

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," etc.
Copyright, 1902, by FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS. All rights reserved. Copyright, 1902, by A. J. DEWEEL BIDDLE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Two hundred feet from the house the dog paused and sniffed the air. Then, with a yelp, he plunged to the right, made for a rock which showed dim through the snow, and burrowed frantically into a drift on its leeward side. In the white mass Blake saw a dark object, and as he reached the rock it moved. The next instant a bearded face appeared from the folds of a heavy fur overcoat, and a man struggled unsteadily to his feet.

"Can you walk?" shouted Blake, grasping him by the arm.

"I think so," said the stranger, as he grasped the rope. "How far is it?"

"Not far," replied Blake, encouragingly. "Pull on the rope. It will help you."

Once in the cabin, the stranger seated himself near the stove, while Blake produced a flask and heaped fuel on the fire.

"Keep your hands and feet away from the stove, if they are frozen," cautioned Blake.

"I'm not frost-bitten," was the stranger's reply, as he clapped his hands vigorously and pinched his ears. I was completely done for. If you hadn't found me when you did, he said with much feeling, as he extended his hand, "I should never have left there alive!"

At the sound of the man's voice James Blake started and gazed intently at him. When the bearded stranger raised his eyes and offered his hand the recognition was complete.

"John Burt, or I'm a ghost! Don't you know me, John?"

"Jim Blake!"

The New Englander is not demonstrative in his emotions or affections, but the joy which danced in the eyes of these reunited friends as they shook hands and slapped each other

"How rich, and how badly in love?" "My strokes of fortune and my love affairs are all jumbled together," explained Blake, laughing heartily.

"You'll have a bad opinion of me, John, but I've reformed and am going to lead a better life. I made my first strike on the Little Calaveras. Talk about luck! That was a funny thing. I broke my neck and discovered a gold mine and a sweetheart in doing it!"

"Broke your neck? Surely you're jesting!"

"It's a fact, just the same," asserted Blake, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, which showed no signs of fracture. "I was a greenhorn then, and my prospecting expeditions were the joke of the old stagers. I bought a horse and a Mexican saddle and prowled through all the mountains and foothills back of the Little Calaveras. One afternoon I was following a trail that skirted along the side of a mountain. There's a lot of woodchucks in those hills, and in burrowing around one of them loosened a rock, which came rolling down in my direction. My horse saw and heard it, and shied off the trail. He slid about twenty feet and then fell, and as he went my right foot went through the stirrup. He rolled over me, and we started down the slope. Sometimes I was on top, and sometimes I was on bottom."

"Four or five hundred feet below I saw a thin row of trees, and I knew they marked the edge of a cliff. For some reason there's most always a fringe of trees at these jumping off places. We were going like lightning. Just as we neared the edge the horse rolled over we again. As I came on top I saw that we were going to pass between two small trees. A big rock slewed the horse around, and he went down head first. I grabbed at a tree, and by the merest chance threw

my free leg around it. I held like grim death to a con, and heard the leather snap as the horse went over the precipice. If it had been a first-class saddle I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I was hanging down over the cliff. It was eighteen hundred feet deep to the first stopping place, and I saw that horse, all spraddled out, turn over and over in the air. I closed my eyes as not to see him strike. Then I crawled back a few feet and sat down behind a rock. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in bed. An old doctor, whose breath smelled of liquor, was bending over me, and near him was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She and her father were approaching me when I started to slide down the mountain. Her name was Jenny Rogers."

Jim sighed and paused.

"This is growing romantic, but how about the broken neck?" asked John.

