

DOCTOR JACK.
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 a man of great 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 plumes waving by banderilleros, 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 torments 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, but the attention of either the bull or his master, who steps into the arena.

It is now that a man appears, and that excited crowd 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 his val 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 Evana," reaches his ear, and the next instant she is pointing into the arena, and saying:—

"Look at Pedro Vazquez, Señor Americano. 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-breed before, who cannot compare with our noble bulls. 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 he is seething.

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 spot, 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 matador, 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 reddened eyes and steaming nostrils he bears down upon it.

Master of his trade, Vazquez has his Toledo blade held aloft, 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, bending 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 grace of a connoisseur, one who has been there himself, and appreciates the situation, which most of the spectators do not. Vazquez has a smile on his lips, as though he scorn a beast such as the one before him. The bull has reached the flaming engano or lure which tossed upon his horns, for the game is done. Pedro Vazquez, with sword has touched the marked spot on his breast, and the very force of the bull'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 welkin ring with cheers of "Viva Vazquez! Bravo matador!"

The hero of the death struggle regains his fatal sword, wipes it upon the carcase of his antagonist, and then, in a low bow, first in the direction of the capitan-general, and then all around the amphitheatre, after which he starts to draw, in order to make himself ready for the next encounter.

At this moment a most terrific bellows sound from the direction of the toril. The people hear it, and congratulate each other on the feat yet to come. Pedro Vazquez, with a stride, glances toward the toril door, shrugs his shoulders, and passes on.

"Vaya hombre!" cries Don Carlos, rubbing his hands together with delight, and addressing the American, "you shall see fun now. I told you that black bull was a devil. Even brave Pedro does not fancy the business, and the varlets weary the animal out before he is called, it may go hard with him."

A team of gayly 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, and he can at least understand the sudden enmity of that worthy in the red vest, 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 says 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 bull and plectors ride forward, but this time 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 demon soon to be let loose.

If Pedro Vazquez has anything of the same nervousness about him, we unto the toril 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 alquasi has the key in the lock, and awaits the signal to whirl the door open, and at which he will leap for his life over the barrier.

CHRISTMAS AT
"THE PLANTAGENET."

By Annie Reeve Aldrich.

It was an inappropriate name always said, for it was the name of a princely house, and ours decidedly was not a princely house. Perhaps you liked it better if you were only one flight up; but when you were very tired and your master had played out of time and out of time and had demanded to "learn a piece" of chess, and you were the scale of C without blundering, it somehow seemed a very long way to the fourth left, and the entrance looked dingy and uninviting, and the sight of the rows of brass bells and letter boxes with their names beneath them. Still "The Plantagenet" was not so bad, as low-priced flat-houses go, and if you were a poor little music teacher, with only a deaf and very grumpy old aunt as a natural protector there were times when you were thankful for your tiny little home.

But this special Christmas I felt lonely and depressed and heartless. I dispiritedly bought a big green wreath and some princely-placed at the corner grocer's and decked the little parlor while Aunt Barbara looked on in silent contempt. Aunt Barbara disapproved of "fixings," considering them a wicked waste of money as well as a waste of time.

Then on my way home Christmas Eve, in a fit of reckless extravagance, I stopped and bought a couple of red roses at a florist's. How gay a street looked with the merry-hearted passers, happy children hugging Christmas parcels to their hearts, and holding tight to their cheery young mother's hands—everybody with a box or package that doubtless contained a gift for husband, wife, sweetheart, friend—somebody!

It was rather hard to reflect that in all this great city there was nobody to remember me this holiday season, and then I smiled, for I had forgotten that in my pocket reposed a silk muffler of a brilliant and impossible hue, presented by my dearest pupil, Miss Anabel McGilbon, who had toiled three months over one simple exercise, and still flattered triumphantly when she should have shamed.

I turned out of the bright street into a dark side-street, having still several long blocks to traverse. I opened the tissue paper cautiously that protected my precious roses from the frosty night air, and took a deep inhalation to cheer my flagging spirits. If only Aunt Barbara were different! It would have been so pleasant to plan some little surprise for her, but I had tried it on her birthday and incurred her perpetual displeasure, and the thought holiday-keeping nonsense, and present-making on such occasions inexhaustible folly.

I determined to have a little of the holiday spirit if I could, as I bent down and inserted my key in the big door and unlocked the "Plantagenet" entrance, climbed up the three steep flights of stairs and sank down in the little sitting-room.

Aunt Barbara, evidently bent on rearranging the furniture, the chairs stood stiff and prim against the wall. The bits of lace-trimmed were placed in straight rows on the mantel. The books on the table were at right angles to each other. All was neat, spotless, orderly, but oh, how unspeakably dreary! Aunt Barbara herself looked like the room somehow.

