DOCTOR JACK.

Back of that door a fearful sound is heard, like a peal of distant thunder oft repeated, and the audience catch but has planted himself so firmly, with 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 trumpet sounds, open flies 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.

tention. The brute keeps one object in Lis eye, and pursues it with overwhelming zeal.

to his death, and the man will be albut 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 pur suer, 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 who immediately bear him away. 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 sawdust, downed by the borns of the sable giant, while their late valiant riders sit astride the fence the bull but winks twice, and utterly alone holds the arena. 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 confentedly chews at a tuft of grass that appears above the sawdust, 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 carnot be bribed or forced to enter

the ring again, the dead horses are removed as best they can out of the way with a tackle provided for this purpose. Thus the ring is substantielly cleared for the second scene of Enter the banderilleros with brave mien, bright ribbons flying, and to the nasic of a quickstep by the band. Jack imagines that unless these men

band will presently have occasion to play the Dead March in Saul, for there is blood in the eye of the bull. He waits until one of them plants an explosive dart in his side, and then starts. Now they scatter like a flock of sheep. First this one is chased, and then that other-such is the rapidity

are extraordinarily spry the same

of the toro's advances that the men are bewildered by it. The leader is crushed against the planking, and a second only saves himself by clinging to the horns of the bull, which animal, by a toss of his powerful head, sends him into the

While this scene is taking place the reople have forgotten that they have tongues. The equal of this ebony king has never been seen before. He strikes alarm, and some timid souls are even contemplating the possibility of seeing him tear down the strong barrier, and proceed to demolish the whole amphi-

It takes Mr. Bull just about ten minutes to dispose of the banderilleros. He seems to enjoy the fun about as well as the audience do, for some of the latter have found their tongues now, and are shouting to the brute to kill the cowardly curs who dare not could not be hired to remain in that inclosure for half the money in Madrid, but it is so easy to sit in security and guy a poor devil whose treth are rattling together like castanets, and who would not if he could, and could not if he would.

Is this the end? 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

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

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 tu-

mult. Jack asks the cause. It is not difficult to find. The arena contains the figure of a nan-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 if he wins give him 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 sawduat and dirt with one hoof, as if in defi-

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 Taurus. 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 an avalanche. Pedro Vasquez has done a foolish thing, and he knows it, but perhaus 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

Fool! fool!" Jack mutters, almost consciously, and then he sees Mern 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 beside him, and turning his head, he

of it, and indeed this is generally the case the world over. bull to one side by means of his flaunting muleta, dangled out with his left

Pedro has depended on luring the hand. He seems to have taken it for garted that this animal will follow the tactics pursued by the last, and swerve 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

In this he has made a fatal mistake, for the onrushing animal has lowered his head, and keeps a straight course for the man. A mighty shudder convulses the crowd. It all happens so quickly that

no one has time to shout a warning, and up to the last second Vasquezs seems to imagine the bull will swerve. When he realizes his mistake it is too late. He endeavors to spring aside. cutstretched legs, to resist the shock when the bull impales himself on the

Toledo blade, that he loses a second. and this means all to him. The man gives a shout as the horns strike him. It does not seem like an expression of fear, but rather one of

Not a sound has been heard in all Then the silence is broken, a whirl that great amphitheatre, for every eye of furious applause arises, and the is glued upon the arena. Finding the position of the bull, and what imblack terror is seen in hot pursuit of | that he has lost the game, the mataa picador. Vain are the timid at- dor tries to save his life by clinging for a false step at any instant may tempts of the chulos to distract his at- to the bull's horns. It is a most deplorable condition for him, as he may never again be the people favourite he was, but life is sweet even when one has to live without the favour of lieve. See! the horse is thrown over, gored the fickle public, and there are matadors in the audience who have had so, for his fallen steed pins him down, their day, and strutted upon the field, of which he has now been king for

The neck of the black terror is al muscle, and when that awful head is thrown into the air Pedro Vasquez is seen flying through space. He strikes a cruel blow upon a post or pillar that holds up the roof, and falls in among a number of chulos grouped there, Immediately the vast crowd breaks

out in excited talk. The black bull goes back to his tuft of grass, and stamps viciously as though asking who will be the next victim. There is generally a reserve mata dor, and the people wait to see him with the chulos, ready to drop back 'f appear, but time passes, and the bull

> It grows monotonous. News has come that although Pedro Vasquez will live, he has been so thoroughly knocked out that he could not stand up again this day before a

What now? The management ap parently have made no preparation for an emergency of this character. The people must be amused, but who will undertake the job? After what has passed, it is all a man's life is worth to enter the arena with that sable monster, be he chulo, picador,