"It was broken, or dislocated, which is about the same thing," continued Blake. "Jenny's father knew of an old Spanish doctor, about forty miles away, and went for him. He was a wonder on bones. He was black as an Indian and uglier than sin. He felt around my neck, swore softly in Spanish, rolled me over on my face, climbed on my back, jabbed his knees into my shoulder blades, and grabbed me by the jaws. He gave my head a quick wrench. I saw a thousand sky-rockets; something cracked and I became senseless. When I awoke he had my neck in splints, and was jabbering Spanish to Rogers. He said he was the only white man in the world who could set a broken neck, and I guess he was. He had learned the trick from an Indian medicine man. He charged me twenty-five dollars, and told me to lie quiet for a week. Jenny Rogers nursed me, and of course I fell in love with her. I was in their cabin, and near by Mr. Rogers had located some valuable claims.

"Here is the most remarkable part of this story," Blake went on. "When I was able to dress I picked up that cursed Mexican stirrup to see how the leather happened to break. It was a steel affair, and I noticed some bright yellow spots in the crevices. Blamed if it wasn't gold! I didn't say a word, but when I was strong enough I went back and climbed slowly down the place where my horse fell. It was easy to follow it. Near the edge of the cliff I found an outcropping of gold-bearing ore, and the mark of where the metal part of my stirrup

had scratched it. I staked out a claim and sold it to Jenny's father for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He's made two millions out of it. I made love to Jenny, and I think she would have had me, but I went to San Francisco and dropped the hundred and twenty-five thousand on the mining exchange. I went back and asked Jenny to wait until I made another fortune. She said she'd think about it. I guess she did. A year later she married a man who is now a United States Senator. So I broke my neck, lost my fortune and my sweetheart all in less than a year."

"And what have you now?" "This mountain chateau," replied Blake, with a lordly sweep of his arm, "and a hole in the ground back of it. Then I have a fine view of the valley, a good appetite, a slumbering conscience, and—Dog, here, who never upbraids me for being seven kinds of a fool."

John told the story of the dying sailor and his map, and read an extract from Peter Burt's letter. Then he produced the map, and they spread it out on the table and examined it by the light of the lantern.

"I followed the trail all right," explained John, "until the storm set in, and then I had to feel my way. Before I lost my bearings I was about two miles from the point where this sailor claims to have found gold. I kept near the edge of the cliff until I could go no further, and then climbed up behind that rock in the hope that the storm would cease."

Blake studied the map with growing interest and excitement. With a splinter from a log as a marker he traced the trail.

"I know every foot of it!" he exclaimed, resting the point of the splinter on a round spot on the map. "Here is Fisher's Lake. You came that far by stage. Here is the creek which you follow for seven miles until you come to the old Wormley trail. You take that to the cliffs, and go along the cliffs until you cross four brooks and come to the fifth one. You were within a hundred yards of that fifth stream, John. Now let's see the key to this thing."

John handed him the letter. "From the east face of the square rock, on the north bank of the brook, at the edge of the cliff," read Blake. "I know the rock well. Let's see. Then east along the bank of the brook in a straight line four hundred and twenty-two feet, and then north at right angles, sixty-seven feet to the base of the tallest pine in the neighborhood."

Blake rushed to the door, forgetful of the storm, to verify his suspicions. He pushed it open an inch, but a solid bank of snow blocked the way.

"Where do you suppose the base of that pine tree is?" he demanded. Without waiting for a reply he found a hatchet and tapped the clay floor until he located a spot which gave a deadened sound. Then he chopped away a few inches of packed dirt and sank the blade into a solid substance.

"There's the base of the big pine tree described by your dead sailor, and I'll bet my life on it," he shouted. And here are sections of the tree," he continued, pointing to the logs which formed the foundation of the cabin. "I'm dead sure of it, John. It's about a hundred and forty yards from here to the edge of the cliff. I know, for I measured it. And its about twenty yards to the brook. What is more conclusive, this was by far the largest tree anywhere around. That's why I located the cabin here. Let's see what comes next!" His eyes glistened with excitement.

The instructions were to measure three hundred and eighteen feet north from the base of the tree and thence east to a carefully described rock, which Blake remembered. This was the base of the incline. Within a hundred yards of this rock the key located three gold-bearing quartz ledges.

