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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.'"

"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 celebrity, for [illegible] 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."

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

"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.)

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 descry and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm.

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

"He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met," she fervently declaimed, 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, accompanied 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——"

"Eh! Whom does he drive for?"

And a few minutes later the swing swung emptily.

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, 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.

Why Locomotives Are Numbered.

A prominent railroad man tells 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 one else can make it out."

Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are overland 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 6,020 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.

The cross examination of Admiral Schley has been concluded.

Canada opposes the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

The postal estimates for the coming fiscal year call for $15,000,000.

A French squadron sailed for Turkey to press France's demands.

Six deaths from plague have occurred at Liverpool since September 2.

New York city is flooded with light weight half dollars, which have been "sweated"

A force of British soldiers surprised the Boers, capturing 22 men and two commanders.

Two men have been arrested at Roseburg for the Southern Pacific train hold-up

Anarchists throughout the world have held dances and other demonstrations in honor of Czolgosz.

Late steamers form Nome say that a reign of terror is expected in Alaska this winter as there are hundreds there who have no means of support.

Ten states will vote for state officers this fall.

It is believed at Sofia that Miss Stone is dead.

Ten persons were killed in the Louisiana race war.

A heavy storm has been raging on Puget sound for two days.

The Northern Pacific has insured its property for $20,000,000.

King Edward's physician attended him at an official reception.

The Czolgosz autopsy proved that the murderer was perfectly sane.

Noyes has made application for a postponement of the hearing in his case.

The administration will not suspend the reduction of the Philippine army.

A large portion of the Siberian peninsula will be opened to miners next year.

Preparations are being made for the return of the Duke of York to England.

Countess Russell demands an apology from the assistant secretary of the treasury.

The race war in the South continues and it is feared that the militia will have to be called out.

President Castro, of Venezuela, has declared that so far as his country is concerned, the revolution is ended.

Malvar appoints himself captain general of the Filipino army. His proclamation warns natives who aid Americans that they will be treated as traitors.

Fourteen people were killed in a race riot in Louisana.

Lieutenant General Miles has submitted his annual report.

The state dpeartment is more sanguine of saving Miss Stone.

Rains in Argentine have greatly weakened the wheat market.

Chinese government is being reorganized on conservative lines.

The British barks Bowman B. Law and Glenogle were destroyed by fire.

Admiral Schley will call two more witnesses and the prosecution about 15.

Senator Hoar asks to be excused from delivering a eulogy on McKinley.

All preparations for the execution of Czolgosz, the assassin, have been completed.

The Schley court of inquiry is slowly dragging itself along, with no definite time set for its closing.

Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was electrocuted. He went to the chair unconfessed and unrepentant.

If the rumors concerning the condition of King Edward are well founded, it is barely possible that he may never be crowned king of England.

There is a scarcity of firewood at Salem.

Chile and Argentine are preparing for war.

King Edward is suffering from cancer of the throat.

Weyler denies that he aspires to a Spanish dictatorship.

Two steamers have arrived at Port Townsend from Nome.

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

Nashville police attempted to arrest a Great Northern robber.

[illegible] Germany one to every 69, Italy one to every 14, Great Britain one to every 100.

The Ganz system of electric traction uses 3,000 volts in each phase which is fed directly to two trolley wires, the track forming the third conductor. This system provides for hauling a 250-ton train of freight 20 miles an hour on a 10 per cent. grade by a 600-horse power locomotive.

$600,000 FOR JETTY.

Chief Gillespie's Recommendation for the Columbia River.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The recommendations of General Gillespie, chief of engineers, compare with the recommendations made by Captain Langfitt, in charge of the river and harbor work in the Northwest, as follows:

	Captain Langfitt	General Gillespie
Mouth of the Columbia	$60,000	$600,000
Canal at Cascades	150,000	90,000
Columbia and Lower Willamette	725,000	325,000
Willamette above Portland	70,000	50,000
Tillamook Bay	27,000	5,000
Siuslaw River	65,000	25,0 0
Coos River	3,000	2,000
Lewis River (Wash)	11,960	8,000
Cowlitz River	7,000	3,000

General Gillespie's report states that 25 of the principal harbors of the United States now have sufficient heavy guns and mortars mounted to permit of effective defense work against naval attack. He briefly describes the original project framed by the Endicott board for the coast defense, and shows how it has been amended from year to year. The improvements were the change of rapid fire guns and the elimination of armored defenses. Provision has been made for emplacing 125 heavy guns, 325 rapid fire guns and 376 mortars. Now General Gillespie wants sites for more new mortar batteries, and more guns and and mortar batteries, and asks an appropriation of $4,000,000.

An estimate of $300,000 is submitted for preservation and repair of fortifications, which is less than one-half per cent of their value. During the year negotiations have proceeded for the purchase of fortification sites in Boston harbor (two), in Narragansett (three), New York harbor extension of Fort Newton (three), Port Royal, San Francisco, San Diego, St. Johns river, Fort St. Philip and Cape Henry, Va. With few exceptions these sites must be procured by condemnation. An estimate of $2,000,000 is submitted for purchase of sites. For the construction of submarine mines and storage facilities, an estimate of $100,000 is submitted, and for searchlights an estimate of $500,000 for installation, and an appropriation of $500,000 for mains and conduits is urgently recommended. The estimates submitted will fully equip with searchlights four more important harbors.

