DOCTOR JACK.

By St. George Rathborne.

Continued from 1st page.

Finally he does so, and smiles in return for the look she wafts him. He draws near, and Avis lowers the sash to speak.

"Is it not nearly time, doctor?" she asks.

"Two minutes more. I think we will start out on time, which is a good beginning. See how they toss the luggage into the van. We can't say much worse of our baggage-smashers at home. There comes the man in charge of the train—note the proud step—Jove, a little authority makes fools of some men. A conductor on our side of the big pond attempting such dignity would be unmercifully guyed, I tell you."

Avis herself has to laugh at the pompous Frenchman—she sees he is the Grand Mogul—guards cringe before him, and scowl behind his back. Jack has already bought up the fellow with whom they will deal, and as the compartment has its allotted quartette, there is no danger of their privacy being intruded upon, which is the main cause for dissatisfaction with the European method of travelling first-class—you must either pay for the entire compartment or have disagreeable fellow passengers thrust in with you, unless wise enough to tip the guard heavily.

The rush now becomes a scramble, as belated travellers seek to get their tickets, look after luggage, and find accommodations. Many ludicrous scenes are always occurring at a time like this, and although it seems in a measure heartless to laugh, those who have a keen sense of the ridiculous cannot avoid smiling at the odd pictures presented.

As the critical moment draws nearer the excitement increases—its equal cannot be found on the globe, for in the main these people are excitable Frenchmen, and even the commonplaces of life are rendered with dramatic fervour by the Gaul.

The magnate sweeps his electric gaze up and down the station, glances at his watch, gives one more look around to see that all eyes are upon him, holds his arm suspended in mid air for just ten seconds, then, describing a grand parabolic sweep, it descends, the clang of a gong is heard, the guards cry, "all aboard" in French, and there is one last spasmodic effort on the part of the delinquents to gain some carriage.

Doctor Jack smiles—he has reason to feel satisfied, for not a trace of the pasha has he seen, which in itself is evidence that the Turk has fallen into the hands of the enemy.

He tosses away his cigar, and turns to enter the carriage, when a hand is laid on his arm. Avis gives a gasp of alarm as she sees a tall Frenchman in citizen's garb thus prevent the American from entering—she believes her worst fears are about to be realized, and Doctor Jack will be dragged off to jail on some trumped up charge—anything in order to separate him from the rest.

To her satisfaction, however, while she clutches the ledge of the window, and holds her breath to catch what is said, she hears in French:

"Doctor Jack Evans, I believe?"

"Correct—you have—"

"This," and thrusting a paper into Jack's hand the tall Frenchman strides away.

There is no time to lose, and Doctor Jack enters the carriage—the train moves out of station, and presently they are sweeping through the outskirts of the great French capital.

Although suspecting what the message is—Jack glances at it eagerly—the writing is French, but he reads it like a native. No name signed—he needs none:

"The pasha will not leave Paris today— he has changed his mind, and is paying a visit to underground Paris, which charms him so much he may desire to spend several days in exploring the mysteries described by Victor Hugo. Send your address—may warn you of his flitting."

CHAPTER XIX.

There are no secrets between the devoted quartette now—even Madame Sophie is interested in effecting the release of Aleck Morton, her favourite nephew, so Doctor Jack shows them the note, and they laugh over the lovely situation the Turk finds himself in this early spring morning. How he must fume and fret at the detention just at this time when time is of so much value to him. Perhaps a glimmer of the truth may creep into his brain, and if so his sate of mind will certainly be anything but improved by the consciousness that his crafty enemy has outwitted him again.

"What is our course?" asks Larry, who has fallen back upon the cushions, and seems to be taking life easy—indeed, the little man has a way of doing this quite his own.

"We shall take the most direct line now open—there has been an unfortunate series of accidents happening lately that temporarily closes several routes. To reach Vienna, and then Buda-Pesth, we must pass through Baden and other portions of Germany. Wait, I will try and mark our course on this guide-book map."

So Jack busies himself while Avis leans over his shoulder looking on and offering suggestions now and then. A very pretty picture Larry thinks as he watches them through his half closed eyes, and it would be a shame for any man to ever come between two who seem to be so mutually smitten—so he nobly resolves to give up his own chances in the affair, and let Jack have a clear field—a resolution that does him credit under the circumstances seeing that he has three times asked Avis to have him and on each occasion sent the New York girl off into a spasm of laughing for which she has always apologized, though declining to enter into any partnership arrangement with a cousin.

