

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline," "New York," "Miss Corrie," etc.

Doctor Jack comprehends exactly what this is intended to convey—he salutes the prefect, and moves toward the door indicated. Opening this, he finds himself in another room, where a little man, with a face very much like that of the first Napoleon, strides up and down, his hands behind his back.

He nods pleasantly to the American, who does not forget to advance and shake hands with him, in order that he may make use of the secret grip, which is warmly returned.

"You know who Abdallah Pasha is; and where he stops in Paris?"—Jack strikes from the shoulder, as is generally his way.

"Yes, Monsieur Evans. The Turk has purchased tickets for the morning train—he means to leave Paris on the nine-twenty," returns the little man with the smooth face.

"The duse! he would steal a march on me. Whatever is done to detain him, then, must be carried out in the next few hours."

"You speak fully—what is your wish?"

"To have him kept in Paris two days—three if it be possible. That will give us a fair start—he cannot overtake us."

"Have you any plan, Monsieur?"

"Yes, and a good one, too, thanks to—the other frowns warningly, and Jack adds—the inventive powers of the human brain."

He proceeds to tell Monsieur Duprez about the secret clique that has long baffled the police of Paris, and the other listens quietly, just as if he has not lain awake many a night endeavouring to connect ways and means of discovering where this gang held forth.

All is soon arranged—Monsieur Duprez is guarded in his promises, but Jack has faith in the man, and knows he will do even more than he says, as he hands over a comfortable roll of bills, and bids the other good-night.

"This way, please—we will not disturb Monsieur le Prefect again—he is probably busy," and the sub-lieutenant opens a door, shows Jack a flight of steps, at the bottom of which is a door, and this, as he opens it, takes him to the street.

All that has happened in the last half hour has seemed like a dream—he looks up at the sombre houses as though he can hardly believe his senses, but not ten yards away is the vehicle that brought him there.

Jack laughs softly to himself at the success of his midnight venture, and walks toward the carriage—he has done his part well, and there is little reason to believe those who have been entrusted with the rest will fail in their mission. Nearly five hours still remain, before morning, and great things can be done in that time.

Reaching the vehicle, he finds his man inside fast asleep, but he is soon aroused, and mounts his box, wondering, of course, what the American traveller can have in common with the prefect of the police that he should visit that high functionary at such an hour.

So Jack finally reaches his hotel again, and retires to snatch a few hours' sleep—he expects to be on the road with the morning, and after that rest will be a stranger to him most of the time.

In his portmanteau he has a diminutive clock, which he carries with him always. The alarm he sets for seven, as he desires to get the others up, and everything ready. It was the intention of the Pasha to take the nine-twenty express out of Paris—Jack and his party will board the train early, with a double object in view, the first part of which is the fact that they cannot leave Paris earlier, and then again it will be easy to learn whether the trap has been sprung. If Abdallah Pasha does not show up at the station for that train, Jack is ready to accept the matter as settled that the Turk is at that moment held in duress by the remnant of the once famous catacomb clique, who demand for his release a heavy ransom, and will be in no great hurry to collect it, possibly giving him a chance to escape after several days.

Jack throws himself on the bed only partially disrobed, and in three minutes is fast asleep—such is the severe strain that has been of late upon his nervous system that he comes about considerably, but does not once awaken until the faithful little clock, placed close to his head, rings out its silvery summons.

At the first note of alarm Jack sits up, rubs his eyes, notes the time, for the gas, though turned low, has been kept burning, and then stretching, proceeds to dash some cold water in his face to chase the drowsiness away.

Upon raising the curtain a little later he finds it is broad daylight. The sun has failed to show himself, as clouds hang low, threatening a deluge at any moment.

When Jack has dressed and completed his packing, his next move is to arouse the others.

A few words with Larry is enough, to let him know what the game is, and in turn he communicates it to the ladies, who have the room adjoining his, with a door between.

Meanwhile Doctor Jack goes below, and hires a vehicle to take them all to the station in good time for the nine-twenty train east.

