

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

John heartily congratulated Blake on his mastery of generalship.

"We will talk business to-morrow, Jim," he said. "I am more anxious to hear of other matters. Now, tell me the news. Did you hear of Miss Carden? Is my grandfather alive?"

"Peter Burt is alive and well," said Blake, glad to bring some good tidings.

"Alive and well," repeated John Burt. "May God bless him! That is good news. Go on, Jim."

"Arthur Morris is alive," said Blake, without lifting his eyes.

"The local papers contained that news," observed John, carelessly. "What's the matter, old man? You're pale. Are you ill?"

"I've had news for you, John," he said, desperately. "I may as well tell you and be over with it. Miss Carden's engaged to be married!"

John's lip tightened and a red spot burned on his cheek.

"To whom?"

"To Arthur Morris, John."

John Burt sprang to his feet, hurling the chair backward with a crash. He strode forward, his eyes blazing with fury and his features convulsed with passion.

"It's a lie, Blake—it's a lie, and you know it's a lie!"

He towered above his astonished friend. His fingers were clenched and his lips twitched. Turning abruptly, he walked across the room with his hands pressed over his forehead. For a moment he stood silent, then abruptly turned to Blake with his hands outstretched.

"I beg your pardon, Jim! Forgive me, old man! I didn't know what I was saying. Forgive me, Jim, will you?"

"Certainly, John, but there's nothing to forgive," replied Blake heartily as he grasped his friend's hands.



Perhaps it is a lie. Let us hope so, John."

For moments no word was spoken. John Burt stood by an opened window, with his back to his friend, and gazed out into the darkness.

"Tell me about it, Jim," he said, breaking the silence.

Blake related the details of his introduction to Arthur Morris and told of the night spent in the latter's apartment. He repeated the conversation as nearly as he could recall it.

John abruptly changed the subject and questioned Blake about his interview with Peter Burt, and smiled quietly when he related his experience with the old man. He was not displeased that Blake had been forced to reveal his secret.

"I have anticipated his advice about going to New York," said John. "My plans are made, and if you are willing, we will make New York the future headquarters of James Blake & Company, with the San Francisco establishment a branch house. Think it over, Jim, and let me know your decision as soon as possible."

"I've thought it over," said Blake. "I'm ready to go to New York the minute you say so."

"Very well, we'll go this month," said John Burt.

It was long past midnight when Blake drove away and left John Burt to the harrowing society of his thoughts. For hours he sat before the portrait of Jessie Carden. He recalled the day when she had laughingly placed the cherished tintype in his hand. And now she was in Paris, by the grace and under the bounty of Arthur Morris—the one man in all the world he hated.

"It's a lie—an infamous, damnable lie!" he repeated as he paced up and down the room. "It is not so—it shall not be so!"

But the black clouds of doubt again obscure the rift made by vehement hope. What reason had he to doubt the statement made by Morris? Had not Morris wealth, influence, social standing? Was not Jessie under obligations to him?

And what of Jessie? What valid, lasting claim had he on Jessie Carden? A few words spoken under the stress of great excitement, a promise of her friendship and of her prayers—nothing more.

No word from him had come to her during long years. For all she knew he was dead. What right had he to expect that she should play the part of Penelope to a silent, untroubled

Ulysses who refused to return from exile?

This suggested a train of bitter conjecture. Why had he not been content with a modest fortune? Why had he devoted years to the amassing of wealth which now mocked his love? Why had he despised the pretensions of Arthur Morris? Why had he failed to take steps to positively ascertain the result of Morris's vow?

The words of Peter Burt came back to him: "It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again!'" Had he fallen seven times? From the hour he left the old man's side until that night, no shade of disappointment had come into his life. Success had followed success and triumph had succeeded triumph. Every prophecy made by Peter Burt had been more than fulfilled.

As he recalled the past he remembered with keen joy the parting words of the old man: "You have the love of a woman I respect. She will wait for you. Do not let the impatience of your love imperil your chances."

