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....S. A. PATTISON....

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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you, with the idea of your caring most for that girl. No, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you." But is there any hope of that?"

"Let us be frank with one another," I answered; "tell me, is there any one else whom you would marry if I released you from this promise, which was only given, perhaps, to soothe my mother's last hours?"

"Yes," answered Johanna, whilst Julia hid her face in her hands, "she would marry my brother."

Captain Carey! I fairly gasped for breath. Such an idea had never once occurred to me, though I knew she had been spending most of her time with the Careys at the Vale. Captain Carey to marry! and to marry Julia! To go and live in our house! I was struck dumb, and fancied that I had heard wrongly. If Julia wished for revenge—and when is not revenge sweet to a jilted woman?—she had it now. I was as crestfallen, as amazed, almost as miserable as she had been. Yet I had no one to blame as she had. How could I blame her for preferring Captain Carey's love to my poor affections?"

"Julia," I said, after a long silence, and speaking as calmly as I could, "do you love Captain Carey?"

"That is not a fair question to ask," answered Johanna. "We have not been treacherous to you. I scarcely know how it has all come about. But my brother has never asked Julia if she loves him; for we wished to see you first, and hear how you felt about Olivia. You say you shall never love again as you love her. Set Julia free, then, quite free, to accept my brother or reject him. Be generous, be yourself, Martin."

"I will," I said; "my dear Julia, you are as free as air from all obligation to me. You have been very good and very true to me. If Captain Carey is as good and true to you, as I believe he will be, you will be a very happy woman—happier than you would ever be with me."

"And you will not make yourself unhappy about it?" asked Julia, looking up.

"No," I answered cheerfully; "I shall be a merry old bachelor, and visit you and Captain Carey, when we are all old folks. Never mind me, Julia; I never was good enough for you. I shall be very glad to know that you are happy."

Yet when I found myself in the street—for I made my escape as soon as I could get away from them—I felt as if everything worth living for were slipping away from me. My mother and Olivia were gone, and here was Julia forsaking me. I did not grudge her the new happiness. There was neither jealousy nor envy in my feelings towards my supplanter. But in some way I felt that I had lost a great deal since I entered their drawing room two hours ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

I did not go straight home to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling place, for I was not in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. I was passing by the house, chewing the bitter cud of my reflections, and turned in to see if any messages were waiting there. The footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that a doctor would go as soon as possible to No. 19 Bellringer street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I asked.

"A woman, sir; not a lady. On foot—poorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case twice."

"Very good," I said.

Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cab-stand, I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could. I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Guernsey I should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia.

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognizable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodging-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor windows of No. 19; but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk home. By the time I turned to knock at the door, it was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorway; I could not see her face, for the candle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish mine.

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?" she asked.

The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.

"Yes," I answered, "but I do not know the name of my patient here."

"Dr. Martin Dobree!" she exclaimed.

I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had fallen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as if she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's husband?

"I don't know whatever to do!" she ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I don't think he ought to see you—I don't think he would."

"I am not anxious to attend him. I came here simply because my friend is out of town. If he wishes to see me I will see him, and do my best. It rests entirely with himself."

"Will you wait here a few minutes," she asked, "while I see what he will do?"

She left me in the dimly lighted hall. The place was altogether sordid, and dingy, and miserable. At last I heard her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

"He will see you," she said, eying me herself with a steady gaze of curiosity.

I was anxious to see Olivia's husband, partly from the intense aversion I felt instinctively toward him. He was lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, with a woman's shawl thrown across his shoulders, for the night was chilly. His face had the first sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probably refined by it. It was a handsome, regular, well-cut face, narrow across the brows, with thin, firm lips, and eyes perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterward that he was fifteen years older than Olivia. Across his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looing cat, which he held fast, and entertained himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinized me as keenly as I did him.

"I believe we are in some sort connected, Dr. Martin Dobree," he said; "my half-sister, Kate Daltrey, is married to your father, Dr. Dobree."

"Yes," I answered shortly. The subject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him.