Then he waits around until Larry appears, of course inquisitive concerning the reason of this unexpected move, for when they separated on the preceding night there was nothing said about leaving Paris in the morning.

Jack soon tells the story, and is complimented by the duke on his forethought—he does not even smile while Larry speaks, although chuckling inwardly at the queer conceit.

Then the ladies appear, and Jack is dazzled by the bright smile of Avis Morton. How bewitching she looks—no wonder the Turk has been smitten by such a bright face and beautiful figure—Jack feels as though he himself would go through fire and flood in order to win her.

As the Turk comes into mind, he wonders how the plan succeeded, and what that worthy thinks by this time of his subterranean quarters—for Jack never dreams that the plans of Monsieur le Sub-lieutenant could go astray, or that Abdallah Pasha can be anywhere than in the net.

They go in to breakfast, which can

be gotten at almost any hour. Over the table they daily nearly an hour, when time must elapse as they can go to the station, Jack does not fail to note how well Avis graces the end of the table, and handles the coffee urn with such skill that he pictures to himself—poor fellow, it shows how badly he is caught at last—that same graceful figure seated at the table in an establishment owned by a certain Jack Evans, called a doctor by his friends because he graduated as such and practiced in the hospitals of Germany. Somehow, the thought of such a possible happiness in the future makes him smile, and she, noticing his glance, turns rosy red, just as though she imagines he is regarding guilty secrets in her face.

At length breakfast ends—it is after eight and the carriage awaits them at the door. Jack has given orders—the luggage is already down, so that all they have to do is to put on their outside wraps and leave the hotel.

Avis has become grave—she seldom smiles now, for there is a weight upon her mind. In leaving Jack Paris she remembers the danger that lies ahead—their mission occupies all thought now to the exclusion of everything else.

The ride to the station is almost a silent one—outside the rain patters down—then the sun comes out, to be followed by another shower—it is just such an April weather day as we are accustomed to here, and yet the winter has hardly flown.

It is early yet—Doctor Jack has come long before the scheduled time for the train to leave in order to ascertain the truth about the Pasha. He walks up and down the platform smoking—Avis remembers the scene in Madrid, where he did exactly the same thing, and hopes they will not have the same trouble en route that came to them in Spain.

Watching closely, Jack fails to discover anything of the party for whom he looks—the Pasha has not turned up. Nearer comes the time for starting, and still there are no signs of the Turk.

No wonder Avis' eyes follow him as he walks up and down the platform. There is nothing of false pride in his manner, no strut such as a vain man might show, but for all he has a firm, manly carriage, that indicates self-reliance and independence.

She is proud of him, and exceedingly glad to remember that he is her friend—that he has devoted himself to her cause. She has such confidence in Doctor Jack that it seems impossible any enterprise can fail where he backs with his indomitable will power. The man who conquered the black tortoise and defeated the plots of the scheming Carlists, must surely be a master in the game now before them, and will discover some means whereby Aleck may be rescued from his awful position.

Then she remembers how she saw the disguised Mercedes approach him. Will she still follow, or is the same to be dropped at Paris? "Unconsciously she, too, begins to glance beyond, and survey the people who pass in review, but she is not looking for the same party as Jack—he seeks the red face and bronzed face of the Turk, while Avis is endeavouring to discover, under some disguise, the most dazzling black eyes she ever met. Not that she is jealous of Jack—she believes every word he has told her with regard to Mercedes, and yet somehow Avis feels that the Spanish woman does not mean to give up the game yet.

More time passes—she wishes the long would sound, and Jack climb into the carriage. When this occurs she will feel better satisfied—as though he really belonged to her. As it is, Avis is in a continual nervous state lest something should occur to prevent his going with them—a number of things seem to flash into her mind—a telegram may be handed him requiring his attention on some grave business matter, or perhaps the crafty Pasha may prefer a charge against him, and the police arrest the American just before the train moves out. These things may seem foolish, but they are one and all within the range of possibility, and in her present frame of mind, Avis can invent each with an air of truth.

