

## DOCTOR JACK

By St. George Rathborne.

(Continued.)

It takes a wide-awake Yankee to deal with such crafty men. Doctor Jack, when he makes this discovery, does not call upon the driver to halt. They are in a dark part of the narrow street, and the vehicle makes such a noise rattling along that any sound he may cause is drowned.

Without a moment's hesitation he opens the window beside him, over the door, pushes his head and shoulders out, grasps the steel railing around the top of the coach, and begins to draw his whole form out.

None but an athlete could accomplish this, what with the darkness and the moving coach, but Doctor Jack does the job, feels with his foot for the front step, used by the driver, finds it, gives one turn, and with a single motion seats himself beside that worthy, who, never dreaming of the gymnastics going on behind, is tremendously astounded to discover a human body planted beside his own, but who is even more surprised when he feels the cold muzzle of a revolver touch his face, and a voice bellow in his ear above the rattle of steel-shod wheels on the cobblestones:—

"I am your passenger. Your game is up. Turn along the first calle leading to the Del Prado or I'll murder you. No words, but obey," says this terrible voice.

The man shivers—perhaps he fears lest he has picked up a crazy fare—but he obeys orders, and in ten minutes Doctor Jack drops down in front of the little fonda where he has put up, hands the man a peso, gives him a look that makes his hair stand up, and marches into the hotel.

He does not mean to retire yet—there is much thinking to be done ere turning in—and he takes out a cigar to smoke, when he discovers the one given him by Don Carlos.

Again that suspicion comes to him. He takes the cigar to his room, where in a simple way he can tell whether it has been drugged. To his surprise the experiment proves the fact beyond a question.

Then he wonders, while smoking one of his own cheroots, what the game is—why should Don Carlos desire to keep him under his roof against his will—for he remembers how earnest both of them were in beseeching him to remain. Robbery seems out of the question, and Jack never dreams that the fact of his having an engagement at eight cuts any figure in the matter.

So he is all at sea, and the more he ponders the less able he is to get at

the kernel which he knows lies hidden somewhere inside this hard, flinty outer shell.

Meanwhile time has slipped by. It lacks less than an hour to midnight now. Jack does not smoke furiously as when with Don Carlos, but in a dreamy fashion.

He is seated near the window, for the night air, laden with the perfume of flowers that bloom in the spring time in sunny Spain, seems unusually pleasant.

At this hour it would seem natural that the city should be growing more quiet, for every metropolis Jack has ever known subsides into a more peaceful state as the night wears in to the small hours. To his surprise just the contrary seems to be the case. It is much more noisy than at ten o'clock, when he reached the hotel.

Jack becomes interested. He even leans out of the window to see what is up. New lights have sprung into existence—even streets that were neglected before now seem to throb with a pulsating life, and are in a measure illuminated, as though a great unwritten law compels every citizen to have at least one lamp or candle in his window.

The change is amazing—with every passing minute new lights spring up. Down below he sees a moving throng of people. All seem light-hearted, laughter and jest are bandied about, and it is very evident that no serious business brings these crowds abroad.

Music is heard here, there, and everywhere—distant bands thrill the air, and quicken the pulses, groups on the boulevard sing snatches of songs, and more than one sweet-toned mandolin throbs to the fingers of a music-loving Spanish lassie in the courts near by.

Doctor Jack is amazed—he rubs his eyes as though under the belief that he must be dreaming. What does all this mean? Madrid has awakened from her lethargic state—she seems for the time being to outrival Paris in gaiety. One thinks of a royal wedding, with the whole city rejoicing, but Jack knows this cannot be.

What then? The music grows in volume, and even under his eyes the crowds increase. He can see them better now, on account of the light. If Jack has been sleepily before, he was never more wide awake than now. Instead of abating, his interest grows with the excitement.

To be continued.

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7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston and points north via Gibson Branch. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a. m.

9.20 a. m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Express for St. John and points east, and Accommodation for McAdam Junction.

4.00 p. m.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and with the Pacific Express from Montreal for the west, Northwest and Pacific Coast, also with Pullman express for Bangor, Portland, St. John, etc. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. Palace sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston.

7.25 p. m.—Express for St. John and points east, and mixed train for McAdam Junction, and Short Line to Megantic etc.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

8.50 a. m.—From St. John, McAdam Junction etc.

11.50 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

5.30 p. m.—Mixed from Woodstock and points north via Gibson Branch.

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