

DOCTOR JACK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss
Fantine of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

CHAPTER III

It is a most astounding discovery that Doctor Jack has just made, and he may well be excused for losing his head for just half a dozen seconds. There can be no mistake. Jack is ready to wager half his fortune on the fact that he is gazing upon the face of the Barcelona flower girl, and the nun who bathed his head with spirits of cologne after his encounter with the Barcelona mob, but this does not explain the deep mystery that hangs over the affair.

The red bull tires out soon, and his tormentors retire at a blast from the trumpet, their place being taken by handkerchiefs, who advance and cast their darts unerringly. Gaudy streamers and rosettes are attached to these, and the bull soon looks like the prize cattle of a show.

At the same time something of fury is aroused in him, though he almost staggers in his wild rushes. The tormentors have done their work—the trumpet again sounds.

"It is Pedro's turn," says Don Carlos, who has been an excited spectator of the game, and in his eagerness almost forgotten that he has companions at his elbow.

The great audience suddenly calms down. No longer shouts arise, not even a handkerchief is waved to distract the attention of either the bull or his master, who steps into the arena.

It is now that a man appears, and that excited throng realize the fact, which accounts for the sudden silence. The matador faces the bull, and receives his attack, not flying from it as do the other actors in the drama. He is the star of the combination.

For the first time since casting back her veil Mercedes turns toward the American. She sees the look upon his face, knows that he has recognized her, and places a finger upon her scarlet lips in a way that indicates silence.

"You shall know all in good time, Señor Evans," reaches his ear, and the next instant she is pointing into the arena, and saying—

"Look at Pedro Vasquez, Señor American. Did you ever see a braver man? He stands before the toro perfectly fearless. See, he waves his red flag to enrage the brute. Watch a Spaniard give the coup de grace. You have faced the half-starved bulls in Mexico, Don Carlos says, but they cannot compare with our noble brutes. It is a different matter being in front of that bull, for instance, señor."

Jack does not reply, how can he argue with a beautiful lady, and vaunt his own prowess, too? It goes against his grain, so he smiles and bows, but inwardly raves.

"Ah! the bull makes up his mind. The critical moment has arrived, and down upon the brave matador he rushes. It looks as though the ponderous beast must run over the man who has dropped upon one knee, as if to receive the assault, his straight sword, with its keen point, upraised; but this position has been assumed only in a spirit of bravado by the executioner, who knows too much to retain it longer.

The little red muleta held by the left hand to one side engages the attention of the charming beast. With glaring, riddled eyes and steaming nostrils he bears down upon it.

Master of his trade, Vasquez has his Toledo blade held out with a firm hand, his eye is glued upon the spot, no larger than the palm of his hand, between the left shoulder and the spine, where the point of the weapon must enter.

Thousands hold their breath in this moment of suspense. A miss will cause the reputation of the matador to suffer.

Jack feels a small hand clutching his arm. It is Mercedes, who, bonding forward, hardly realizes what she is doing, so great is her interest in the drama below.

Of course, the American does not remove that hand—it might clasp him thus for hours, and he would find grace to bear the captivity.

His eyes, too, are upon the scene. He watches the man with the gaze of a connoisseur, one who has been there himself, and appreciates the situation, which most of the spectators do not. Vasquez has a smile on his lips, as though he scorns a beast such as the one before him. The bull has reached the flaming engano of fire, which is tossed upon his horns, for the game is done. The point of the sword has touched the marked spot on his breast, and the very force of the blow's onward rush drives the blade through the lungs into the brave heart.

So the first round is over. The bull lies on the saw-dust, blood issuing from his mouth, and the vast audience make the walkway with cheers of "Viva Vasquez! Bravo matador!"

The hero of the death struggle to possess his fatal sword, wipes it upon the carcass of his antagonist, makes a few low bows in the direction of the captain-general, and then all around the arena, with a flourish, he waves his handkerchiefs, who are now waving theirs in return.

"You shall see fun now. I told you that black bull was a devil. Even brave Pedro does not fancy the business. Unless the variety wears the animal out before he is killed, it may go hard with him."

