Dr. Jack's Wife.

(Continued from 1st page.)

CHAPTER XX.

This sudden change in the situation demands energetic measures to meet it. Once the yacht is underway, and out to sea, they will have no chance to escape. At least it will be a dozen times more difficult to accomplish.

Doctor Jack runs to the window in the stern, the same at which Larry used the point of his carver upon the legs of the dangling sailor.

Through this streams the light from the cabin, and he is enabled to see two boats astern—the one they have used in coming from the shore, and another.

If they were only safe in one of these, how thankful they would be. What pleasure it would afford them to head for the Mole, or, better still, the steamer that sails at daybreak.

Is it possible to accomplish this?

Doctor Jack pokes his head out, and looks aloft. He sees no signs of danger about. It is quite possible that all the men are employed in getting up anchor and attending to the numerous duties which sailing involves.

Under these circumstances it would seem that they stand a show at least. Jack, the athlete that he is, twists his body through the window, and standing with his feet on the sill is able to look upon the deck.

As far as he can see everything is favorable to the success of their enterprise. He bends down to speak to those within.

"Kirke, see if you can get hold of a line and pull a boat in. Then drop into it, and hold up against the stern."

The Texan comprehends just what is expected of him, and without wasting time reaches out a long arm. Unable to accomplish what he sets out to do from that point, he swings his body entirely outside, and with his foot reaches one of the painters.

Then the boat is dragged up, while Doctor Jack keeps watch above. Kirke drops into it after securing a clutch upon the vessel.

"Ready, Jack," he says.

There is plenty of noise or commotion on board the yacht, which is fortunate, as it helps to drown any they may make.

All is ready for the next move, and Jack has decided now, in his mind, what it will be. Avis does not hesitate to meet him half-way, for she knows what he means to do.

"Shall I try to make the transfer, Jack?" is what she asks.

"Yes, dear. Larry, help her all you can, as I am unable to leave my position. Even now I fear they suspect our move," returns the doctor, stopping for the moment.

He can feel a movement below, and knows Avis is passing through the cabin window with the rare tact she usually displays. He has no fear about her reaching the boat in safety, for Kirke is below and Larry above—both of them can be depended on in the emergency.

What engages Jack's immediate attention is another fact. Some of the sailors are at work at the windlass, dragging the anchor out of the mud, while still others set the sails. Even at this moment the mud-hook must have been dragged out of its bed, for the yacht begins to move gently through the water. The wind only comes in flaws, and at present it is nearly calm.

Given a few minutes more, and the plans of the Americans must succeed; but it begins to look stormy. Some one comes toward the stern. Jack sees the tall figure, and knows this to be the owner of the yacht.

Whether Lord Rackett suspects the truth, or is only coming aft to make a general survey of things in that quarter, it does not matter—the result will be the same—discovery.

It cannot be avoided, so Jack presumes he might as well take the reins in his own hands, and start the fun. He waits a little, as every second counts now. Once Avis is in the boat, Larry can swing over, and only Jack will remain. When he passes the Rubicon, the quick slash of a knife will free them from the yacht.

The breeze begins to puff up a little, more the pity, and no doubt Kirke will have need of all his powers to hold the row-boat steady.

One glance Jack gives back of him, and this shows that progress is being made—Avis is just in the act of passing into the boat—in a few seconds she will be safe.

Small though this space of time may appear, great events can be crowded into it. History repeats itself in proving this fact.

Lord Rackett advances. His step even quickens, as though suspicions fly into his brain. He has come about far enough Doctor Jack thinks, as he elevates his arm.

The next moment the Englishman utters an exclamation of sudden astonishment as he makes a discovery. Then comes a flash almost at his feet, accompanied by the quiek intonation of a Yankee revolver. The lead actually burns his lordship's ear as it speeds by. Just as Doctor Jack has intended it should when he took that sudden aim.

Thinking he has been hit, and at least come very close to death, the Englishman whirls on his heel and dashes forward, at the same time shrieking at the top of his voice:—

"This way! They escape by the stern! Bring the yacht to! Send her off on the wind! We'll swamp the boat! We'll drown them all!"