The sense of coming victory stole over him as he stood before the portrait and repeated the words: "She will wait for you; she will wait for you." That which is not menaced; that which does not demand the danger and turmoil of a battle, is not worth struggling for.

Four weeks later John Burt stood on a ferry boat and gazed for the first time on the matchless water front and the ragged but impressive skyline of New York city.

Blake had preceded him, and had installed the permanent headquarters of James Blake & Company. He met John as he stepped from the train. The two old friends greeted each

other with unfeigned cordiality. Blake was in high spirits.

"I'm glad you're here, John," he said, as they were seated in a carriage. "I've been in an awful fix for a week or more. What in thunder is my opinion on the new currency bill, John? Ten reporters and a hundred financiers have asked me that question, and I have refused to commit myself. What shall I tell them, John?"

"We'll discuss that over dinner," laughed John. He gazed at Blake earnestly, and asked: "Do you know if Miss Carden has returned?"

"I have been unable to ascertain that," said Blake. "I haven't seen anybody—anybody who would know. I've been awfully busy, John."

"I know you have," returned John in his old, cordial manner. "Have you secured a hut for me, Jim?"

"I have fitted up a dream of an apartment for you, and have ordered your favorite dinner."

The following day John Burt began his New York career.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Foreign Mission.

Before Morris had recovered from his wound Jessie Carden had left for Europe. During his convalescence he was consumed by two passions: First to arrest and punish John Burt, and second to see or hear from Jessie Carden. Yielding to his demands, the elder Morris spent thousands of dollars in a fruitless attempt to locate John Burt.

Morris had no difficulty in obtaining from General Carden the continental address of his daughter. She was studying in Berlin, and Arthur Morris wrote a long letter informing her of his complete recovery. He calmly ignored the events which led to the shooting, and seemed to have forgotten the rebuff he had received at her hands. The letter read as if their last meeting had been under the shadow of the maples on the Bishop lawn.

Morris waited a month for an answer to this letter and then wrote a second one, which was returned unopened. In a towering passion he went to his father and unbosomed the story of his treatment.

"You told me once that old Carden would go broke on L. & O.," he declared, pacing up and down the room. "I didn't pay much attention to what you said at the time, but now all about it now. I've been looking over your books, governor. You've got aim

long on a rotten stock. Go ahead and squeeze him! You can do it. Put the screws to him! Then when he comes whining around for mercy we'll see what Miss Independence Jessie will do! I'll bet she'll answer my letters then! I'll make her pay for this some day. You've got to do something, governor!"

"If you think I'm going to run my banking and Wall Street business so as to promote your correspondence with a doll-faced girl, you—"

"She's not a doll-faced girl!" declared Morris, turning fiercely on his father.

"Well, she's a girl, and they're all alike," growled Randolph Morris. "The prettier they are the more trouble they raise. I thought you told me you wasn't going to marry her. You're an ass."

The old banker lay back wearily in his chair and regarded his son and heir with an expression of deep disgust.

"I'll marry her if I want to," said Morris, doggedly. "I suppose I've got to marry somebody and she's as good as any one. What the devil has old Carden's money got to do about it? When he loses it you get it, and when you die I get it, and if she marries me she quits even. It's the only chance she's got. Go ahead and squeeze him, governor!"

"You talk like a fool," said the fond parent. "You know a lot about stocks, don't you? I couldn't bear L. & O. now if I tried, and wouldn't if I could. I'm interested in other stocks besides L. & O. If you're bound to marry, why don't you marry Thompson's daughter. He'll die in a year and leave her four millions."

"I don't want her," said Morris loftily. "You need not worry about my matrimonial alliances. Let me have five thousand dollars. I'm going to Europe."

Randolph Morris stormed and fumed and then wrote a check for the amount demanded.

Six weeks later Arthur Morris was in Berlin. He had perfected his plans, and after securing apartments in Leipziger Strasse set about their execution.