A team of gaily caparisoned mules, with tinkling bells, is driven into the arena, and the bull and dead horses dragged out, after which the second scene will be opened, the same thing being gone through with, under a greater or lesser degree of excitement.

While the arena is being cleared and gotten in readiness for the next engagement, Jack converses with the Spanish girl. He notes the expressive glances she casts in the direction of the Turkish pasha, and a light begins to steal upon him. He fancied he can at least understand the sudden enmity of that worthy in the red fer, who has been looking upon him in the light of a rival. The other matter, concerning Mercedes and the flower maid of Barcelona, remains a deep mystery, which can only be solved when this strange girl grants him a private interview.

She talks almost continually of Pedro, and more than once declares that she adores brave men in a manner so pointed that Jack is puzzled to know what she can mean. He does not understand women—he has always admitted that fact. What is this charming creature hinting at? Does she want him to spring down into the arena and play chulo, banderillero, and matador all in one? Thanks, but he came here to see a show, not to make one. These men were hired to amuse people, and did but do their duty. Perhaps at some future time fate would be kind enough to give him a chance to prove his bravery in a way satisfying to even her Spanish quixotic ideas.

For the present, he is well content to sit where he is, and let others do their best to entertain the multitude. The mules have done their duty, and once more the chulos and picadors ride forward, but the keen eyes of the American notes a lack of confidence in their actions—that awful bellow has frozen the marrow in their bones, and they fear the coming encounter with the fierce demon soon to be let loose.

If Pedro Vasquez has anything of the same nervousness about him, he wags unto the matador when he comes to face the toro. Patience, and we shall see in good time.

All eyes are bent eagerly and hungrily on the door of the toril, whence must issue the second bovine monster. It is still cased, but the alcazuli has the key in the lock, and awaits the signal to whirl the door open, after which he will leap for his life over the barrier.

Back of that door a fearful sound is heard, like a peal of distant thunder oft repeated, and the audience catch their breath as the conviction strikes home, even before they see the bull, that here must be a warrior fit for the steel of Vasquez.

Ah! the tramp sounds, open files the door, the ground seems to tremble as a mad bull, black as jet and ugly as sin, sweeps into the arena, ready to do battle.

Then the silence is broken, a whirl of furious applause arises, and the black terror is seen in hot pursuit of a picador. Vain are the timid attempts of the chulos to distract his attention. The brute keeps one object in his eye, and pursues it with overwhelming zeal.

See! the horse is thrown over, gored to his death, and the man will be also, for his fallen steed pins him down, but just in the nick of time a footman flaunts a scarlet flag before the bull's eyes, and is presently assisted over the fence by his powerful pursuer, with a leg ripped open.

The fallen picador is helped out in time, and meanwhile the black bull has demolished two more horses. Such a terror has never yet been seen in the Plaza del Toros, and those who ought to be worrying him seem themselves only worried lest they cannot get over the fence fast enough.

Not a horseman is left. The animals lie upon the saw-dust, downed by the horns of the sable giant, while the late valiant riders sit astride the fence with the chulos, ready to drop back if the bull but winks twice, and utterly unmindful of the jeers that greet them on all sides, accompanied with a shower of orange parings and nuts.

Undoubtedly the toro is master of the situation so far. He looks around him to make sure of this, and then contentedly chews at a tuft of grass that appears above the saw-dust, which action is greeted with shrieks of laughter by the people, who declare this noble fellow will break the whole bull-fighting community up yet.

As the remnant of the first brigade cannot be described or ferreted to enter the ring again, the dead horses are removed as they can out of the way, and the second scene of the drama begins. The native States Making allowances for untraced and unreported deaths, it is calculated that a million died during the period.

During the first three months of the epidemic, the mortality was especially high, and the disease was particularly fatal to the young.

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It takes Mr. Bull just about ten minutes to dispose of the banderilleros. He seems to enjoy the business of the bull, and the audience, for some of the latter have found their tongues now, and are shouting to the brute to kill the cowardly curs who dare not face him. The same brave who should not be hired to remain in the enclosure for half the money in Madrid, but it is so easy to sit in security and gape at a poor devil whose teeth are rattling together like castanets, and who would not if he could, and could not if he would.