Fortunately the man who now clutches the wheel and holds fast to it, keeps his senses, or these contradictory orders might have resulted in disaster on board.

Another glance Doctor Jack shoots over his shoulder as he clings there, standing like a rock between the one he loves and danger. This shows him how far matters have progressed.

Avis is safe in the boat. She makes her way back to the stern, even while he looks. Larry has succeeded in dropping over the back of the Texan, and just saves himself from going overboard, as they are beginning to cut through the water with some speed.

This shows Doctor Jack that the time has come for him to act. He can see several men rushing toward the stern in response to the shouts of Lord Rackett, and his first thought is to keep them back.

It would be difficult to explain what ideas flash through his mind in that second of time. Perhaps he even conceives that they might fire upon the receding boat. Men in a rage will do many things that their better judgment warns them against.

To prevent this is his first thought. He even has the means in his hand, and will not hesitate to employ it.

Without attempting to take aim, he begins to discharge the remaining chambers of his revolver. One, two, three, four, five shots in rapid order like the pulsations of a heart quickened by excitement, for the weapon is of a new model, the hammer being thrown into position ere the discharge is made.

Such a fusillade coming from one quarter is enough to demoralize the stoutest heart, and even these stout British sailors dread to rush forward in the teeth of what seems to be a storm of fire and lead.

Each man believes his comrades are being mowed down on either side of him, and that his turn will come next. Hence, the feeling of intense alarm that sweeps over them. As if seized with a common impulse they throw themselves upon the deck. Vain are the shouts of the valiant Lord Rackett, who hides behind a mast and urges them on. It would take more than ten pounds to make most men rush on certain death.

Jack laughs as he sees how well he has accomplished his purpose. The time is ripe now to finish his work.

Not another second should be lost. Kirke Smith still maintains his clutch, but it is telling upon him terribly.

The breeze freshens, and the yacht, with a portions of her sails set, dashes through the water like a thing of life, dragging both boats behind.

Of course, there is danger of swamping. The foam rushes along the sides, and even splashes over at times. Avis sits there, silent yet resolute. Her eyes are fixed upon the figure clinging to the stern of the yacht, so that she has little thought for the peril of her own position.

That figure now makes a move as if its work in the quarter above might be done, and Avis held her breath when she sees her husband steep down.

It is no small feat he has before him—everything combines to make it difficult—dangerous. Doctor Jack fortunately possesses a quick eye, steady nerves, and a sure hand. He is eminently qualified to grapple with conditions that would dismay most men.

When he thus bends down he finds the brave Texan under him. Words pass between, for it is essential a plan of action should be laid.

A mistake just now might cause a terrible disaster, and bring ruin upon what gives promise of being a grand success.

Jack has received a quick, affirmative answer to the question he put, and this settles the question so far as he is concerned.

He throws himself upon Kirke, who is flattened out in the bow. The weight forces a groan from the Texan, but he maintains his death-like grasp upon the rope, until the cheery voice of Doctor Jack assures him that the latter is safe in the boat.

Then by degrees he lets the rope out until they are being towed by a straight line. Towed at a remarkably swift pace, the churning, foam-flecked water dashing over their bow, while it momentarily threatens to ingulf them.

It has come to a point now when all that is required is the keen edge of a knife laid across the painter, to divorce them from the flying yacht. Doctor Jack takes the place of the Texan; he has a knife in his hand, and the glimmering light from the cabin window shows that it is open, ready for the business ahead.

He watches his chance, for it is necessary that they should cut loose at the proper time when mounting a wave. The sailor men on deck have recovered their wits. They are even now advancing to the rail, as the steersman calls out the situation of affairs. Lord Rackett, too, looms up against the background of white sail.

What care Doctor Jack and his friends. They have accomplished the main part of their labors, and but one stroke now remains to be given.

The knife lies on the cable. Jack's eye keeps on the watch for his chance. It comes, and the muscular arm that can send a blow out from the shoulder like that of a steam sledge-hammer presses the steel downward.

