JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"You remember that I was speaking of the remarkable success of a western man, named Blake? Well, here is a letter from him. This is what he writes:"

"New York, June 2.

"Dear Sir—I am informed that you hold an equity in ten thousand shares of the L. & O. railroad company. I have customers who are interested in this property, and represent them in negotiations now pending. It is possible your interests may be conserved by conferring with me on this matter. I shall be pleased to meet you at your earliest convenience. To a gentleman of your experience an injunction to secrecy is unnecessary.

"Awaiting the pleasure of a conference in my office, and trusting that it may result to our mutual advantage, I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES BLAKE,

"President, James Blake & Co."

"That is odd, isn't it?" said Jessie. The general's face glowed with pleasure. "Do you own ten thousand shares of stock in a railroad, papa?"

"I own an equity in that amount of stock in an alleged railroad," he said, with a grim smile. "An equity is something you think you own, and hope to realize on, but do not expect to. Do not bother your head about it, pet. From whom is your letter?"

"From Mr. Morris. He wishes to call some evening this week."

"Ah, um—m." The general cleared his throat and appeared to be concerned only indirectly. "Suppose you invite Mr. Morris to take dinner with us Wednesday evening."

"I have no engagement for Wednesday evening," said Jessie, concisely, "I will write and ask him to call at that time."

"I have not told you of the change in Mr. Morris's affairs," said General Carden, with some eagerness, "nor have I mentioned my good fortune in consequence of that change."

"And your good fortune is what, papa?" asked Jessie, without lifting her eyes.

"A much more important position has been awarded to me, with a corresponding increase in emolument," replied General Carden with more of dignity than of pride. Jessie threw her arms around her father's neck and spoke tender words of congratulation.

"We will talk no more of money and other gloomy things," she declared with a laugh which brought the roses to her cheeks. "I am going to play for you.

"Listen to this, papa!" She ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. The liquid notes swelled into the intoxicating melody of a gypsy dance and quivered with the trilling of birds among the trees. For half an hour Jessie played. Then she began a spirited recital of her exeriences abroad. She mimicked the staid old German professors, and the general laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

General Carden made an early appointment with James Blake and was promptly admitted to the private office of the famous operator.

"If you have no objection, general," said James Blake, after the usual commonplace remarks which preface business transactions, "explain the exact status of this block of L. & O. stock."

"There is no secret about it," replied the former banker. "A number of years ago I became convinced that the L. & O. railroad had a brilliant future. I purchased fifteen thousand shares on speculation. Then the panic swept the country. Not dreaming that my bank would be involved, I decided to protect my L. & O. stock and accordingly bought it in at fifty, paying the sum of $500,000 in cash. Then the crash came and my bank went under with the others. Rudolph Morris was my principal creditor. Mr. Arthur Morris consented, as a personal favor, to lend me two hundred thousand dollars on the stock. Interest and other charges have since accumulated until Mr. Morris has now a claim of $248,000 against the stock."

"At what price does Mr. Morris propose to sacrifice the stock?" asked Blake.

"At twenty-six."

James Blake made a rapid calculation on a writing pad.

"I have a proposition to make you, General Carden," he said. "I will advance you the money to exercise your option, on the condition that you do so when it drops to 26. You will deposit the stock with me and place it in a pool to be handled at my discretion. As an evidence of my good faith I now offer you 35 for your stock—eight points more than the market price. After meeting the Morris claim this will leave you a balance of $100,000."

General Carden looked into the handsome face of the young man who calmly made this proposition. For some moments he was silent, but the old hopes awoke and the courage of youth came back.

"I will follow your advice, Mr. Blake," he said, firmly. "My one ambition is to insure the happiness of my daughter. You must be sure of your ground, and I am content to rely on your judgment. I therefore accept your original offer, Mr. Blake, and will sign an agreement to that effect."

Blake called a legal subordinate and, in General Carden's presence, dictated the terms of the contract, duplicate copies of which were signed and witnessed.

"I should be pleased and honored," said General Carden, as he arose to go, "to have you accept the humble hospitality of my temporary home. If you have no other engagement, dine with us on Thursday evening."

"I have none, and shall do myself that pleasure. Until then, adieu, General Carden."

James Blake shook hands with the general, and turned and entered John Burt's private office.

"It's all right, John!" he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of a boy. "You couldn't have managed it better yourself. I have his option and a contract which gives us absolute control. He's a dignified and at times a crusty old gentleman, but he stood in proper awe of the famous firm of James Blake & Company."

"Did General Carden say anything about his daughter?" asked John, with anxious eagerness. "Has she returned from Europe?"

