

## Dr. Jack's Wife.

(Continued from 1st page.)

If this accident had occurred at one of a thousand other points that have passed in the heart of the Alleghenies, it would have resulted in a frightful loss of life; but like most other accidents that have happened at long intervals on this strange road, fortune has been kind, and apparently selected the best spot for the trouble. Doctor Jack loses his mind. He is conscious of a fearful wrench and then comes a blank.

It is only a few minutes that he lies thus, and then his senses return. Strangely enough the car in landing had fallen upon its bed, so they stand upon the floor. Such a bedlam as has broken out around them—every one appears to be shrieking at once. Confusion reigns, for the furniture of the car has been piled up in every conceivable manner.

A little light filters through broken windows here and there. The burning freight cars serve one useful purpose, at least, for although dark is close at hand it is not so dark as before old Phoebus rears his glowing orb beyond the valley.

The first thing that occurs to Jack is the thought of his wife. What physical pain he may suffer himself is as nothing to the mental torture that sweeps over him when he fails to hear her voice in reply to his cries.

He is like a tigress robbed of her whelps. A dozen sprained ankles or broken bones could not crush him now. He feels around him, and it is too dark to distinguish anything amid such utter confusion.

At first he discovers only the needless of things that have been rolled from the berths, but as his eager hands search all around them soon touch a figure lying still and motionless.

It is Avis.

A terrible fear sweeps over him that she is dead.

The grim monster comes so easily under such circumstances that Jack has reason to be alarmed.

No one knows what may follow. The fitful flashes of fire seen through the windows, possibly indicating the beginning of a conflagration that may reduce the Pullman sleeper and all in it to ashes.

Plainly, then, his first duty is to seek the open air as speedily as possible. He knows that it is impossible that he can gain either door through such a mass of debris. Men are scrambling all around him, following lustily either with pain or fright.

Doctor Jack turns to the window of his section. It has become jammed, though neither of the two panes of the double window appear to be broken.

One kick from his uninjured foot sends the glass flying. He follows it with several more to remove the smaller pieces.

Then making a hurried investigation, he starts upon the task of getting himself and Avis through.

The first part of this job is easily performed in spite of the fact that, coming from his limb, but it is much more difficult to rescue his wife. Once again Doctor Jack has to reach for heaven for the wonderful power of his arms, which enable him to accomplish so much.

He exerts himself as though he has the strength of a demon, and presently carries the still form of the woman he loves to a smooth place.

Tenderly he lays her down, and with a fierce expression bends over her, his hands, her face to call her name, as though the sound of his voice might arouse her from this stupor which he prays may not be death.

Other figures have already appeared from the wrecked car. Some spring up the bank, others crawl painfully, while a few men remain to assist the unfortunate still within.

Doctor Jack notices them not. Just at present he has eyes and ears for only one person, and she lies there before him, so deathly still, that his very heart is for once almost frozen with horror.

The sound of running water strikes his ear. It is singular how he hears it with such a racket going on around. A stream that presently empties into the Susquehanna is near by. He leaves Avis for one minute, and with great bounds and acute pain reaches the edge of the water. When he carries it in the next question, but necessity is always the mother of invention.

He wears a traveling cap, and it has remained on his head through all this commotion. Snatching it off he fills it with water from the stream, then the window and hobbles back to where Avis lies, suppressing his groans, for his twisted limb pains frightfully.

He reaches the spot, to find it deserted. Surely here was where he laid her, but yet he may be mistaken. Filled with new fears, he turns this way and that. Others have upon the ground, groaning with pain, but who could have taken Avis?

In that moment of horror it flashes upon him that Lord Rackett is here in another car. Could the Englishman be base enough to carry her off under such circumstances?

He is still raging around, almost out of his mind, with pain and mental agony, when a hand clutches his arm. Turning, he looks into the face of the man he has hated.

"Doctor Jack, come with me. I found your wife senseless on the hill-side, where, perhaps, you laid her, and I carried her to one of the cars above. This is no time for us to be quarreling, but I have hated you, man, but when her life is in danger, even that is forgotten. Come, my friend, your wife is badly hurt. Take my arm, Evans."

A singular sight truly, to see this British lion helping the man he has fought up the hill, yet he has thought it might have been his brother. At any rate, it proves Lord Rackett to have some good in him beneath the reckless exterior, and this calamity with its attendant horrors has stirred the fountain to its depths.

When they reach Avis, they find her sitting up and looking around in a dazed way. A lady traveler, having a bottle of strong smelling-salts, has been able to bring her to.

Jack forgets all else in his delight at seeing her alive and uninjured. He closes his arms around her, starts to speak, but a groan, the faintest groan again from the intense pain.

His wife in this emergency becomes her old brave self again.

"Where are you hurt, Jack?" she exclaims.

He manages to point to his left ankle, which is very much swollen, so that he will not be able to set that on the ground again for a week or two, smiles bravely and begins to say it is not much, but Avis sees what a grave sprain he has received, unless his shoe, which he had on at the time of the accident, and sends Lord Rackett scurrying for water in a bucket which the porter brings to view.