He was to shrewd to announce his arrival by a letter to Jessie, having good reason to suspect that it would meet the same reception as had the others. He retained a capable valet and commissioned him to obtain information concerning Miss Carden's daily and weekly routine.

It rained the following day, and Morris's valet brought word that Miss Carden would not venture out in the storm. His master was pleased to learn that Miss Carden was in the habit of going out alone, and that if the weather permitted, she proposed to visit Count Raczynski's gallery on the morrow.

The famous Raczynski gallery is on the Exercierplatz, outside the Braderburg gate, and contains a splendid collection of modern German paintings. The day dawned bright and warm after the storm, and Morris was in fine spirits when he stepped into his carriage and rode down the avenue. He entered the gallery and roamed through the halls to make sure Jessie had not arrived. He then stood near the entrance and waited.

His patience was rewarded. He recognized Jessie as she crossed the street. She was alone, and Morris stepped into the dark of the vestibule and followed when she entered the main hall. Jessie carried a sketch book under her arm, and took a seat opposite one of Schinkel's master-works. Opening the book, she proceeded to work on an unfinished sketch.

(To be continued.)

Conan Doyle a Rapid Worker.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a remarkably quick worker, most of whose time seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically, to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket or golf in the early afternoon, and the game may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk the novelist will say to his friend: "We dine at eight o'clock; perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs," and he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some quiet remark as this to his friend: "By the way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very ingenious plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims his friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, you will do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes the author's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

Carlyle's Sarcasm.

Carlyle once wrote to a neighbor of his in London: "We have the misfortune to be people of weak health in this house; bad sleepers in particular, and exceedingly sensible in the night hours to disturbances from sound. On your premises for some time past there is a cock, by no means particularly loud or discordant, whose crowing would of course be indifferent or insignificant to persons of sound health and nerves; but, alas, it often enough keeps us unwillingly awake here, and on the whole gives a degree of annoyance which, except to the unhealthy, is not easily conceivable. If you would have the goodness to remove that small animal or in any way render him inaudible from midnight to breakfast time such charity would work a notable relief to certain persons here and be thankfully acknowledged by them as an act of good neighborhood."

THE ISSUES FOR 1904.

ROOSEVELT'S NOMINATION CERTAIN TO BE UNANIMOUS.

Republicans Will Stand Pat, While Democrats Will Strike for Tariff Revision Without Regard to the Needs of American Labor and Industry.

The delegates are chosen for the Republican national convention. More than two-thirds of these delegates are instructed for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt, and it is known that a majority of the remaining third are outspokenly in favor of his nomination. It appears to be settled that the nomination will be unanimous and that no other name will be presented before the convention. The sentiment regarding the nomination for Vice-President is divided between Representative R. R. Hitt of Illinois and Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, with the indications that one or the other of these gentlemen will be selected.

The Democrats are not making much headway in their efforts to "get together" for a campaign in which they believe that, with a united front, they would have some chance of success. All indications point to the nomination of Judge Parker of New York, but there is a determined minority opposing him, and under the Democratic convention requirement of a two-thirds majority to effect a nomination, it is by no means yet certain that the opposition may not be able to defeat the New York candidate. There is bitter opposition to Judge Parker, and it is expected that the Bryan element, which will be represented in large numbers on the floor of the convention, and will be led by the Nebraskan in a powerful speech

was over, began to anticipate the free trade measure which was bound to come. It was well known that the house would pass as drastic a measure as had ever been enacted, and there is a possibility that if it had been known to what extent the bill would be changed in the Senate the panic would not have been quite so severe. Uncertainty and suspense are always productive of greater fear than the actual result, however severe that result may be. The manufacturers and merchants of this country simply had to prepare for the worst, with the result that it was necessary to curtail production, which in turn created idleness and a lack of purchasing power, which is so essential to the welfare of every agricultural and manufacturing community in the land.

