

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

(Continued.)

The management attempt to expose the bull with the dart throwers. They will sit upon the fence and cast their missiles at long range, but threats and bribes alike fail to induce them to enter.

A low murmur that sounds like far away thunder, gradually rising as the storm swarms near, until the mean becomes a shout, and in this turn a tumult. Jack asks the cause. It is not difficult to find.

The arena contains the figure of a man—Pedro Vasquez, Toledo blade in one hand and scarlet muleta in the other, stands there. Brave man, he knows the awful chances he takes, but by sign does he show fear.

One hand is raised, it is to quell the deafening applause, which may unnerve him. Wait until all is over, and then if he wins give him what he deserves; should he lose he will probably need nothing beyond a requiem. Instantly all becomes as silent as death, and those two in the arena face each other, the man cool and watchful, the brute scrapping up the sawdust and dirt with one hoof, as if in defiance.

It is a picture for a master. Mercedes, with clasped hands, gazes and draws in inspiration—she looks as though the man in the arena were a god, and Jack hears her utter words that thrill him like electricity: "Caramba! I adore a brave man!"

The tableau is broken. It is the bull that makes the first move. The animal has seemed to scent new danger from the time Pedro Vasquez entered the arena, and at the same time some subtle power has given the brute to understand that he now faces a man and not a coward.

Up to this time the sympathies of the vast audience have been entirely with Taurus. Deep down in their hearts these Spaniards respect bravery, and they cheer the adversary who follows up his blow, and hiss those who strike and then fly as though the Old Nick himself were after them.

Now the two are in motion again. He comes plunging down upon the daring matador like an avalanche. Pedro Vasquez has done a foolish thing; and he knows it, but perhaps some sneering remark has urged him on. He will show these people of Madrid, he swears, that the Vasquez of to-day is fully the equal of any matador whose memory is held sacred.

Even the American is forced to admire the man's grit, though he expects to see him suffer for it. In Jack's opinion the Spaniard has not the proper conception of what he should do under these extraordinary circumstances, for never has Pedro faced a bull such as the one now rushing upon him.

"Fool! fool!" Jack mutters, almost unconsciously, and then he sees Mercedes turn and give one quick look into his face, showing she must have caught his words.

Then comes the collision—when a fast moving body bears down upon a stationary one unless the latter gets out of the way in haste, there is bound to be a smash-up. On a railroad the lighter engine always gets the worst of it, and indeed this is generally the case the world over.

Pedro has depended on luring the

Clerking

Looks more attractive than housework for a woman, but it is also even more exhausting. The work is often done under high pressure, and the brightness of the eyes and the flushed cheeks of the attentive clerk indicate nervousness rather than health. If this is true under most favorable conditions, what shall be said of those who suffer from womanly diseases, and who endure headache, backache, and other pains day after day?

No sick woman should neglect the means of cure for womanly diseases offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the period, dries enfeebling inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"A heart overflowing with gratitude, as well as a sense of duty, urges me to write to you and tell you of my wonderful recovery," says Miss Corine C. Hook, Orangeburg, Orangeburg Co., South Carolina. "By the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I am entirely a new being compared with the poor miserable sufferer who wrote you four months ago. I remark to my parents almost every day that it seems almost an impossibility for medicine to do a person so much good. During the whole summer I could scarcely keep up my duties about the house, and yesterday I walked four miles and felt better than from the exercise."

Write a complicated case of female disease in its worst form.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

bull to one side by means of his flaunting muleta, dangled out with his left hand. He seems to have taken it for granted that this animal will follow the tactics resorted to by the last, and sever enough from the course to allow the planting of the sword point upon his left breast, when, as in the case of the red bull, his own velocity will do the rest.

In this he has made a fatal mistake, for the onrushing animal has lowered his head, and keeps a straight course for the man.

A mighty shudder convulses the crowd. It all happens so quickly that no one has time to shout a warning, and up to the last second Vasquez seems to imagine the bull will avenge.

When he realizes his mistake it is too late. He endeavors to spring aside, but has planted himself so firmly, with outstretched legs, to resist the shock when the bull impales himself on the Toledo blade, that he loses a second, and this means all to him.

The man gives a shout as the horse strike him. It does not seem like an expression of fear, but rather one of excitement.

Not a sound has been heard in all that great amphitheatre, and every eye is glued upon the arena. Finding that he has lost the game, the matador tries to save his life by clinging to the bull's horns. It is a most deplorable condition for him, as he may never again be the people favorite he was, but life is sweet even when one has to live without the favour of the fickle public, and there are matadors in the audience who have had their day, and strutted upon the field, of which he has now been king for some years.

The neck of the black terror is all muscle, and when that awful head is thrown into the air Pedro Vasquez is seen flying through space. He strikes a cruel blow upon a post or pillar that holds up the roof, and falls in among a number of chaises grouped there, who immediately bear him away.

Immediately the vast crowd breaks out in excited talk. The black bull goes back to his tuft of grass, and stamps viciously at though asking who will be the next victim.

There is generally a reserve matador, and the people wait to see him appear, but time passes, and the bull alone holds the arena.

It grows monotonous. News has come that although Pedro Vasquez will live, he has been so thoroughly knocked out that he could not stand up again this day before a yearling bull.

What now? The management apparently have made no preparation for an emergency of this character. The people must be amused, but what will undertake the job? After what has passed, it is all a man's life is worth to enter the arena with that scabrous monster, he chulo, picador, or matador.

What is that? Some Englishmen and Americans, delighting in fair play, are shouting "Viva toro! Bravo! old bull!" Well done!

Somehow the words exasperate the Spaniards, whose sympathies have been with Vasquez. They look at each other, and scowl. More than one friend of the matador touches his knife in a significant manner.

