DOCTOR JACK. By St. George Rathborne.

Continued from 1st page.

"You have seen enough of me, senor, to understand that when I go into a thing I let nothing hold me back. This applies to everything I undertake, from sight-seeing to a flirtation with a pretty girl. So I soon saw all I wanted of the old city, and when the afternoon came was almost tempted to take the train down the coast for Madrid.

"What prevented me? Well, in the first place, I set eyes on that flower girl, and received a shock from her eyes that riddled my heart like a housewife's sieve. So I made up my mind Madrid could wait a while, and arranged to spend the night in Bar-

"There were things to be seen there after dark, and my guide had laid out a programme, which the evening gun from the fortress towering high above the city was to usher in. It was a gala time there-in fact, I imagine you people of Spain, like those of Italy, have seven holidays a week. Soldiers' gay uniforms were everywhere, together with the fancy costumes of the natives.

"Many a beautiful senorita caught my eye as she showered flowers upon ·me from a balcony, and black scowls were cast upon me by some of your countrymen, jealous, no doubt, of my luck with the girls.

"My guide was one Francisco Marti -you start-perhaps he is known to you. I had found him a bright and useful fellow during the day, and can see him in my mind's eye now-swarthy, agile, dressed in a coloured cotton shirt, pants tight at the leg, and held by a crimson sash, leggins and sandals, with a red cloth Phrygian cap above. "I would give his weight in silver

to have that same Francisco Marti in a room alone with me for ten minutes -but you shall see. We had arranged to learn how the Barcelona fandango compared with the Parisian Mabile, and my guide took me to the gipsy quarter, where the southern dance, he declared, could be seen as nowhere before, when the sunset gun had been

"I thought his actions strange, but believed he had simply been drinking letter one in my career. I cannot exa little too much of your native liquor. Truth to tell, the fellow had been so astonishingly smart that I forgave his little shortcomings. We watched the gipsy dance, and when it became too warm for my American blood I stepped out.

"Francisco declared he had another story short, and I realized that my guide had sold me to a lot of bandits. Luckily I am always armed, and my the ground, receiving in return a tremendous blow from the flat of a ma- one. chete on the head that would have cut me to the chin had the edge been

follow, for I felt an almost insane desire to lay hands on that villain of a head. Francisco, but my head began to swim, I clutched at a railing for sup-

found a woman dressed in sombre I lay there some minutes observing her. You can imagine my surprise when I declare that the face of the nun was the face of the peasant girl who sold me the flowers in the mart

on the wonderful Rambla.

"Then I coughed to let her know I was in a sensible state again, at which if desirous that I should not see her countenance. I was not badly hurt, only stunned, and while my head swam, could get upon my feet, though somewhat tempted to play invalid in order to feel those white hands bathe my brow again with eau de cologne. " All she would tell me was that she

visiting this house at the hour I fell at the door in a senseless condition. I knew better-the face I had seen had because they shut themselves away from the health-giving sun. Naturally I have puzzled over several questions since that hour-who is the beautiful flower girl of the Rambla in Barcelona, what interest does she take | Turk. in me, for I am convinced in my soul | The pasha is heavy set, with a face I find an opportunity I mean to have these things explained to me, as I am convinced that there is a mystery

During the brief recital of this little adventure in the ancient Spanish city, Jack's companion has listened eagerly, almost breathlessly-indeed. it is evident that he feels more than an ordinary interest in the narrative. The mention of Jack's discovery concerning the identity of the nun with market causes a light to appear in Don Carlo's eyes, but his natural craftiness enables him to speedily smother this, and when he speaks it is in a very ordinary way.

"Quite a little adventure, senor-almost equal to the one you told me about in Quito, Peru, where you saved a girl from a beast that had escaped from a cage-am I right ?"

see here," and drawing up his sleeve he holds out the arm to the Spaniard, who goes into raptures at its wonderfully powerful structure, and then examines with deep interest several glancing up, half expecting to look up long-healed wounds, as regularly in a on the beautiful Catalan girl of the circle as the teeth of a wounded tiger cat could make them. "You have a powerful physique,

Senor Evans. I've never met a man, but one, like you." "And he ?"

