DOCTOR JACK.

By St. George Rathborne. Continued from 1st page.

These things go through his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and a very few seconds serve to convince him that there is no reason to believe all is lost. Of course the mystery of her presence remains as great as ever, but that may speedily be cleared up. He turns toward the marble wall of the palace, and discovers a small opening-a window of some sort undoubtedly. In this he sees Mercedes -she is not three feet away, and Jack can account for the voice almost breathing in his ear his own name. "You here, senorita?" he stam-

mers, and is greeted with a low, silvery laugh. "Senor Jack does not half know my accomplishments, or he would not be so surprised. Vaya! I am here, and every slave in this palace obeys my will. If I uttered a signal a score of janizaries would sweep the garden from end to end and we to any liv-

ing thing they found there." She utters these words slowly, as if to allow them to fell deep into the heart of the man who listens, so that he may comprehend their full significance, and Doctor Jack, for perhaps the first time in his life, has a spasm of fear creep over him.

An awful thought takes possession of his brain-one that for the moment almost paralyzes his tongue and prevents speech. Why is Mercedes here -how comes she to have such omnipotent power in the palace of the Turkish pasha unless she has sold herself to him to become his latest wife, and if this is the case, why has she done this, loving another man all the while?

Jack believes he knows the Spanish character well-revenge comes into the life of most people who live under Southern skies, and she-Mercedeshas sacrificed herself in order to get even with the man she worships, but who can find no love for her in re-

What will she do? She is here as the representative of the pasha, and has his hatred for Doctor Jack to look after as well as her own feelings in

dresses the other-he must know the "Mercedes, can it be possible you

have sold yourself to that wretched Turk ?" he asks. She gives a sort of hysterical laugh. "I am his wife—we were married in Paris. I hold an istrument whereby he has sworn to immediately dispose of every slave now in his harem, and never to displace me. It was arranged through Don Carlos, who made sure that the knot was tied in

such a manner that no process could defeat it." "How came you here?" he con-"On the same train as yourself, but you did not know it. There are a good many things Doctor Jack does not know-for instance, that I was

ed what his intention might be." "And you did not warn the pasha?" "You see I did not. At the time I was already his wife, and little did I care whether he remained in Paris forever. My business was to watch you -I have done it, and, caramba! a

aware of the visit he made Monsieur

le Prefect of Police in Paris, and guess-

pretty chase you gave me." She is a mystery to him yet—a man he could fathom, but the motives that influence a woman are beyond the ken of any mortal being, not even excepting herself. He fears Mercedes now, for her power seems to threaten | closed trellis shutter marks the fissure. the one he loves-Avis Morton. "You know why I have come here,

Mercedes-to save my friend Aleck ?" "Yes-her brother-I remember,"

"You have it in your power to assist

"Indeed-how?" "Did you not tell me you were here, that your word was law by the power he gave you, until he himself

She holds out her hand, and he takes "That ring-notice it, Senor Jack. It is the sign of my captivity, and yet it holds a wondrous power-at sight of it his slaves prostrate them-

selves before me.' "Then, Mercedes, you have power to open the dungeon doors of Aleck Morton-to set him free before the pasha I beg of you, I entreat you, by the

memory of the past-" "Stop! That is the last talisman Senor Jack should call to his aid. The memory of the past would cause me to cry aloud and fill this garden with his slaves seeking the blood of the Christian. You should have said by my hopes for the future. But it is all the same-useless."

"You will not help me?" reproach-"I cannot. On oath he made me swear by everything sacred not to

ive Aleck Morton his freedom. His hatred for that man and you is something terrible. He would sacrifice everything in the world to gratify it. Indeed, it was through this channel that I made such remarkable terms with him-in a word, he believes his feelings are equalled by my own." "Meaning that you, too, hate me," sadly, for the future looks dark, indeed, now-Avis seems farther away

than ever to him.

"That is not true, Senor Jack. My feelings have undergone no change since first we met in Barcelona," she replies, quietly, and a glimmer of the truth begins to creep into his brain like the first gleam of daylight over a scene of darkness. He has believed this lovely woman possessed extraordinary capacities for good or evil, whichever way she might incline, and now there seems to be a chance that the good angel has dropped a seed in her heart, which, watered with the tears of her disappointment, may develop into a glorious tree, bearing fruit fit for heavenly picking.