(To be continued.)

HAD BEEN CHASING RABBITS.

Naturally Dreamer Had Not Enjoyed His Sleep.

"A man down in my country," said Representative Clayton of Alabama, "saw a dog sleeping in the sun. The dog was twitching and starting as dogs sometimes do in their sleep. The man said, 'I'd like to know what that dog is dreaming about.'"

"Easy enough," replied an old chap who stood by. "You just put a chip on that dog's ear and leave it there until he wakes up. Then you take that chip and put it on your chest when you go to bed to-night and you will dream of what the dog is dreaming of now."

"The fellow got a chip and put it on the dog's ear and stood around until the dog waked up and brushed it off. He put the chip on his chest when he went to bed that night. Next morning I saw him coming listlessly down the street."

"What's the matter?" I said. "What was the dog dreaming about?" "Oh," he answered, "I'm clean tuckered out. I was chasing rabbits all night long."

Public to Own Telephones.

It has been announced that the British postoffice propose to exercise its right to buy out the Great National Telephone Company at the end of the present year. This action by the government is the first step toward breaking up the monopoly which has shackled and curbed the development of telephones in the United Kingdom. With low rates and quick service the public will be provided with a system such as has heretofore been undreamed of. The postoffice has already provided a system for a great part of London at a charge less than \$40 for 90 per cent of its subscribers.

IS EASY TO FORGET

HINTS TO EDITORS AS TO THEIR OPPORTUNITIES.

President of the New York State Republican Editorial Association Tells His Brethren of the Press That They Must Keep Vital Issues in the Foreground.

Due appreciation of the importance of the issue to be decided in the campaign of 1904 was shown in the annual address of William A. Smyth, of the Owego Times, as president of the New York State Republican Editorial Association, at the meeting of April 13. Rightly President Smyth admonishes his brother editors of the grave and far-reaching consequences of the questions to be decided this year; rightly he warns them that Republican editors of the state must be prepared to do their share of the fighting if we are to keep in power "the party of protection, honest money and prosperous times." There is no question of honest money involved in this year's struggle. The Democratic party will not again overload itself to the sinking point with any "16 to 1" foolishness. That issue is dead, forever dead. But the issue that is alive to-day, as much alive as at any previous period in the country's history, is protection and prosperous times. In his address President Smyth said:

"This year, the fifty-four anniversary of the founding of the Republican party, promises to be a memorable one. During the past year, an off year in politics, there has been but little work for this association to do. We are now on the threshold of a very important campaign, and probably none that have preceded it have been so important and far-reaching to