"Ay! she will make him a happy man," he continued mockingly; "you are not yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin Dobree?"

I took no notice whatever of his remark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localize his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage.

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were made of glass, and you could look through me. Can you cure me?"

"I will do my best," I answered.

"So you all say," he muttered, "and the best is generally good for nothing. You see I care less about getting over it than my wife does. She is very anxious for my recovery."

"Your wife!" I repeated in utter surprise; "you are Richard Foster, I believe?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Does your wife know of your present illness?" I inquired.

"To be sure," he answered; "let me introduce you to Mrs. Richard Foster."

The woman looked at me with flashing eyes and a mockking smile, while Mr. Foster indulged himself with extorting a long and plaintive mew from the poor cat on his knees.

"I cannot understand," I said. I did not know how to continue my speech. Though they might choose to pass as husband and wife among strangers, they could hardly expect to impose upon me.

"Ah! I see you do not," said Mr. Foster, with a visible sneer. "Olivia is dead."

"Olivia dead!" I exclaimed.

"You were not aware of it?" he said. "I am afraid I have been too sudden. Kate tells us you were in love with my first wife, and sacrificed a most eligible match for her. Would it be too late to open fresh negotiations with your cousin? You see I know all your family history."

"When did Olivia die?" I inquired, though my tongue felt dry and parched, and the room, with his fiendish face, was swimming giddily before my eyes.

"When was it, Carry?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"We heard she was dead on the first of October," she answered. "You married me the next day."

"Ah, yes!" he said; "Olivia had been dead to me for more than twelve months, and the moment I was free I married her, Dr. Martin. It was quite legal."

"But what proof have you?" I asked still incredulous, yet with a heart so heavy that it could hardly rouse itself to hope.

"Carry, you have those letters," said Richard Foster.

"Here are the proofs," said Mrs. Foster.

She put into my hand an ordinary certificate of death, signed by J. Jones, M. D. It stated that the deceased, Olivia Foster, had died on September the 27th, of acute inflammation of the lungs. Accompanying this was a letter written in a good handwriting, purporting to be from a clergyman or minister, who had attended Olivia in her fatal illness. He said that she had desired him to keep the place of her death and burial a secret, and to forward no more than the official certificate of the former event. This letter was signed E. Jones. No clue was given by either document as to the place where they were written.

"Are you not satisfied," asked Foster.

"No," I replied; "how is it, if Olivia is dead, that you have not taken possession of her property?"

"A shrewd question," he said jeeringly. "Why am I in these cursed poor lodgings? Why am I as poor as Job, when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My sweet, angelic Olivia left no will, or none in my favor, you may be sure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeaths to me is this ring, which I gave to her on our wedding day, curse her!"

He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point, the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my wife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I said.

"So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was conclusive of her identity. Would you like to see it?"

Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing.

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my last necessities."

There was no more to be said or done. Conviction had been brought home to me. I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine.

"Well, well!" he said, "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it."

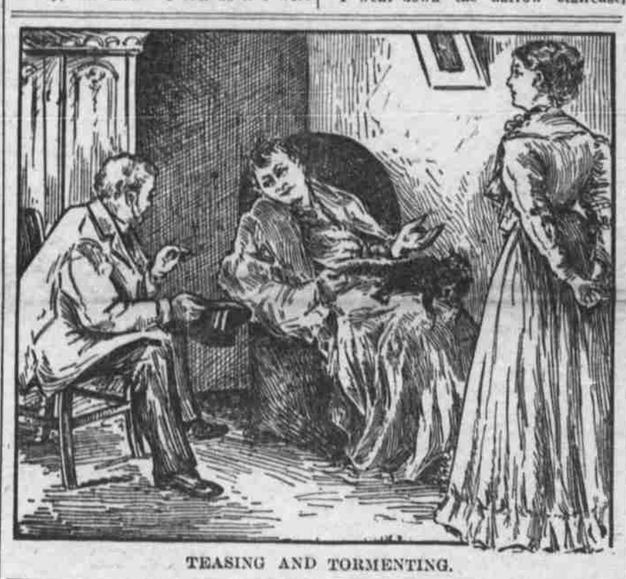
I went down the narrow staircase, closely followed by Mrs. Foster. Her face had lost its gaiety and boldness, and looked womanly and care-worn, as she laid her hand upon my arm before opening the house-door.