"I think the fair Jessie is in New York at this very moment," said Blake, smiling as he noted the flash of joy in the other's eyes. "I'm not supposed to know that he has a daughter, and you cautioned me to be very careful to say nothing which might arduse his suspicions. But he invited me to dine with him at the Bishop residence on Thursday evening."

"Of course, you accepted, Jim?"

"I should say I did," laughed Blake. "How would you like to take my place, John?"

"Very much, Jim." There was a wistful, far-away expression in the deep gray eyes. "I must wait a time yet—not long, I hope."

"Never mind, old man," said Blake, heartily, "I hope you may live to dine with her a million times, and that in future years an old chap named Blake may occasionally be permitted to have a seat at the table, and that he may be surrounded by a new and increasing generation of sturdy young John Burts and fair and radiant little Jessie Burts."

"Thank you, Jim," returned John Burt, his expressive face aglow with pleasure. "What that happy day comes you must bring Mrs. Blake and the children with you."

"HE IS ALIVE AND WELL," HE SAID, DELIBERATELY.

CHAPTER XX

Breaking Old Ties.

On the Thursday afternoon following his interview with General Carden, Blake strolled into his favorite club. He was chatting with Kingsley when Arthur Morris arrived, and at the first opportunity led Blake to a secluded corner.

"Pardon me, old chap, I don't often talk business after hours," apologized Morris; "you will excuse me for mentioning a little stock matter, won't you?"

"Certainly, Morris. What's up?"

Morris looked cautiously around and dropped his voice to a whisper. "Once in a while I get hold of a good thing, and I've got one now," he began, "there's going to be a boom in L. & O.!"

"Yes? What makes you think so, Morris?"

"Cawn't go into explanations, old chap, but you buy a little L. & O. When it drops below 26 it will take a jump of eight or ten points. Take my word for it, old chap!"

"Much obliged to you, Morris." Blake took out his memorandum book and carefully made a note of the proffered advice. "I imagine you've got control of the stock. You needn't tell me, old man—I'll do my own guessing. We Yankees are great on guessing."

Blake ordered his coachman to drive to the Bishop residence. He lay back on the cushioned seat and laughed softly. "To think that such a hound is engaged to Jessie Carden! I fear Miss Carden is too fond of money. Well, money's a good thing, but if I were a woman I wouldn't marry Morris if he had a billion. And John's got enough to buy and sell him."

The carriage drew up at the Bishop residence. General Carden greeted Blake in the drawing-room. It was restful to contemplate this abode, to breathe the air of domestic luxury, and to contrast it with the frigid elegance of the bachelor apartments where his recent years had been spent. Blake's eyes wandered along the walls until they rested on a portrait—that of Jessie Carden. He paused in the middle of a sentence, his eyes riveted on the canvas.

"A portrait of my daughter, Jessie—one of Steinlnich's best productions," exclaimed General Carden, with fatherly pride, mistaking Blake's amazement for polite admiration. "She returned from abroad only a few days ago. Ah, here she comes now!"

As he spoke Blake heard the faint rustle of silk and the music of laughing voices. The portieres parted, and Mrs. Bishop entered with Jessie and her cousin, Edith Hancock. With old-school dignity, General Carden presented James Blake.

There is born in every man's brain the image of an ideal woman; the ignis fatuus of fancy hovering above the swamps of realism. James Blake's ideal was dethroned the moment he looked into Jessie Carden's eyes he felt the mysterious thrill of her presence.

After a delightful hour spent over dinner, during which Blake was in lively humor, the young ladies left the general and his guest to the enjoyment of cigars. For the first time in his life Blake would willingly have sacrificed the soothing delights of the weed. He was glad when his host gave the signal and conducted him to the drawing-room, where they found Jessie and Edith awaiting them.

At the general's request Jessie played several of his favorite selections, Edith standing by her side and deftly turning the music pages for her. Then they sang a duet; a German folk song. Jessie's voice was a pure contralto—tender, rich and wonderfully expressive in its timbre. Blake was passionately fond of music and, though he had been given little opportunity to cultivate his decided natural talents, was nevertheless an excellent singer and a capable critic.

"That was grand!" he exclaimed, his handsome face aglow with admiration of the music. "I have never heard Wagner's Nachtlied rendered more exquisitely. Please favor me with Der Tannenbaum, will you?"

"Willingly," said Jessie, as Edith smiled her assent. "But Der Tannenbaum is much more effective with a baritone part. You sing, do you not, Mr. Blake? Something tells me you do."