They are making good time, and before the day ends stop at a station on the border, where a customs official makes a pretense of searching their luggage, receives his tip, glances at their passports, and they are free to enter Germany.

It is long after darkness sets in that they cross the historic Rhine, and feel they are in the heart of the German empire. Now and then the gentlemen step out at the stations to stretch their limbs and smoke. The night passes away. Once there seems a long delay, and Jack fears lest this, the last method of reaching Vienna, may be closed to them, as there has been an accident ahead. In case it is a landslide, that may be hours and days being cleared up, he soon makes up his mind what they will do.

In Europe money will accomplish wonders, even as in our own country, and in the morning they may find a conveyance of some sort that will take them beyond the obstruction, where they can find a train.

Should this fail, one more course remains—to pass down through the St. Gothard tunnel into Italy, reaching Venice on the Adriatic, and there taking a steamer for Constantinople.

Thus Jack lays his plans and goes to sleep—he is awakened by a jarring motion, and finds they are on the move again. Good! only an hour or so has been lost.

Morning finds them at Munich, and if all goes well they should reach Vienna some time before the sun goes down in the west. Breakfast is eaten here, time being given the travellers. Avis looks a little jaded, but she seems to stand the rack of travel upon a Continental railway wonderfully well, Jack thinks, as he helps her back into the carriage. Again they are off, over the Inn river, and along its bank, until finally another official appears. It is at Simbach, and they are now on the border of Austrian territory. Travellers in Europe grow accustomed to these things, but they are a terrible nuisance, and we never realize what this business is like in the States until we have a yellow fever epidemic like the one at Jacksonville, Florida, in the summer of 1888.

Vienna at last, and all well. They are obliged to remain over night in the Austrian capital, as there is no train until morning. True, they might take one of the boats down the Danube, but this would be slow work, indeed.

"Where shall we go?" asks Aunt Sophie, as they roll into the station, and see the omnibuses and cabs waiting in line just as in New York.

"There is only one hotel here to my mind. That is called the Englischer Hof," declares Jack.

"Ah! you have been here, before," cries Avis, "we shall benefit by your knowledge."

And they do.

Jack secures what information he desires to begin with, engages a carriage, and in a short time they have entered the city, and are in the pleasant rooms of the hotel. Evening is near at hand, but after enjoying the luxury of a little fresh water, the party start out to view the crowds on the Ringstrasse near by.

One can spend most of his time in Vienna on the streets or in the cafes—it is amusing to study the characters to be met upon the streets of the great city, for Austria is made up of a dozen small nationalities, from Hungarians and Germans to Poles and Servians.

They might at any other time have gone to the opera in the evening, for Vienna is a second Paris, and her inhabitants must always have numerous amusements going on—each strasse, especially if a boulevard, seems to be thronged all day long—music sounds from every quarter, and one soon gets an idea that the Viennese are a lively people, and the city one of the finest in Europe.

In the morning they leave Vienna, and once more their course is southeast. A long journey still lies before them, and at the end of it is the Turkish city, where they expect to find the prisoner of Abdallah Pasha.

Buda-Pesth is reached by noon, and to their surprise they find a magnificent city on both sides of the Danube, conected by a splendid bridge, Buda being on one shore and Pesth on the other.

During the afternoon they pass near the border of Servia, but night still finds them in Austria. Another examination of passes—this time it is by the Turkish officials sure enough. They make slow progress now, for a lightning express in Turkey would be such a novelty that the Sultan's people might expire from fright.

The wearisome journey draws near an end, and with the morning they find themselves close to their goal. Great inroads have been made in the old time habits of the Turks by the progress of civilization rushing eastward. The advent of the railroad has changed many of their customs, and some of the most intelligent among the officials would follow after the ways of their Western neighbours if the mass of people were not so settled in their old dogmas.

Gradually the Turk is being pushed out of Europe—many of his fairest provinces have been taken away and made into new states that, formerly a coalition, will put a nation between Austria and the Black Sea.

Some day there will be an upheaval, and Mr. Turk will cross the Bosphorus in a hurry, to return no more, when Constantinople, taken originally by force, will revert to new owners. The Turk is nothing if not philosophical, and when this dreadful day of disaster comes he will probably say, resignedly;—"Kismet! Allah is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

At a quarter to ten Jack calls their attention to a sight that inspires them into a burst of enthusiasm. The sun has climbed half way up in the heavens, and as they chance to be upon an elevation where they can see the blue waters of the Bosphorus, before their vision comes a glimpse of Constantinople. Never, while they live, will they forget that first view of the Oriental city. It seems like the phantasy of a dream, with the golden sunlight flashing from numerous domes and minarets, marking the mosques, of which there are several hundred in Stamboul—as the natives call the city.