In this case, the bull is master of the field, and has not been tired half enough to give the matador a chance of killing him. Of course it is not expected that Pasquez will enter the arena unless men are found to torment the bull still more and weary him with feints.

The management attempt to expostulate with the dart throwers. They will sit upon the fence and cast their missiles at long range, but threats and bribes alike fail to induce them to enter.

A low murmur, that sounds like far away thunder gradually rising as the storm sweeps near, until the moan becomes a shout, and this in turn a tumult. Jack asks the cause. It is not difficult to find.

The arena contains the figure of a man—Pedro Vasquez, Toledo blade in one hand and scarlet muleta in the other, stands there. Brave man, he knows the awful chances he takes, but by no sign does he show fear.

One hand is raised, it is to quell the deafening applause, which may unnerve him. Wait until all is over, and then he will give what he deserves; should he lose he will probably need nothing beyond a requiem. Instantly all becomes as silent as death, and those two in the arena face each other, the man cool and watchful, the brute scraping up the sawdust and dirt with one hoof, as if in defiance.

It is a picture for a master. Mercedes, with clasped hands, gazes and draws in inspiration—she looks as though the man in the arena were a god, and Jack hears her utter words that thrill him like electricity:

"Caramba! I adore a brave man!" The tableau is broken.

It is the bull that makes the first move. The animal has seemed to scent new danger from the time Pedro Vasquez entered the arena, and at the same time some subtle power has given the brute to understand that he now faces a man and not a coward.

Up to this time the sympathies of the vast audience have been entirely with Vasquez. Deep down in their hearts these Spaniards respect bravery, and they cheer the adversary who follows up his blow, and hiss those who strike and then fly as though the Old Nick himself were after them.

Now the toro is in motion again. He comes plunging down upon the daring matador like an avalanche, and Pedro Vasquez has done a foolish thing, and he knows it, but perhaps some sneering remark has urged him on. He will show these people of Madrid, he swears, that the Vasquez of to-day is fully the equal of any matador whose memory is held sacred.

Even the American is forced to admire the man's grit, though he expects to see him suffer for it. In Jack's opinion the Spaniard has not the proper conception of what he should do under these extraordinary circumstances, for never has Pedro faced a mad bull such as the one now rushing upon him.

"Fool! fool!" Jack mutters almost unconsciously, and then he sees Mercedes turn and give one quick look into his face, showing she must have caught his words.

Then comes the collision—when a fast moving body bears down upon a stationary one, unless the latter gets out of the way in haste, there is bound to be a smash-up. On a railroad the lighter engine always gets the worst of it, and indeed this is generally the case the world over.

Pedro has depended on luring the bull to one side by means of his flourish muleta, dangled out with his left hand. He seems to have taken it for granted that this animal will follow the tactics pursued by the last, and swerves enough from the course to allow the planting of the sword point upon his left breast, when, as in the case of the red bull, his own velocity will do the rest.

(To Be Continued.)

SCOURGE OF PLAGUE.

India's Startling Record Since September, 1896.

A British Government statement regarding the condition of India in respect to the plague from its first outbreak in Bombay in September, 1896, to March 31, 1900, shows a total of 1,000,000 deaths, and a loss of 1,000,000,000 of the population.

The disease was particularly fatal to the young, and the mortality was especially high during the first three months of the epidemic.

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FOR FARMERS

It is not a new discovery, but a new one for the farmer who wants to lift a mortgage of his farm. Then no home-made fertilizer should be allowed to go to waste. In brush, weeds, should be allowed to grow up in the fence corners or in any space that can be cultivated. No apologies for fences should be tolerated, and while the crops, such as roots or vegetables generally are growing, the ground should be stirred over and over again with cultivator or harrow. Farmers who work on these lines ought not to be troubled with mortgages or empty pockets.

FLY PREVENTIVES.

Last year I was able to keep up the milk flow through August, notwithstanding the fact that the falling off of milk at the factories was more serious than any year previous, principally on account of the flies, writes Mr. J. H. Mainland, P. E. I. I used more lime than any other locality, yet through August my milk flow was but 14 pounds per cow per day less than in the flush of June pasture, and this with cows which calved in the spring. I used pure kerosene oil, and think it is the simplest, cleanest and most potent remedy among the many fly preventives in use.

