

# DOCTOR JACK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

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

From the harp Mercedes goes to the mandolin, and as the daughter of Spain trills out a ditty, Jack can easily imagine himself once more in Mexico, listening to the dark-skinned beauties of old Montezuma's realm.

So, Don Carlos joins them, and, as he mentions incidentally how Jack used to sing about the fire in their cantina camp of an evening, Mercedes begs that he will open them the favor now.

Jack is nothing if not obliging. He has a fair baritone voice, in fact a remarkably good one, and can use it well.

So to Mercedes' accompaniment on the harp he sings several Spanish songs. Then, taking the guitar in hand, he accompanies himself to "The Arrow and the Song," and other English ballads.

The pleasure is mutual. Their surroundings are so quaint that the melody seems to have an additional charm. Mercedes notes, however, with a little frown, that more than once this brave American takes out his watch when he thinks he is not observed, and consults it. She knows he is thinking of the engagement at eight, and consequently of the other girl.

This causes the beauty to bite her lips in chagrin. The music has charms, but even there she has failed to make Doctor Jack forget. Surely he must be pretty far gone to even remember that there is such a being in existence when under the beaming eyes of this Spanish girl.

At last dinner is announced, for Don Carlos has imported some of the customs of the English into his house, his business bringing him in contact with the islanders, and taking him away frequently to the tight little island beyond the English channel.

Don Carlos offers his arm to the singer, so there is nothing else for Jack to do than escort Mercedes to the table, not that he has the slightest objection, for any man would have been pleased to have had such a companion.

They linger over the meal, which is well served, thanks to the English ideas, and a foreign cook the Don had imported.

Jack enjoys himself heartily, but he is at the same time careful about taking wine, with which he indulges only in limited quantities, and then only with his partner.

As they arise from the table Jack manages to get a glimpse at his watch. It is twenty minutes past seven. The time has slipped by, and he must now be going, for if he leaves the house on the Del Prado at half-past seven he can reach the Fonda Peninsular before the hour set for his arrival—eight. He is glad now he had forethought enough to tell the driver of the vehicle to wait for him, not knowing that Don Carlos afterward went out and paid him, saying that the American gentleman had decided to remain, and would not need his services.

Once more they enter the music-room, and Mercedes is about to resume the charming strains of melody where she had ceased at the call to dinner, when Jack begs pardon, but declares it is just to leave them.

In vain they beg him to remain, even the wonderful eyes of Mercedes, filled with pleading, fail to turn this inexorable American from his purpose. He is of stone, she thinks, piqued more than words could tell at her signal failure, and already the volcano within threatens an eruption which even the great Vesuvius cannot eclipse.

"At any rate come with me to the den I have, and smoke a cigar in company ere going," says Don Carlos finally.

To refuse such a request is an insult to a Spanish gentleman—even if the gravest of evils overhung one, such an invitation is not lightly put aside.

Doctor Jack knows this. It is not yet half-past seven, and even if detained to the quarter of eight limit, an extra time to the driver will bring him through. Funeral always, he thinks of all these things ere he replies to the other's invitation.

"Certainly, Don Carlos, I can enjoy your company for some ten minutes or so. I am sorry, indeed, to tear myself away from such charming company, but duty calls. I hope to renew the pleasure at an early date."

He sees the face of Mercedes light up as he begins to speak, and even intercepts a meaning glance she shoots toward her uncle; but pretends to be unaware of this signal, blandly raises it to his lips in the old time fashion still in vogue among these high bred Castilians, and then turning, follows Don Carlos out of the music-room to one some distance beyond, which he calls his den, but which just now is to be the web that the American fly is to be trapped in.

## CHAPTER VII.

Jack has heard about this "den" before, and is a little curious to see it. He believes the eagerness of Don Carlos to have him smoke arises from his desire to show his snuff bachelors quarters, of which he has spoken more than once when they camped in the Pecos.

The doorway is on the ground floor, and looks out upon the garden. Through an open window steals a sweet perfume from the night-blooming flowers, soon to be succeeded by a stronger odor from the nocturnal weed.

Around the walls of the room are some of the most beautiful and valuable

memorabilia of the chase, pipes from all nations, and many articles in the line of bric-a-brac which a rich bachelor with a leaning toward a sportsman's life might pick up in his travels.

Queer things there are, too, but Jack has even a much finer collection than himself. He has no time now to do them justice.

"The first chance I get, Don Carlos, I mean to spend half a day with you. It will give me pleasure to look over these things," he remarks, taking out a cigar, and rolling it between his fingers, an action the other sees with considerable apprehension.