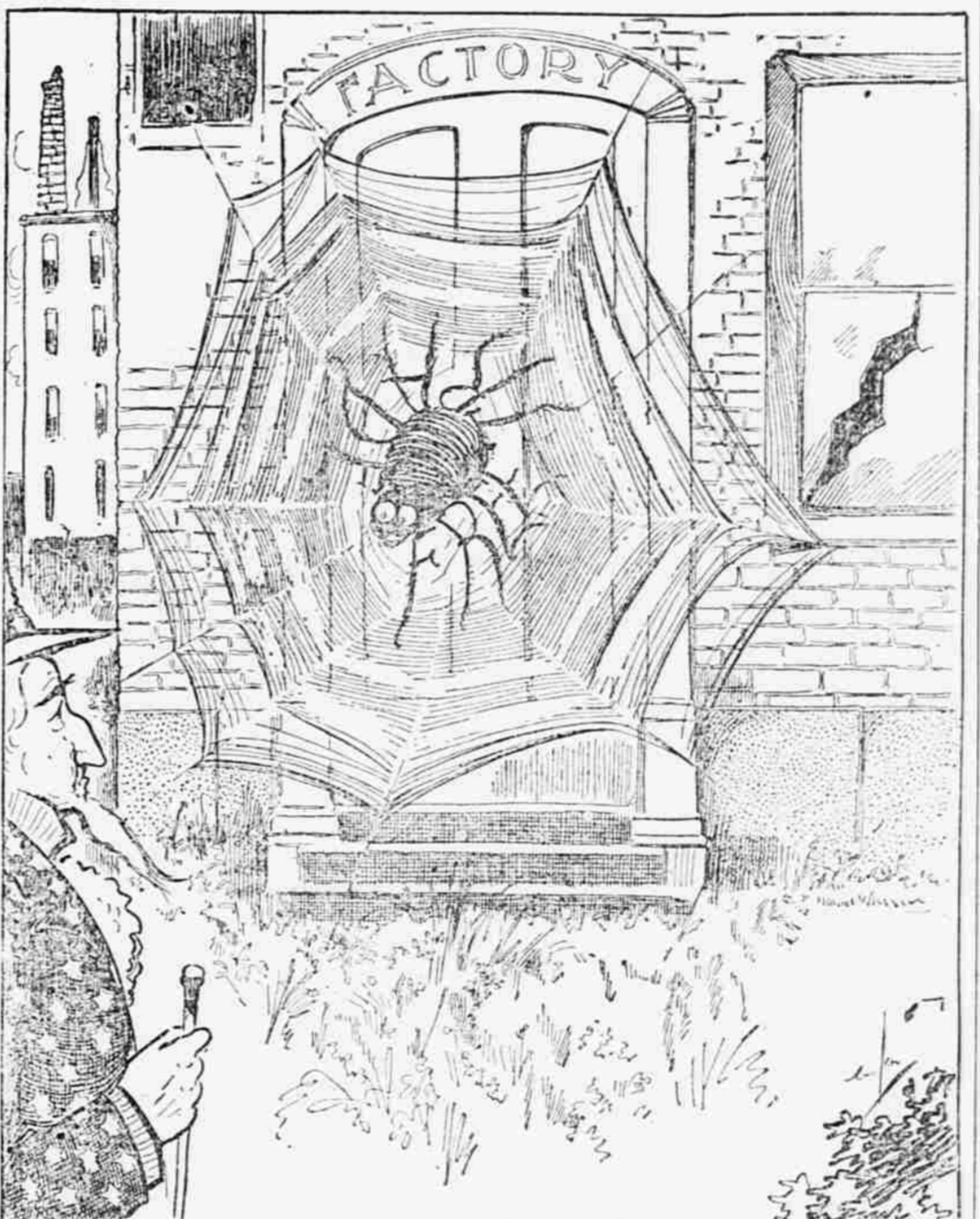
steadily, persistently, faithfully kept in the plain view of their readers the principles, the facts, the conditions, the underlying causes of our prosperous times? How many have constantly made plain the reasons for our prosperity and the dangers attendant upon any departure from safe, sound Republican policies? Not 10 per cent, we venture to say. They have had other things to think of, and they have thought and written of other things far more than they have thought or written about the elements and causes of prosperous times. "Our people forget easily." Undoubtedly they do. They forget "between elections," because they are permitted to forget. It is up to Republican editors to remember all the time, and not merely for a short three months once in every four years. If they will do this our people will not so easily forget, and disastrous lapses of memory like that of 1892 will not be so liable to occur.

A Most Pitiable Journal.

Says the Springfield Republican, referring to Controller Grout's proposed bond sale: "But it is quite possible that he (Controller Grout) should look for a slump in the money market because of the conditions of business, which give no assurance of maintaining the level of the so-called prosperity under which the country is suffering. That slump is as much to be expected if Mr. Roosevelt is elected as if the Democrats by some fluke of fortune should defeat him."

"This so-called prosperity under which the country is suffering"—this, of course, is a concentration of pessimism, sarcasm and a gurgulous condition of gray matter. Let us see under what "so-called prosperity" Springfield is suffering. In 1894, ten years ago, the bank clearings of Springfield and Holyoke were \$63,000.