What is that? Some Englishmen and Americans, delighting in fair play, are shouting "Viva toro! Bravo! old boy! Well done!" Somehow the words exast

one friend of the matador touches his knife in a significant manner. Ah! here is the gentleman who represents the management. He advances upon a little elevated plat-

form, and holds up his hand. It is evident he desires to speak. "Silenzio!" passes the word around and in a minute so quiet is it that one can hear every word the manager utters. He speaks in Spanish, of course, and in a loud voice. First of all he tells of Pedro's con

dition, then of the refusal of the substitute to enter the ring with that mad devil, and deplores the fact thaf there is no man brave enough to make the attempt pro bono publico. Turning, so that he faces the foreigners who have been shouting so doubly by the fact that he has failed loudly, he continues:

"The management offers two hundred pesos to the man who will enter once, senors, I beg."

laugh to see a brave matador meet his a slip, might really enjoy the fun. fate. The men look at each other, and smile. Each generously declines | himself with the inoffensive tan-bark, | LETTER HEADS, to take away this pleasure from his Jack coolly takes a look around the one arises; seeing which, some of er handkerchiefs are waved, and cries the Spaniards in the sun seats begin of "Bravo, Doctor Jack!" arise. These

Jack feels a pair of midnight eyes face, and, turning, he looks at Mercedes. Her words seem before him in letters of fire-" Caramba! I adore a brave man!" Somehow the challenge seems to have been dropped at his feet-he must either pick it up or de-

The manager still stands on his plat form looking around, as if hoping that some old matador may deem the golden lure of sufficient value to risk his neck for, but no one signifies such an

When Jack Evans arises from hi seat and takes off his coat almost every eye is instantly glued upon him. it on the seat; then, with a smile, stands upon the railing, takes one look at Mercedes, sees the surprise and consternation on her face, for she in Spanish to the manager:

"Senor, I accept your offer. I am an American, and I will show you how we do this thing out in Mexico." "Hurrah for Doctor Jack!" cries a voice from the foreign quarter-an acquaintance has recognized him.

Jack drops lightly over the barrier, and stands in the arena, alone with the black devil of a toro that has been is no amateur bull-fighter, with only playing such havoc with the regular reckless bravery to back him up, but stock company of bull-fighters.

CHAPTER IV.

Admiration for bravery is not confined to civilized races. Even the most savage people of the world respect those qualities in a man which induce him to face death without flinching, whether in front of a mad bull or as a captive tied to the stake with the funeral pyre about him.

Hence it is that at the conclusion of the daring American's speech a buzz goes around the whole amphitheare, which quickly swells into a tremendous roar, for, although his words in accepting the open challenge may not have been understood by the majority of those present, there can be no mistaking his action in removing

While this shout still makes the welkin ring. Jack has dropped into the arena, lightly scaling the inner barrier. Then a sense of fairness seizes the multitude, and immediately cries

"Silenzio! silenzio!" The roar becomes a rushing stream, and this in turn a gurgling brook, until almost magically even the last sounds cease, and a death-like silence

Fifteen thousand human beings have their eyes riveted upon the form of the American gymnast. They seem to breathe as one man, waiting for the shock, Doctor Jack keeps his wits about him, and surely he has need of them with that black devil of a mad toro not more than twenty

He forgets the presence of the crazy mob that fills the amphitheatre to overflowing. A pair of black eyes have sent him into the arena, and he remembers only this. His manner excites admiration, he is

so cool and collected, and the majority of the good people of Madrid presently secretly wish he may be successful, but there are few who do not fully expect the stranger to be demolished at the first desperate onslaught of the animal, for when a man with the prestige of Pedro Vasquez is tossed out of the arena it seems like madness for an amateur to have a living chance, no matter how brave he may be. Hardly has Doctor Jack gained the arena than & clattering sound is heard

stationary one, unless the latterness sees the muleta, or red flag of the out of the way in harte there is bound matador, together with his sword BOOTS lying near by. Bending down, he takes both into his hands, tests the quality of the Toledo blade in bending it by main strength, and finds it a remarkable weapon, which has served Pedro in many a successful bout, and finally makes a blow, not in the direc-

tion of the representative of royalty, but squarely intended for the blackeyed damsel whose words have been the means of sending him upon such a quixotic errand. All this consumes but a few seconds

of time. The black toro has divined, from the rush of applause that greets Doctor Jack's action, something of the Repairs made promptly.

Prices reasonable all round. truth, and has even ceased chewing at the lone tuft of half dead grass growing near the centre of the ring, to lower his head and dig his blood-

stained horns into the sawdust-covered ground, which he tosses up in a horribly suggestive manner, the while uttering those peculiar subdued bellows that strike terror to the ordinary

heart.

Evidently the brute sees Jack, and will presently descend upon him with the fury of an avalanche. At present it pleases the royal animal to play with his anticipated victim much as a cat might with a mouse. This suits the new matador, for it

gives him a minute of time to note pediments there may be in the arena. cost him his life, and Doctor Jack is not in this game as a reckless fool, however much his admiring compatriots in the foreign quarter may be-The man who has led the life of

to know something about wild bulls. and from his observation Jack is cer-

upon the bloody tan bark or sawdust when such a thing will be fatal. What would he not give to have on a pair of baseball shoes at this moment, with spikes that might render his footing positively sure? If the mountain refuses to come to Mahomet, then Mahomet must go to

the mountain. The bull continues to toss the earth as though he expected to see his new antagonist make for the barrier, and in truth the presence of the chulos, picadors, and banderilleros perched upon the fence like so many crows, with one leg thrown over. ready for retreat, gives good cause for such belief on the part of the monarch of the battle-field.