So she holds her watch in her hand and casts many an anxious look upon his thoughts, for he passes the window a number of times without looking up to meet her eyes.

Finally he does so, and smiles in return for the look she wavers him. He draws near, and Avis lowers the sash to speak.

"Is it not nearly time, doctor?" she asks.

"Two minutes more. I think we will start on time, which is a good beginning. See how they toss the luggage into the van. We can't say much worse of our baggage-smashers at home. There comes the man in charge of the train—the proud step—Jove, a little authority makes fools of some men. A conductor on our side of the big pond attempting such dignity would be unmercifully gayed, I tell you."

Avis herself has to laugh at the pompous Frenchman—she sees he is the Grand Mogul—guards cringe before him, and scowl behind his back. Jack has already bought up the fellow with whom they will deal, and as the compartment has its allotted quarters, there is no danger of their privacy being intruded upon, which is the main cause for dissatisfaction with the European method of travelling first-class—you must either pay for the entire compartment or have disagreeable fellow passengers thrust in with you, unless you have enough to tip the guard heavily.

The rush now becomes a scramble, as related travellers seek to get their tickets, look after luggage, and find accommodations. Many ludicrous scenes are always occurring at a time like this, and although it seems in a measure heartless to laugh, those who have a keen sense of the ridiculous cannot avoid smiling at the odd pictures presented.

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The magnate sweeps his electric gaze up and down the station, glances at his watch, gives one more look around to see that all eyes are upon him, holds his arm suspended in mid air for just ten seconds, then, describing a grand parabolic sweep, it descends, the clang of a gong is heard, the guard cries "all aboard" in French, and there is one last spasmodic effort on the part of the delinquents to gain some carriage.

Doctor Jack smiles—he has reason to feel satisfied for not a trace of the Pasha has he seen, which in itself is evidence that the Turk has fallen into the hands of the enemy.

He tosses away his cigar, and turns to enter the carriage, when a hand is laid on his arm. Avis gives a gasp of alarm as she sees a tall Frenchman in citizen's garb thus prevent the American from entering—she believes her worst fears are about to be realized, and Doctor Jack will be dragged off to jail on some trumped up charge—anything in order to separate him from the rest.

To her satisfaction, however, white she clutches the ledger of the window, and holds her breath to catch what is said, she hears in French:

"Doctor Jack Evans, I believe?"

"Correct—you have—"

"This" and thrusting a paper into Jack's hand, the tall Frenchman strides away.

There is no time to lose, and Doctor Jack enters the carriage—the train moves out of station, and presently their pain, straightforward statements of fact, the people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla because they know it actually and permanently cures, even when other medicines fail.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

A POINT TO REMEMBER. If you wish to purify your blood you should take a medicine which cures blood diseases. The record of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this is the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most stubborn cases and it is the medicine for you to take if your blood is impure.

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NELLIE I. HENDERSON, Kirby P. O., Ont.

MAXWELL JOHNSTON. Medicine men, Hospital treatment and a dozen different medicines failed to cure me of dropsy. I had been tapped seven times and was given only a few days to live, when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me completely, and I am now in the best of health.

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MRS. JAS. SANDERS, Emerson, Man.

A RADICAL CHANGE. Mrs. Jas. Graham, Hamilton, Ont. says: "My doctor said that my heart trouble could not be cured, but I am happy to say he was mistaken for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have made a complete cure in my case. I have no heart pains, sleeplessness, fluttering or breathlessness and am entirely restored to health and vigor."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co. Yarmouth, N. S. Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery. His lips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVAGEUR DUVAL, Elgin Road, L'Islet St. J., Que. May 26th, 1893.

THIS SPRING. Spring is at hand, winter is nearly over. Are you ready for summer? Is your blood pure? Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and enriches the blood, cures dyspepsia, bad blood, sick headache, etc. B. B. B. removes every trace of impurity from the blood, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

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To be continued.

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Mrs. Peck—What towards the whole race of men are. I have just read that 95 per cent of the suicides are men. Henry Peck—Yes; the Bible intimates that there are no marriages in heaven.

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