"Mercedes, you are a mystery to me In the name of Heaven, tell me plainly why did you marry Abdallah Pasha?" he exclaims, not willing longer to beat around the bush,

She hesitates a moment, and then her reply electrifies Doctor Jack as human words have never done before: "To save you, Senor Jack," she goes

on, quickly, just as when she acknowledged her love for him, as if afraid lest he might interrupt her. "I knew you would not give up your plans, and I feared that disaster would overtake all, so I resolved to put myself in a position where I could | cracked voice arouses every sleeper save you at last, or, if all was lost, by chanting the adan, or call to pray-

could not reach him? True, in his and the least sanctimonious when it country women do not say such things, comes to deeds. however they may feel, but he does not forget that she is of Spain, and ladies have not yet appeared, so at the that a little gipsy blood runs in her open windows the two gentlemen sit veins. He will know all-if her re- and talk-it is too early for a smoke sentment goes to Avis she might as before breakfast. wel direct it toward him. "Of you still regard me as your

friend, Mercedes, how about Miss Mor-

Even in the semi-darkness he knows a spasm crosses the beautiful face as he mentions that name, and in imagination he can see fire flash from her eves, "the most magnificent black eyes I have ever seen," Avis has said of

"Avis-yes, I should despise and hate her because she has stolen what I hoped belonged to me. That is the creed by which I have been raised, Doctor Jack. And yet," with a tremble in the voice, as though a sob chokes her, "I have tried in vain to do so-something comes between me and this a.m. Listen while I read it : the thought every time-I believe it is | 'The train is late-will try to make the face of my sainted mother in Heaven. Instead of hating, strange as it may seem, I love Miss Morton-I

would save you for her!" Jack experiences a revulsion of feeling; his fears have flown, and in their place comes the deepest admiration for this noble creature, amounting almost to veneration. The woman who could rise above the weakness of her sex, above social and religious training in a country beset with the sin of retaliation for wrong-for the vendet-

ta is practised in Spain even as in Corsica or our own Kentucky-such a woman is a mara avis, and deserves the deepest homage.

The American adventurer seizes her

hand again and presses it hotly to his "Thank God, Mercedes, for your no the heart. I knew not what a pearl I passed by when I looked beyond you. Never, I vow, did a man know in same day two such women as Avis and Mercedes. Understand me, I beg you. For months I carried her pic ture with me, discovered in Aleck's baggage. I loved her even before I met her, though, being a cynical old bachelor, I would never admit that fact even to myself. I would not have you think I was won from you."

"Let us speak of something else, Senor Jack," she says, quietly, realizing that he is becoming slightly hysterical in his endeavor to explain how he came not to fall desperately in love with her, and Jack finds himself brought up with a round turn.

"Pardon me-yes, it was of Aleck we were talking. You said you had made a solemn vow not to assist him to escape-that does not cause you to throw any obstacle in the way of my rescuing him?"

but one way, and then only until he

words, but just now he hardly notices "The pasha is on the way. I have received word-he will be here to-morrow night, or the next day. Before a second morning breaks I hope all will

be done, and my friend rescued." "And then you will leave Stamboul never more to return?" with sadness "Yes, indeed. It would not be safe for us here after that. A man like the pasha, bold and unscrupulous as he is powerful, would hesitate at nothing

in order to carry out his revenge. We cannot leave Stamboul too soon. Were my plans for departure arranged this very night would see us beyond the Golden Horn.' "You go by water?"

Jack hesitates. He believes there is no need of secrecy between Mercedes and himself now that she has bared her inner soul to his gaze, and he Shaking off the dreadful clutch of ksows the noble impulse that actuates the master key, but Jack finds time that dumb monster, fear, Jack ad- her, but she notices that he does not enough for an interview with Avis immediately reply. "Do not trouble yourself, Senor

Jack, about telling me, yet it was not he does not want to commit himself wholly curiosity that impelled me to just now, feeling that it would be a bid the harbor, and perhaps-who knows? -this fact might play an important part in the game.'

