "Possibly," she retorted; "but, just the same, I don't go with a crank."—Chicago News.

Her Reason: "Did you ever try any of these health foods?" the sympathetic friend asked of the dyspeptic lady. "Yes," she replied, "and I'm not going to eat any more of them." "Why not?" "Because they spoil my appetite."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Preference: "Would you rather have something else than a piece of pie?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her. "Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I wu'd ruther hav' two pieces."—Ohio State Journal.

Not the Grammatical Kind: "What is a conjunction?" asked the teacher. "That which joins together," was the prompt reply. "Give an illustration," said the teacher. The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed. "The marriage service," she said at last.—Chicago Post.

No Time to Lose: President (of oil well syndicate)—Advertise that we have a few shares of new stock to sell at one dollar a share. Clerk—When shall I put the ads in? "At once. We've got to get money enough together to pay the next dividend."—Detroit Free Press.

Mistress—Margaret, I told you I could not permit you to entertain male callers in the kitchen. You had a man there last evening. Maid—I know it, mum; but that was Tim Murphy, a tur'ble bashful feller. Ye'd never injuce him to stip into the parlor.—Boston Transcript.

Harry—Wonder why it was that Frank and Bertha broke off their engagement? I understand it was all arranged, even to the marriage day. Dick—It was discovered that the wedding ring was made by non-union labor so the clergyman refused to perform the ceremony and no other minister in town dares to do it.—Boston Transcript.

He Liked It: Wife—How do you like my new fall hat? Husband—The idea of paying big prices for—— Wife—Big prices! Why, I made it myself. Husband—Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!—New York Weekly.

Binding an Agreement in China.

When you engage a servant or make a bargain in China it is not considered binding until "the fastening penny" has been paid. Although his bad faith is notorious in some matters, yet, to do him justice, when once this coin has been paid by you the Chinaman, coolie or shopman, will generally stick to his bargain, even if the result to him be loss.

When it is announced that a woman will entertain informally, it means that she will buy things ready made at the baker's.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

[Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the valley.]

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Davenport Bros.

Are running their two mills, planer and box factory, and can fill orders for

Lumber

Boxes, Wood and Posts

ON SHORT NOTICE.

DAVIDSON FRUIT CO.

SHIPPERS OF

HOOD RIVER'S FAMOUS FRUITS.

PACKERS OF THE

Hood River Brand of Canned Fruits.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Boxes and Fruit Packages

DEALERS IN

Fertilizers & Agricultural Implements

THE REGULATOR LINE.

Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation Co.

DALLES BOAT

Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland 7 A. M.

PORTLAND BOAT

Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. Daily Except Sunday.

STEAMERS

Regulator, Dalles City, Reliance.

WHITE COLLAR LINE.

The Dalles-Portland Route

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Between Portland, The Dalles and Way Points

TIME CARD

Leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a. m. Arrives The Dalles, same day, 5 p. m.

Leaves The Dalles Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m. Arrives Portland, same day, 4 p. m.

This route has the grandest scenic attractions on earth.

Str. "Tahoma,"

Daily Round Trips, except Sunday.

TIME CARD.

Leave Portland...7 a.m. | Leave Astoria.....7 a.m.

Landing and office, foot of Alder street. Both 'phones, Main 351, Portland, Or.

E. W. CRICHTON, Agent, Portland.
JOHN M. FILLOON, Agent, The Dalles.
A. J. TAYLOR, Agent, Astoria.
J. C. WYATT, Agent, Vancouver.
WOLFORD & WYERS, Agts., White Salmon.

PRATHER & BARNES, Agents at Hood River

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES From Hood River.	ARRIVE
Chicago Special 11:25 a. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Portland Special 2:05 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 8:27 p.m.	Walla Walla Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & East	Portland Flyer 4:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 5:42 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
FROM PORTLAND.

8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days	4:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
4:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Willamette River. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers. Oregon City, Dayton, & Way Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:45 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Willamette River. Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 5:35 a. m. daily	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 9 a. m. daily

For low rates and other information write to

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

J. BAGLEY, Agent, Hood River.