"What if the American insists upon smoking his own particular brand of tobacco? He had known smokers to have that habit, and the other has already in more ways than one proven that he can be a very stubborn man when he makes his mind up."

"Notice the rug at your feet, Señor Jack."

"Ah! yes, the bear we killed up in the mountains together. He was about as tough a customer as I care to see, but the old rascal serves a good purpose at last."

Doctor Jack takes a taper from a rack, and is about to hold it in the black of the wall lamp near by when a hand touches his arm. Looking around, he sees the senior's face close to him, and his yellow fingers hold a cigar.

"Pardon, Doctor Jack, but in my house you must smoke my cigars. That is etiquette with us Spanish gentlemen, you know," showing his teeth beneath the black moustache as he smiles in the American's face.

"I beg your pardon, Don Carlos. I should have known better," and instantly he slips his own cigar into his vest pocket, accepting that of the Spaniard, whose eyes fairly scintillate with pleasure.

As a cat watches a mouse, so he keeps his black orbs on Doctor Jack until the latter has applied the lighted taper to his cigar and given a few puffs, when, with an inaudible sigh of relief, the Don proceeds to put fire to his own weed.

While his back is turned an expression of amazement creeps over Jack's face. He looks at his cigar, and then at the Don, shaking his head dubiously. "I wonder," he thinks, "if there is something about the weed he falls to appreciate, and yet dares not offend his host by throwing it away. To himself he mutters:—

"If this is his much vaunted brand, bless my soul what a perverted taste these Spaniards have, and here I always believed they beat the world at growing and using tobacco, especially in Cuba. I wonder," he does not finish the sentence, but a suggestive smile that fits across his face takes its place, announcing that Doctor Jack has conceived a little scheme to at least save himself a headache.

"Don, would you mind getting my light outer coat. There is something in the pocket I wanted you to have to remember me when I am away. My friends are too few to allow them to forget me when I am away."

Don Carlos' eyes flash with pleasure. He says he will be back with it in a minute, and hastens from the room.

"No hurry," calls Jack after him, coolly.

The game is won. Hardly has Don Carlos vanished from view than Jack's hand slips again to the upper pocket of his vest, and out comes a cigar—the one he had been about to smoke when his host interrupted. He knows the fine flavour of this, and can vouch for it.

Quickly he bites off the end, then the lighted weed is held close to the new one, a few puffs and the thing is done, after which Jack manages to extinguish the fire from the gift cigar. He looks at it with a shudder, is about to cast it away, becomes seized with an idea, and hastily deposits the suspicious affair in his pocket, which is a good way to get rid of the obnoxious weed, and gives a chance for future investigation.

When Don Carlos returns with the coat over his arm hardly a minute has elapsed. He discovers Doctor Jack leaning back on a divan, holding the cigar between his fingers, and looking at the smoke curling upward with an expression of ecstatic bliss seen only upon a smoker's face—the gnawing has been satisfied.

"Don Carlos grins and mutters 'Carajo! the drug is ready having an effect,' but in this he deceives himself, for it is only the smoker's content that has possession. Then he admires the diamond pin Jack hands him—a decided beauty—and is loud in his thanks.

They sit here for some little time indulging, Jack smoking furiously in order to use his cigar up as speedily as possible, and the Spaniard watching him out of the corner of his eye while he talks.

To his surprise shows no signs of giving way to the temptation. "Something is undoubtedly wrong," says the drug has lost its power; else—

Don Carlos hardly dares conjecture the other possibility.

He grinds his teeth in secret rage, and yet feels compelled to act pleasantly, but the task is such a hard one that Doctor Jack perceives he is troubled.

At length the American athlete sees the butt of his pipe, and the diamond pin Jack hands him—a decided beauty—and is loud in his thanks.

They sit here for some little time indulging, Jack smoking furiously in order to use his cigar up as speedily as possible, and the Spaniard watching him out of the corner of his eye while he talks.

It is otherwise as dark as Egypt, and as the door closes behind him, Jack makes a bee-line for the exit, which he has no trouble in passing, though generally doors and gates are well barred in Madrid after nightfall, as they are bound in the strange old Spanish city.

Once upon the street he looks around for his vehicle, and of course fails to find it, since Don Carlos was so kind as to countermand his order hours ago.

Doctor Jack mutters a malediction upon the stupidity of Jehus in general and Spanish ones in particular. He is also put out because he stayed so long, as this must of necessity keep him from fulfilling his engagement at the Fonda Peninsular to the letter, and in his eyes it is very important that he give Avia no cause for complaint at this stage of the game.