There is an electric shock, a whip-like snap as the stout painter parts, a shout from the deck of the flying yacht, and then the boat rolls there in a sea of foam. Already the Texan has hold of the oars, and they fall just in time to steady the craft, perhaps to prevent a capsize.

Like a Flying Dutchman the yacht vanishes from view. All that can be seen is the light from the cabin window, looking an eye of fire over the waves, and growing rapidly more distant and indistinct.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Panama sails early in the morning, with our little party of four aboard. It looks as though they have left all dangers behind at Valparaiso, and their future seems as fair as the glad October morning that greets them as they steam past the United States cruiser Baltimore and the Chilian men-of-war in the harbor, heading for the open sea.

There are many passengers on board, a number of refugees having been received from the Baltimore just previous to sailing, to be landed in Peru. All that the Chilian authorities particularly care about is that Balmaceda and his great treasure do not leave the country. True, strange reports of the late President's death have come from the snow-capped Andes, across which he is said to have fled toward Bolivia, but it is hard to convince these people that the Dictator, likened unto Louis Napoleon in their history, is dead.

Our friends have little desire to mingle with the crowd, and keep pretty much to themselves. During the first day Doctor Jack makes a discovery that gives him some uneasiness.

He has enemies on board the steamer. Men who seek to regain that which he has carried away from Chili, and who are members of the secret society of the nitrate mines. He recognizes them, sees the ugly looks they give him, and knows that all danger has not been left behind at Chili.

These men are sworn to follow him, to outwit the American, and either wrest his possession from him, or have his life—a pleasant prospect, indeed, for Doctor Jack.

Doctor Jack is treated to another surprise at noon, and it comes from his wife. They have lingered at the dinner-table, being both good sailors, while a number of passengers are already in the grasp of the wretched mal de mer.

Jack leaves his wife chatting with a Spanish lady, the wife of one of Balmaceda's former ministers, while he goes on deck for a smoke.

In ten minutes she rejoins him, and, to his surprise, he notes an anxious, troubled look upon her fair face.

"Why, Avis, dear, you do not feel well?" he asks, quickly and tenderly.

"It is sickness of the mind, then, not the body, Jack, for you know the motion of the grand old ocean never affects me."

"Something troubles you, Avis—tell me what it is—nothing serious, I hope?"

She smiles now.

"You may laugh at me, Jack, but I have a presentiment of dark days ahead. Of course, my sex gives me the privilege of such a feeling. You men say it comes from a fit of the blues. Never mind. All I know is that the presence of that fascinating creature on board the Panama troubles me."

Doctor Jack starts and looks grave.

"Avis, you don't mean the Senorita Marilla?"

She nods her head and looks solemn.

"It may be only a coincidence that causes her to be on board this steamer. A great many people find it healthy to leave Chili just now, and she may have been on the losing side."

But Avis cannot be convinced; she sees some dark design in the presence of this Chilian beauty who would take her Jack from the one who loves him with all her life.

"How comes it you discovered her presence when no one else has seen her?" he asks, presently.

"By mere accident. I knew there was a lady in state-room 38, for the minister's wife told me so. Chancing to be passing when the stewardess was opening the door, to carry in some toast and a cup of tea, my eyes fell upon a face I shall ever remember as the most beautiful as well as the most dangerous I have ever seen. Marilla de los Vegos it was. I believe her presence on board this steamer is no accident, but part of a deep laid plan."

Doctor Jack is secretly worried himself, but for the sake of his wife he assumes to make light of the whole affair. Thus the afternoon passes and night comes. The steamer plows her way through phosphorescent seas, every drop seeming like molten silver as it falls upon the black surface.

Doctor Jack and his wife promenade the deck until a late hour, when Avis goes to her state-room feeling drowsy. Her husband wishes to smoke another cigar ere turning in, and seeking a retired spot indulges in deep thought.

A step behind causes him to turn his head.

"Jack!" says a voice.

"I'm here, Kirke," recognizing the dark figure.