"You shall see him to-day. He is the matador who is to finish this terrible bull-Pedro Vasquez. All Madrid loves him because he has as yet never quailed before a mad toro, but I ven- ly time. His reflections are suddenly ture to predict Pedro will have his deceptive. When dressed you look tion Spanish style, and wearing the like an ordinary gentleman, with a vail down over their faces; but this desire to take life easy, and yet, as I | will not be for long-when the tore know, these muscles are like springs | rushes into the arena they will throw of steel, and lightning is not quicker back those gauzy screens in order to than your movements when once you have decided what to do."

Jack pushes his cap from him, and proceeds to roll a cigarette-he believes in the old adage that "when plump, and about the frure one exin Rome do as the Romans do," and pects at forty, while her companier in Spain the cigarette is everywherethe people live on tobacco, and as a lines of ravishing contour, and Jack writer expresses it very neatly, "one might reasonably look for the spontaneous growth of the weed upon a Spaniard's grave did he not prefer to be hermetically sealed up above the

Don Carlos Castelina follows suit, and the two arise from the table. Al-Teady out upon the street can be heard the excitement that heralds in the day of the great buil-oght. Others have been known in the past, but the ly met his fate, and at a bull-fight management have spent money lavishly to make this affair the most not- world he would think of looking for able of the decade. People have been the angel who might comfort him pouring into Madrid for a week. Jack | through life. Evans has found the five principal ho- He remembers receiving something tels near the Puerta del Sol, or central of a genuine thrill when he took the plaza, full, and has been obliged to senorita's little hand, and more than seek quarters farther away, but money will do almost anything in this world, and he has had no reason to feel sorry

because of his being crowded out. The two strange friends saunter outside to view the scene. Banners are flying, and the bustle and noise make even if he has led a wild life as a the American think the occasion is sportsman, and he knows he must poswhat the glorious Fourth represents sess his soul in patience a little long-

to his native countrymen. Every one seems in his best clothes, the streets present an animated appearance, and men and women all

AND YOU WAY

head in one direction, where lies the gratification she speaks fair English monster pavilion, the arena of many with a peculiarity of eccent now and a bloody battle between Taurus and then that charms him. Eagerly she his tormentors in the past.

Jack is surprised at the tremendous interest the populace of Madrid takes | mitting to himself that Mercedes is in the affair. It is equal to the great- a bright scholar. est championship game of baseball he ever attended, more so because the even those who do not go don their holiday attire.

"Come, we will be late, Don Carlos. If half this mob finds an entrance there will not be standing room in an hour," and the American plucks his companion by the arm, but the Spaniard coolly takes something out of his pockets, which he holds aloft. "These are the best seats to be had. Each is a boletin de sombra. Depend upon it, senor, we will witness this

affair in comfort from the shade. J have a friend among the directors. You will sit next my niece at the tournament, and there have a chance to make her acquaintance."

"Your niece at this bloody business," exclaims the American, and then adds: "Ch! I forgot, it is your nagame. Of course foreigners cannot understand such things. 1. for one, fail to see how a young lady likes to look upon such slaughter." "It is in the blood, I suppose, senor," mutters Don Carlos, "you shall hear

my niece cry 'Viva toro' when the bull chases a cowardly chulo over the fence, and if by rare good luck the beast tosses a wretched banderillero with his gay darts among the audher voice—a sweeter one never sang longer. Ave Maria'-will cry bravo to the toro, yet I know Mercedes has a tender heart. I have seen her cry over with a sick woman. Yes, it runs in the blood, senor. We have had bullfights in Spain for centuries, and always shall. But we might as well go to save ourselves being crushed in the

They join in the throng that heads in the direction of the Plaza del Toro, and finally sight the walls of the great pavilion. Jack Evans looks upon the stirring scene with its gay colouring. Somehow his usual debonair air is absent, a look that one might even term concern gathers upon his else in all Barcelona. So, as I said face as he turns to his companion, and remarks, quietly:

"You may laugh at me, Don Carlos, but I have a strange feeling—a premonition that this day is to be a red plain it-do not ask me, but wait and see if I am right."

CHAPTER II.