"You mistake me, Mercedes. I only hesitated because my plans are not wholly arranged. I have bought a small English yacht-the same captain and crew remain. Somehow we shall all get on board, and make for the Mediterranean." "Ah! you would never pass the forts

below. A telegraph line connects them with the city, and orders will soon be sent them to search every vessel leaving the Golden Horn.' "I have considered that. They will find no one on board the Thistledown but the captain and crew when they

search.' "Ah! I forgot-you are a Yankee, and can hoodwink a Turk every day. Well, Senor Jack, you must have much to do. If fortune should decide that we may not meet again, here's my hand, and success go with you. Buenas noches."

The vision at the little window disappears--Mercedes has gone to battle again in secret with the great sorrow of her life, and Jack gazes only at the blank white walls where the now He has received a lesson on this night he will not forget. Henceforth Jack Evans can never smile derisively when a woman's name is spoken in connection with weakness, for he has seen one woman rise above the level of her sex and grasp qualities that draw her closer to Deity. He holds his breath with awe when he whispers her name, for she has sacrificed herself in order to assist the man she loves and her successful rival. Noble Mercedes! such a woman honours

All this while Achmed, the faithful, has remained near by in an attitude that betokens him the watchful servant. He does not comprehend all he hears, but quite enough to have a broad view of the subject.

Jack now joins him, and together they make for the high wall of the reaches Stamboul. You will do this- | garden. The Siberian hounds still howl at intervals, and Jack hopes nothing may occur to let them loose on the succeeding night.

He is more than ordinarily nervous over this affair-so much is concerned in it, and there so many chances of trouble, any one of which must upset their calculations. Never before has he experienced this feeling, but then the events of the last week have been very hard on even his iron constitution, and besides this is the first time Doctor Jack has been in love.

press tree proves a good guide, and the wall is soon left behind them, until the succeeding night shall once more find them at its rocky face. Jack has little to say as they trudge

back again to the busy haunts of Stamboul, but he does the biggest kind of thinking, arranging the many little details so necessary to his plans. Larry must, of course, be taken into his confidence. He believes the dude has been having a good time all day, and will be ready to stand by him on the night when Aleck's rescue is to be attempted.

So he separates from Achmed with a few parting instructions, delivered sotto voce, which that good man repeats, showing he has laid them to his heart. There is no danger of his failing Doctor Jack, even if the American asks him to lay down his life.

When Jack enters his room at the house, he finds Larry in bed, but the else has just retired, for he is wide awake, As Jack desires sleep, he refuses to tell anything about what he has done, saying the morning will be time enough-extinguishes Larry and the light at one and the same timeand has hardly rested his tired head on the pillow than he is asleep, thanks to a good habit picked up during his

Morning dawns, and a fairer one never opened over Constantinopie. The sun glints the domes and minarets of many a mosque, and from a station near by an aged muezzin laboriously mounts his eminence,, and in a loud er-the faithful Mussulman has a Imagine Jack's feelings-can he ever | dozen, more or less, periods during the go to a part of the world where the day, for they are the most religious memory of such a woman's devotion | people in the yorld, so far as form goes,

Jack and Larry decend together-the

By degrees Larry learns all that has happened since their arrival in Stamboul, and is loud in his praises of Jack's work. He declares the game to be so far advanced and so well managed that nothing short of accident can prevent their carrying it to a successful completion. While they talk a Turkish messeng-

er arrives at the door and inquires for Lawrence Kennedy. Larry goes out, and returning a minute later has a slip of paper in his hand. What's that ?" asks Jack, suspici-

"A telegram-sent from the office to me. I left word to have it delivered up time to-day.' That is a good joke. It is due to-night at ten. The chances are it will reach here by to-morrow morning," and Larry laughs merrily, while Jack looks at him in wonder. "What train is that?" he manages

to ask. "The one that bears the feroclous Turk," comes the startling reply. "How the duse did you know he was on that train, Larry ?" Jack demands. At this the dude winks, strokes his

diminutive mustache to his species, and drawls.