"For heaven's sake, come again," she said, "if you can do anything for him. We have money left yet, and I am earning more every day. We can pay you well. Promise me you will come again."

"I can promise nothing to-night," I answered.

"You shall not go till you promise," she said emphatically.

"Well, then, I promise," I answered, and she unfastened the chain almost noiselessly, and opened the door into the street.



TEASING AND TORMENTING.

CHAPTER XX.

I reached home just as Jack was coming in from his evening amusement. He let me in with his latch-key, giving me a cheery greeting; but as soon as we had entered the dining-room, and he saw my face, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Martin, what has happened to you?"

"Olivia is dead!" I answered.

His arm was about my neck in a moment, for we were like boys together still, when we were alone. He knew all about Olivia, and he waited patiently till I could put my tidings into words.

"It must be true," he said, though in a doubtful tone; "the scoundrel would not have married again if he had not sufficient proof."

"She must have died very soon after my mother," I answered, "and I never knew it!"

"It's strange!" he said. "I wonder she never got anybody to write to you or Tardif."

There was no way of accounting for that strange silence toward us. We sat talking in short, broken sentences; but we could come to no conclusion about it. It was late when we parted, and I went to bed, but not to sleep.

Upon going downstairs in the morning I found that Jack was already off, having left a short note for me, saying he would visit my patients that day. I had scarcely begun breakfast when the servant announced "a lady," and as the lady followed close upon his heels, I saw behind his shoulder the familiar face of Johanna, looking extremely grave. She was soon seated beside me, watching me with something of the tender, wistful gaze of my mother.

"Your friend, Dr. John Senior, called upon us a short time since," she said, "and told us this sad, sad news."

I nodded silently.

"If we had only known it yesterday," she continued, "you would never have heard what we then said. This makes so vast a difference. Julia could not have become your wife while there was another woman living whom you loved more. You understand her feeling?"

"Yes," I said; "Julia is right."

"My brother and I have been talking about the change this will make," she resumed. "He would not rob you of any consolation or of any future happiness; not for worlds. He relinquishes all claim to or hope of Julia's affection——"

"That would be unjust to Julia," I interrupted. "She must not be sacrificed to me any longer. I do not suppose I shall ever marry——"

"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfitted for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you—this cold, colorless life. No. Of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I recalled my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling.

(To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the Shipbuilding Industry Flourished Before His Time.

Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first shipbuilder of the world and that the ark in which he saved his family from drowning was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main." This supposition has been found to be erroneous, for there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats.

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiana. This craft was discovered in 1880 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

Heron Nests in the Maine Woods.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebec Lake. On a point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The old birds go long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fifty miles. The birds of this species about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night. Standing on the point one can see the birds coming from all directions during the period in which they feed their young.—New York Tribune.

Java's Great Explosion.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatua in Java "the greatest explosion of modern times." He says:

"It is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world thus far within the ken of science has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatua, in 1883, surpasses all else. A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 3,000 miles afar and an air shock hurled thrice around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?"

The Densest Population.

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 760 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If the entire population massed in the streets for any purpose, the density would equal 3,040 persons per acre.

Clock for Theatrical Use.

To judicate the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

A New Gun.

A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a case from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

Man's Temperature.

Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6 degrees when in good health; that of a snail 76 degrees, and of a chicken 111 degrees.

We have remarked that soon after it is announced that a man seems to drink at the fountain of perpetual youth he dies.

The most successful nation is determination.

EXPRESS MESSENGER C. F. CHARLES.