"Thought I saw you come this way. I want a few minutes chat with you."

"Good! What better place than this could you find. Sit down, my dear fellow. Have a weed?"

"Thanks. I'm done smoking for to-night. Doctor, I have made a discovery."

Jack turns and eyes him in the peculiar light from the Southern Cross and such heavenly bodies as chance to beam upon them.

"Indeed! What is it like?"

"There are passengers on board not strangers to you, I reckon."

"So—you have seen her, too," remarks Jack, with a laugh, for he does not fear the beautiful Chilian half as much a does Avis.

"Her? I don't catch on quite."

"Don't you mean our handsome Chilian tigress—the woman who sees something in Jack Evans that strikes her fancy as to what manner of man she admires—in a word, Senorita Marilla?"

"You don't mean she's aboard?"

"Why not? This steamer is free to all who can pay for accommodations. Avis has seen her."

"Well, I can easily believe it since the rest of the gang are here."

"Now, it's my turn to ask your meaning."

"Easily answered. We have as fellow-passengers Lord Rackett Plympton—"

"Confusion!"

"And Colonel Leon Garcia, the first orator of the victorious Chilian Army."

Doctor Jack smokes in silence for a minute, but his thoughts are busy.

"This looks bad. I thought we'd give them all the slip; but, by Jove! our enemies go with us. It may make a difference in my plans."

"Dangerous crossing Panama with such a gang at your heels, ready to do anything in order to accomplish their end."

"Still I must reach New York in time. A vast interest demands my presence there at a certain day. I shall, perhaps, have to keep on board the steamer until California is reached, and then cross the Continent by rail," musingly.

"Not a bad idea—much preferable to crossing at Panama. I believe at Aspinwall you would be murdered without fail."

"Ah! you know considerable about the canal. I believe you had some connection there."

"Yes. I'm something of a civil engineer, and worked a year on the ditch. Of all the hard places on earth, commend me to the towns at either end of the isthmus. With such forces working against you, Doctor Jack, and the elements their gold can buy up on the isthmus, it would be suicide for you to try the passage."

"Tell me. When and how did you discover that these men were on board?"

"A short time ago—two figures passed me as I leaned over the rail—it was dark, and they probably failed to notice me. I thought a voice I heard sounded familiar, when I soon learned the truth."

"Could you tell what they talked about?"

"Not enough to decide, but it had some reference to you."

These things combined cause Doctor Jack to believe the fates have trouble in store for an individual about his size. He can grapple with difficulties as well as the next man, and does not lose that admirable self-possession that has long been his heritage.

Kirke, the Texan rover, who has led a wild life in many climes, is really more concerned over the matter than Jack.

"We must keep our eyes open, comrade. These rascally pirates mean us harm," he says.

"Come, Kirke, I never knew you to worry or flinch before."

"I'm thinking of your wife, Jack," quietly.

The doctor bites his lip.

"You may be sure she is on my mind, old friend. There are three of us. Surely we should be able to protect her; and we will, mark me," with the ring of steel in his low spoken words.

"Turn around. You can just get a glimpse of the two men up yonder, outlined against the heavens."

"I see them, and recognize milord's flowing side whiskers. At once Larry's envy and destation," returns Jack, in a whisper.

The figures above vanish presently, but leave a peculiar influence behind, which Kirke in his odd fashion likens to the odor of sulphur. At any rate, their presence on board the steamer is suggestive of evil.

Jack grows quite uneasy, and soon tosses his cigar overboard as though it has lost its flavor.

"Good night, Kirke. See you later."

Truth to tell, he fears lest something might happen to Avis with these elements around.

Another day dawns and all is well. Doctor Jack looks in vain for the two men. They prefer to avoid him at present, though sooner or later he is bound to come upon them.

It is evident that the Englishman has abandoned his yacht at Valparaiso in order to follow the man he hates and the woman he adores. This alone stamps his motives as full of venom.

The worst may be expected from a man who could thus make sacrifices in order to accomplish his end.

So the day passes. A pleasant day, too, which is enjoyed by the travelers.