The black bull remains master of the field, and has not been tired half enough to give the matador a chance of killing him. Of course it is not expected that Pasquez will enter the arena unless men are found to torment the bull still more and weary him with feints.

The management attempt to expostulate with the dart throwers. They will sit upon the fence and cast their missiles at long range, but threats and bribes alike fail to induce them to enter.

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THE MAN IN THE ASYNUM

The London Lancet seriously discusses the psychology of jubilation. After referring to the shouting, the beating, the feather-ticking, and so on, it proceeds:

Of course, such exuberance is a faintly of the moment. While it lasts, it makes excuses and looks for a way out. It is able to settle down to our prosaic and much more profitable life if we had fought to resist the volcanic explosion of feeling and endeavor to cool ourselves by more gradual and rational methods.

In these public outbursts of enthusiasm in the night time, which is the culmination of the season, the artificiality of the excitement is obvious. The silence of the night is oppressive and we must have a soothing noise. So we shout and then laugh and sing until the lava of jubilation has run out, and we can rest lapped in the peace that follows an irresistible letting-go.

So might argue the crowds filling our streets on Mafeking and peace nights, and the affinity of this frame of mind to madness must be like observant men. The essential difference between the madness of a man inside an asylum and that of a man outside is that the former has his failure of inhibition, but the latter has no such condition. When, therefore, the rest of society is unprepared to resist the forcible exhibition of what is against its feeling of the moment, the latter's outburst exacts a price of mind to madness must be like observant men.

The Lancet argues that these exhibitions are good for the community, though it says: "We feel that this habit of civilization has not the modified human nature so much as might be believed. The world is very much as it was long ago. There is still the same tendency toward explosiveness, mind storms and loss of inhibition, and it takes very little to seduce the seditious citizen into the destructiveness of the mob, the rag of the university student or the 'boogalooism' of the man in the street. Habit may do much. The events of the last three years have been in the nature of a new experience. There was no preparation and no gradual adaptation to new conditions, while everything that argued for explosiveness was provided."

THE COW STABLE.

The platform on which the cows stand should be at least six inches higher than the floor. This will give drop enough so that the cows can lie down without getting into manure. But cows will not keep clean if the platform on which they stand is not of the proper length. It should project not more than two inches beyond the cows' hind feet. It works well to have the platform 3 or 4 inches higher than the rear end, as this allows the urine to run off. It takes but little time to fix the stable. If too low, the platform can easily be raised by putting thicker pieces of timber underneath, and if too long a saw will shorten it.

After the stable is fixed, the cows in and the milking all done the last thing to do before leaving them for the night is to clean up any manure that may have dropped since they were tied up, and then scatter some sawdust or other absorbent on the floor below the drop. This soaks up the urine and when a cow is lying down, her tail will not become wet. Upon going out to milk in the morning, cows stabled in this way will be clean and one will not experience the unpleasantness of having a wet and dirty tail swinging across the face.

RUSSIA'S REVENUE SOURCES.

The Russian Chancellor has a unique source of revenue which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach must envy. Every Russian going to a concert, a theatre, or any public entertainment pays his share towards the support of an institution established by the Russian Government on behalf of the poor. Every ticket sold is taxed, and in 1898 a million roubles (about \$625,000) rolled into the treasury through this channel. But the Government of the Tsar established a reputation for financial cleverness when it made a little fortune out of the Crimean War. For months after the end of the year old iron, shot, and shell were picked up around Sebastopol. For a while a regular trade grew up; thousands of tons of metal being sold. Such a chance was too good to be missed, and the Government stepped in between buyers and sellers with a tax of 6d. per hundredweight. When the last shot had been picked up and sold, the Tsar's Chancellor found that he had reaped a little harvest of £15,000!

FARMING FOR PROFIT.

