DOCTOR JACK.

By St. George Rathborne.

Continued from 1st page.

At the word Jack feels a chill—what he has expected is about to happen. He can jump at conclusions about as fast as any man, and already he guesses what Aleck would say.

"I thank you from my heart, friends, for the trouble you have to save me. While I live you will ever be in my memory, dear to me above all other friends, but I have made a vow—a sacred vow that must be kept."

"What is it ?" asks Larry.

Jack does not put a question, for he can guess. It is the old story over again—a woman led Aleck into this scrape, and now he is resolved to commit the same blunder again. Jack is in love himself, and can in a measure excuse Aleck, but he does not believe the latter can care for his Sady as he, the doctor does for Avis.

"I shall not leave the palace grounds without Sady," says Aleck, firmly.

Jack groans. Precious minutes are passing, and the pasha will soon be on hand, when the very duse must be to pay. Aleck is wonderfully stubborn, as every one knows, even his prison life has not cured him of that, for "what's bred in the bone can't be beat out of the flesh."

There is only one thing to do—carry out Aleck's wishes, and the sooner they get at the matter the better for all concerned. Jack comes to the front again ready for immediate action.

"Was she coming here, Aleck ?" he demands.

"Yes."

"Tell me just when ?"

"You heard the bells ring a little while back—she generally reaches here just after that time, and may arrive at any moment now. I am sure she is on the way."

"We can't wait here, but may meet her. The harem lies yonder—that extension at the end of the palace. Come, all follow me."

"Listen ! what 's that ?"

At Larry's words all stop and endeavour to discover what he means. It is not at all difficult, for the night air is still, and the sounds are very distinct, indeed.

A vehicle of some sort is whirling along the gravelled drive leading to the palace gates. The loud voice of the driver can be heard as he urges his animals on. Then he stops, the gates, are reached, a voice roars out some ferocious order in the Turkish tongue. Our friends look at each other in the semi-gloom, consternation seizes Larry, while Jack shuts his teeth with a snap.

"The pasha has come !" he grinds out.

"Great Scott ! that train made up the lost time !" hoarsely whispers Larry. This event seems to strike him in a more singular light than the actual presence of their enemy.

There is still time enough for them to fly. The shore line can be reached before their foes may overtake them, and the boat, manned by the arms of stalwart British tars, will quickly carry them to the yacht.

Jack makes the attempt, even while doubtful as regards the result.

"We must fly," he says, grasping one of Aleck's arms.

"Leave me, my friends," begs the other.

"Not much. We came here to save you, and, Aleck, old fellow, you must come with us."

"I cannot," groans the wretched lad—liberty seems so close, and yet he will not stretch out his hand to grasp it.

"Nonsense ! Perhaps we may at some future time save the girl. Remember Avis, Aleck."

He takes a few steps, stops, and holds back.

"No, no, I have sworn. I cannot, must not, will not desert her. She has vowed to kill herself if I die or leave her—she loves me so. Go, I beg of you, leave me here to have one turn at that devil before they kill me."

His entreaties are useless.

"If there's any killing to be done I must take a hand in it myself," declares Doctor Jack, drawing out the revolver with which he can put six balls at twenty paces in a circle of two inches in diameter—the Bennetts being his only rivals in all America.

Here is a pretty kettle of fish. Aleck positively refuses to advance, and the pasha is raising Hail Columbia at the entrance. He must speedily get in, and then look out for squalls. What can be done ? Jack has half a notion to pick Aleck up and carry him off like a rebellious child. He is quite capable of it, but refrains simply because he does not care to save a man against his will, and Aleck would be back here at the first opportunity, determined to get Sady or die.

For once in his life Doctor Jack is puzzled—he does not know what to do, and precious seconds are flying all the while. Even now it is probably too late. From the sounds that reach their ears they are informed that the pasha has gained an entrance, and is raging about, asking a dozen questions at once of his astonished and alarmed retainers, who probably imagine their master has gone crazy.

Even while they hearken a new sound adds to the clamour. Doctor Jack gives a start as the truth breaks upon him.

"Great Heaven ! they have let loose the pack of Siberian wolf-hounds. The animals will clear the garden, and be upon us like a flash !" he cries.