The crowd is tremendous, but they sight for me, and led me along a separate door or gate arranged in the death-like silence always falls over the gloomy street that ran into the Calle | interest of those who hold tickets for San Pablo. Here we were attacked the shade. Once inside they find their by a clique of rascals, to make a long | way to the reserved seats, and Jack | has time to look around him. He sees an immense amphitheatre,

circular in shape, with the arena in long experience with danger has taught | the centre. Around this the seats me the art of self-defence. I gave arise in successive tiers. The place them more than they bargained for, | will seat perhaps fifteen thousand, and and laid several of them bleeding on to-day there will be standing room only, for the battle is to be a royal

Around the arena is a small wall of boards for the hunted chulos to leap over when pursued by the bull, and "Then a cry was raised that the to protect the spectators in case the alquazils, or police, were coming, and | maddened animal should plunge over my assailants fled. I thought I would | this; just a little way beyond is a sturdy barrier as high as a man's

Music sounds upon the air, and a military band dashes off some popuport, and crashed against the door of lar airs that make the pulse beat quicker. The scene is a gay one, not "My senses must have left me im- like a gathering in our land, where | Montes, Romero, and Costillares, still mediately, for I knew no more until I men dress in black or gray. Here the opened my eyes in a chamber, and natives appear in gaudy colours, men populace, whose idol he has been up as well as women, and the effect of to this hour. black attending me. She did not this, added to by the uniforms of hunknow I had regained my senses, and dreds of soldiers, is to form a scene which for gay holiday appearance we never see off the opera stage.

> oured to-day," and Don Carlos points served for royalty. of them officers in high state, and

she hastily dropped her heavy vail, as among others Jack becomes interested in those who wear the peculiar red fez of the Turk. "Who are they?" he asks-"the Turks. I mean ?'

"One is the Turkish ambassador. That stout man with the decorations on his breast is Abdallah Pasha-he won his medals in the late affair with was Sister Agatha, from the cloister | the Russians. I have the honour of of the Benedictine church of San his acquaintance. If you should de-Pedro, at Gerona, and happened to be sire an introduction, senor, I can arrange it later."

Senor Jack hears, and yet forgets to reply, for he is staring hard at the colour in it, which a nun's never has, Turkish pasha, as though something within warns him that this man will cross his path soon. Whether he has any reason for such a belief or not the near future will prove. At present Jack takes a decided interest in the

she does, and why should she be go- that bespeaks cunning as well as bravonce his mind is made up, all the powers of the earth cannot prevail upon him to change it. Even as Jack watches him the pasha looks that way-they are not far apart-and finding a steady gaze fastened upon him, returns it with a scowl, just as if in the American he has recognized an

How singular that these two men, who up to this time have never seen each other, should instinctively hate the Catalan peasant girl in the flower at sight, and yet soul language, speaking through the eyes, its windows, has communicated Jack's aversion to the pasha, and quick to take offence, he returns the challenge.

Presently Jack looks farther around, and sees a party of English and American tourists, who have secured seats in the shade. He watches this section closely, as though expecting to see some familiar face appear. There "Just so. I bear the marks of the is even a wistful look in his eye a jaguar's teeth on my left arm still- though he missed certain friendly companions of former travel-perhap something more.

> Then he starts as a voice near his ear calls out flowers for sale, and

Barcelona market, he sees another who takes his glance as an invitation to hand down her wares, so presentl Jack has a boutonaire, one fer hi companion, and a handful of beautiful flowers for the ladies. This puts him in mind-where ar

the ladies, indeed? The two seat still remain vacant, and it is now near brought to an end, for the ladies have hands full to-day. But your build is arrived, both dressed in the regula-

> Jack is introduced, and rises gallantly, taking the gloved hand of each. He notes that the senora is rather seems to be a modern Hebe, her outsomehow thinks that if her face corresponds with her figure she must be what would be called in the rowdy west "a stunner."

He catches her name-Mercedes Somehow he has always fancied tha name, and there is something pe culiar about this meeting. What he, the cynical old bachelor, who ha fort and ease for his future, has final too-the last place in all the wid

once wishes Mercedes would raise her vail, it is so tantalizing to see the flash of wondrous eyes back of a shimmer of gauze, and imagine beauty that is just beyond the reach of one's hand; but Jack has been well bred er, when time will bring its revenge. So he enters into conversation with the senorita. To his surprise and

discusses each theme he advances, and almost before he knows it Jack is ad-

with some remark, and finally speaks capacity of the pavilion is greater, and of Jack having among his multitudinous sports enjoyed participating in a Mexican bull-fight. The ladies are interested at once, and Mercedes, per-Maps thoughtlessly, declares that the bulls in Mexico are not what they are in fpain, where they are bred for the purpose. Jack flushes a little under? the thrust, but quietly says :--

"The bulls we use out there are running wild on the prairies-great fierce brutes, full of fire, and ready to charge Satan himself. I shall be better able to judge of the respective merits of the different breeds after see your game here."