WHAT WOULD SURELY HAPPEN.



Uncle Sam—"Are we to have that kind of cobwebs once more spread over the doors of American factories? Heaven forbid!"

the American people as this promises to be.

"You can always trust the Democratic party to have a 'paramount' issue. When this association was formed the Democratic issue was free trade, eight years ago it was free silver, and four years ago militarism and imperialism, with free silver as a side issue. This year the paramount issue has not been sharply defined as yet, but you can rest assured that our Democratic friends will have one."

"It looks now as if the brunt of the fight will be in the state of New York; that the two opposing candidates will be sons of the Empire State, and that we are to meet a united Democracy, though not united on principle, but simply for the spoils of office. It will be no easy campaign; the battle will be fast and furious, and the Republican editors of this state will have to do their share of the fighting. The voters, especially those in the country districts, will have to be educated and aroused to the necessity of keeping the grand old party in power, the party of protection, honest money and prosperous times. Our people forget easily. Many of them have already forgotten the condition in which the Republican party found the country seven years ago, when they returned to power. Soup houses were popular then, but they soon gave way to the march of good times. The merchant, the farmer, the manufacturer took on new courage; the closed manufacturing were opened and running on full time; the promises of the martyred McKinley were quickly fulfilled, and prosperity was again an actuality."

True it is that "our people forget easily." They forget past ills escaped from; they forget alike the cause of those ills and the means whereby escape was made possible. Republican editors, not alone in New York, but in all the states of the Union, are exceedingly prone to forget. What wonder, then, that their readers should forget? How many of the members of the New York State Republican Editorial association are blameless in this regard? How many of them have in the past four years, for exam-

ple, Last year the bank clearings of these two cities amounted to \$104,000,000, an increase of nearly 70 per cent. As the Republican well knows, the bank clearings of the whole country have more than doubled since a protective tariff displaced the free trade measure of the last Democratic administration.

The Republican seems to get madder and madder every day simply because its long predicted and hoped for panic does not come. That editorial under the caption "We Told You So" has been standing so long, and yet there are no signs that it can be used for months or perhaps years to come. What a comment upon pretended intelligence that a once great American newspaper will not be happy and satisfied till adversity takes the place of prosperity.

That Tariff Plank.

It becomes more and more evident that the ingenuity of Democratic platform builders will be taxed to the utmost when it comes to fixing up the tariff plank at St. Louis. The people are rather used to free trade straddles, they have even been deceived two or three times, but not again so soon after the experience under the last free trade law. The best thing the Democratic party can do is to skip the tariff plank this time. By the way is Parker a Cleveland and Bryan free trader or a Hill and Murphy protectionist?

In Spite of All.

In spite of the free soup houses of 1893 to 1896, the smokeless chimneys, the closed factories, the idle workmen, the want and suffering of that period of depression, and in spite of the prosperity we are now enjoying, there is still a cry in the Democratic party for free trade. By what trick of logic or oratory the Democrats will attempt to persuade the people to adopt an anti-protection measure is at present not very clear, but there is no doubt that an effort will be made in that direction.—Kansas City Journal.



Mere Suggestion.

"I believe I'll lay out a golf course on the farm, father," said the returned college youth, sweeping his gaze over the sloping pasture.

"All right, my son," responded the gray-haired man, "an' while you're about it let me suggest that you turn the old home into a clubhouse. Of course, I'm a little too old for a caddy, but I could act as janitor, an' your mother could do the scrubbin'."—Indianapolis Sun.

The Mule's Placid Smile.

"Is that your mule?" asked the man who was going fishing.

"Yassir," said the colored man, who was sitting on a log by the road. "Does he kick?"

"Deed, mistuh, he ain't got no cause to kick. He's gittin' his own way right along. I'm de one dat's havin' de worry an' difficulty."

Not Beating His Way.



