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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

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

What ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposely under my notice? What was I to do with the clue? I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Browne, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before. I might sell my knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardif's description of her as looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. I was not prepared to deliver her up until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be then able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend as I meant to be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocketbook with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were mementoes of the three women I cared most for in the world—my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day.

It was positively necessary that I should run over to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke—kill two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's harbor, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, when I could visit my other patient, and nobody be made miserable by the trip?

"I will make you up some of your old medicine," I said, "but I strongly recommend you to have a day out on the water; seven or eight hours at any rate. If the weather keeps as fine as it is now, it will do you a world of good."

"It is so dreary alone," he objected.

"If I could manage it," I said, deliberating, "I should be glad to have a day with you."

"Ah! if you could do that!" he replied eagerly.

"I'll see about it," I said. "Should you mind where you sailed to?"

"Not at all, not at all, my boy," he answered, "so that I get your company. You shall be skipper or helmsman, or both, if you like."

"Well, then, I replied, "you might take me over to the Havre Gosselin, to see how my patient's broken arm is going on. It's a bore there being no resident medical man there at this moment."

The run over was all that we could wish. The cockle-shell of a boat belonging to the yacht bore me to the foot of the ladder hanging down the rock at Havre Gosselin. A very few minutes took me to the top of the cliff, and there lay the little thatched nest-like home of my patient. I hastened forward eagerly.

All was silent as I crossed the stony causeway of the yard. Not a face looked out from door or window. Mam'zelle's casement stood a little way open, and the breeze played with the curtains, fluttering them like banners in a procession. I dared not try to look in. The house door was ajar, and I approached it cautiously. "Thank heaven!" I cried within myself as I gazed eagerly into the cottage.

She was lying there upon the fern-bed, half asleep, her head fallen back upon the pillow, and the book she had been reading dropped from her hand. The whole interior of the cottage formed a picture. The old furniture of oak, the neutral tints of the wall and ceiling, and the deep tone of her green dress threw out into strong relief the graceful shining head and pale face.

I suppose she became subtly conscious, as women always are, that somebody's eyes were fixed upon her, for she awoke fully and looked up as I lingered on the door sill.

"Oh, Dr. Martin!" she cried, "I am so glad!"

"I am come to see how my work is going on," I said. "How is the arm, first of all?"

I almost wished that mother Renouf or Suzanne Tardif had been at hand. But Miss Ollivier seemed perfectly composed, as much so as a child. She looked like one with her cropped head of hair, and frank, open face. My own momentary embarrassment passed away. The arm was going on all right, and so was mother Renouf's charge, the sprained ankle.

"We must take care you are not lame," I said. "You must promise me not to set your foot on the ground, or in any way rest your weight upon it, till I give you leave."

"That means that you will have to come to see me again," she said; "is it not very difficult to come over from Guernsey?"

"Not at all," I answered, "it is quite a treat to me."

Her face grew very grave, as if she was thinking of some unpleasant topic. She looked at me earnestly and questioningly.

"May I speak to you with great plainness, Dr. Martin?" she asked.

"Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich," she went on hurriedly, "I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me oftener than is quite necessary."

My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer.

"I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone.

"No," I answered; "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from its profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please tofetch me my box out of my room?"

I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favored me in thus throwing us together alone.

I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and sealskin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the five sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"Why?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"Because that ought to be sold for something," she said. "I am almost glad you had it cut off. My hairdresser told me once he would give five guineas for a head of hair like mine, it was so long, and the color was uncommon. Five guineas would not be half enough to pay you, though, I know."

She spoke so simply and quietly that I did not attempt to remonstrate with her about her anxiety to pay me.

"Tardif has it," I said; "but of course he will give it you back again. Shall I sell it for you, mam'zelle?"

"Oh, that is just what I could not ask you!" she exclaimed. "You see there is no one to buy it here, and I hope it may be a long time before I go away. I don't know, though; that depends upon whether I can dispose of my things. There is my sealskin, it cost twenty-five guineas last year, and it ought to be worth something. And my watch—see what a nice one it is. I should like to sell them all, every one. Then I could stay here as long as the money lasted."

"How much do you pay here?" I inquired, for she had taken me so far into counsel that I felt justified in asking that question.

"A pound a week," she answered.

"A pound a week!" I repeated, in amazement. "Does Tardif know that?"