Ah! here is the gentleman who represents the management. He advances upon a little elevated platform, and holds up his hand. It is evident he desires to speak.

"Silenzio!" passes the word around, and in a minute so quiet is it that one can hear every word the manager utters. He speaks in Spanish, of course, and in a loud voice.

(To be Continued.)

HEARD EIGHTEEN MILES.

The Longest Distance the Human Voice Has Ever Carried.

Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name of "Bob" at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Peary's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowdoin, a distance of 6,996 feet, or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than five miles. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Collard, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or the surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet day, when on Montserrat, he could hear a person read distinctly at a distance of 140 feet, while on the land the same could only be heard at 76 feet.

Professor Tyndall, when on Montserrat, found the report of a pistol shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a ball can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

SOME VICIOUS ANTS.

SPECIES THAT HAVE NEARLY EVERY BAD TRAIT OF HUMANITY.

They Are Lazy, Greedy, Tyrannous and Covetous—Some That Reduce Their Captives to Slavery and Put Them to Queer Uses.

Science is, after all, your real iconoclast. Not content with toppling the busy little bee off her pinnacle of virtues, it goes on to attack the ant, for so long held a pattern and moral of thrift.

Ants, say the wise men, have about every bad trait of humanity—they are lazy, greedy, tyrannous, given to conquests and coveting the territory of their neighbors. Along with the territory they often take the neighbors themselves, holding them over after in slavery.

Just how this comes to pass is something of a puzzle. There are seven hundred odd species of ants duly classified.

Several of these species, say observers, must possess hypnotic power, since they attack, subjugate and reduce to slavery other species which are much bigger, stronger and more populous in the nests.

After they have got their slaves many other queer things happen. The slaves in some nests are classified—so many told off as soldiers to defend the gates, so many for domestic duties, foraging, the care of eggs and so on. The soldier ants are further subdivided. The larger number, by constant exercise, develop fierce snapping jaws and poison stings. The others in some curious fashion increase the size of their heads, especially if they happen to be considerably bigger than their masters. The big heads enable them to block a passageway against an intruder.

Exceptionally elastic slaves are transformed into living honey bottles. They are found with abdomens enormously distended and full of the honey dew the working slaves bring in. Honey dew, he said, is a secretion of the aphides, or plant lice, which the ant swarms keep in herds within the nest.

Ants are passionately fond of honey—indeed, of all sweet juices. They are, further, fond of mushrooms and grow them within their nests. They also cultivate certain species of orchids and bring about distinct modifications of the plant form, stinging the young tender stems so severely that they will become almost globular and distill a thin semisaccharine juice, which the ants no doubt regard as rare wine. One particular species of orchid, indeed, is so infested with a virulent stinging ant that the collection of it is very dangerous. The minute plants are touched all the ants swarming over it rush to the point of attack. That is, however, less curious than the fact that the orchid will not flourish without the ants, but withers away after a feeble, straggling year's growth.

Some few among slaveholding ants remain capable. The most part become utterly demoralized. They cannot build nests, care for their young, or even feed themselves. Not a few, when the slaves have chosen and built a new nest, ride to it upon a slave's back. One species is noteworthy for having only slaves for workers, yet never containing within the nests any slave eggs or young.

As with bees, the queen ant is the mother of the swarm. Unlike bees, however, there are often several queens in the same nest. The workers are rudimentary females. In slavemaking the victors kill all the perfect ants and take home the others.

Perfect males and females have wings, which they drop as soon as the marriage flight is over. Worker ants have no wings. Worker ants, or rather slaves, and the queen have no means of defense. The workers are rudimentary females. In slavemaking the victors kill all the perfect ants and take home the others.

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A year is the average span of ant life.

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out some species live five years and exceptional individuals as much as seven. All species show the liveliest concern for their eggs, hugging them up into sunshine upon fair days and scuttling back with them the minute the sky is overcast. Upon a fickle April day the eggs may be moved a half dozen times. They are nearly as voracious of the aphid eggs. Indeed, throughout they protect their milk kine, shelter them well and take pains in rearing their young.

Hospitality is not unknown among ants. A stranger guest receives distinguished consideration. But woe to the stranger ant that comes uninvited. He is hustled and pummeled and finally hurt mortally unless he saves himself by showing superior fighting power or possessing a clean pair of heels. After he is down a mere squirming trunk, bereft of legs, unable to bite, the slaves lay hold on him and drag him outside the nest to die. Possibly it is an ant superstition that had luck follows a stranger's death in the house.

Formic acid, the distinctive ant product, is one of the greatest vegetable stimulants known. The earth of a nest becomes so saturated with it that some people explain the famous Hindoo mango trick by supposing that the mango seed which comes to flower and fruit before your eyes is planted in a pot of ant heap earth.

However that may be, it is established beyond cavil that ants of some species cultivate and presumably fertilize their favorite food stuffs. Cases in point are the trimmer ants and the harvesting ants, both of which abound in the state of Texas. The trimmer prune a sort of weed which is to their taste so that it shall grow strong and sturdy. The harvesting ants go even beyond that. They cultivate the prunes yards across round about their nests of all manner of vegetation, then plant the disks with ant rice, which they watch and tend until it ripens, letting no vagrant or alien twig show its head.

After they have got their slaves many other queer things happen. The slaves in some nests are classified—so many told off as soldiers to defend the gates, so many for domestic duties, foraging, the care of eggs and so on. The soldier ants are further subdivided. The larger number, by constant exercise, develop fierce snapping jaws and poison stings. The others in some curious fashion increase the size of their heads, especially if they happen to be considerably bigger than their masters. The big heads enable them to block a passageway against an intruder.

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