Soon the train reaches the station. Jack having been here before, knows the ropes, and pilots his party by means of what seems to be an underground railway into the city proper.

Here they emerge, and find themselves in Stamboul—around them are the thousand and one strange sights that greet the traveller in Turkey today.

Jack takes them to a house—here he finds an old friend with whom Aleck and himself lodged on the former occasion, and who now receives him warmly.

Hotels are almost an unknown luxury in Turkey, and what inns there are European visitors avoid as a general thing, seeking some private house to which they have been referred by friends who have been here before.

Avis watches Jack closely—she realizes that everything depends on him, and does not desire to divert his mind from the business on hand. She believes he will succeed, but the position is grave, and nothing must occur to annoy him.

As for Larry, he is in for seeing the sights, and without any loss of time proceeds to take them in, wandering about the crooked streets under the care of a man he has engaged, whose ordinary business is that of a hamal, or porter, but who nevertheless makes a good guide.

One can spend weeks in Stamboul sight seeing—the mosques, almost always crowded, are a daily spectacle—then there are other things upon the streets to attract attention, such as the bazaars, with their glass roofs, where the Turkish tradesmen offer for sale the strangest things one can imagine—where are crowded in their stalls, elbow to elbow, men who carry on every business known to the Orient, and the display of goods is so varied, ranging from the jeweler and seller of henna, down to the maker of the national headgear, the fez, that one can easily imagine himself in an enchanted land.

Yes, Constantinople is a splendid lounging place, to pass away a month—new sights can be seen every day, and one does not even grow weary of the old ones.

Jack Evans has not come here for such a purpose, however—no man has a greater weight on his mind than he. Somehow he has reached the conclusion that his own fate depends upon his success in this game—that if he saves Aleck he wins his sister, and, indeed, remembering the desperate nature of the work before him, it is not out of the way to believe that he must rescue Aleck or lose his own life in the attempt.

Having seen the ladies safe in the house, Jack gives them a few directions, and then sets out to make arrangements. Most tourists when visiting the Turkish capital lodge at Pera, on the outskirts, where the English and American people congregate, and where the consulates are generally located, but Jack, prefers to be in the city itself, where he can hear the bells on St. Sophia call the Moslem to prayer, or the loud voice of the muezzin upon the minaret chanting the adan at sunrise—memories that never leave the mind in later years.

He has another motive. If the Pasha reaches Stamboul before the grand finale of the game, he will look for his enemy in Pera or Galata, the fashionable suburbs of the old city, where, of course, he will not find him.

The detective force of Constantinople is hardly equal to that of Paris—when a man desires to hide himself in the former city he can easily do so, and it will only be by accident his whereabouts may become known.

So Jack believes himself secure. He purchases a red fez the first thing, and adopting this, renders himself less conspicuous, for many of the Turks have come to wearing just such garments as Frenchmen—they cannot quite go the usually loud costume of the average English tourist.

It may be set down for granted that Jack has his hands full, but he is feeling like a fighting cock, and was never better in his life, so if he fails, he cannot offer as an excuse that he was not in condition.

Two days and nights—that is the most he can count on ere Abdallah Pasha turns up—perhaps even now the Turk is on the way, driving fast as a European train can take him for the city on the Bosphorus, eager to thwart the schemes of his shrewd Yankee enemy.

Jack's first desire is to find this out—there is a telegraph line to Paris, and he seeks the Hotel de Londres in Pera, where he sends a message to the prefect of police, carefully worded, and desires an answer.

Then, knowing that it will be some hours before he can receive his reply, he asks the operator, a Frenchman, to hold it for him, after which he saunters away.

The Turks are accustomed to seeing Franks in all places, and derive much income from them, so that they pay no attention to them so long as they saunter about.

Hence Jack is too wise to rush along, no matter what eagerness he may be restraining, but makes up for this by peristence, so that he gets there all the same.

Leaving Pera, he makes enquiries, and finally enters the shop of an armorer in a bazaar. The man looks at him closely, gives a cry of "Allah is great! it is my master," and kisses his hand impulsively.

This Turk is a man whom Doctor Jack has made his slave—when here before, circumstances allowed him to do Achmed a great favour, and the man fairly worships the ground he walks on.