"'Pon 'onah ! I hear them coming now," says Larry, without any apparent alarm. He, too, has drawn a revolver, which he places in readiness to fire with a movement of his thumb. Achmed, shrinking back for an instant as the awful clamor of the gaunt brutes breaks on his ears, again braces up the line of battle, holding in his clenched hands the heavy iron bar which was intended to raise the dungeon's grating, but which can doubtless be made to do good service in the line of a peace persuader, if it ever comes in contact with the cranium of a hound.

There can be no mistaking the fact that the dogs are advancing directly upon them, for the rush of the animals through the shrubbery is plainly heard. In the darkness they may have trouble sighting their canine foes. Jack sees a light streaming from a narrow window, and guesses the friendly source from which it comes.

Quick to take advantage of an opportunity, he calls out in a low, strained tone :—

"Back a few paces. Get the lane of light in front, so we can see the brutes. Quick ! for the love of Heaven, men."

They are none too soon. Like a tornado rushing through a Western forest the pasha's pack of fierce wolf-hounds dart toward the little group. They utter a few yelps, but their eager silence is terribly suggestive. The sound of their swift passage resembles the sweep of the wind.

A brief moment of suspense, and then the dread event is upon them. Jack sights the first brute. His weapon is aimed, and the hand that never yet failed its master presses the trigger. One—the brute drops like a weight of lead, but the others flash into view all at once—revolvers rattle, fierce howls arise, and for a brief time a tremendous melee ensues.

It is a slaughter-pen for the wolf-dogs, and yet by very numbers they make it hot work for the little party of brave men. Several manage to pass the line of light. One Achmed belabours with the iron bar, another endeavours to reach the throat of Doctor Jack. Poor fool, it meets that iron left arm on the way, the fingers close on its neck, he crunches the larynx as though it were made of paper, and tosses the quivering body of the wolf-dog from him in a moment.

The rush, the whirl, the disaster—all is over in an exceedingly brief space of time. Scarce forty seconds have elapsed since the first dog broke cover and attempted to cross that heaven-sent banner of light from the window, and now not a single member of that fierce pack is left. Achmed, aroused to fury, still hammers the shapeless head of his victim with the iron bludgeon, but the wretched hound never knew what ailed him after receiving the first blow.

Larry is flushed with victory, "Bring on your dogs !" he calls out aloud.

"Not so fast," cautious Doctor Jack, "the next impediment we run across will probably be a small army of janizaries, armed with more deadly weapons than dogs' teeth. If you have any tears to shed prepare to shed them now, and meanwhile it might be a good idea to slip in a few cartridges."

The suggestion is a good one, which Larry cannot afford to neglect. Jack casts a side glance at Aleck. What will that worthy do now ? Is there any possibility that he has changed his mind and may accompany them ? Useless—Aleck possesses the blood of his Scotch ancestors in his veins, and there never lived a more stubborn individual. If they want him to fly they must find Sady.

"Onto the harem !" grits Jack between his teeth. He is thoroughly aroused now, after the engagement with the wolf-hounds, and nothing daunts his spirit. Since Aleck will not go without Sady they must find the pasha's prize even if the whole palace, harem and sefaglio, have to be searched, with the janizaries howling at their heels. That is the kind of man Jack Evans is when once he makes up his mind—mountains cannot stay his progress, and ordinary obstacles are brushed from his path as a man might dash a fly from his forehead.

Larry is ready to fall in behind, and as for Aleck, the cry enthuses him. He seems to regain his lost strength, forgets he is wounded from the fall he received in the dungeon, and presses on at the side of Achmed, who will go wherever his beloved master wills, be it into the grasp of death even, so long as Jack leads.

[To be Continued.]

THE CENTURY.

Perplexing Controversies as to the Day the Century Ends.

Does the twentieth century begin on January 1, 1900, or on January 1, 1901? This question agitated a great many people some time ago, and it seems to be agitating some now. And, as is the case with every question, it had advocates on each side. Those who hold that the twentieth century will dawn on January 1, 1900, reason that this is so because the first year of our era began on January 1, 100. Another argument is that the first century began on January 1 of the year 0, and the second on January 1 of the year 100, just as a child is said to be in its first year before it has reached the anniversary of its birth, when it enters its second year. This logic is applied to the twentieth century question, and those who use it hold that that era opens on January 1, 1900.