Indigent Ike—Dis housecleaning gag wounds me proud spirit in a new place every spring. Dis mornin' a lady asked me ter beat a rug for me breakfast.

The Retort Courteous.

Miss Bizzey—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might be tempted to throw your rubbish out on the back lot. I just wanted to say that we don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Miss Bizzey, including an old book on "Etiquette" which I might have saved for you.—Philadelphia Press.

His Method.

"Your grandfather is nearly 100 years old. How did he manage to live so long?"

"Pure contrariness." "Contrariness? How's that?" "You know there are rules prescribed for people who want to live to be old. Well, he never follows any of them."

Rural Opinion.

Mrs. Crawfoot—They do say that Fanny and her city husband have a comfortable parlor.

Mr. Crawfoot—Nothing comfortable about it. Why, when I sat in my shirt sleeves and started to smoke Fanny objected.

No Malaria.

"Is there any malaria around here?" asked the tourist. "Nope," was the prompt response. "There's a heap o' chills an' fever, but if anybody gets to callin' it by high-toned names he's liable to git hit difficult."

Horrors of War.



Mrs. Bossin Wright—My first husband died a hero in the war. If it hadn't been for that battle you wouldn't be here to-day.

Mr. Bossin Wright—War is, indeed, a dreadful thing.

Pretty Close to It.

"Now, that phrase," said the teacher, "is an idiom. Does any little boy know what an idiom is?"

"Yes'm," piped little Tommy Skrapps. "That's what pa is when ma don't want him to have his own way and he does."

Indispensable.

LaMont—Some of the greatest writers tell us that matrimony blunts a man's imagination.

LaMoyné—Nonsense! Why a married man must have a superb imagination to get up excuses when he is absent.

Almost a Confession.

"Your husband seems to be getting bald very rapidly," said the family friend.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Nagzaby, "there is scarcely a good handful left—Hem! Er—yes, he certainly is."



THE NEXT INSTANT A BEARDED FACE APPEARED FROM THE FOLDS OF A HEAVY FUR OVERCOAT.

on the back was more eloquent than words.

"This seems too good to be true, Jim!" exclaimed John, his hand on Jim's shoulder. "But for you, old chum, my California experience would have been ended. How small the world is, that we should meet here, of all places on earth!"

"Take off your clothes and get into bed, John," directed Blake, as he pushed John into a chair and tugged at his frozen boots. "Do as I tell you and you'll be all right. Lie quiet and rest. Don't talk, but keep awake."

Several times, during the next two hours, John fell into a drowse, but by force of will he roused himself. The reaction after the awful struggle in the drifts was severe, but he mastered it and was himself again. Blake exhausted the resources of his larder in a dinner, which John enjoyed as never before in his life, and Dog did not go hungry.

Then pipes were produced, and, seated near the red-hot stove, the two friends recounted some of the events which had marked their lives during the preceding six years. It seemed ages to both of them. The striplings of seventeen were now stalwart men.

Blake listened eagerly to his friend's recital of the events leading up to the quarrel with Arthur Morris. Jim clenched his hands and leaned excitedly forward when John told of the struggle with Morris in the tavern.

"I have sometimes thought," said John, "that I should have remained and faced the charge of murder which might have been made against me. That was my first impulse. I did not kill Morris, and it is only by chance that he did not kill me. The revolver was still in his hand when he fell, though I had bent his wrist so that he could not turn it against me. It was one of those new self-cocking weapons and Morris shot himself. But I had no witnesses, and Grandfather Burt and—others advised me to put myself beyond the reach of a prosecution in which all the money and influence would have been against me. But tell me of yourself, Jim. What have you done in California, and what has the Golden State done for you?"

"It would take me a week, John, to tell my experiences of the last five years," said Jim Blake, tossing another log into the fire. "Most of them would not interest you, some might amuse you, and others would make you mad. I've been rich three times, John, and in love twice—no, three times."