"'Pon 'onah! Jack, you've gwown quite careless of late. Upon my awival here yesterday I found this paper on the table in our room. Putting two see, old fellah !" and he flourishes before the eyes of the doctor a slip of paper which the other recognizes as the telegram handed over by the operator at the Hotel de Londres on the previous day, from the chief of police in Paris, telling when the Pasha left that city.

"Ah! I see, you figured it out as well as I. No harm done, Larry, and we are doubly shure, for it never entered my head to wire back along the line and find how the train was coming

Jack is well pleased. This incident

goes to prove that his opinion of Larry has not been below the mark. The spruce little chap has the making of a diplomat in his way, if he could only be induced to drop the ludicrous habits he has assumed as a swell. Perhaps these are only used to conceal sentiments that he does not care for the whole world to read-a sort of handy cloak such as the chulos flaunt in the face of the bull to divert his attention from an imperiled picador. While they are yet talking, breakfast is ready, and the ladies appear. Jack hend why she emphasizes those last fastens his eyes on Avis eagerly and hungrily-he longs to tell her what Mercedes has said and done, but dares not without first revealing his love. It would be pleasant to do this, certain as he is that his affection is turned, but the time and place are hardly fit-

> will interest a dead man. So they sit down to the meal, served in a half Turkish fashion, and yet very enjoyable to the four who par-

ting. He can wait. If success crowns

more grateful, while if he fails-well,

he cannot see how any mundane affair

CHAPTER XXII.

Again Doctor Jack sees a busy day before him. Much has to be done in order that all arrangements shall work together and form one piece of mechanism, of which he himself must be after breakfast is over.

He is guarded in what he says, as ask. The pasha has a steam yacht in for his services, but try as he will he cannot keep Avis from guessing just how the land lies. She is filled with wonder and delight

at what he tells her concerning Aleck, and plies him with questions he is unable to answer. Then comes the balance of the story, still more remarkable, and now she is very quiet, watching Jack's face, as though it were a window in which she can see his very thoughts exposed. That Mercedes should either hate or

love her is a strange thing, and can only be accounted for upon one hypothesis-the Spanish girl looks upon her in the light of a rival, and a successful one, too, or she would not have committed social hari kari by becoming the wife of the Pasha, thus forever putting herself and Doctor Jack apart. As this thought comes into her mind Avis realizes the truth. No word of love has as yet passed between this hero and herself, and she is even now in a dreadful state of suspense regarding his feelings, so it is only natural that, like a true woman, she should be terribly distressed regarding it all, and blush furiously, much to the secret delight of the cruel Jack, who feasts his eyes upon the scarlet cheeks and brow, and fights savagely within his breast to keep from folding her in his

"Avis-Miss Morton-I am off now on business, but if this affair goes through all right I have something I want to tell you. Should it fail, it may as well remain unspoken," and he turns away quickly. Avis gives one hurried glance around -they are alone in the quaint Turkish

parlour, Larry smoking outside the door and watching the crowds swarm rast, Aunt Sophie up in her room-so Avis draws a long breath and calls

softly : "Jack-Doctor Evans!" He wheels immediately and comes to

"What can I do for you?" "You spoke of a secret; is it very important, then ?" shyly. "It concerns my future-my very life." he answers, looking into her downcast face.

"Well," naively, "you talk of danger -of possibly not wanting to tell it later on. If you are going to be killed. don't you think it would be better to free your mind of this affair beforehand? Besides, you know I would like to remember you had confided in me-it would be a consolation in after years. There-what more can I say-I who have condemned Mercedes-They reach the rope—the bent cy- stupid man," and she breaks down in ward, which is to be a liberal one confusion, covering her rosy face wit

Jack takes them gently but firmly down, and holds them prisoner. How they flutter, but there is no attempt

"Look me in the face, Avis. I have always said I wanted your eyes to be on mine when I told you my secret. I love you, Avis, God alone knows how dearly. This is no news to you. Your heart has told you so before now. I thought it might be best not to speak of this until we had won or lost, but the temptation was too strong. Tell me you love me, my dear girl, it will give me new strength to battle for