"I'm sure Mr. Blake sings," asserted Edith. "Come, Mr. Blake, the general shall be our audience!"

"I have been charged with singing, but never by such fair accusers," laughed Blake, stepping forward. "I trust the general will not mete out a punishment to fit the crime. Sing the English translation and I will do my best to carry a part."

Blake acquitted himself famously. In San Francisco clubs and social circles his clear, strong voice had added to his popularity, but never did he sing so well as on that night standing by Jessie Carden's side.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PARABLE.

Democratic Leader Made Point Against Visiting Committee.

John Sharpe Williams, Democratic leader of the house, was greatly annoyed when a visiting committee tried to map out for him and his colleagues a line of duty.

"You remind me of the preacher," said Mr. Williams to his visitors, who remonstrated with a man in his community for not coming out to church. The man, after much persuasion, consented to attend worship on the following Sabbath. During the sermon a violent storm raged and crashes of thunder interfered with the speaker making himself heard.

"I won't attend any more," said the reluctant church attendant when at the conclusion of the service the preacher asked him to come again.

"And why not?" asked the divine.

"If the Lord had wanted me to listen to your sermon," said the man as he fumbled his hat, 'I don't think he would have interrupted your sermon with a thunder storm.'"—New York Times.

Locating the Blame.

An amateur actor, who has a profound faith in the efficacy of advertising, was complaining, after the entertainment, to the chairman of the committee on arrangements.

"Who got up the programmes?" asked the young man.

"I did," replied the chairman. "I suppose you think that your part of the performance was not given sufficient prominence."

"I don't see that you ought to say anything about the way in which we called attention to you. The audience didn't seem to know you were there."

"On the contrary, a number of my friends told me I was first-rate, especially when I sang that comic song."

"I didn't hear anybody laughing."

"Of course you did not. And that's where I say you are to blame. How could you expect them to laugh? You didn't state in the programme that it was a comic song."

The Limit Reached.

Dr. W. H. Tolman, director of the American Institute of Social Science, told the following story the other day as an unconscious illustration of the prevailing sentiment in regard to the "race suicide" problem:

"A family of my acquaintance has a certain pewter cup which has been the property of five children in succession, at the period when they first begin to use cups. The other day one of the oldest children, a small boy, was discussing the property of possessing the cup upon some poor child. His little sister remarked: 'Why, no, we'll keep it for the next baby.'

"'Well,' said the brother, 'I sh'd think God would have sense enough to know that five babies in one family was enough.'—New York Times.

Food, Not Form.

Assistant Attorney General Robb while in a Washington restaurant sat near a man from Texas who evidently had not traveled to any extent. The waiter said to the stranger from the Lone Star state:

"Here's the bill of fare, sir."

"Say, look here!" shouted the Texan; "I haven't had a mouthful to eat yet, and I'll be hanged if I'll pay any bill till I get the goods. Fetch on your victuals first and I'll pay for 'em afterward."

The Old Log Cabin

Before me in its beauty lies the prairie,
And the cloud above a swiftly passing train.
The trees upon the distant hills are waving,
A summer haze is resting on the plain;
Yet memory recalls a fairer valley,
And a spot within it dearer far to me,
A grassy knoll beside a winding river,
Where a little old log cabin used to be.

When daylight dies behind the distant mountains,
And the mist has hid the valley from my sight,
Then memory returns to scenes of childhood,
And on life's summer morning sheds its light.
The sunlight glimmers out upon the water,
Where, undisturbed, the minnows sported free;
The dreamy years but added to their number,
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

The world, to us, was bounded by the forest,
That stretched away, we recked but little where;
The winter but foretold a brighter season
When roses gave their fragrance to the air.
In spring there came the children's songs and laughter,
The squirrel scampered up the nearest tree
And chattered to the wildly barking collie,
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

The bob-o-link, above the clover blossoms,
Sang o'er again his song of summer days;
And "Bob White," from his perch beside the meadow,
Kept watch upon the collie, and the boys.
Along the crooked pathway to the river,
The twittering blue-bird and the chickadee
Flew in and out among the ferns and willows
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

The timid deer looked in across the wheat field,
The partridge hid her fledglings in the brush,
The voice of Robin Redbreast, in the orchard,
Was mingled with the singing of the thrush.
The crow and martin quarreled o'er the clearing,
We wondered why they never could agree—
The hardest problem of our early childhood,
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

The silent Indian glanced within the doorway;
His squaw laid down her burden in the grass,
And, looking o'er her gaily colored baskets,
How quickly would a summer evening pass.
The town enjoyed the white man's ample supper;
A breeze came in across the distant lea;
The lanchering disappeared, the day was over,
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