Then the conversation turns to the people present, and Jack notices that his companion seems to be interested in the members of the Turkish embassy, for her glance wanders that way. A dim suspicion enters Jack's mind that there may be a reason for the scowl of the pasha, but before he has time to fully turn this idea over in his mind something occurs.

lowed by vivas from thousands of throats, 'kerchiefs are waved, and hands clapped, while the eves of the immense audience are fastened upor lence, those little hands will clap, and the sawdust-strewn arena, empty no

A number of gaudily attired mer have arpeared in the court-some mounted and others on tot-all nima wounded bird, and sit up all night ble looking fellows, who seem capable of choosing instantly between bull's horns and the board fence. number of them bear the scars of previous battles, when the barrier was too far away, or the toro too speedy but all are smiling and bowing now The chulos are the fellows who irritate the bull, and divert his attention by scarlet cloaks when he is pursuing a companion too closely. Picadors on the horses are armed with lances, and the public expects then to prick the bull in the flanks, show dexterity in doing this, and avoiding his terrible rushes, and be exceeding. case the short horns rip up the body of their steed. Then come banderil leres, whose duty it is to stir up the the parts. fury of the tired bull, and goad him to a state of frenzy, after which ap. pears the executioner, the matador who is to finish the scene with a brilliant stroke from his sword. He is the hero of the hour, while the mol has shouted itself hoarse up to this avoid the worst of it, for there is a time in laughter and cheering, a whole amphitheator as the bold matador awaits the mad charge of the furious brute.

> All are present in a line, facing the high functionary, who represents the government, the captain-general of the province. To him they must make their obeisance, and a proper interchange of civilities then takes place after which the official searches in his pockets for the key of the toril, where the bulls are kept, and which he is now expected to throw down to the attending alquazil, who will at the proper time let the first bull out.

While the captain-general is thus engaged, and fifteen thousand anxious hearts await the feast that is soon to glut their appetites, that singular American, Doctor Jack, spends his time in scrutinizing the famous matador. whose name, if not as illustrious as those of his old time predecessors has a magic charm about it with the The reason of this lies in the fact

that as yet Pedro Vasquez has never are mounted on better horses than met his match in the arena-no bull has avoided his fatal thrust. When, avoiding their enemy, while the foot "Look yonder, senor, we are fa- that time comes-and it is liable to arrive at any hour-this same fickle across to the left, where seats are re- audience that has shouted itself hoarse in his honour many a time will turn A party is just settling down, some and rend him. He who lives by the he fixes his eye on them, some leapsword must die by the sword-the ing the barrier at the slightest proplaudits of the multitude have been vocation. Jack's sympathies are with Pedro's staff of life, and they will be the toro, but he knows well the brave

Jack sees a remarkably clever figure that challenges his admiration, for he is not the man to disparage a rival, and can never be eradicated. Somewhat to the surprise of the

American, Pedro Vasquez walks over to the fence, vaults it with the ease of an accomplished gymnast, and then stands directly beneath the Turkish pasha, who leans over the railing, and the matador.

Many eves are turned upon them as toril, growing as red in the face as the wretched chulo. a turkey cock. It is evident that the Turk and Pedro have met before. Imagine Jack's surprise when the

pasha, deliberately points directly at him, and the bull-fighter, following the Turk's outstretched finger, looks him straight in the eves. The American feels the blood mount into his face as he sees a sneer upon the countenance of the Oriental magnate, and realizes that he has been pointed out to the bull-fighter. Then he grows cool again-he is too old a campaigner to allow a little thing like this to upset his nerves in any way.

All the same, he keeps up a tremendous amount of thinking, and wonders if it is the stare he gave the pasha that has made an enemy out of him. What is he saying to the matador-why does he point out the American at all-will Vasquez publicily challenge him to a duel in the

Such wild thoughts as these fit through his mind in an exceedingly brief space of time, and he has come to no conclusion with regard to the matter when the impatient buzz o the audience changes to a roar of sat isfaction, for the captain-general has at last found the obstinate key, and tossed it to the alquazil.

As the noise subsides, and every spectator settles back as comfortably as the limited space will allow, the blast of a trumpet is heard, which is the signal for the entrance of the toro, the hero of the hour.