Of course she does. Who could resist such a lover as Doctor Jack? And, forgetful of all else, they sit and talk for half an hour, when Larry puts his head in at the door, and expresses intense surprise at the couple. Jack calls him in and gravely announces the new compact that has been formed, whereat the dude capers around the room on his toes with all the graces of a premier danseuse, and declares himself # If I cawn't have Avis myself, 'pon

'onah, there's nobody else deserves her but you, old boy," he cries, slapping Jack on the back patronizingly, at which that Hercules smiles. Then Jack suddenly remembers how

tim is passing, and so much to be done. Making love is all very good in its place, but when the war is on, the lover must leave tender scenes for a more opportune period, and face the enemy. So he temporarily says goodby to Avis, and as Larry has goodnaturedly trotted outside, of course this gives another opportunity for a kies-it is really surprising how many such chances arise among lovers. At last Jack is off. He realizes how hard it is to part from Avis, now that his own true love, but Jack is inclined to be somewhat philosophical, even in affairs of this kind, and grimly sets his mind upon the stern duty in hand.

Nevertheless, many times during the day he is seen to smile when there may be nothing visible to cause such action -his thoughts revert to the morning's scene, and bring him pleasant visions. He already begins to experience the joys of a new life-it seems to him that he could never have more than half

Nevertheless, he puts in a good solid day's work, and everything he does i carried out well. To follow him on hi round would be the best way in which we might ascertain what he manage Passing along the street, he enter a bazaar, and is halted by a cry

"Fezes, in the name of the Prophe fezes." This is the man he desires t see, and soon a bargain is struck-Jack buys a dozen of the Turks' head gear-a ridiculous thing it is, to warm in summer and cold in wint with nothing to shade the eyes-still no one ever comes back from the Orient without a red fez, to be us as a smoking cap, perhaps. Jack has no design upon the nation headgear of the Turks, nor is he deavouring to get up a corner in fez but he bears in mind that he will wan

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nedical advice for any disease.

a boat's crew from the yacht ashore that night, and if they wear this covering on their heads they may be mistaken for Turks, and thus a false clew given that will be of value later

Jack now proceeds to the water's The handsome little Thistledown is riding to her anchor not a hundred yards away, and a whistle attracts attention on her deck. A boat drops into the water and makes for the shore-not pulled by brawny sailorsthat day is past among yacht owners, for every well established vacht now has as a tender a twinty-one or twenty-five foot naphtha launch hanging upon davits. If the captain desires to go ashore a match is applied to the generator, a few strokes of the pamp given, and by the time the the little beauty at the rate of ten miles an hour through a respectable sea. It is a pleasure to know that these wonderful engines are a Yankee invention, and made right in New York city.

The launch puts for the shore with but one man in her--it is the captain, who has wisely imagined his new master may desire to have a private conversation with him, and where can a better place be found than while driving about upon the blue waters of the quiet Golden Horn? Jack takes to the idea, and for an

hour they glide hither and thither, while the American talks and impresses several facts distinctly upon the mind of the captain-that he is to have a boat rowed by four Jack Tars at a certain point at a particular time. to the minute the yacht is to be anchored also at a place Jack points cut. where a black buoy marks some limit -each of the men is to wear a fez, and look as much like a Turk as possible, and from the time leaving the wacht until on board again, the man who utters a word in English above a whisper will lose all share in the regiven to all the crew when they ar safe beyond the clutches of the Turk. Having arranged all these particulars with the English captain, Doctor Jack gives the order, and the little launch is headed for the yacht in order that he may see what had been done in carrying out his directions.

An examination causes Jack to feel easier. If Aleck can be gotten on board the yacht in time, he believes their safety is assured, for the hidingplace between the bulkheads has been so nicely arranged that even the most suspicious would not guess its nature. It has the appearance of a large reservoir for fresh water. The ingenious captain has even placed a faucet at one point, with a keg of water on the other side, in order to further the

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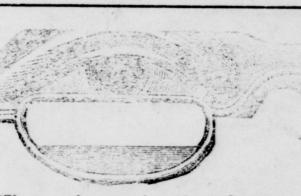
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