Who refused to open the express car for the robbers that recently held up the Southern Pacific express train near Eugene, Oregon. His action prevented the robbers getting a large sum of money. Mr. Charles will be transferred to San Francisco and given substantial promotion by the Wells, Fargo Express Company.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

Sets Apart Thursday, November 28, as a Day of National Thanksgiving.

Washington, Nov. 2.— President Roosevelt today issued his proclamation fixing Thursday, November 28, as a day of national thanksgiving. It reads:

"A Proclamation. The season is nigh when, according to the time-hallowed custom of our people, the president appoints a day as the especial occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God.

"This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good president. We mourn for President McKinley because we loved and honored him, and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety and a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod.

"Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year, in particular, has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material, and have been able to work for our own uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us; and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which, on this earth, and at this time, each of us does his duty to his fellow men.

"Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 28th of this present November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations and at their several homes and places of worship thank the giver of all good for the countless blessings of our national life.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this 2d day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

(Seal.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"By the president.

"JOHN HAY, Secretary of State."

Formal Dinner at White House.

Washington. Nov. 11.—The president and Mrs. Roosevelt gave their first formal dinner at the White House tonight, when a company of 18 persons was assembled in the family dining room, which was beautifully adorned with white chrysanthemums. The guests included Secretary and Mrs. Hitchcock, Admiral Dewey, Colonel Sanger, Assistant Secrtary of War and Mrs. Sanger; Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid; Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rockhill, Commander and Mrs. Cowles and Miss Roosevelt.

Carter Has More Evidence.

Leavenworth, Kan., Nov. 11.—Oberlin M. Carter has been notified of the granting of a civil trial in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago. Colonel L. D. Carter, I. Stanton Carter and Horace Stone, a Chicago attorney, have been here in consultation with the prisoner, gathering information for the approaching trial. The purpose is to try at this trial to introduce evidence which Captain Carter asserts was excluded at the court martial.

ORDER OF WASHINGTON.

Charges Against Supreme Officers Not Sustained and Everything is O. K.

Seattle, Nov. 7.—Supreme President W. W. Terry, Supreme Secretary J. L. Mitchell, Supreme Captain Paul Pferdner and T. B. McDevitt, of the Order of Washington, have answered charges made by John R. Parker, president of the local union, regarding the organization. The supreme officers were indorsed in every possible manner by the members of the union, and whatever dissention there might have been, disappeared when President Parker threw down his badge and withdrew from the meeting. A unanimous vote of confidence in the head officers was expressed by the Seattle union, and peace reigns, with the exception that Parker is to be tried under impeachment proceedings.

The Order of Washington has unions in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, and has a membership of over 12,000. The supreme officers are leading citizens of Portland. It is incorporated under the laws of Oregon, and was the first society authorized to do insurance business in Washington under the new law.

PACIFIC REGALIA COMPANY.

Business of This Home Industry Requires a Larger Factory and More Capital.

Portland, Nov. 6.—The Pacific Regalia Company, of Portland, has been re-incorporated by Paul Pferdner, J. L. Mitchell, John S. Pinney, T. B. McDevitt and May Pferdner, with $50.000 capital stock. The company manufactures badges, buttons, regalia and lodge supplies of all kinds. The factory now operates 30 machines of various kinds and will be still further enlarged to accomodate its growing business.

$500,000 Fire in Louisiana.

Jennings, La., Nov. 6.—Early this morning fire broke out in the restaurant of J. F. Dudley. The wind was blowing a heavy gale, and by 6 o'clock five blocks of the main business part of the town were in smouldering embers and ashes. The loss is estimated at $500,000, with insurance at about half that amount.

Japanese Concession in Corea.

Yokohama, Nov. 7.—Corea has allotted to Japan 650 acres at Chapokbo, near Masampo, for a special settlement, to be policed by the Japanese. The land was formerly pegged out by a Russian warship. The Corean veto on grain exports has been withdrawn, in deference to Japan's remonstrance.

The Warren Disabled.