"I don't think he does," she said. "When I had been here a week I gave Mrs. Tardif a sovereign, thinking perhaps she would give me a little out of it. I am not used to being poor, and I did not know how much I ought to pay. But she kept it all, and came to me every week for more. Was it too much to pay?"

"Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child."

"I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now."

Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends.

"You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?"

"I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully. "If I had any, do you suppose I should be here?"

"I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."

"Ah, new friends," she replied; "but I mean real old friends who have known you all your life, like your mother, Dr. Martin, or your cousin Julia. I want somebody to go to who knows all about me, and say to them, after telling them everything, keeping nothing back at all, 'Have I done right? What else ought I to have done?' No new friend could answer questions like those."

Was there any reason I could bring forward to increase her confidence in me? I thought there was, and her friendlessness and helplessness touched me to the core of my heart. Yet it was with an indefinable reluctance that I brought forward my argument.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer those questions, if you could prevail upon yourself to tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be your friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly. "Tardif told me you were going to marry your cousin Julia."

Just then we heard the foldyard gate swing to behind some one who was coming to the house.

It was an immense relief to see only Tardif's tall figure crossing the yard slowly. I hailed him, and he quickened his pace, his honest features lighting up at the sight of me.

"How do you find mam'zelle, doctor?" were his first eager words.

"All right, I said; "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself, Tardif. There is no air like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself."

"Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word by me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long."

"Not so very long," I said, testily; "but I will just run in and say good by, and then I want you to walk with me to the cliff."

I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

"Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier.

"To be sure," I answered. "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now."

"And may I write a letter to you?"

"Yes," was my reply. I was too pleased to express myself more eloquently.

"Good-by," she said; "you are a very good doctor to me."

"And friend?" I added.

"And friend," she repeated.

For the next few days I waited with some impatience for Miss Ollivier's promised letter. It came at last, and I put it into my pocket to read when I was alone—why, I could scarcely have explained to myself. It ran thus:

"Dear Dr. Martin—I have no little commission to trouble you with. Tardif tells me it was quite a mistake, his mother taking a sovereign from me each week. She does not understand English money, and he says I have paid quite sufficient to stay with them a whole year longer without paying any more. I am quite content about that now. Tardif says, too, that he has a friend in Southampton who will buy my hair, and give more than anybody in Guernsey. So I need not trouble you about it, though I am sure you would have done it for me.

"Good by, my good doctor. I am trying to do everything you told me exactly; and I am getting well again fast. I do not believe I shall be lame; you are too clever for that. Your patient,

"OLIVIA."

Olivia! I looked at the word again to make sure of it. Then it was not her surname that was Ollivier, and I was still ignorant of that. I saw in a moment how the mistake had arisen, and how innocent she was of any deception in the matter. She would tell Tardif that her name was Olivia, and he thought only of the Olliviers he knew. It was a mistake that had been of use in checking curiosity, and I did not feel bound to put it right. My mother and Julia appeared to have forgotten my patient in Sark altogether.

Olivia! I thought it a very pretty name, and repeated it to myself with its abbreviations, Olive, Livy. It was difficult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.

I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Creux harbor, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard.

"You here again, Martin!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Creux."

"You have been to see that young person?" asked Maria.

"Yes," I replied.

"She is a very singular young woman," she continued; "we think her stupid. We cannot make anything of her. But there is no doubt poor Tardif means to marry her."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated hotly; "I beg your pardon, Maria, but I give Tardif credit for sense enough to know his own position."

I had half an hour to wait in the little harbor, its great cliffs rising all about me, with only a tunnel bored through them to form an entrance to the green island within. My rage had partly fumed itself away before the yacht came in sight.

(To be continued.)

"HALF ASLEEP."

THEY GOT BISMARCK'S CONSENT

But It Was Expressed in Language Altogether Unconventional.

The deference of the English royal family to the opinions of their German cousins was never better hit off than by a story which comes from one of the royal household, who told it to the writer.

When Lord Archibald Campbell was about to be engaged to Miss Janet Callender, whom he eventually married, he dutifully went to his father for his approval. "Delighted, I'm sure," said the Duke of Argyll. "She is in every way desirable. Has money, good looks, brains, accomplishments. But—er—perhaps you had better let me speak to Lorne. He may think the Princess has a right to be consulted."

