

Dr. Jack's Wife.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

(Continued.)

"They have just finished a lunch. Avis remains seated in another section, while the gentlemen repair to the smoking compartment. Larry will station himself at the open window, where the smoke of his cigarette may pass out and not destroy the flavor of his companion's cigar."

Jack has already settled himself, and Larry is about due. He waited to secure a package of his favorites from his overcoat.

Presently in comes the dude—the other looks at him in surprise. Larry has, since their leaving Denver, assumed a very important and consequential air, as though fortune has made him the benefactor of the community—the fact that this pretty scheme originated in his brain gives him something of a right to strut about and appear taller than he really is.

Now, however, this look has suddenly faded. Larry's glory seems to have departed. One could almost compare him to a dog that comes sneaking home with his tail between his legs. There is a woe-begone expression on his peculiar face.

Jack jumps to conclusions. "Train hustles and swings pretty lively, but I didn't know you were subject to sea sickness, my boy," says the man of iron nerve.

Larry gives him a reproachful look. "Jack, dear boy, it's something else," he says.

"Let's see if I can guess it, then. D'ye know, Larry, you looked just that way when the black-eyed Susan in Alexandria gave you the mitten. Now, if we were settled in a city, I'd be inclined to think—"

Larry grins now. "No woman in the case, I assure you, Jack. The Chilian beauty was left in Fwisco, you know."

"Then, what the duse? You couldn't have received a telegram of any kind?" A shake of the head in the negative. "Dinner doesn't agree with you?"

"Jove! it was superb!" "Ah! now I have it, my boy. You have made a terrible discovery," Larry nods eagerly. "You have been too fast, too impulsive, and consequently run out of cigarettes. Have a weed?"

Larry holds up a package of the article that are to his mind a thing of beauty and a joy forever, at which Doctor Jack shrugs his shoulders.

"Then I give it up, Larry." That means he would like to be enlightened as to the cause of the dude's conduct.

"Look, my dear boy, have you ever seen this article before?"

He holds up a hat—a peculiar hat, with something of the military look about it—a hat which once seen could never be forgotten.

Doctor Jack opens his eyes wider than their habit. He takes the hat in his hand and examines it carefully.

"As sure as I live I remember seeing that hat upon the head of Colonel Garcia, the Chilian. Yes; here is his name on the lining inside. Now, how under the sun could you have worn that hat here and I never noticed it?"

Larry claps it on his head. The chapeau comes down to his ears, and Jack laughs.

WOMAN'S WEIGH

Does not always keep pace with woman's will. There are energetic, home-loving women who by sheer force of will keep themselves going, and fancy that strength of will can take the place of strength of body. But it can't. Every day will see a loss of strength,



and that loss will be indicated by a loss of weight. When the weight begins to fall below the normal it is time to ask, Why? In general, ill health in women may be traced to those womanly diseases which sap the strength and undermine the vitality. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription dries enfeebling drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. Where the disease is marked by loss of flesh, there is a steady regaining of weight coincident with the cure which proves the renewal of health to be thorough and permanent.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. John Graham, of 2018 Plum Street (Frankford), Philadelphia, Penna. "I had a very bad attack of dropsy which left me with heart trouble, and also a very weak back. At times I was so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. I came to Philadelphia two years ago, and picking up one of your little books one day began to read what your 'Favorite Prescription' had done for others. I determined to try it myself. I took seven bottles, and to-day I am a strong, well woman, weighing 162 pounds. Have gained 20 pounds since I started to use your 'Favorite Prescription.'"

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"I'd look ridiculous, wouldn't I now, with such a head-piece on? Not quite such a fool, dear boy, if I do look it."

"But why did you bring it here?" "Excuse me, Jack, I deny the soft insinuation; I'm not in the hat business just at present."

"Eh? then who brought it here?" sitting up, with something of sudden interest.

"That's what I want to know, by Jove!"

"Where did you get it?" "Found it on a seat in the car, or wather hanging on a hook."

Doctor Jack turns his eyes from the military chapeau until they meet Larry's gaze.

He does not seem disturbed in the least. It is not his way to show his feelings, and yet the truth that surges through his brain is of a character that might alarm any one.

"I remember now," he says, slowly, "that when those men passed us Colonel Garcia certainly wore his hat, for he ironically bowed to Avis. Your finding it here proves one thing—those men were not heading for the restaurant."

Larry nods his head wisely. "That is so," he says.

"They got wind of our plans—knew we had a special here—feared lest their own plans might miscarry, and came here to take advantage of our forethought. Perhaps they sighted us coming through the depot, and beat such a hasty retreat that our colonel forgot his head-gear."

Again Larry wags his head as though he agrees with his companion.

"The question that arises now is of great importance to us. Did those men in their hasty retreat give up their captured position here, or are they still secreted about the car?"

It is, indeed, a serious thing to decide. "A queer twick to play on us. Wonder how they bwibed the conductor and porter?" ventures Larry, half to himself.

Doctor Jack sneers as he puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a handful of coins and jingles them together.

"That music will accomplish wonderful things, my boy, astonishes things. Most men have their price. You have only to find out the size of their figure. Remember, I don't say all men, but there is more humbug about this world than appears on the surface. I must say I don't exactly fancy the looks of those who have charge of our car."

"My mind, Jack. The darky is ugly, and the conductor, well, I've seen better men in his line."

"Where could they hide?"

"You know there's a state-room at the other end of the car."

"Is the door shut?"

"Yes, and locked, for I tried to open it when I went that way, meaning to smoke there."

"That settles it. When you see the porter ask him to open it. That the lady would, perhaps, like to use it as a boudoir. We hire the car, and must be entitled to the whole of it."

"There he passes now. I'll try."

Larry swoops out, with a cigarette between his teeth, and pounces upon the porter, who has just entered his little cubby hole, which might be dubbed both pantry and kitchen.

Presently he returns, with a look of fierce import on his face. There is thunder on "that brow." Surely a storm hovers in the distance.

"It's settled at last!" he says.

"In what way?"

"Porter is vewy sorry—key to the state-room is lost, and he has no means of opening the door."

"The black rascal. It would serve him right, if we tossed him from the car."

At this Larry presses a hand on his abdomen.

"Pway don't Jack, dear boy. I admit he is a twaiter but think of the lunch he gave us. We have a good many hours to spend in this car—refrain I beg of you. If there is any tossing overboard, let it be those chaps in the ladies' boudoir, those uninvited guests who share the benefits of our special train."

"Larry, you're right. Let the darky go. We must make sure of our game, and then lay a plan to dislodge them."

So, while they sit and smoke they talk over many little schemes, all of which have for an object the confusion of the enemy.

Now and then one of them takes a glance into the car, too see that Avis is comfortable. She seems to be reading a novel and at peace, never dreaming that those who have given them so much trouble are in the same car as herself, and, perhaps, even then watching her back of the drawn curtains screening the plate-glass window between the car and the state room.

When Jack later on communicates the startling intelligence to her, she is visibly disturbed. The presence of her husband reassures her. He has ridden over all difficulties thus far, and they are half-way across the continent, so it is fair to presume that he will be able to keep up the good work. Her confidence in Jack is sublime, and he is compelled to put forth the best of his powers in order to merit such faith.

Larry was not born a detective, but he can show some energy in this line when circumstances compel him to adopt it.

(To be Continued.)

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