Washington, Nov. 8.—A dispatch from Manila was received at the war department today confirming the news that the transport Warren had been disabled, and stating that the Hancock had been coaled and dispatched to Kobe, Japan, where the Warren now is, to bring the Warren's passengers to San Francisco. The congressional party, who has been visiting the Philippines, were among the Warren's passengers.

Socialism in Holland.

New York, Nov. 8.—The proposed boycott of British commerce, says the correspondent of the London Times and transmitted to the New York Times, has degenerated in Holland into a simple manifestation of socialism against capital. Many who would otherwise sympathize with the movement detest socialism and therefore withhold their support.

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.

Turkey yielded to all of France's demands.

Peter Maher knocked out Jim Jeffords at Baltimore.

British trade in past ten months has greatly fallen off.

Longbaugh has been positively identified at St. Louis.

Canal system planned for joining Baltic and Black Seas.

Three missing soldiers from Second Oregon probably murdered.

Company to drill for oil on Menzies' place in Eastern Multnomah.

Spring salmon pack on the Columbia River was 224,000 cases.

Colombia is levying on the steamship lines to raise war funds.

Governors of neighboring states commend Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The Pension Bureau is investigating utterances attributed to Dr. Mary Walker.

H. St. John, who wrecked three banks in Washington, was arrested in London.

Nine convicts who escaped from Leavenworth were recaptured and two were killed.

Mrs. Dunsmuir begins a legal action against her son James, Premier of British Columbia.

Li Hung Chang is dead.

The British cabinet discusses Franco-Turkish dispute.

Ten persons perished in the burning of a Wisconsin theatre.

More money for the great 1905 fair, though stock lists are not ready.

The Panama canal has been offered to the Isthmian Canal Commission.

General H. C. Corbin and Miss Edyth Patten were married at Washington.

Millionaire De La Mar takes a $200,000 bond on a Southern Oregon copper mine.

Narrow guage railroad from Reno under contract to build into Lake County, Oregon.

A man and woman were arrested at St. Louis suspected of complicity in the Wagner train robbery.

Schmitz, the Union Labor candidate, elected Mayor of San Francisco by a plurality of 4,158 votes.

Attorney Raynor began his argument in behalf of Schley. The applicant and spectators were moved to tears, and one woman fainted.

Republican landslide in Ohio.

Oregon hop crop being shipped east.

Argument was continued in Schley case.

Jury secured in the Considine case at Seattle.

France has occupied three ports in Mitylene Island.

Law students of state university on verge of a strike.

Seth Low and the fusion ticket elected in New York.

Governor Geer is in receipt of a letter threatening his life.

A boxer leader was appointed to the Chinese foreign office.

Homer Bird, the Alaskan murderer, has been granted another lease of life.

It will probably take the official count to decide whether Wells or Schmitz is elected mayor of San Francisco.

A plot to massacre an American garrison in Tarlac has been discovered. The treason laws were passed by the commission at Manila. The wife of Lukban will be deported from Samara.

Lord Pauncefote is ready to begin work on the canal treaty.

A cargo of wheat and flour left Portland for South Africa.

Coal or gas believed to be burning underground near Stevenson, Wash.

Seven regiments of British cavalry in India have been sent to the seat of war in South Africa.

Trial has begun at Seattle of John Considine, charged with murder of Chief of Police Meredith.

Brigands have been employed to try and catch the abductors of Miss Stone.

Four hundred cigarmakers are going from Havana to Tampa, Fla., to take the places of strikers.

Admiral Gaillard, the French commander, has arrived at Smyrna and seized the Turkish customs.

Germany believes that mismanagement of affairs in South Africa is the cause of the war being prolonged.

London and other ports of England have been enveloped with so thick a fog the last few days that all navigation is at a standstill.

English mail for Australia is delivered in 31 days when sent by way of the United States, the quicker route.

In 1894 the Untied States senate passed a bill excluding anarchists, but it failed to pass the house and did not become a law.

Rev. O. N. Hartshorn, LL. D., founder and for almost 50 years president of Mount Union college, died at Alliance, O., after a long illness from Brights disease. He was 78 years old.