The far off whip-poor-will commenced his music,
The cricket joined the evening serenade,
The moonlight glistened on the leafy maple
Where I lay,
And in and out among its branches
What will we care for earthly fame or glory?
What matter if the people cheer or frown?
Leave what remains of this old, worn-out body
High on a mountain top, or in the sea,
But let my longing spirit once more wander
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

Aye, let the daisies blossom by the river,
The fragrant lilies deck its quiet breast,
The giant maple shape the humble doorway,
Inviting every wanderer to rest.
There let the panting collie sit beside me,
And listen to the shouts of childish glee
For backward on life's pathway lies my heaven,
Where the little old log cabin used to be.

—Albert Greenwood.

Lost Coins in Mails

Ordinarily no man is rich enough to escape that certain sense of elation which comes from picking up a nickel on a sidewalk; but when a railway postal clerk finds such a coin in a mail pouch where it has worked out from insufficient wrappings, not only does he miss this elation, but it may provoke profanity.

For a nickel lost in a pouch of mail in transit becomes a matter for national concern. It comes to view, perhaps, just as a pouch of mail is emptied upon a sorting table; and when it has broken away from the bunch of letters and cards and circulars, rolled to an open space on the table, and there settled down, heads or tails, with a noisy spinning dance, the clerk who first sees it is "it."

A necromancer could have no more idea than the man in the moon as to what particular package it rolled out of, and if he had and should tell the postal clerk, the clerk wouldn't dare try to restore the coin to the original package. That would be too easy altogether.

No, it is a lost nickel from the moment the clerk has to see it spinning there before his eyes; and according to the tender governmental conscience the clerk has to get ready for the inauguration of about $18.43 worth of fuss over it.

For himself he doesn't dare to go to bed for a short nap until he has got rid of his five cents' worth of responsability to the government for the action of the fool person from whom the nickel was parted. He digs up his printed form for such occasions printed and provided, and at once fills out a long blank, describing the coin, telling the circumstances of its being found and whether it landed heads or tails on the table, naming the pouch from which it was emptied, the number of the train carrying it, the date, and a few other little details any one of which in hot weather would have cost a mug of beer.

This report, with the nickel, goes to the headquarters of the postal division in which the car was operated, and from these bonded officials, by the same general red tape route, the small coin finds its way to the seat of national government and to the fund representing the great constituency of the postoffice department, which persists in sending money in envelopes through the unregistered mails of the service.—Chicago Tribune.

Tale of the Armada

Three hundred and fifteen years ago a vessel of the Spanish armada was blown up in Tobermory bay, off the coast of the Island of Mull. Recently numerous relics have been recovered from it by divers. They include old cannon, swords, pistols, plate and coins. The vessel was the Florencia, a Florentine galleon which came from the Levant, one of the Italian possessions of the king of Spain, and was commanded by one Pereija. After the defeat of the armada the Florencia was forced by bad weather and lack of provisions to put into Tobermory bay. There Sir Lauchlane MacLean, who, because of his feuds with his neighbors, had been made a "denounced rebel" by King James of Scotland formed an alliance with the Spaniards. With the aid of a hundred soldiers from the ship and of his own war on neighboring clans for some time.

At last he received a message from Capt. Pereija requesting that the Spanish soldiers be sent back at once, as he was preparing for sea. At the same time he heard that the provisions supplied to the Spaniards had not been paid for. Sir Lauchlane remonstrated with the don for his injustice and satisfaction was promised. On the strength of this the men were sent back, but MacLean, not relying entirely on the captain's promise, retained three of the soldiers as hostages till the debt should be paid. At the same time he sent one of his own men, Donald Glas MacLean, on board the Florencia to receive an adjustment of the demands of his people.

Donald Glas, when he went on board the ship, was disarmed and made prisoner, and no communication was allowed between himself and his friends. But Donald Glas conceived a plan which, though it meant certain death to himself, promised a speedy and terrible retribution to his captors. Finding that the cabin in which he was confined was close to the magazine, he forced his way into it and, laying a train from it to the outside, he fired it. The ship was blown to pieces, killing the three or four hundred persons who were on board.

Carry Books With You

There are certain things, says St. Nicholas, you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that. Besides your fishing rod, your tennis racket, your golf sticks and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few, possibly the fewer the better, if the little company be well chosen. But do not leave yourself entirely dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being indoors on some rainy day in the country, with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon. We prefer Tennyson, Longfellow Lowell, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet, whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing on a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite among the singers, choose a single volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend—a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.