DESCENT ON TURKEY.

French Squadron Leaves Toulon to Force the Porte to Settle.

Paris, Nov. 1.—"The entire French Mediterranean squadron left yesterday afternoon," says the Toulon correspondent of the Figaro. "While one division put in at Iles d'Hyeres, another, composed of three battle ships and two cruisers, proceeded to the Levant. Two thousand troops will be added to this force.

"Admiral Caillard's orders are that if complete satisfaction is not given by the Ottoman government to all the claims of France he will seize the custom house of the port nearest the squadron. It is believed his destination is the island of Mitylene or Salonica. The island commands the entrance to the Dardenelles and the Gulf of Smyrna."

Several morning papers confirm the Figaro's Toulon advices. Rumors to the same effect were current in Paris late last evening, but the foreign office professed to know nothing about the matter.

Case of Miss Stone.

Constantinople, Nov. 1.—The negotiations for the ransom of Miss Stone, the abducted American missionary, are progressing satisfactorily, it is understood, but beyond this those having the matter in hand maintain absolute secrecy, as they are convinced that publicity would be detrimental to Miss Stone's interests and safety.

Railroad Selling Much of Its Land.

North Yakima, Wash., Nov. 1.—Many large sales of Northern Pacific lands have been made in this part of the state in the last few weeks to stockmen and speculators. The stockmen have bought for winter ranges, but speculators have been taking nearly everything left. At the rate they have been going the entire Northern Pacific holdings in this section will soon be disposed of. Prices vary from $1 to $2 per acre. About 64,000 acres have been bargained for this month.

Boer Commando Surprised.

London, Nov. 1.—Lord Kitchener in a dispatch from Pretoria says Colonel Byng suprrised a Boer commando October 25, and captured 22 prisoners, including Field Cornets Spanneberg and Onisthuisen. Colonel Fortescue, the dispatch adds, had a day long running fight with Mueller's Boer command, October 27, northward of Balmoral. He killed four Boers and captured 54 prisoners, 36 wagons and much stock.

NEWS OF THE STATE

TEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

Hoboes are causing considerable in the neighborhood of Brooks, Marion county.

Many improvements are contemplated on the Golden Standard mine, on Galls creek.

It is estimated that the Douglas county prune crop will approximate 5,000,000 pounds.

Hoboes broke the seal on the door of a freight car at Eugene and took herefrom a box containing a large number of rifle cartridges.

The coal bunkers at Riverton, Coos county, are filled with coal. The mine is now in position to get out a large amount of coal if the proper arrangements for shippiing can be made.

A 30 foot steel tower, weighing between 500 and 600 pounds, will arrive at Athena this week for the new fire bell. This bell was presented to the department by C. A. Barrett, of Athena.

Bailed timothy hay continues to be hauled to Athena by the ranchers of Weston mountain. The hay is stored in warehouses and later will be shipped to market. The price paid is $9 per ton, or $3 less than was paid in Athena last season.

The city of Ontario has let the contract for a 500 foot artesian well. The material taken from the well will be assayed for gold. If oil indications are good it will be sunk to a much greater depth. The machinery is on the ground and has started to work.

Oil indications have been found near Sparta.

The Normal school building at Weston is nearing completion.

The Dalles streets will be lighted with electricity after the 15th of next month.

Articles of incorporation of the First Christian church of Pendleton have been filed.

The next Polk county teachers' institute will be held in Dallas about the middle of November.

A number of potatoes 10 and 11 inches long and weighing over three pounds each were exhibited in Elgin recently.

Three carloads of machinery for the Pomeroy dredger, to be operated on the John Day, arrived at Sumpter last week.

The grade of the John Day road leading down the mountain to the North Fork is reported to be in very bad condition.

During the past week 70 carloads of livestock have been shipped from the Pendleton stockyards. The larger part of the shipments went to the Sound.

A subscription paper is being circulated in Union to raise funds to secure and improve grounds for a park to be used for athletics. It is proposed to lease a piece of ground south of town.

Portland Markets.

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

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

Oats—Nominal 90@$1.00 pr 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 tton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 25@27½c; dairy, 18@20c; store, 14@15c per pound.

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

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

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

Mutton—Lambs, 3¼c gross; dressed 6@6½c per pound; sheep, $3.25 gross; dressed, 6c per pound.

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

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

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

Hops—8@10½c per pound.

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

Potatoes [illegible]

Western [illegible] er prices for hay and other [illegible] compensate for the loss on corn.

There are 5,383 libraries in the United States, containing 44,591,851 books. There is one library for every 14,118 inhabitants.

Nicola Tesla has purchased 200 acres of land on Long Island Sound and will erect the largest building of its kind in the world to experiment with wireless messages.