Dr. Jack's Wife.

(*Continued from 1st page.*)

sixty seconds more, and there sounds a sudden knock upon the hall door.

"Enter," calls the voice of the lady, in Spanish, but she does not turn her head nor desist in her search through the trunk for something.

Through the doorway steps the little man we have seen upon the plaza; the bright light reveals the wonderful pattern of his garments, and his generally dudish but ridiculous attire, even to the insignificant little Dundreary appendages on either side of his face, which countenance it must be confessed usually boasts of a dull, vacant expression, possibly studied.

As this specimen of the Anglomania cause, in New York, stands there, one hand held out toward Doctor Jack's wife in greeting, the other feebly caressing the left tuft of yellow down upon his off cheek, while his cane is tucked under his arm, the woman at the trunk, who has tossed all manner of garments aside in her excited search, gives utterance to a cry:—

"I have found it, and now to wring a confession from the lips of the scoundrel."

She turns as she speaks.

"By Jove! a revolver it is. Good gwacious, Avis, don't you wecognize me—dwop take these whiskers! It's me—your own cousin—"

"Larry!"

The revolver drops upon the floor, luckily without exploding, and in another minute the small man finds himself actually embraced by another fellow's wife.

"Thank God you are here, just when I need you most, cousin. I am in a cruel position, and without a soul in this city to help me," she cries, as she blushingly releases her small relative and sinks into a chair.

Then she rapidly repeats what has been said beneath her window.

"I know—the air is full of danger to you and yours in Valparaiso. I must see Jack as soon as possible; I bring him a message of importance from Quito—hunted for you in Santiago, chased you to this beastly place. But you have your hat on—what do you intend doing—make your husband confess?" in a joking sort of way.

Her blue eyes snap sparks of fire:—

"If you had not come, Cousin Larry, in five minutes some one would have been hunting for a Colonel Leon Garcia, and before the hour that miserable Chilian officer would be on his knees, looking into the muzzle of this pretty toy, and confessing the truth to Doctor Jack's wife."

CHAPTER II.

At just the time the boat from the Chilian gunboat lands alongside the Mole, a man leaves the fonda that Valparaiso is proud of, and heads into the city proper.

A visitor from one of the capitals of Europe or the States might turn up his nose at the idea of Valparaiso being called a great city, for there are lacking many of the elements that enterprise has made common in the civilized world, but it should be taken into consideration that Chili is in reality a Spanish country, through the widest awake of all our South American neighbors, and that they do not take as readily to the wonderful advances of the age as some other nations. Besides, Chili has just suffered the agonies of a terrible civil war, and emerges with an added luster to her diadem; all she wants now is a little time to recover, and then watch her advance with giant strides.

Thus it may be accounted for that instead of flashing electric lights, such as we are accustomed to seeing even in most of our small towns along the railroads, Valparaiso, recently the seat of battle, is dimly lighted with flaring gas lamps.

Doctor Jack thinks little of this as he leaves the hotel and strikes for the center of the city; he has delved into many a quaint city of Europe, and in his travels has seen so much that is odd and belongs to a past age that with a traveler's experience his philosophy is to take all things as he finds them, and do the best possible.

Once he turns, to wave his handkerchief to the figure in the window of the hotel and receive an answering salute.

"God bless the dear girl," mutters Doctor Jack; "it's a beastly shame that she should be compelled to endure what has come upon us in this war-racked country, but Avis would not allow me to sail alone, and everything depended on my coming. Well, it looks as though the biggest success of my life had attended me, and in a couple of days more we'll take the steamer, sail for California, and put in the winter on our lovely place near Monterey.

"I am more than curious to know what the writer of this note has to say concerning the secret mission that brought me to Chili—the vague hints thrown out do not satisfy me. It may be he has news of importance to communicate, or on the other hand this little business may turn out—a trap. Doctor Jack comes prepared with gold to buy this secret if it is worthy of a price, and with cold lead to meet treachery."

Thus meditating, the American traverses a narrow calle where the draught of sea air causes the lights to flare, and fantastic shadows to creep over the pavements like weird phantoms.

Valparaiso, like all seaport, always has its quota of rough characters, and at this particular time is boiling over with elements succeeding the late war—soldier adventurers spending the spoils they have picked up, sailors deserting their ships, and numerous rogues from the country flocking to the scene of Balmaceda's overthrow, as though expecting to find the treasure of the late government upon the streets.

Doctor Jack seeks no quarrel, though ever ready to defend himself against all comers. He knows the antipathy that exists in the Chilian mind at present against Americans, and how quick these natives are to spot a Yankee on sight—hence, he pulls the soft hat he wears farther over his eyes as he pushes along the dismal looking calle.

Doctor Jack can talk Spanish fairly well, and if asked a question may even reply in a tone that would cause no suspicion to arise concerning his right to the streets of Valparaiso. Better a little deception of this sort than a silly outbreak that must betray his identity and cause a small riot in the city.