They argue further that December 31, '99, was the last day in our first era, and completed the first century, and that, therefore, January 1, 100, marked the opening of the second century. Any child will tell you, they say, that a person's twentieth year begins when his nineteenth birthday is attained. So, they conclude, the twentieth century begins in the year 1900.

THE OTHER SIDE.

This reasoning is worked out on various lines, but the conclusion is hardly correct. Much better arguments, quite conclusive in their nature, are advanced by those who hold that the twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1901. The weight of logic seems to be in their favor, and here are some of the points they make:—

A favorite argument advanced by those who hold that the twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1901, is that a certain year will not begin until its predecessor is entirely completed; therefore, that the twentieth century will not be ushered in until the nineteenth has rounded off a full one hundred years, and that that will not be until midnight of December 31, 1900. In this connection, these advocates point to the definition of the word "century," as given in most dictionaries, where it is defined as a period of 100 years, reckoned from any given point or date. So, they argue that, as the first century began with the year 1, it ended with the year 101. Suppose, it has been urged, a man starts to put 100 potatoes in a barrel; if he adds another hundred to them the first potato of that hundred will be the 101st potato. Following out this reasoning, it is held the twentieth century will not begin till the year 1900 is fully completed.

HOW THEY FIGURE IT.

When you write December 31, 1896, says one on the 1901 side, you mean the year 1896 will be completed on December 31, 1896, and that on the following day the year 1897 will begin. When you say December 31, 1896, you do not mean 1896 years plus the days up to December 31 of the next year, but December 31 of the year 1896. Hence, they say, in rounding off their argument, December 31, 1900, will be the 1,900th year of the Christian era, and the last day of the nineteenth century, so the twentieth century will begin January 1, 1901.

As a way out of the difficulty, conservative people suggest it would be well to ascertain how the ancients regarded the question, and to do as they did. If at the beginning, they say, the ancients wrote January 1, year 1, then we, when we write January 1, 1900, mean that the 1900th year has just begun, and we must wait twelve months before we can write 1901. But it is not easy to ascertain what the ancients did in the chronological line in the year 1; so far as known they left no data as to their method of computing time.

He Took Chances.

Along in the afternoon a stranger mounted on a very fine horse came out of a cross road and joined me, and after we had traveled two or three miles in company he asked if I came from Hope well. I replied in the affirmative, and he continued:—

"Any particular excitement down that way?"

"Not much. I believe that a horse had been stolen and bands of men were going out in different directions to search."

"Did you hear the horse described?"

"Why, yes. Let's see? He was a big black horse, with a white nose, two white feet and—. Say, your horse answers the exact description!"

"Does he? Well, he ought to—he's the stolen horse!"

"You don't mean to say?"

"Yes, he is, and I'm the man who stole him. Splendid beast, isn't he? He's good for $200 in any market. Handsome as a picture and sound as a nut."

"But I—I don't understand?" I persisted, feeling quite sure the stranger was guying me.

"Don't you?" he laughingly replied. "Well, this is the horse, and I stole him, and I can't make it any plainer. I'm in the business, you see."

"But you will be pursued."

"Very likely."

"And perhaps overhauled."

"That may be."

"And you know that means hanging in this country?"

"It does. Yes; if they catch me they'll hang me."

"I don't see how you dare do it."

"No? Well, it's my trade, you now, and I take the chances. Excuse me, but do you see horsemen back there on that hill?"

"I do. There are half a dozen, and they are coming for you."

"I presume so. Well, so long. I must keep ahead of the game, you know."

Three miles away the black horse picked up a stone and went dead lame and his rider was captured. He was all ready to hang as we cantered up. I thought to find him half scared to death and begging for his life, but, on the contrary, he greeted me with a smile and said:—

"I told you I had to take chances and this time it seems I've lost. Gentlemen, the audience has now assembled and the curtain can go upon the play.

UNEQUAL ANATOMY.

Strange Differences in the Eyes and Other Parts of the Body.