"By Jove!" says a familiar voice.

It is Larry. A remarkable sight the usually natty dude appears. His raiment is torn, one eye blacked, and he seems to have become mixed up in the cook's galley in some way, for a can of powdered sugar or flour is sprinkled over his figure from head to foot.

One arm hangs limp and motionless at his side, and Larry's face has a look of pain upon it, quite foreign there.

"Thank Heaven, you are alive. Are you badly hurt, Jack, does your right leg feel the little man, punctuating his sentences with grimaces that proclaim his own acute suffering."

"A sprained ankle, only—I was lucky," sings out Doctor Jack, as though it is a mere bagatelle.

"That's bad, I can see from the looks that you will not get to New York by noon."

Jack starts up and groans dismayfully.

"I must, I must leave this earth to accomplish it. My whole fortune is at stake. And yet—great pains, what pain shoots up my leg when I move. They might as well kill me on the move—I will get there."

"Let me go," says Larry, faintly, and Avis, looking at him, sees how pale he is.

She immediately makes him sit down.

"Neither of you can go. If the packet I carry reaches Wall street by noon to day is Doctor Jack's wife who will carry it."

Her lord and master attempts to expostulate, but she places a little hand over his mouth.

"I am the captain now. You have a sprained, poor Larry, a broken arm. You must remain here, and take care of it, if there are doctors on the train, and I hope will be the case. Here comes the conductor. I believe he is looking for you."

As he comes up, he says—

"There is a chance for one of you to reach Harrisburg; you are about to send

the engine—which remains on the track—for assistance and doctors—it will start right away. Will you go, Doctor Jack?"

He groans dismayfully—tries to rise, but is pushed back in the seat by gentle hands.

"I will go, conductor."

"You, madam—on the engine—"

"Certainly. I must reach Harrisburg in order to get my connection for New York. I am ready to undertake it," she says, bravely.

He looks at her admiringly.

"All right, Doctor Jack, I leave the secret of some of your success at least. But time presses. I will be back in a minute to take you to the engine, madam."

Jack kisses her good-by, and though the parting is, how he blesses heaven for giving him such a wife.

"Yes, you have the packet safe, dear?" he asks.

"Yes, it is sewed in my dress."

"And the little revolver?"

"I will do it duty and fortune is kind, your Avis reaches Wall street by noon."

"And you know what to do?"

"Every thing, as you have spoken about it so often, Jack."

"Then good-by, and heaven guard you for the bravest wife in America."

"A hearty shake of the hand. I have to sit here and nurse an arm while Avis goes on such an errand," groans Larry.

Jack gives him an entrancing smile, and turning addresses the conductor from the sleeper.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Never in all his life did Doctor Jack witness the departure of his brave wife with stronger conflicting emotions than on the present occasion. Tempted to bid her remain, he is also aware that his future fortune depends upon her reaching New York by noon on November fourth.

They have done well thus far, but all will be lost unless this matter is attended to. So he groans and hides his face, and when he looks again Avis has gone, only Larry remaining at his side. Larry, who endures the pain of his broken arm, with the grim heroism of a martyr.

Meanwhile, since it is Avis who carries the precious packet, it is eminently proper that we follow her in the brave endeavor she is about to undertake.

The conductor leads her to where the engine awaits them. In the gray dawn the scene is most distressing, of the wreck presents an aspect of horror, though in reality it is the freight that makes most of the debris, the cars of the lighting express being simply derailed.

No one has been killed, as far as known, but many are injured. It is strange that an engine is clear of the wreck, but so it happens. This is the locomotive about to be sent to Harrisburg for assistance, running about on the time of the conductor speaks a few sentences to those on board the huge engine, and the hoarse voice of the driver is heard.

The first part of this job is easily performed in spite of the fact that, coming from his limb, but it is much more difficult to rescue his wife. Once again Doctor Jack has to reach for heaven for the wonderful power of his arms, which enable him to accomplish so much.

He exerts himself as though he has the strength of a demon, and presently carries the still form of the woman he loves to a smooth place.

Tenderly he lays her down, and with a fierce expression bends over her, his hands, her face to call her name, as though the sound of his voice might arouse her from this stupor which he prays may not be death.

Other figures have already appeared from the wrecked car. Some spring up the bank, others crawl painfully, while a few men remain to assist the unfortunate still within.

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The sound of running water strikes his ear. It is singular how he hears it with such a racket going on around. A stream that presently empties into the Susquehanna is near by. He leaves Avis for one minute, and with great bounds and acute pain reaches the edge of the water. When he carries it in the next question, but necessity is always the mother of invention.

He wears a traveling cap, and it has remained on his head through all this commotion. Snatching it off he fills it with water from the stream, then the window and hobbles back to where Avis lies, suppressing his groans, for his twisted limb pains frightfully.

He reaches the spot, to find it deserted. Surely here was where he laid her, but yet he may be mistaken. Filled with new fears, he turns this way and that. Others have upon the ground, groaning with pain, but who could have taken Avis?

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