Such a man, however, is not at a loss for means to carry him through. Since the vehicle has failed him he has his own powers of locomotion, and selecting his course, starts off with a swinging stride down the driving avenue, he has a cat-in-the-hat air about him, and he is not a little pleased to bring him to the place in the heart of the city within half an hour's time, provided no accident befalls him while en route.

There are lights here and there, up on the Calle del Prado, and these help the stranger in a degree. Time was, and not so very long ago, when the honest citizen of this burgh desiring to go out at night had to take a guard along with him, and unless the moon shone, he had a cat-in-the-hat air about him, and he is not a little pleased to bring him to the place in the heart of the city within half an hour's time, provided no accident befalls him while en route.

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## FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Farmers of the Fall

### SELECTION OF THE DAIRY COW.

There are three things to be considered in the selection of a cow. First, I would select the cow as an individual without reference to antecedents and records. The most important indication of a good cow is her udder. No cow can make much milk without a spacious udder. This is not measured so much by its vertical diameter as by its attachment to the body. It should extend well forward and far back, or upward between the legs, and should be wide at the same time, but not necessarily pendulous. The next point to be considered is the barrel. The cow must have a big body, which is her workshop or laboratory.

### RAISING CALVES BY HAND.

At the county council school at Newton Rigo, England, the calf is taken away from the cow as soon as born, rubbed dry with straw, well bedded and covered with more straw and in half an hour fed with a pint of the mother's warm milk. For the first and second week it is fed three times a day with its mother's warm milk, 1 1/2 pints at a time, increasing to two quarts the fourth day. The third week one-half separator skim milk is substituted and a half pint linseed soup added to each quart skimmed. A little hay is added the next week. The quantity of milk at each feed is increased to 2 1/2 quarts skim milk the fifth week and hay is also increased gradually.

Omit the linseed soup the ninth week and after the noon feed give a handful of linseed meal and a little pulped swedes or turnips (grated in summer) and hay as before. The noon meal is omitted the 12th week and crushed oats and two quarts pulped swedes substituted, but the morning and evening feed of skim milk is continued. The milk may be discontinued the fifth month but it is better to give one or two feeds a day until the eighth or ninth month. To prepare the linseed soup put one quart flaxseed in four gallons water to soak overnight. Boil and stir the next day for one-half hour and just before finishing add one-half pound flour, mixed with cold water, to counteract the laxative tendency of the flaxseed.

### Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for piles, and every form of itching, bleeding, and protruding piles, the manufacturer has arranged to send you a sample of the ointment in the daily press and ask you to get your money back if it does not cure you. Write to Dr. Chase, 100 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., and he will send you a box of the ointment.

### UTILIZING WEEDS.

There is an old saying to the effect that "a dog may as well be killed as given a bad name." On the farm there are some errant species of plants that suffer from the odium of being called weeds, when as a matter of fact they have many valuable qualities, and if not so tenacious of life would be regarded as friends rather than enemies. It is often a confession of poor methods of cultivation, when a farmer confesses a fear of couch grass, or medick spreading through the fields. A crop of rye is likely to injure the succeeding crops when there is careless management, yet if rye is wanted there should be no hesitation in sowing it. Sweet clover is a persistent weed of the roadside, and yet it may be used to advantage in improving the texture of soils that cannot be induced to grow anything else. Couch grass will thrive on soils where other grasses will fail, and in addition to protecting the soil gives a supply of very good pasture. In the same way the little yellow blossomed medick can be left to grow on the bare knolls that seem to suit it so well.

### SLIP-SHOD FARMING.

I wonder how many farmers have heard the old adage, "Let the ends loose and the middle will get tangled," writes an observing man. I often think of it when I go through the country and see farm after farm with tools and carriages standing out seasoning and weather cracking in the sun and wind; the yards about the house one litter of unsplit blocks of wood chips, broken on wagons, etc. And still such men sometimes prosper wonderfully considering the slipshod way in which their work is done.

When you un hitched from that mower or rake just at the end of the house or barn instead of driving it a few feet farther, and leaving it under the shed, or in the barn door, you might have known by experience that the chances were never would be left right there until it was wanted next year, and you also might have known that it was pretty sure to need more or less repair when wanted. Truly it is the little leaks that sink the ships, and the time and the brains of the owner can often be profitably employed in stopping these leaks.

I know several men in my life who were so busy in making money, that they had no time to make it; and consequence being that they never had much to save. Some never picked up the little apples or potatoes or pumpkins even when the saving of them would make the difference between a crop that just paid for the work and land, or a crop that netted a profit. I know a man who has a farm for a year or two, and on his return found seven cow chains completely covered up in the sample of the general style of farm-

## MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

### Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

A memorial brass tablet to officers and men of the 2nd Life Guards who were killed in the Boer War, was unveiled in Holy Trinity church, Windsor.