Recognizing the responsibility of having a royal highness for a sister-in-law, Lord Archie "waited." Lord Lorne, on being told of the proposed alliance, was agreeable to the young lady as far as he was concerned, but thought it only right that the Princess should be consulted as to who should enter the family. Now her royal highness in her frank, impulsive way said:

"If Archie likes her, she suits me down to the ground. She is handsome and clever, and has strong opinions of her own. All the same I think I must speak to the Queen first."

Which she did. Victoria not only remembered Miss Callender's presentation at court, but graciously approved of the match, saying:

"However, Louise, I think I ought to consult my German cousins first."

And the Queen wrote to Germany. The Kaiser remembered meeting Miss Callender and replied to the Queen approvingly, adding, "But I will leave this letter open for a last word, for I should not care to speak finally until I had consulted Bismarck."

The Kaiser found Bismarck taking his ease with rye bread, sausage, beer, and a long pipe, and told him of the mighty alliance in prospective. When the Emperor had finished Bismarck took his long pipe out of his mouth and replied:

"Me? Oh, I don't care a d——n."

Turned Down.

"It is true," said Miss Welloph, "that I have a fair income, but I have to be careful of it."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Forchen-Hunt, "that it would be well to marry someone who would help you to take—"

"Pardon me," she interrupted, "but I'm not prepared to 'husband my resources' in that way."—Philadelphia Press.

Literary Chat.

Miss Midwood—What has Edwin Markham written beside "The Man with the Hoe?"

Miss Flatbush—Why, don't you know? "How I Came to Write 'The Man with the Hoe,'" "How I Came Near Not Writing 'The Man with the Hoe,'" "How I Came to Write 'How I Wrote "The Man with the Hoe,"'" etc.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Ostracised.

Ascum—It seems strange that you and Popleigh should be such good friends, and yet neither his wife nor any of her relatives ever have a good word for you.

Teller—No, they simply hate me. You see Popleigh insisted on naming his first born after me.—Philadelphia Press.

Broken.

Maud—I made the worst break last night I ever made in my life.

Mabel—How?

Maud—Broke off my engagement with Jack Billiwink. His uncle died this morning and left him independently rich. Hadn't you heard?—Chicago Tribune.

Mistaken Grief.

Suitor—Pray, don't cry; I assure you I will love, cherish and protect your daughter, sir.

Prospective Father-in-law—O, it isn't that; I am supporting two sons-in-law now.—Ohio State Journal.

The early circus catches the small boy's quarter.

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.

The Spokane Interstate Fair is now open.

Disturbances in Morocco are increasing.

Emma Goldman was arrested in Chicago.

The summer season at Nome is nearly over.

Lumber vessels at San Francisco are at work.

French reservists indulge in revolutionary talk.

Strikers at McKeesport attacked nonunion men.

Most of the President's friends have left for their homes.

Government crop report shows the shortest corn crop on record.

Naturalized anarchists can be expelled for violating their oaths.

Representative Tongue favors a law to keep out foreign anarchists.

Precautions are being taken in Europe to protect the touring rulers from anarchists.

Food is being administered to the President by natural means. A slight operation was performed.

Last efforts to settle the steel strike have failed.

Blimot Plaig crushed to death in a well at Lents.

Buried forest discovered under the lava on Mount Hood.

The National reunion of the G. A. R. opened at Cleveland.

Chicago police believe they have located Emma Goldman.

Strange death of Winter Kyle at Astoria leads to suspicion of murder.

Improvement in President's condition has good effect in financial circles.

Governor Geer commends proposed New Jersey legislation against anarchists.

Abraham Isaak, anarchist, under arrest in Chicago, published The Firebrand in Portland.

Secretary Gage has been asked to relieve the money market by New York financial institutions.

President McKinley continues to improve and the physicians have strong hopes that he will recover.

H. O. Armour, the Chicago packer, died at Saratoga.

An attempt was made to murder a family of hoppickers.

A lone highwayman tried to hold up the Ager-Lakeview stage.

Thieves are robbing sluiceboxes in the vicinity of Dawson.

The Venezuelan fleet is bombarding Rio Hacha, Colombia.

An X-ray apparatus has been sent from New York to Buffalo.

Shooting of President McKinley discussed by ministers in their sermons.

Two bombs were discovered under the Haymarket monument in Chicago.

The steelworkers' executive committee ordered Shaffer to settle the strike.

Prayers for the President's recovery were offered in churches throughout the land.

New York police are looking for Emma Goldman. Steps are being taken for the suppression of anarchists.