With a few rapid movements of his left arm Doctor Jack unfurls the little red flag, then he advances straight toward the bull, which ceases to plough up the soil, and gazes at the other as though deeming him crazy, lowers his | purities of the blood. Price, 25c. massive head, and shoots forward. The tan-bark flies into the air as his heels spurn it Every human being

in that vast audience holds his or her breath in anticipation of what is to come. Is that a shock as the bull's head comes in contact with a human tarrh Tablets—price 25c.—cleanse and heal scene in the arena, and, confident as been with Vasquez. They look at to the result, more than one person each other, and scowl. More than looks aloft, expecting to see the American whirling through space, badly Suck an anticipate a speedy ending

of the adventurer confess their disappointment. and, turning to the ring againg to learn the cause, discover old toro again tossing tan-bark with his horns while the American stands there taunting him.

Jack knows too much to attempt the coup de grace until the beast is in a BUSINESS. more ezhausted condition. It has been a fatal mistake on the part of Pedro Vasquez, and he does not mean to repeat the blunder.

A nimble leap aside at the proper second has saved him from those cruel horns, and the bull's fury is increased | COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS Ah! again he bears down upon his

tantalizing foe, as though determined every one with a peculiar feeling of the arena and slay that toro with the that this time he will crush the man Send your orders to matador's blow. Don't all speak at to the earth or assist him over the barrier. A perfect symnast, Jack has TU This is a thrust at the vaunted little trouble in avoiding the onslaught, courage of the foreigners who could and but for the ever present danger of While the toro once more amuses

> amphitheater. From the foreign quartare incautious just now, and more apt to disturb the brave man who risks upon him, the colour mounts to his life in the bull-ring for a woman's smile, than give him new energy. The Spaniards know better than to breathe a sound while the matador faces his

Jack's sweeping glance takes it all in. He sees the eager multitude that is ready to shout "Viva toro" in case THE LEADING JOB - PRINTING OFFICE. the bull downs him, but makes no note of the swarthy sea of faces. He lets his gaze rest an instant on the Turkish pasha, and notes the look of flerce eagerness visible there that tells him how anxious this man is for the bull to triumph, then his eyes sweep along intil they reach his own vacant seat, He folds his outer garment, and lays and catch a glimpse of the beautiful girl next in line, at which he smiles coldly, and bows again.

"Look out, Jack !" This shout comes from his American has never expected this, and calls out friend in the foreign quarter, and warns him that the bull has ceased his side play, and is once again on the war-path. Turning to receive the new charge, Jack's foot slips, and there is danger of his being struck, but quick as lightning he hurls himself out of

Again the multitude breathe easy. They recognize the fact that this man yno has made a study of the ani mals in times past, and is qualified to anticipate the sable brute's every

Thus they expect to have pleasure in watching the struggle for supremacy. It is a matter of supreme indifference to most of them whether the bull eventually glays the man or is himself downed, so long as the combatants afford them a good show. The life of a bull-fighter is held very cheaply in Madrid.

Already has Doctor Jack evaded three of those wild rushes. Will he be able to continue this system of tactics until he has wearied the animal out, and brought him into the proper

condition for the final blow? The bull no longer tosses the tanbark with his horns. His challenge has been met, and he finds himself opposed by one whom he cannot ter-

As soon as one furious rush fails the brute wheels and makes another. He is continually in motion, and it seems as though there may come a moment when by some lucky stroke he will disable his nimble adversary, and change the tide of battle. As yet Jack has acted only on the

defensive, leaping aside when the time comes, and each time with rare good judgment. He has not received a scratch, and although the buil steams and puffs with his tremondous exertions, the man is apparently as cool and collected as when he began the engagement. For the first time the people awaken

to the fact that the awful black toro has met his master, and when Doctor Jack begins to assume the offensive loud shouts greet him. Lit O scilx h and the man went As the lumbering animal rushes past, the American plucks him by the tail,

and gives that gaudal appendage a twist that elicits a flerge bellow from the furious bull, drowned by the storm of applause from the audience. After eluding another charge, Jack pricks the flank of his foe with the point of his Toledo blade, and his action suits the hamour of the lookers on, who shout heir approved be Continued. 1

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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 Judge of Probates in and for the said County of Northumberland at Newcastle in the said County on Monday the fourth day of January next at ten thirty o'clock in the forenoon to attend the at ten thirty o'clock in the forenoon to attend passing and allowing of the said accounts and the closing up of the said estate.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this eighth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety (Sgd.) SAM THOMSON. Judge of Probates, in and for the County of Jorthumberland.

(Sgd) G. B. FRASER.

Registrar of Probates in and for said County.

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