A daily maid was milking a cow at Koppes, a little village in Norfolk, when the animal turned upon her, knocked her down, and gored her in the cheek.

Probably the smallest village in the United Kingdom is Bagley Wood, about 30 miles from Abingdon. It was formerly the abode of a hermit, and has only four inhabitants now.

"Are you in the habit of having a drop too much?" asked the witness, earning a bigged liking of some. "We cannot have too much," was the naïve reply.

In a rock garden at Calverley, near Leeds, England, there are 1,200 species of annual and Alpine plants, some 200 of which are now in bloom. Many of the specimens are extremely rare.

A long-burning oil found for which lamps are now being put into use. It holds oil longer for several days and nights with no filling, and the lamp needs no attention in the meantime.

A tragic affair occurred in London at the funeral of the late Mr. P. W. Sims, one of the mourners falling down dead while the first part of the service was being held in the departed's house.

While crossing Ledgate Green, London, during a rain shower, a young lady fell on the slippery road. She lay in front of a two-horse van, which she had just passed by, and was killed.

Yarmouth has a sea front now being built on by men who go about with baskets and spikes headed sticks, picking up paper and other refuse, after the fashion of the Parisian chiffonniers.

Five pounds was the price that Charles Sharpe, a carrier, was called upon to pay at Northampton for proposing to pay Miss Annie Buckley and afterwards refusing to carry out his promise of marriage.

While singing the Amen of the last hymn in church at Northampton on Sunday, Mr. Edward Clark, headmaster of the local national school, fell unconscious in the arms of a brother chorister. He never revived.

A young Londoner named Herbert Coleman, while walking down a very steep hill at the foot of a house in End, Bucks, lost control of his machine, dashed into a tree at the foot of the hill, and was killed on the spot.

A young shepherd, named Wm. Pool, was found in a field at Great Sambrigg, near Southwell, with his throat cut. He died before medical aid could reach him. Losses among his flock are said to have preceded on his mind.

Mrs. Crawley, widow of the bank clerk who was murdered in the Kensington branch of the London and South-Western Bank last November, has been presented with a £20 cheque, subscribed by residents of the district.

A cabin man named John Winter, while standing at the bank in Southampton, was knocked senseless down by a hansom cab which was suddenly turned round. He was picked up insensible and died a few hours later in the Royal Free Hospital.

Although 125 years old, a watch owned by a gentleman in Gloucestershire, England, still keeps excellent time. It was worn at Trafalgar, during the peninsular war, in 1800, through the China war in 1840, and finally in the Indian Mutiny.

Thomas Keedge, an employee of the Hammonds' Borough Council, was carrying a bottle of carbolic acid in his pocket when, from some unknown cause, the bottle broke. The acid flowed over the man's leg, inflicting burns from which he has since died.

When Lord Roberts was on his way to review the Indian troops at Hampton Court, he passed a group of old men, one of whom exclaimed enthusiastically: "Fraternal salute!" Greatly to the youngster's delight the Commander-in-Chief saluted the old men with the customary salute.

When Frederick Burgess was found wet and dripping on the canal bank near Solly Oak he said he was tired of life, and that he had jumped into the canal, but had not got out again because "it was so dirty."

It is to be noted that the man who was thrown in the King's Bench Prison Court he was remanded.

One of the competitors in a recent ping-pong tournament at Goxhill, Yorkshire, was a maiden lady, aged eighty-one.

The young baby of a couple named Docherty, of Sunderland, was given a supper of tinned salmon by its parents. It survived the meal by just twelve hours.

Gainsborough possesses Lincolnshire's champion band. It is known as the Britannia Band, and has won £1,000 in cash, taken twenty-four first and forty-five other prizes, and on his return found seven cow chains completely covered up in the sample of the general style of farm-

## THE PROMISE

Follow Me and I will Give You Fishers of Men.

A despatch from Chicago says:—Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text:—"Follow me, and I will give you fishers of men."

Are you a fisherman? "Oh, yes," says a man. "I have been a fisherman all my life. As Isaac Walton says, 'I have been a fisherman since I was born.' I was born a fisherman, and I have been a fisherman ever since."

There is just as much difference between the man who makes his living by fishing and one who fishes for sport as there is between the man who farms to make a living and the man who farms for recreation.

It is the difference between the man who sets a trap for the fisherman and the man who sets a trap for the fisherman.

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