Some curious features are noted in the inequality in size and influence of corresponding parts of the human body says an exchange. The ears on the same head are probably more alike than any other of the twin organs of the body. Nevertheless, they vary as regards thickness, length, shape and position most remarkably in different individuals. If the ear, however, on one side is delicate in size and contour, the other will be the same, while if the one looks like a dried fig the other duplicates it in form and color. But with the eye it is different. To say nothing of the fact that one eye is generally more open than the other, all oculists agree that the cases where the seeing power of the two are equal in the same head are very rare. Usually men use the right eye the most. Watchmakers, engravers, microscopists and mariners using the telescope apply their right eye to the instrument and generally overwork that organ. There is no good reason why both eyes should not be equally strong, but they are not. Tailors agree that the right shoulder is almost always lower than the left. This they account for by the universal habit men have of resting the left elbow on the desk while writing, and to the equally prevalent practice of those who carry heavy burdens resting them on the right shoulder.

As regards the arms and legs, there is generally but slight difference. In the size of the hands and feet there is commonly a great variation, and, curiously enough, while it is the right hand that is generally bigger, it is the left foot that often requires a larger sized boot or shoe. Glovemakers give the proportion of large right hands as 900 to 1000, which, by the way, approximates to the proportion of right handed persons in the community. The size of the hand is generally increased by labor. If ladies are to be trusted as to the size of the gloves they wear, the human hand has grown smaller within the last twenty or thirty years. But glovers tell a different story. They confess to making all ladies' gloves a half size smaller than they really are. This, they say, is because ladies almost invariably ask for a size smaller glove than they should wear.

There is nearly always a difference in the size of the hands. This is so marked that the glove that fits the right hand will wrinkle on the left, looking in fact, too large. The left foot, as a rule, is the larger. While the right hand and arm are generally better developed and stronger, the opposite leg corresponds in those particulars. It is found that in athletic persons the advantage of strength is often with the left foot, That is the foot we habitually stand upon, and it is the left foot that leads off in the walking. A man uses the left foot most on the bicycle, and even more so in mounting a horse. While the constant use of the right hand is a matter of training (monkeys use both equally) the more frequent use of the left foot would seem to be a general habit, hence that foot is in many cases the stronger.

A Smart Arithmetic Man.

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons as follows: "To Fuenhuen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nupin, his second son, one-third thereof, and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof."

When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants, and it puzzled these three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants, and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Suenpunk for advice. Suenpunk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen, and said:

"Now, we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants; Fuen-huen, take your half and depart." So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and went his way.

"Aow, Nu-pin," said the wise man, "take your third and go." So Nu-pin took six elephants and traveled.

"Now, Ding-bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and begone." So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen-punk took his own elephant and drove him home again.

Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

A Rare Stone Burned for Lime.

"While up near the Point of Rocks, Frederick County, Md., some days ago," said a prominent geologist, "I visited the quarry from which the stone that constitute the famous pillars in the old hall of the House of Representatives, otherwise known as the National Statuary Hall, was quarried. The stone is known to geologists as breccia, though the common name is 'pudding stone,' from its peculiar formation. It is a limestone conglomerate, though nearly a true marble. It is a handsome as well as a remarkably interesting formation to geologists as well as to others. Strange to say, however, there is no demand for it, though it is easily sawed into slabs for table covers, etc.

"The day I was there I saw great quantities of it broken up and thrown into kilns and burned into lime. It makes a very desirable lime, and particularly for a fertilizer. What made me feel sad was that this wonder of the world, for it is found nowhere else in the world in such perfection, can not be turned into other uses. It seems a pity to have to burn it into lime, when there are any quantity of limestone that will do so well for such uses, though there is but one such a find of breccia in this wide world."

An Object Lesson.

Teacher—Now, if I take your slate pencil, what can I do with it? Little Boy—You can turl your hair.

Consumptive Mentone.

Forty years ago the inhabitants of Mentone and neighborhood were a healthy, happy race of splendid physique, to whom consumption was absolutely unknown. Then Mentone became the Mecca of the consumptive. The peasants left their farms and their healthy lives to wait on the wealthy invalids. Thousands of consumptives died there, impregnating the soil and the water with the germs of their disease. As the result the earth, air and water of Mentone are infested with the tubercle bacillus, and the once healthy peasantry are consumptives almost to a man and a woman No more complete or startling proof of the truth of the once derided germ theory of disease could well be imagined than this.

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