President McKinley's chances of recovery have improved. For the present no attempt will be made to remove the bullet.

Messages of condolence were received from all parts of the world.

Dr. Von Miquel, Prussian ex-Minister of Finance, died at Frnakfort-on-the-Main.

The Texarania train robbers are still at large.

The ecumenical conference opened in London.

Fighting is expected at Bocas del Toro and at Colon.

The New York conference did not settle the steel strike.

Remarably quiet year reported in the English wheat market.

Columbia beat Constitution 17 seconds over a 30-mile course.

Bridge of the God's ascended by the Regulator exploring expedition.

Prince Chun delivered Chin's letter of apology to Emperor William.

Harvest Carnival of the Modern Woodmen of America opened at Albany.

New international boundary line may put much of Blaine, Wash., in Canada.

Census Office issues a bulletin on the sex, nativity and color of the population of Oregon.

Every year increases the cost of the public schools of New York. This year they cost $18,512,000. Next year about $19,800,000 will be demanded by the Board of Education. Of this amount $15,151,000 will be mandatory under the Davis law.

Mr. Baldwin has shipped 40 balloons to Tromsoe for use in the North Pole expedition. These balloons are not intended to carry passengers, but each will have ten messenger buoys attached, which will be liberated automatically, thus recording the route northward.

MR. M'KINLEY WILL LIVE.

Managers of Pan-American Exposition Planning Day of National Thanksgiving.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 11.—The President will live, but will probably carry the bullet of the would-be assassin with him to the grave. This is the expressed opinion of Dr. McBurney, of New York, in a statement to a representative of the Associated Press after the consultation of the physicians this morning. He announced that the President has passed the danger point, and now only the possibility of complications remains. He also announced that unless the bullet embedded in the muscles of the back causes trouble, there will be no necessity to extract it. In his opinion it will not even be located by the X-ray. The only use of the X-ray would be to satisfy curiosity.

All other physicans were equally confident after the morning consultation that recovery is assured. Dr. Mynter said the President was out of the woods, and Dr. Wasden supplemented the figure of speech by adding "with plenty of daylight behind him."

Dr. Roswell Park expressed it this way: "Unless unexpected complications occur, we expect him to recover."

The day, which had dawned, wet and gloomy, cleared as the physicans departed. The sun broke through the clouds and bathed the ivy-clad house in which the President lay in mellow sunshine. The faces of the sentries who paced their beats grew radient, the tireless workers of the press were jubilant, and the people who gathered at the lines were so overjoyed with the strong assurance given that several times they were on the point of raising a cheer.

The exposition managers are planning a day of thanksgiving, not alone for the exposition, but one in which the whole country could join. It is to be given the aspect of a national day of rejoicing. They are arranging that on a certain day the bells of all the cities in the United States be set ringing, and that the rejoicing be heralded with the tooting of whistles and the booming of cannon.

UNION MEN SCORE ONE.

Succeed In Preventing the Operation of the McKeesport Tube Works.

Pittsburg, Sept. 12.—There was no attempt made today to resume operations at the National Tube Works, McKeesport. The streets were early thronged with thousands of strikers, and the men who were turned back yesterday by the strikers did not leave their homes.

Except at the Hoey-Street entrance to the mill there was no disorder. A few bricklayers started into the place, but a crowd of Hungarians assembled there and forced them to remain on the outside. The men operating the light department were unable to get to the works today and it is probable the plant will be in darkness tonight. The tie-up is about complete, and it is likely the officials shut down the plant indefinitely.

At Demmler, the works were running about the same as yesterday The boats brought the Duquesne men, who have been working in the mill over an hour earlier than usual, and there was no excitement. All the crew but the engineer, fireman and captain, struck this morning, but the men were brought over with the assistance of a number of Deputy Sheriffs.

The headquarters of the Amalgamated Association was again in charge of the regular officers, the general executive board having adjourned finally last evening without reaching any conclusion, so far as known. Most of the men have returned to their homes. No date was fixed for a future meeting, and it is said President Shaffer and his advisers were empowered to conduct future negotiations themselves. What action, if any, was taken by the board during its three days' session, is not known.

One report is that the board tried for three days to get another conence with President Schwab, but failed. The members, it is said, favored a settlement at the best terms that could be secured, and another trip to New York by President Shaffer, accompanied by Secretary Williams, may be made before the end of the week to strive for peace. Nothing can be learned, however, from the officials. One and all refuse to talk on the subject, save to still express satisfaction with the situation.

