

DR. JACK'S WIFE

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Captain Tom," "Miss Caprice," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

Night has just settled over the city and harbor of Valparaiso, the greatest seaport of the Chilean coast—an October night—when a boat from the Chilean war vessel draws up alongside the landing known as the Mole.

One man only springs out, and his action bespeaks the soldier rather than the sailor. Chill, the staunchest republic of South America, has recently been raked in the throes of civil war, and the beaten government leader, Balmaceda, has fled over the mountains. His wife is still uncertain, and a close watch is kept up in all seaport towns for the fugitive president, who is believed to carry with him a wonderful treasure in precious gems.

"Buena noche, Senior Colonel," sings out the Chilean officer in the stern-sheets of the boat.

The man on shore responds—his voice and intonation betray his nationality—Colonel Leon Garcia has played a part in the late war, and by rare good luck chances to be on the winning side when it terminates.

Springing on his feet, he passes into the city, bearing directly to a certain quarter, as though he has an engagement. Valparaiso at this hour is a noisy place for a number of war vessels, besides trading steamers and ships are in the harbor, and hundreds of sailors on shore-leave make things lively. Among other things, the little man's slender legs fairly fly as he hastens to overtake those whose conversation a peculiar freak of fortune has allowed him to hear.

The hotel looms up—quite a fair-looking building for Valparaiso. Already the pair ahead seem to have opened up a warm discussion—men generally raise their voices when they become heated in argument—and as seems quite natural, they come to a pause close to the walls of the fonda, as a hotel is known in all Spanish countries.

Not more than ten feet above the sidewalk there is an open window; through this a soft light escapes as though a lamp were turned low; and as the voices of the men sound upon the night air, the flutter of a white shawl or some similar feminine garment might be noticed in this quarter.

"I say it is a burning shame, colonel; I'm a single man myself, but I have no patience with a scoundrel who would deceive his wife, leave her at some hotel, and go off to flirt with a pretty girl who has caught his eye."

"Bah! they're pretty much alike, mildred, these benefactors; I've no doubt that Señor Evans believes him to be perfect. Men are deceivers ever; you know," laughs the Chilean.

"Jove! I've a notion to find out where his wife is and tell her of his treachery; yes, prove it, if need be, by taking her to see him in some company or other," says the other.

"Cospital man, she would not go."

"Then I shall horsewhip him on the plaza. I tell you I once knew this lady and worshipped her, Colonel Garcia, and my honest British blood boils at her husband's cowardly act."

"Go away, my impetuous British lion. I have heard of the Yankee, and Doctor Jack has the reputation of one who fears neither man nor devil. You are brave, but even that might not save you in an encounter."

"An English gentleman never lets such a thought as that trouble him. Win or lose, it would make no difference in the conduct of a lady whom he respects he would risk his life. You are sure you saw him with the beautiful and wealthy senorita who came so near trapping Balmaceda before his secret flight?"

"I will stake my life on it—he kissed her hand and looked the lover. I can hardly blame the Yankee, nor Dios, for half the men in all Valparaiso would wade through fire and flood at the nod of her pretty head."

"Ah! I see, colonel, you, too, are in love."

"Hem! I admit the soft impeachment. When I saw this accused Yankee find favor in her eyes, and receive the looks of love that I would give my right hand to have bestowed upon my humble self, I stamped his face on my brain, and his name when she uttered it."

"How exactly the dashing Chilean says this, as though he means every word."

"Tell me what she said."

"All I heard, and it was enough to give me a heart-flutter, too, was, 'To the death, Doctor Jack—she shall not come between.'"

"What a queer answer!"

"What was that—I thought I heard a low cry."

"Nonsense, man, there is so much confusion around Valparaiso now, with soldiers swarming the streets and sailors from our victorious army marching in squads, that all manner of sounds may strike the ear. Let's find a quiet nook in a neighboring calle, where we can talk this thing over and arrange our plan. By Jove! it's a blasted shame. An Englishman can't stand by and see a thing like this done. Doctor Jack has got to give up his new idol."

"Or I shall make his wife a widow soon," grates the fire-eating colonel.

Then, arm in arm, the two saunter on, as though their halt has been an accident.

In the window above a feminine figure is crouched—every word has reached the ears of that faithful wife, but she does not stir, and the one low, involuntary cry that escaped her at the cruel words repeated by the heartless Chilean soldier of fortune she has given no evidence that the conversation thus accidentally held in front of the Valparaiso fonda, and under her window, is of a character so near itself with letters of the upon her brain.

One minute later the light flashes up in the apartments occupied by the rich American, Doctor Evans, and his charming wife.

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 desire 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 modest 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 Angloman in a 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 cheek, while his cane is tucked under his arm, the woman at the trunk, who has taken a sudden interest in the man, gives utterance to a cry—

"I have found it, and now to write a confession from the lips of the scoundrel." She turns as she speaks.

"By Jove! a revolver it is. Good gracious, Avis, don't you recognize me—didn't I take your whiskers! It's me—your own cousin—"

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 blushing 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 in Santiago, chased by your favorite Colonel Leiva. 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 had your head for a handle, which the owner would have never had occasion for deep thought."