Out comes a red bull with a rush The sudden change from the gloom of the toril to the sunlight causes him to stand still for a minute. Around him are walls of bright colours streaming banners, and a sea of expectant faces-weird music fills the elr-no wonder Taurus is amazed. Then he recovers, and is himself

A daring chulo flaunts a red flag i front of the bull, and bellowing with rage the brute tears at the ground with his ugly short horns, throws the dirt aloft, to the delight of the audience, and finally rushes at his tormentors. Then a picador jabs him with his

lance in the flank, and draws the first blood. The scene in the arena at this moment is exciting, and very picturesque, for the bull-fighters all wear tichly embroidered vests, knee breeches, gaudy sashes, with silk stockings and slippers, save the picadors, who have their legs encased in sheet-iror NEW BRUNSWICK, in order to secure them as well as possible from the horns of the bull Around wheels the red bull, and after the picador like a flash. In vair The horseman realizes his danger

the bridle, simply rearing in his mad This suits old toro exactly, and he strikes the horse with terrific force

hurling steed and rider against the six. fence. A wild shout arises. It is "Viva toro! bravo toro!" now, but soon the tide of public opin ion will change against the four-footed hero of the hour.

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afresh, but less daring than before. faint at the sight of a horse disem-

Each occurrence of this nature is greeted with a storm of applause Why not, when they have come for just this same thing?

Finally the bull, seeing how his enemies fly before him, takes up his stanc in the middle of the arena, and with and yet there is a certain amount of lowered head awaits a new attack braggadocia in the strut of the mata. His flanks are covered with bloody dor he does not like-it is a trait char- foam, for he has been wounded severacteristic of the Spanish character, al times as well as ripping up a couple of horses himself.

The enemy gather. Taurus waits in cunning, sullen humour until they are close upon him, and then makes an awful rush for a chulo to the left. Alarmed, the man flies for the barrier, he seems to know nothing of the enters into a warm conversation with tricks a cool-headed man might em ploy, such as leaping aside at the proper instant, but thinks his only the captain-general still fumbles ir chance to escape is in reaching the his peckets for the missing key of the barrier first. It is a fatal blunder for

say, does not feel much sympathy for the coward, who could only flaunt a red flag, and then run if the bull wink ed at him.

turn instantly. When he does he looks upon a vision of loveliness such as might charm one sworn to hate the sex-it is a genuine Spanish face, but one that Murillo would have loved to paint. As a rula the women of Spain have beauty to boast of-travellers have always rav-

He gazed at her as if entranced, while the bull and the picadors in a mad race, engage her attention; but it is not the mere fact of her beauty that causes him to look spell-bound. He has not forgotten that exquisite face, and is ready to swear, marvelous though it seems, that the Catalan flower girl of Barcelona and Sister Agatha are before him, united in this girl-Mercedes.

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Fortunately the bull stops to tear up the ground with his bloody horns and the dismounted picador clambers over the barrier with a speed that is ludicrous, to say the least. His steed has received the coup de grace, and the rider soon appears mounted Meanwhile the fun goes on, and one can easily discover that it is rare sport to the great majority of those present. Many a foreign lady would boweled by those terrible horns, or a chulo tossed among the spectators perhaps half killed, but these people have been educated up to these things and even the most refined ladies seem to enjoy them.

The red bull has begun well, but he does not keep it up. The pleadors ordinary, and have little trouble in men tantalize and badger him. How mean it all seems. The bull is the only brave creature in the arena-all the rest run the moment animal is doomed.

Jack realizes it, and yet, strange to The friendly fence is almost within

reach when the toro catches up with his victim. There is a cloud of dust a bellow, and the form of a man is seen whirling through the air, to land among the half crazed spectators, perhaps dead, surely with broken ribs. How the shouts ring out. Such a toss as that is well worth the price of admission. The red bull is a hero. his tormentors jackals. In the whirl of excitement Jack sudPING

denly remembers that he is sitting next to a lady. He hears her clap her little gloved hands with the rest and her voice cries "bravo!" Although his face is not turned that way, he sees the Turkish pasha looking in his direction. At first Jack thinks it is at him, but the strange expression on the other's face quickly undeceives him. Ah, it must be the face of Mercedes that chains the old Turk's attention. She has probably done as Jack expected she would -thrown back her gauzy vail under the excitement of the moment. Somehow the very thought of gazinz upon her features gives Jack a strange feeling, so that he does not

ed over this fact-but Jack can honestly say he has never yet set eyes on a face of such ravishingly loveliness as that of Mercedes,

[To be Continued.]

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