MALTREATED AND ROBBED.

Organizer of Patternmakers' League Arrested For Complicity in the Crime.

Denver, Sept. 12.—William I. Wright, said to be a special organizer of the Pattern-Makers' League of North America, is under arrest in this city, on charges of kidnapping and highway robbery. He is accused of complicity in the kidnaping of C. W. Walters, a pattern-maker, last Saturday night.

Walters was forcibly seized by half a dozen men, thrown into a covered wagon and driven 10 miles into the country. All his clothing was removed, and he was told that unless he left Denver forever he would be killed. A rope was placed about his neck, and he was threatened with instant death. After his clothes had been returned to him he was struck across the back 18 times with a rope.

Walters charges that the abductors robbed him of his watch and $65, but says that the watch was returned to him. He charges that a plot had been formed to drive himself and W. J. Hudson out of the city, and that Wright led him into the trap set for him.

Anarchists Can Be Expelled.

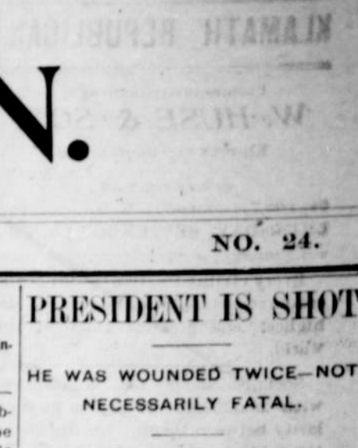
New York, Sept. 12.—Justice McAdam, of the New York Supreme Court, gives the opinion that Emma Goldman and other anarchists who are naturalized can be expelled from the country on the ground that they have sworn falsely in that they have obtained certificates of citizenship by fraud in testifying that they are attached to the principles of Government and would support its constitutional laws.

PRESIDENT IS SHOT

HE WAS WOUNDED TWICE—NOT NECESSARILY FATAL.

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

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—President McKinley was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be assassin while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds a few minutes after 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. One shot took effect



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

in the right breast, the other in the abdomen. The first is not of a serious nature and the bullet has been extracted. The latter pierced the abdominal wall and has not been located.

The President was approached by a man with a dark mustache and with one hand covered with a handkerchief. As the man extended his hand to the President, apparently with the intention of shaking hands with him, he fired a shot which entered the President's right breast, lodging against the breast bone. Another shot was fired at once, which entered the President's abdomen.

The assailant was immediately ar rested and was thrown to the groun and quick as a flash 20 men wer upon him. When rescued he was co ered with blood from a gash in h face. Cries of lynching were hea on every hand, but the police ma aged to get the man out of t grounds and locked him up in a s tion house a short distance from t grounds. Later he was removed the police headquarters.

Detective Geary was near the P ident and he fell into his arms.

"Am I shot?" asked the Presid The officer opened the Preside vest, and, seeing blood, replied: " I am afraid you are, Mr. Presid The President was at once tak the emergency hospital, where s let which had lodged against breast bone was removed. Late President was reported as r easily.

At 6 o'clock Dr. Roswell Par well-known surgeon, arrived hospital, and after putting the dent under an anesthetic, bega ing for the ball in the abdome The prisoner declares that Fred Nieman, of Detroit. W rested he was asked why he h the President, and replied:

"I am an anarchist and ha my duty."

Later he denied to a polic that he was an anarchist.

Mrs. McKinley received of the attempted assassina the utmost courage.

HOPE OF RECOVE

One Bullet Removed—Wounds D diately and Patient Doing

Buffalo, Sept. 7.—Secr telyou gave out the follo ment last evening at 7 p. "The President was s o'clock. One bullet stru the upper portion of the glancing and not penet second bullet penetrate men five inches below ple and one and one-h the left of the madian l domen was opened thr of the bullet wound. that the bullet had p stomach. The opening wall of the stomach closed with silk stitch a search was made fo back wall of the stom found and also close way.

"The further cours could not be disco careful search was dominal wound was drainage. No injury or other abdominal covered. The patie ation well; pulse o of 130; condition of the operation w result cannot be dition at present covery.

"GEORGE B. "Secretary

The Auto

Albany, N. Y., motor vehicles in Automobile Club here today. The timer's signatur Bishop, who dr motor. Next in power car of P and after him his 1900-pound last auto arriv

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