Jack needs him now—he tells him what the risk is, but the man shrugs his shoulders. His life would have been taken before but for Jack, and he is quite willing to jeopardize it now, if by so doing he may prove his gratitude.

Such words please the American, and he knows Achmed means it, too. He will do whatever he is told to the best of his ability.

Jack becomes more positive in his belief that if Aleck is alive they will save him. He is very dogged in his way, and having set his course, will sail it until the mast is blown out, before changing.

He gives the Turkish armorer certain work to do, and declares that he will return to the shop to hear his report at dusk. Aehmed knows where Abdallah Pasha has his residence—just outside of the great city, and overlooking the blue Bosphorus—one of the loveliest sites the human mind could conceive. His grounds are noted for their magnificence. Certain European friends of the Pasha, who have travelled a great deal, have seen and admired the palace and its surroundings, but none of them have, with the owner's consent, ever set eyes on the interior of the harem or the seraglio, where the beautiful houris of the Orient pass their life of luxury.

Achmed has a hard task before him, but he is more than ordinarily shrewd for a Turk. It was from him Jack got his hint that his friend Aleck had not been killed, but was a prisoner in the Turk's palace, and he is now sent out, well supplied with money, to ascertain the exact truth.

As for Doctor Jack himself, he hies away to the water front. His idea is to buy a fast boat of some sort, and have it in readiness for immediate flight.

There are a number of men-of-war at the Golden Horn, and among others Jack sees one bearing the Stars and Stripes. What a thrill the sight of the dear old flag gives him. If he could only rescue Aleck, and all of them get under the shelter of that flag, they would be safe, but he knows the commander would not dare shelter them after they have entered a Turkish palace and defied the power of a Pasha, so he makes up his mind to depend only on himself.

Making enquiries he finds a vessel for sale, and discovers she is an English yacht, small in build, but well manned. He meets the owner on board, has a private talk, and in half an hour the Thistledown is his. The crew greet their new master, and Jack is in charge.

He has a talk with the captain, and examines the interior of the yacht, making some suggestions regarding the hold, where a fine hiding-place can be made between two bulkheads.

Having given explicit orders, Doctor Jack again lands. It is long past high noon, and he has done remarkably well for the few hours he has been at work.

Something to eat is easily obtained at a cafe, and Jack is enough of a Turk to know what is best, so he fares well where a stranger might almost starve.

After this is over he again seeks the hotel in the Pera suburb, eager to see what the news may be from Paris. A dispatch is awaiting him—it is brief and to the point.

"He left Paris on the night of the fourth."

Jack calculates quickly, consults his red-covered vade mecum, which gives the arrival and departure of trains. Unless the pasha is detained on the way, he will arrive at Stamboul some time early on the second night, but Jack has never known a train to be on time here, and he counts on having both nights entirely.

This is as much as he expected. The work is before them, and they must make haste. He hurries to the shop of Achmed. That worthy is not in, and he has to wait. At dusk he sees the armourer coming through the crowd. Already the smoking oil lamps have been lighted in many of the booths, giving the scene an additional weird aspect as the dark faces and many-coloured garments of the groups are seen under the yellow of these illuminating agents.

Jack cannot but notice these things even while his mind is engrossed with the business in hand, for he is something of an artist in his way, and always grasps the picturesque.

Achmed makes an obeisance as he comes in—his veneration for the American is great. As is his usual custom, Jack proceeds to get the facts from him immediately.

He learns that the Turk has been in the palace of the pasha, bribed one of the servitors, and even looked upon Aleck Morton in his prison. This he describes to Jack as a dungeon beneath the ground, where Aleck has been kept all these weeks and months. His garments are in tatters, his face thin, but his Yankee spirit unbroken.

Twice he has attempted to escape, and came near doing it, but the vigilance of the guard prevented him. There is a grating of iron covering an air hole that lets a ray of light into the dark dungeon during the day time. Could Achmed lead him to it after nightfall? The faithful Turk prostrates himself and declares it is impossible. Jack asks more questions makes an appointment, and hurries away.

He hies himself to the home of the American minister—it is possible that this gentleman may interfere and save Aleck, for no matter what his offence has been, he is an American citizen, and entitled to the protection of his flag.

The fates are against him. He finds that the minister, together with the British ambassador, has gone off for a cruise on a new vessel that has just been built for the antiquated Turkish navy.

"When will he be back?"

"With rare good luck, if the engines do not break down, in a day or so, but," with a shrug, "we always allow for accidents in Stamboul."