His residence in the country has been such as to make it profitable for him to imitate the natives in the matter of dress and habits as much as possible. The Chilians do not differ greatly from our own methods—the habiliments of a gentleman are much the same as we see every day, but in a few things they have their own oddities, and these are enough to mark a native in the street from a foreigner, just as we spot an Englishman on Broadway.

The wisdom of Doctor Jack's policy is presently made manifest. At a certain point of the calle two vagabonds, who wear remnants of soldiers' uniforms, though this does not prove that they have ever marched under the Chilian flag, suddenly confronts the American pedestrian and demand his money.

Their appeal is not one of charity, for the outstretched hand holds something in its grasp that glitters like steel.

Now, Doctor Jack has never been niggardly in his dealings with the needy; his hand and pocket-book are always open to the appeals of want, but there is something in his nature that invariably protests against having the hand of a footpad thrust into his purse and seize upon the contents.

He has had the experience under the mesas of various countries, and as a general rule kicked against it with all his might. Just so on the present occasion; although unwilling to create a disturbance or commit a breach of the peace in the streets of old Valparaiso, he is even more opposed to handing over his valuables to a couple of cowardly vagabonds who thus waylay him, taking advantage of the fact that at this particular moment no one else seems to be moving along the narrow, ill lighted calle.

Hence, the fellow who addresses the lonely pilgrim from the fonda hardly finishes his demand for the coins of the realm when he is struck by a young cyclone, the revolver sent flying from his hand, and a fist brought against his head with such impetus that he finds himself lying on his back ten feet away, feebly gazing up at the few stars that peep down from the narrow lane of blue sky visible between the flat roofs above.

Doctor Jack does not forget that the impudent footpad he thus chastises has a comrade, and whirling around, he is just in time to seize this fellow's upraised arm, which brandishes aloft an ugly knife.

When those fingers of steel encircle the wrist of the Chilian desperado he feels as though he has slipped his arm by mistake into a vice, which clamps upon it with terrible force, causing a cry of anguish to burst from his lips.

With a few words in Spanish to emphasize the force of his action, the Yankee gives a sudden fling of his arm—it is not unlike the snap of a drover's long whip. At the same moment he releases his clutch, and the footpad is sent across the calle with a force like that attained by a stone hurled in olden times from that primitive war engine, the catapult.

As he strikes the door of a house which chances to be slightly ajar, he goes crashing in, and that lack of positive resistance saves him from a broken head.

The field is clear by this time, and Doctor Jack walks on as composedly as though such little occurrences are everyday matters with him, and count for but little anyway.

"Strange, how many cities I've been in where just such a thing occurred to me—Paris, London, Madrid, Rome, Cairo, yes, and even in far-away Constantinople and Bombay. Well, when a man takes to roaming the streets at night he's almost certain to meet with just such an adventure, be it in Chicago or Santiago, Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres. That's done, and all the injury I've sustained is the fractured skin upon one of my knuckles. Reckon the chap who was the cause of it all feels worse than that after the collision."

Saying which, he wraps his handkerchief carelessly around the hand that bleeds a little, and his thoughts go back to stormy scenes in Madrid some years ago, when he first met the woman he so proudly calls his wife, and in striving to keep his first appointment passed through just such an experience as has befallen him here in Valparaiso.

Then his mind leaves these old scenes, and once more turns to the business on hand—the strange affair that causes him to part from his wife at the fonda and plunges into the amazing depths of the seaport town.

Fortunately Doctor Jack is at home here—he has threaded every one of Valparaiso's calles in the daytime, and knows just where his course lies.

Presently he emerges from the narrow street, to find himself upon one better lighted, where there are many pedestrians of all classes and nations. Here gangs of sailors reel along, shouting their national airs, for under the exciting circumstances the alquazils are prone to wink at any ordinary disturbance of the peace. Valparaiso contains so many rough elements, and is in such a prime condition for a riot that the cautious Intendente, or chief of police, has issued orders to his men to wink at small disorders.

Along this thoroughfare the American strides for some ten minutes—then he stops to look around him, as if a little doubtful.

"Passed the calle, I reckon—anyhow, I don't remember seeing yonder barracks the time I came out of that same street and turned in the quarter I've just come from. Let me go back and see—here's a street, and I honestly believe it's the one—isn't that a name rudely painted on the glass of the blinking street-lamp? Wait until it flares up again, poor thing—ah! now we have it, Calle los Angeles. Bless my soul, the street of the angels—well, judging from the looks, I should say their visits in this section are few and far between."

Standing there a minute, he takes a survey of the street; although it does not appear to be a thoroughfare, it is fairly lighted, and he remembers that quite a number of what are called palaces in a South American city can be found in this locality.

Little does Doctor Jack imagine what strange events lie before him as he stands for a minute upon the threshold of his adventure and gazes down the calle with its twinkling lights.

