

Dr. Jack's Wife.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Captain Tom," "Miss Caprice," etc., etc

(Continued.)

"I hardly think that was the case, though it might be possible. There are other ways in which they could have come. For instance, they may have stolen a ride on the cow-catcher of the locomotive, or even entered the engine, deceiving the men just as they did me."

"That is a more plausible theory. How they reached St. Louis would probably form the base of an admirable story; but at present I am more concerned in considering how I shall gain New York. Will you show us the eastern train, conductor?"

"With pleasure, Doctor Jack. This way, sir."

He acts as if anxious to please. Perhaps he desires to make them forget that he helped their enemies part of the way on the road. The veteran traveler hardly knows what to think. It may be this man has played a double game, and after all remained faithful to the party who first "saw" him with a fat bribe.

It matters little—results are what Jack generally looks for rather than the means employed to reach them—and yet he feels considerable curiosity concerning the way in which Lord and his children ally come to town.

It is the same old story over again. Their telegram has reserved a section, and as the hour is late Avis retires. Jack is unable to say whether his enemies are on board this car or not, as the curtains are all down. He is inclined to believe they are in another coach.

Already they have started, and the agony begins again. When rival lines make up such speedy time-tables, their trains are seldom on hand, and no one knows this better than Doctor Jack.

To annihilate the many miles separating them from their next change of base, they must keep up this steady speed, whirling the leagues behind them.

Jack's golden remedy is once more used as a lever to help things along. Though averse to the almost universal habit of tipping, he knows the weakness of human nature, and how best the work can be obtained from a majority of public servants.

Cincinnati is reached on time. That run all through has been a remarkable one. Here a transfer is made. The train from St. Louis has been an extra, carry a large number of people to some gathering in New York, and there is a special limited waiting in the Pennsylvania to take them to their destination.

When they have left the smoky city on the yellow Ohio, and speed up the Miami Valley, it is about one in the afternoon.

Inquiry gives Doctor Jack some knowledge concerning their expected arrival in Gotham. If all goes well, they will make the run in twenty-one and a half hours. Given twenty-two, and they would reach Jersey City at ten.

"Remember," says Avis, "we change time at Pittsburgh, and go one hour ahead."

"True," says Jack, frowning, "that only leaves an hour to cross the river and reach the office in Wall street; but that is doubly enough. We will take a vehicle at the Cortland street exit, and have the Jenn bustle us along. I reckon



ONE WOMAN

With two faces; one face bright with health, the other face pinched and drawn by illness. Many a woman can take the portrait of herself made but a few years ago, and holding it by her face in the mirror realize a similar change.

Behind this change in form and feature is always disease, and generally disease which affects the womanly organism. The backache and bearing-down pains put a heavy strain on the nervous system. There is loss of sleep, lack of appetite, and, as a natural result, loss of strength and flesh.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

will be there, Larry, my boy, if only no wreck occurs on the road."

"I shall pray we may be delivered from that," declares Avis, solemnly.

This is spoken at the time they sight the dome of the capitol at Columbus. A short stop here, and again they go plunging toward the region of the rising sun.

Night approaches—the last night they expect to spend on the road. It has been a long and exciting race from Valparaiso to New York, and rendered more than ordinarily dangerous on account of the desperate tactics adopted by their rivals. Perhaps the victory will come at last, and be all the more pleasing because it has been earned.

It is on to Pittsburgh now. The iron city ought to open before them by midnight, yes, even earlier, after which begins the climb over the great Alleghenies. Those who have traveled all over the world, and just crossed the grand Rockies on a special, can see nothing of a forbidding nature in such a task. It is a mere everyday performance.

Long before now Larry has discovered Lord Rackett and the doughty colonel in another car, with heads together. Probably they are discussing desperate measures that may be used as a last resort, for their case is getting down to a fine point, since New York lies at the end of this jump, and it is only a question of a few hours ere they reach that place.

Up the Alleghenies they pant with two engines, climbing over heights, passing through defiles, and at length reaching the summit. Then down the slope they rush with a whiz and a roar seventy miles an hour. An accident now would annihilate them all. The train is warned, a red light flashes in the cold gray of early morning—there is a bad wreck ahead. Desperate measures are taken to stop the special. The air-brakes, usually so faithful, slip, and with a crash they are into the pile of cars. Doctor Jack turns to shield his wife. The car seems to rise on end, totters, and then rolls down the embankment.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The scene that ensues beggars description. Fortunately this sleeper is the only car that leaves the road-bed, else the calamity would have been much greater. A wreck at night time—who can ever forget the scene—the fearful sounds, the blazing lights from burning freight cars, the his of escaping steam, and, above all, the terrible cries of men and women half-crazed with fright or wounds.

Madness is apt to rule under such circumstances as these—even the coolest of men often join in the demoralization.

Doctor Jack can remember endeavoring to throw his arms around Avis, who appears in the aisle just at the second they leave the track—he feels the car upheave like a horse rearing upon his hind legs—then it totters, and turns over.

All is medley and confusion within. Fortunately the lights go out, so that the danger from fire is lessened. They seem to roll over once or twice, and then remain stationary, as though resting in a gully.

If this accident had occurred at one of a thousand other points they have passed in the heart of the Alleghenies, it would have resulted in a frightful loss of life; but like most other affairs that have happened at long intervals on this superb 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 dawn is close at hand it will be an hour at least before old Phoebe 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, for it is too dark to distinguish anything amid such utter confusion.

At first he discovers only the medley of things that have been rolled from the berths, but as his eager hands search all around they 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 indicate the beginning of a conflagration that may raze the Pullman sleeper and all in it to ashes.

(To be Continued.)

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Tender for Extension to Wharf and Freight Sheds at Pictou, N. S.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Wharf and Freight Shed, Pictou," will be received until TUESDAY, the 20th day of August, 1901, for the construction of a Creosoted Pile Wharf at Pictou, N. S.

Plans and Specifications may be seen on and after the 5th day of August next at the Station Master's Office at Pictou, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the Specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., July 29th, 1901.—Aug 2 d131



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