Green Primroses.

The green rose is a very old and rather ugly "novelty" that crops up afresh from time to time as a catch-penny attraction, and there are one or two other plants with green flowers that are usually more curious than attractive. The latest invention in the way of green-flowering varieties is an addition to that familiar family, our own yellow primrose. It is called "novelty" and is described as a large and truly green-flowered form of the beautiful old wild primrose, a free bloomer and strong grower.

Klondike Discoverer.

Robert Henderson is disputing the rights of George Carmack as to having discovered the Klondike, and the Canadian authorities are looking into his claim.

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PERUNA TONIC

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TOO READY IN ARGUMENT.

Scotchman Over Eager to Prove His Innocence.

"Lord Burnham," said an American journalist, "presided at the recent annual dinner in London of the Newspaper Fund. He told a number of stories.

"One thing he said was that, on fishing trip in Scotland, he set out one afternoon with a large luncheon basket, intending to be gone for the day. He fished till noon. Then hunger seized him. At the same time, too, he recalled the fact that he had left his luncheon at the foot of a cliff on the road, where he had stopped to rest.

"The cliff was two miles back, but the hungry lord set out for it on a fast walk. On the way he met a shabbily dressed Scot.

"'Did you,' he asked, 'find anything on the road as you came along?'

"'Na,' said the Scot. 'Na; not I. Could na a stray dog ha' found and eaten it?'"

Where Travel Is Difficult.

Some idea of the delights of traveling in Korea is given by the following description by a traveler of the "bridges" in that country: A first-class bridge in Korea is simply an assortment of planks nailed together. These are scarce. A second-class bridge is a series of isolated stones from one to another of which the visitor may jump. A third-class bridge, much the commonest variety—is invisible, its position being indicated by a couple of posts, one on each side of the river. They mean that you may safely wade across, as the water will—probably—not go much above your chest!

SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

Remarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sedgwick, Ark., July 11.—The case of W. S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by those interested in medical matters as one of the most wonderful on record. In this connection his father makes the following statement:

"Last September, my little boy had Dropsy; his feet and, limbs were swollen to such an extent that he could not walk nor put his shoes on. The treatment that the doctors were giving him seemed to do him no good and two or three people said his days were short, even the doctors, two of the best in the country told me he would not get better. I stopped their medicine and at once sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a day, one morning, noon and night for eight days; at the end of the eighth day the swelling was all gone, but to give the medicine justice, I gave him eleven more Pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all and he was entirely cured. I consider your medicine saved my child's life. When the thirty-five Pills were given him, he could run, dance and sing, whereas before he was an invalid in his mother's arms from morning until night."

Find Good in Bad.

On every occasion which leads thee to vexation, apply this principle: This though this is a misfortune, to bear it nobly is good fortune.—Marcus Aurelius.

A Trip to Colorado, Utah or California is not complete Unless it embraces the most beautiful resorts and grandest scenery in Colorado, which are found on the Colorado Midland Railway, the highest standard gauge line in the world. Exceptionally low summer round trip rates to Colorado interior state points, Utah, California and the Northwest are offered by this line. For information address Mr. C. H. Speers, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo.

Broken Bat Mark of Grief.

A broken bat was sent by his club comrades as a mark of their grief to the funeral of an English cricketer.

Important to Mothers.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Love may be blind, but there is always a spark of feeling between lovers.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—W. O'Hearn, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

There is no necessity, even in a righteous world.

Send Millions to Greece.

The amount of money annually received in Greece from Greek emigrants in the United States is assuming proportions that have attracted the attention of the Greek government, bankers and public officials estimate that over $1,930,501.93 thus reached Greece during 1903.

German Toy Output.

The German toy industry has shown a steadily rising tendency for some time. Reliable statistics of exports were not kept prior to 1896, but since that date exports have risen from $9,282,000 to $13,566,000 per annum.

Improvement in House Numbers.

A new idea is to have the number on the front door of houses painted in luminous paint, so that it is visible in the dark.

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DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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NEW HOMES IN THE WEST

Almost a half million acres of the fertile and well-watered lands of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, in South Dakota, will be thrown open to settlement by the Government in July. These lands are best reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway direct through Sioux Falls, Chicago to Rosebud, S. D. All agents sell tickets via this line. Special low rates.

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Send for a copy of pamphlet giving full information as to dates of opening and how to secure 160 acres of land at nominal cost, with full description of the soil, climate, timber and mineral resources, towns, schools and churches, opportunities for business openings, railway rates, etc., free on application to

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