Just so, and this sets Doctor Jack back a peg or two in his calculations. He remembers the Quinnebaug, the old style American man-of-war, then in port, and wonders if her captain dares to assist him, shakes his head, grinds his teeth together, and says emphatically:—

"Before I could set the wheels going he would be here—no, I see very plainly this good arm alone stands between Aleck and death."

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CHAPTER XX.

If ever Doctor Jack was aroused in all his life, he certainly is now—a lion at bay could not exhibit more animation, for success or failure means much to him. There are rare qualities about this man that make him an enemy to be feared—his usually quiet manner can be thrown off, and a fierce aggressiveness takes its place.

Passing along through the streets he heads toward the bazaar. Crowds jostle him—they are composed of representatives of many nations—Circassians, Arabs, Russians, Jews, negroes, Greeks, Armenians added to the Turks themselves, Servians, and natives of Montenegro—each in his national costume, make a spectacle not to be found elsewhere upon the globe.

Looking neither to the right nor left, Jack more than once stumbles over some mangy cur, of which millions, one could almost say, roam the crooked thoroughfares and alleys of old Stamboul, where day and night magnificence and squalor go hand in hand.

A pilgrim with a camel, direct from Egypt or perhaps Persia, adds to the Oriental interest of the scene, while a fellow who has a performing bear from the Ural Mountains, draws quite a crowd but mighty few piastres, for the Turks, as a rule, are close with their small coins.

So Jack pushes in. He is so wrapped up in thought that he overshoots his mark, and finds himself opposite a mosque, which he remembers in farther down the street than the bazar in which Achmed has a stall.

His attention is attracted by the loud voices of a band of howling dervishes in the mosque, and he glances in for a moment to hear their continual shouts of "La illa ha illa Allah!" and witness their contortions.

Jack is no stranger to the sight. He has looked upon dervishes of all grades, from the dancers of Stamboul to those of the singing tribe, who take the place of our "little German band." in Persian cities.

Turning back, he is soon in the bazar—it is less crowded now, but Achmed is there, waiting, ready to lead the daring American to the prison of his friend, no matter what the danger.

They pass out, and once upon the street, Jack manages to disguise himself a little more, so that at first sight he may be taken for a Turk. Under the guidance of the faithful Achmed they gradually leave the busy part behind, and enter upon another portion of the city.

They are aiming for the suburbs in the direction of the Sultan's palace which is situated upon an elevation, so that the Grand Mogul of the Turks may from his flat roof under the shelter of the canopy, lounge and look upon the fairest scene mortal eyes ever beheld—the wonderful city flashing in the sun, the blue Bosphorus with its white sails, and the shore of Asia beyond, whither some day the last of the Turks will retreat when Russia has her will.

The palace of Abdallah Pasha is a great distance from the grand residence of his Sultan, and though it attempting to rival it, it is a place of no pretensions—the building itself of marble, filled with costly ornaments bought in Western capitals like Paris, and the grounds of spacious extent, walled in, and filled with trees and shrubbery that charm the eye.

Jack has been in it before—the memory of that awful night can never leave his mind, and more than once he has thought what an outrage that so fair a domain should be owned by such an ogre as the old Pasha, but such a generally the case in this world, where one does not have to be beautiful in order to admire lovely creations.

Avoiding observation as much as possible, they approach the wall that marks the end of the Pasha's grounds. This can be scaled by an energetic climber, though the average Turk might be appalled at the prospect. Jack has made preparations for just such an emergency, and this is where his former experience stands him in well. On his person Achmed carries a rope—it is slender, but of a strength beyond question. He now produces it, and by the time it is unwound from his waist, where he has carried it, there is a length of some twenty feet revealed.

The stars are hidden by a canopy of clouds, and the darkness of the night favours their design, though sharp eyes can see something even amid the general gloom. All is silent around them—the weird noises of the city have been left behind, and in this region of royalty quietness reigns.

[To be Continued.]

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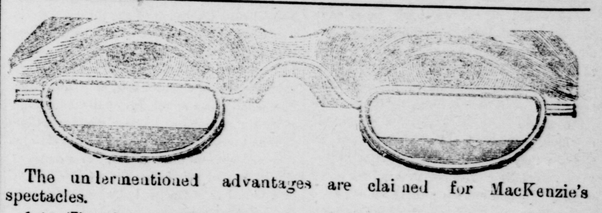

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of William Copping late of Chatham, deceased, are required to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

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