"No, he is delighted!" asked Dawson. "No; he is mad. He says if his own daughter is Santa Claus, he thinks it's pretty poor business for Santa Claus to give toys to all the children in the world and talk economy to him."

"Chosen your Christmas present for your wife, Watkins?"

"Yes."

"What is it—real skin-sock?"

"No. I'm going to pay for her present to me."

Christmas in Ye Olden Time.

Heaps of new wool—the wind is chill; But, let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

And well our Christmas sires of old Loved when the year its course had rolled, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train.

That only night, in all the year, Saw the staid priest the chalice rear, Gave honor to the holy night, On Christmas eve the bells were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung; That only night, in all the year, Saw the staid priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry-men go, To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf and all, Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doffed her pride.

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight, And general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall table's oaken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace.

Brought there upon its massive board, To mark the part the squire and lord, Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving men;

Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high, And the green-garbed ranger tell How, when and where the monster fell, And all the basting of the boar.

The wassail round, in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowled, There the staid rector, robed in plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;

For nailed old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savory goose, Then came the merry maids in, And old and roared with blithesome din;

If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong, Who lists may in their murmuring see Traces of ancient mystery.

White skirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made; But, oh, what markers richly dight, Can boast of become half so light.

England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again, When Christmas broached the nightcap, And the young year was wrapped in white.

The wildwood creatures far and near, Who all of nature's secrets hear, Started with wonder and affright.

For, lo! Titania rose in sight, Inshamed in frosted golden light, Coined on the moon's slow sailing sphere.

Long years ago, one Christmas night, When the young world was wrapped in white, The wildwood creatures far and near, Who all of nature's secrets hear, Started with wonder and affright.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

It was a good deal of talk and laughter in Mr. Roy's apartment. They were jolly, cheerful people. How I prayed the man might not be there too!

I knocked at the door of the private hall, and held the heavy box tightly in my arms. Someone opened the door and the voices were hushed inside. The box fell on the floor, the doughnuts rolled down the hall and I do not know where the rest of the things went.

"Hello!" I cried, starting back.

"Kate!" that dear old voice said.

And then he had presence of mind enough to shut the door and come out into the hall.

I cried, "Woman-like to recover myself and my dignity."

"I—I opened your box by mistake," I explained, with an assumed attempt at hauteur.

"So I see," with an amused glance at the recumbent chicken and the scattered doughnuts.

"And thinking it was mine," I continued, "thinking my cousin had sent it, because I am short-sighted and did not make out the address—"

And I hung my head under the light of the strong arms enfold me.

"Oh, Kate, Kate, have we not had enough of this? Have we not suffered enough for a misadventure? Are you bound to keep it up, darling?"

"Yes," I said, and clinging tighter to his neck. Whatever the strong-minded female may say, as a sex we are not consistent.

"Rob!" I said, after an indescribable moment, "I ate one of your jumbles."

"You shall have them all."

"And an apple."

Bob's comment was wordless, but satisfactory.

"And a piece of his breast," I added, gently disengaging one hand and pointing to the maltreated fox with his legs in the air.

"Thank God mother never could write legibly!" says Bob, holding me closer and looking at me as if he would never have his fill.

"Oh, Kate," he continues, "what a Christmas we shall spend together to-morrow, sweetheart!"

And then Mrs. Roy's voice was heard near the door, and he released my hands.

The sweet bells were pealing the glad tidings of great joy to the world when I went to bed that night. I stood by the window again, looking out over the peaceful day under the starlit sky, and again my eyes were filled with tears—tears of happiness.

For Christmas had brought exquisite hope and gladness to two hearts at least in "The Plantagenet."

Simplicity of Rural France.

In the French Breton village when the hour of Christmas midnight strikes, the bell of the church calls the faithful to their devotion. They carry lanterns to light them on their way. After the midnight mass is said, and as the men and women leave the church, they give alms to the poor of the locality, who are gathered at the door of the church.

The humble French Christmas is thus observed by prayer and almsgiving. But customs are as touching as they are simple, and although not confined to France, the ceremony here referred to is in no other land more piously and dutifully observed.

Disillusioned.

"My boy has discovered who Santa Claus is," said Hicks.

"Well, he is delighted!" asked Dawson.

"No; he is mad. He says if his own daughter is Santa Claus, he thinks it's pretty poor business for Santa Claus to give toys to all the children in the world and talk economy to him."

Double Entendre.

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Eminent Citizens Testify to Positive Cures by His Improved Homoeopathic Remedies.

THE TRUTH FROM HONEST PEOPLE.

Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia and the most Obsolete diseases Cured by These Wonderful Little Pellets.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MUNYON'S GUIDE TO HEALTH, SELECT A 25-CENT REMEDY AND CURE YOURSELF.