"Bless my soul, but this is very odd. I can't quite understand it, you know. Something told me Lord Rackett was up to mischief, so I kept out of his sight and followed him here. One thing I've learned that pleases me—they're in Valparaiso—I'll soon be able to give Jack the message I've carried over the sea. By Jove! I must patter after this pair of ducks, you know, and see what they mean to do. Wretched cigarette—abominable odor—I'll wipe out the insult in your own name, I will."

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In married life is generally made on an equal footing of health in man and wife. But how soon, in many cases, the wife loses the start and fades in face and falls in flesh, while her husband grows even more rugged and robust.

There is one chief cause for this wifely failure and that is the failure of the womanly health. When there is irregularity or an unhealthy drain, inflammation, ulceration or female weakness, the general health is soon impaired.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures womanly diseases. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"A little over a year ago you for advice," says Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fisher, of Diana, W. Va. "You advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, which I did and with the most happy result. I was troubled with female weakness and nervousness. My face was pale and my head ached. Was so weak I could hardly walk across my room. Had a very bad period just a little while ago. My husband got me some of Dr. Pierce's medicine and I began to get on my feet. I had taken two bottles I was able to help do my work. I used three bottles in all and it cured me. Now I do all my household work as I ever used to."

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ous into view, and a voice in Spanish
 8679—
 "Good evening, señor—I have been expecting you. You are prompt."
 "Are you José?"
 "Sí, señor, that is my name," bowing, and Jack notices that he is attired as servants are in the families of rich Chileans.
 "You are to lead me into the presence of one who signs the name of Don Rafael Ricardo."
 "That is true, señor."
 "Then lose no time—I am ready."
 "Follow, señor."
 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 Chile, 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.
 José looks behind him several times, as if to see whether the American follows; but he has 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, the steps are ascended, a noble plaza crossed, and José throws open the door.
 "Enter," he cries, and when Doctor Jack has gone 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, and the writer of this note, in the drawing-room where his deadly foe, Lord Rackett, is an honored guest—here he stands impatiently, stern, despondent of seeing the painting, turns on the gas, floods the room with light, and hearing what may be a sigh, turns—so gazed upon a sight that would thrill most men!

to Be Continued.

BATEESE, THE LUCKY MAN.

He's always ketchin' dore, and he's always ketchin' trout On de place where no wain siewens ketch at all! He's always ketchin' barbette, dat's what you call bull-pout. An' he never miss de will' duck so de fait.

Oh de partridge do some skipin' w'en she keem on de swamp. For she know Bateese don't go for no'tin' dere.

An' do rabbit if he's comin', wait you ought to see him jump. W'y he want to stumb de tree de feel so scare!

After two hours by de reveer I hear heep heelp song. Don I never heem all hee's pockets full of snipe.

An' me, I go de same place, and I tramp de whole lile long. An' I'm only shootin' two on'tree, ba' Crisp!

I start about de sunrise, an' I put out ma decoy. An' I see Bateese he sneak along de shore.

An' before it's comin' breakfast he's holler on hee's boy. For every home two dozen duck or more.

An' I'm freasin' on de bin—me—from four o'clock to nine. An' every duck shee's fess'n' up so high.

Dere's blue-bill, an' nutter-bill, an' red head, de finest kin. An' I might as well go shootin' on de sky.

Don't see de noder fellow lak Bateese was wifery main. He can ketch de smartest fish as never swim.

An' de bird he seldom miss dere, let try de hard he can. W'y de eagle on de mountain can't fly away from him.

But all de bird an' feck, too, is geer up feelin' scare. An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed.

For he fresh an' snoot so longer, oh! Jean Henry Befar. Fos he's dere.

William Henry Drummond.

A Theatrical Treat in Prospect.

An effort is being made to secure a performance here of the romantic play, "Rupert of Hentzau," a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." "Rupert of Hentzau" is the attraction at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, next week. If the negotiations carry through and the play is secured, it will be one of the most important dramatic events of the season.

A North Ward Episode.

A mouse will scare the average domestic more readily than an elephant as a general rule, and a couple of days ago a dead rat in a pan of water was nearly the death of a north ward woman. The well is in the cellar, and when the pail of drawn water was brought up into the kitchen the horrifying discovery was made. The rising shrieks that followed created a sensation in the neighborhood. The family have removed to another house, whence gvier water will be used.

Cure For Hay Fever.

A New York paper says: The most foolish of all ailments of life is hay fever. And hitherto no cure has been discovered. But hay fever, it has just been established, can be treated out of one. A patient who has tried this cure declares it to be infallible. He went one day, on the recommendation of a friend who had been similarly afflicted, to the cold storage vaults of a wholesale provision dealer. He wandered for nearly an hour among the carcasses of frozen butchers' chickens and hams in a temperature twenty degrees below freezing-point, and since then has had neither sneezed nor wasted to. The remedy is simple, exciting and rational.

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