Around him arise the various sounds that may be heard in a Spanish town of a balmy evening—much laughter, loud talking, songs from jolly spirits passing, while from over the walls of a garden near by come the tinkling notes of a mandolin as one of Chili's dark-eyed daughters thrums a national air.

Doctor Jack hears, smiles, and turning his back on all this exhilaration of sounds plunges down the Calle los Angeles—advancing to meet the strange adventure that awaits him.

Now, keeping to the left, he reaches a tree upon which a board has been nailed, forming a rude cross—it is known as such to every dweller in Valparaiso, and has many a time served as a rendezvous for lovers and plotters.

At the Tree of the Cross he pauses and glances around him. A figure which the body of the tree has concealed suddenly bobs into view, and a voice in Spanish says:—

"Good evening, senor—I have been expecting you. You are prompt."

"Are you Jose?"

"Si, senor, that is my name," bowing, and Jack notices that he is attired as servants are in the families of rich Chilians.

"You are to lead me into the presence of one who signs the name of Don Rafael Ricardo."

"That is true, senor."

"Then lose no time—I am ready."

"Follow, senor."

Doctor Jack does so willingly; he is not in the habit of engaging in wild-goose chases, but on the present occasion the letter which has been handed to him, requesting an interview, contained so many points concerning his secret mission to Chili, which he believed were only known to himself, that, acting on the advice of his wife, it is only proper that he should take some risks in order to find out what this means.

Jose looks behind him several times, as if to see whether the American follows; but he need have no fear on this score, since Jack has entered the game, determined to see it to the end.

"We arrive!" cries the man, suddenly, as he opens a heavy gate, above which hangs a red lantern.

It may be like the fly walking into the parlor of the cunning spider, but having made up his mind, the Yankee is bound to go forward, even though he may suspect all manner of evil hovers there in store for him.

So he passes the portals.

Like many houses owned by the higher classes in Santiago and Valparaiso, this building is set in the midst of a garden, and surrounded by high walls to insure privacy—indeed, these same walls might not be amiss in conjunction with a penitentiary or lunatic asylum.

They pass along a walk bordered with flowers, the perfume of which at least makes itself manifest. Then comes the house—broad steps are ascended, a noble plazza crossed, and Jose throws open the door.

"Enter" he cries, and when Doctor Jack has done so he leads him to a room, which, though but dimly lighted, it can be seen is elegantly furnished.

Here the American waits for an audience with the writer of the note, in the drawing-room where his deadly foe, Lord Rackett Plympton, is an honored guest—here he stands impatiently—then, desirous of seeing the paintings, turns on the gas, floods the room with light, and hearing what may be a sigh, turns—to gaze upon a sight that would thrill most men!

(*To be continued.*)

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JAS. G. MILLER. AGENT.

To Builders.

TOWN OF CHATHAM 1896

SEALED TENDERS endorsed "Tender for Town Hall" will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Friday, 30th day of April, inst., for the erection of a Brick Town Building at Chatham, N. B.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the office of M. S. Benson, Town Clerk, Chatham, and the office of G. Ernest Fairweather, Architect, St. John, N. B.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

In each tender must be enclosed the offer of a substantial and satisfactory person willing to become surety for the faithful performance of the work; and also a certified bank cheque for 10 per cent of the amount of the tender to be forfeited in case the writer of the tender or his surety refuses to sign the contract when called on to do so. No tender without these enclosures will be considered.

Dated at Chatham, N. B., the 7th day of April, 1897.

M. S. BENSON, Town Clerk. J. B. BENSON, Mayor.

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Mr. John West, 1044 St. Lawrence Main, Montreal, says: "For years I suffered from rheumatism which penetrated my whole system. During wet weather I was often confined to the house a complete cripple. I was treated in England, also here, by the best doctors, and took many so-called rheumatism cures, but they did me no good. After using one bottle of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure the pain has absolutely disappeared. It has worked wonders for me. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers."

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble. Price, 25 cents.

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Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25c.

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Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in 3 minutes and cure permanently. Price, $1.

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Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 Albert St., Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

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The property will be disposed of at private sale. For terms and particulars apply at the Residence.

Newcastle, April 18, 1897.

Farm for Sale.

The estate of James Ramsay deceased, situated about ½ mile from the Town of Newcastle, containing fifty (50) acres of land fronting along the Highway and extending backward and on the opposite side of the roadway extending to the river.

The property will be disposed of at moderate terms.

For particulars apply to

A C RAMSAY
B & J RAMSAY.

Newcastle, April 18, 1897.

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INSURANCE.

The insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—

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ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.

JAS. G. MILLER,

Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

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
Accmmodation for Moncton	11,08
Accommodation for Campbellton,	14,35

ALL TRAINS ARE RUN BY EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager

Railway Offic ,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 despeak for our successor, Mr W. H. McLachlan a continuance of the same.

WM. WILSON & CO.

Chatham 6th April 1897.

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LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURGS,
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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.

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