Mr. John Dougherty, 8 Varian Street, Montreal, says: "For a year and a half I suffered severely with rheumatism and neuralgic pains. My legs were swollen badly, had much pain in my loins and hips, and could not leave my work. I got a bottle of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, took the doses regularly, the lumps have all disappeared and the pains have all left me. I can now do any day's work as usual. It is a good thing and a certain cure."

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

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25 cents.

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Munyon's Kidney Cure speedsily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25 cents.

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

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25 cents.

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

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in 31 minutes and cure permanently. Price, \$1.

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 Nerve Cure is a wonderful nerve tonic. Price, 25 cents.

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A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 & 13 Albert St., Toronto, answered with free medical advice for any disease.

I have not the money to make children happy. The mysteries and surprises which delight their souls can be achieved without the expenditure of much more than time and patience. Some of the best things money cannot buy; and those that they will recollect longest may be the fruit of their mother's loving ingenuity.

The words "Christmas" and "Santa Claus" always recall to one family certain "cruel" ladies," as they were fondly called, who they invariably found in their stockings on Christmas morning.

They were only doughnuts, cut into a shape which it required a vivid imagination to believe was intended for a woman.

The voluminous skirts of the mothers, with a diamond pattern, imprinted with the edge of a knife blade; but the most artistic embroidery adorning a masterpiece of the world's could not give more pleasure than it did.

The masculine counterparts of these charming creatures were not great a success. Their legs would break off on the slightest pressure, and it was seldom that one of them emerged from the stocking wholly uninjured.

It was a carefully preserved fiction that Mrs. Santa Claus made these delicate creations, and it was a matter of wonderment how they were transported without breaking.

Children love to have a finger in the pie, and like to help in wintering, is going on. They are deprived of a great deal of pleasure when everything is done for them and nothing remains for them but to enjoy the labors of others. They should be encouraged to prepare little surprises for one another, to assist in decorating the house with Christmas evergreens, if they are to be had; and, above all, to remember at this time the poor and needy.

Not those alone that lack this world's goods; there are many lonely ones whose nearest and dearest have gone and left them with few to remember them. To these the children can carry Christmas cheer.

It seems as if this birthday, which was the beginning of a life of such self-sacrifice as the world has never seen equalled, was a fitting season to learn the beauty of self-denial, and the blessedness of spending one's self in the service of others. Mothers need not take all this lesson to themselves. Let the children share in it; they will not be less happy because they have been gently led to some sources, more, unselfish, more forbearing in honor of the Christmas-tide, whose key-note is peace and good-will.

There are those who look back with poignant anguish to last Christmas; or, perhaps further past, when they, too, were full of joy. Although personal happiness is over there remains the power to bring sunshine to some desolate heart, and to find peace in the reflection of its light.

There is no heart so heavy that it may not help to give to others a "Merry Christmas cheer."

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL.

HEAD SANTA CLAUS.

At breakfast Christmas morning, Hamilton pere was just a trifle lapsed eyed, and Mrs. H. had a suspicion of haughtiness and reserve about her.

The juvenile stockings had panned out well, and Jimmie and Tom were loquacious.

"We heard Santa Claus, papa," said Jimmie.

Papa started, and mamma smiled—a smile with a whole lot of meaning and traces of sarcasm in it.

"He made an awful noise and tumbled on the stairs," continued Jimmie.

The maternal smile widened.

"Guess it must have been the load he carried," chimed in Fannie.

And neither of them understood their mother's inscrutable smile, which had breadth, length, depth and thickness.—San Francisco Examiner.

Kris Kringle in Germany.

In North Germany on Christmas Eve the children lay out upon a table under a branch of evergreen the gifts for their parents and then call the latter in. The parents do the same thing for the children upon Christmas Day. The mother also talks to the girls in a spirit of counsel, and the father acts likewise with the boys.

Then of course, there is Kris Kringle, the familiar and beloved, with his furry coat, ruddy face and long white beard, who is in some districts represented by a puppet, a man engaged by the parents in a village to costume himself in regulation style and visit all the houses.—Exchange.

Christmas Proverbs.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a man afterward.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if it finds none, he'll make one.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas Day than the sun.—Selected.

CITATION.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

COUNTY OF NORTHUMBERLAND S.S.

To the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland or any constable within the said County, Greeting.

Whereas Alexander Campbell and David M. Savoy executors of the last will and testament of William Gray Senior late of the parish of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, deceased, have prayed that the accounts filed by them of their administration of the said estate may be passed and allowed and that the said estate may be closed.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs, next of kin, legatees and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the Sheriff of the County of Northumberland on the fourth day of January next at ten thirty o'clock in the forenoon to show cause why the said accounts should not be passed and allowed and the closing up of the said estate.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said County of Northumberland, this 24th day of December, 1896, at our Lord