The farmer who has an \$800 mortgage on a \$1,000 farm, wants relief from his incubus, and the farmer who is free from debt wants to put away a few dollars every year against the evil day that is sure to come. The mortgage cannot be raised by spasmodic work and in experimental farming work and in any profit. If one sells milk or butter, he should keep only good milk and butter producers; it costs nearly as much to feed a "scrub" cow as one that returns three times as much for its keep; if he keeps poultry, turkeys or geese, or sheep or pigs, he should keep the varieties, and keep them well, that carry the most dollars under their skins. If he grows fruits or vegetables for the market, he should grow such as the consumer wants and he should market them, when the season is ready, and when all things he should grow, the largest quantity possible on a given space of ground. Except for fertilizers, it costs as much to grow 100 bushels of potatoes on an acre of ground as to grow 300.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE.

Insect for the relief of the afflicted. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for the relief of the afflicted. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for the relief of the afflicted.

Mother: "I suppose your father doesn't mean to do it, but he tries my patience very hard at times." Daughter: "Oh, I think papa is a pretty good man." Mother: "He is, my dear; but it is hard to think that after we have been married twenty years he still occasionally talks back."

HE—It's easy to see that woman were made before mirrors." SHE—"Indeed? Why?" HE—"Because that's how they got the start. They've been before them ever since."

"I've read that the first man who ever carried an umbrella in the streets, over a hundred years ago, was a Quaker." "By people who wanted to be the first to borrow it, I suppose."

THE BURNING, STINGING SENSATIONS TAKEN AWAY AND THE RAW FLESH HEALED BY DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

It is not an unusual thing for children to suffer from eczema, a frequently recurring skin trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment has proved itself a quick relief and permanent cure for this ailment. Take for example the following case:

Mr. C. Wilby, who is employed as cooper by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema on my little girl's face, and she was cured in a few days. She had suffered for considerable time, and I was very anxious to get her cured. Dr. Chase's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for the relief of the afflicted."

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CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Dr. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont. Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vanlock Hill and surrounding country. She is since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is all who the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says: "While nursing my first child, I suffered from a tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a lump, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but it would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them. I soon felt an increase in strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever. I had been in bed for several months, and my health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as anæmia, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A FUNERAL PYRE.

A Miser's Money and Diamonds Were Burned.

Misers are notorious for their old wills and strange secretion of property. Mr. and Mrs. Close, of Nottingham, England, were reputed very rich and great misers. After their death the heirs, a nephew and his wife, came to the house, and ransacked it for the money and diamonds which their deceased relatives were supposed to have secreted there.

Cupboards and drawers were searched in vain. Nothing particular was found. At last, in the attic, a great trunk was discovered. "Here it is!" they said. But when the trunk was opened the upper part was found to be full of nothing but hair combs, as if all the waste from hair brushes had been saved for years. Below these was a lot of very much soiled old curl-papers, and under them, again, were several pairs of old and much worn corsets.

"What a mess!" said young Mrs. Close, in disgust. "We'll have it burned. What creatures our relatives must have been!"

The trunk was taken down into the courtyard, a huge bonfire made, and the trunk set in it. As it was burning the woman stood by with a stick, poking the rubbish. Accidently she poked open one of the curl-papers. It was a fifty-pound note!

In agony she pulled and poked at the fire, but it was too late. Most of the notes were burned. She saved only about eight hundred pounds, and naturally her husband was very angry. Every time he saw the burned heap in the courtyard he burst forth a fresh. So his wife sent for the ashman and had the debris removed.

Still, the diamonds had not been found. Finally an old charwoman who had worked in the house was found in the almshouse. She was asked if she knew anything about the diamonds; if there were any and where they were kept.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I have diamonds, very fine ones, but I don't know where they are. Mrs. Close for she always kept them sewed up and hidden away in her old stays."

All the stays had been burned in the fire. The diamonds might have been destroyed, but the ashman had removed every vestige of the ashes. Not a trace of them could be found.

HISTORICAL ELM TRUNK.

Among the curios of Windsor Castle is a chair made entirely out of the trunk of the famous elm tree which the Duke of Wellington stood at the Battle of Waterloo. The history of the tree is curious. When Mr. Children, one of the curators of the British Museum, visited the plain of Waterloo not many