Again it is night.

Men who plot evil love darkness, and when the night has settled down it may be expected that those who hide from the light of day, and the eye of Jack Evans, will be on deck again, to talk and plan, perhaps to work.

Jack has talked it all over with his brave wife, and Avis knows the danger that menaces them. She is on her guard, and armed. Lord Rackett may find he has come in contact with fire should he seek to give her trouble.

The night threatens storm. Black clouds drift at intervals across the heavens, and the wind has arisen, so that the waves begin to roll.

There is something fascinating to Doctor Jack about the dark masses that rush hissing and seething along the side of the steamer. He has never grown weary of watching their passage, and leaning over the rail.

While thus engaged in meditation, he hears the sound of footsteps behind him. Of course it is Kirke, who left his side a little while before and promised to return when he had investigated certain things.

So he does not turn his head, and nothing warns him of the danger hovering near.

The first that Doctor Jack knows of his peril is when some weapon comes down upon his head with crushing force. At this very instant it seems to him he hears a woman's scream above the whistle of the wind through the rigging. Then rude hands seize him by the legs, he is given a toss, whirls through the air, and after one unsuccessful clutch at the rail, falls into the surging billows as they come foaming and hissing from along the vessel's side, eager to clutch their prey.

(To be continued.)

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J. B. SNOWBALL.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session by the Temiscouata Railway Company for the passing of an Act to amend the Act 53-54 Victoria, Chapter 65, so as to enlarge the time for commencing the work of extending the Railway of the said Company from Edmundston to a point on the Intercolonial Railway, as provided by said Act, and also for the purpose of authorizing the said Company to build a Railway connecting such proposed extension with the Central Railway at Chipman in Queens County, or any extension thereof, and also with power to the said Company to acquire by lease or otherwise other lines of Railway.

Dated the Twentieth day of January, A. D. 1897.

WILLIAM POGSLEY,
Solicitor for Applicants

Executors' Notice.

All persons having just claims against the Estate of the late John Shirreff, High Sheriff deceased, are hereby requested to file the same duly attested with M. S. Benson, Attorney at-Law, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to Mary Henrietta Shirreff.

Dated at Chatham 15th day of March, 1897.

MARY HENRIETTA SHIRREFF, Executrix.
HARRY SHIRREFF, Executor.

INTERCOLONIAL

RAILWAY

On and after Monday the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE CHATHAM JUNCTION.

Through express for St. John, Halifax and Pictou, (Monday excepted)	4.16
Through express for Quebec and Montreal,	22.29
Accommodation for Moncton	11.08
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14.35

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Railway Office, Moncton N. B. 3rd September, 1896

NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between William Wilson of Chatham N. B. and W. A. Hickson of Newcastle, under the style of W Wilson & Co. Groceries, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Wm. Wilson will, in future, continue the business in his own name and will pay all the debts of the late firm and collect all accounts due to the said firm.

WM. WILSON
W. A. HICKSON.

Chatham N. B. 31st March 1897.

CARD.

In retiring from business we earnestly thank our many customers and friends for their generous patronage during the many years that we have had their confidence, and bespeak for our successor, Mr W. H. McLachlan a continuence of the same.

WM. WILSON & CO.

Chatham 6th April 1897,

WOOD-GOODS!

WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE

FOR SALE

Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLETT,

NELSON.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of John Haviland late of Chatham, N. B., deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to

P. H. C. BENSON,
Administrator

Chatham, N. B., May 11th, 1897.

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM. N. B.

Successors to Gillespie Foundry.

Established 1852

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing.
Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.
All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.
Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc in stock and to order.

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D. G. SMITH. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—
DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

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and other requisite plant constantly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

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Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glassi so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

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—AND—

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AMHERST, N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable for fine trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from his establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that he prices are right.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

MRS. WM. COPPING,

Chatham Sept. 1 1896.

FOR SALE.

Good Seed Potatoes

50 Barrels Goodridges Seed Potatoes from one of best Farmers in the place apply at

W. S. LOGGIE Co. Ltd.