Mr. Cleveland only begs the question when he throws the claim for the panic of 1893 and the disasters which followed upon our monetary system and the laws of our previous administrations. The historian does not care so much for the way in which the \$262,000,000 worth of bonds were sold as the reasons for the necessity of their being sold, and these reasons are to-day pretty well understood by all and acknowledged by the candid and fair-minded business men of the country. When a man of ex-President Cleveland's experience and knowledge undertakes to explain the necessity for selling the \$262,000,000 worth of bonds which were sold during his administration, without alluding to the tariff question he shows himself to be either dishonest or exceedingly disingenuous.

A Word About Our Railroads.
Mr. Neville Priestly of the British Indian Railway department, in his recent report wherein he discusses our American railroads, says the average daily pay of the unskilled workman

THE IRON HEEL.



to the convention, will do everything possible to prevent the nomination going to Judge Parker. There will be enough un instructed delegates in the convention to make this result possible, provided they can be united to that end.

With the near approach of the conventions and the question of the nominations becoming more or less settled, attention is now directed to the subject of the platform declarations for this year's great campaign. As usual, there is plenty of evidence of attempts at temporizing by those who have no settled convictions on the great issues of the day, and who are ready always to sacrifice principles in the hope of catering to the uneasy element that is always very noisy in the beginning of a campaign. Evidences of this are found in both parties. Sturdy advocates of the doctrine of protection are confronted by an element in the party that is ready to make concessions to "revisionists" and to "reciprocity" advocates. The Democrats are troubled by the noisy clamors of the old-time silver shouters, who cannot be convinced that the money question is settled and that free silver is as dead as Bryanism. A determined effort is being made by the really courageous leaders of the Democratic party to line up the party in favor of an assault all along the line upon the principles of protection. They desire to make the emphatic demand that protection shall go and that tariff shall be revised by the Democratic party without reference to protection to the industries of the United States.

Cleveland's Bond Sale.

Ex-President Cleveland's attempt to explain his bond issues in the Saturday Evening Post neither throws any new knowledge on the transactions nor puts them in any better light before intelligent people. Mr. Cleveland says that the repeal of the act of 1890 did not give any relief, and yet we are told by free traders that the cause of the panic of 1893 was the Sherman Silver-Purchase law of 1890. Protectionists have always known that the repeal of that law by no means met the situation, nor could prevent the distress that came upon our people immediately after the election of Mr. Cleveland, and with him a Democratic Senate and House in 1892. The ex-President says most truly, however, that "a factor in the situation, most perplexing and dangerous, was the distrust, which was becoming enormous, regarding the wisdom and stability of our scheme of finance," and he might have added, "in anticipation of the coming change in our tariff policy."

Free traders cannot explain away our calamities of 1893 and the following years by ignoring the fact that the people, as soon as the election of 1892

here in the United States is nearly equal to the average monthly pay of the Indian laborer, while our freight rates are much lower here than in any country in the world, India not excepted. And on top of all this our free traders tell us that our American railroads have to pay \$28 a ton for steel rails, while the steel trust sells to India for \$16. It would look as if the railroad magnates were between two—yes, three—fires: high prices for rails, highest wages on earth and lowest freight rates. And yet the year 1903 was the best in the history of American railroading, and less roads of less number of miles and with less amount of stocks and bonds were sold under foreclosure than any previous year. How can this result be obtained? Simply because of the magnitude of our internal commerce, made possible by the great purchasing power of our well employed, highly paid wage earners, added to the well rewarded laborers of our agriculture. Destroy our home market and railroads would have to very materially reduce wages, raise freight and passenger rates, or go out of business.

An Amazing Way.

Imports of "raw materials" continue to increase, although the enemies of the Dingley law said that with such a tariff we could not get them. And the best of it is that these materials are worked up into finished products, mainly to be exported in that form. See the figures for annual exports of manufactures, now close to the \$500,000,000 mark, which is not far from the total of imported raw materials. That Dingley tariff has an amazing way of confounding all the predictions and upsetting the calculations of the free traders.—Ohio Valley Manufacturer.

A Flop.

Some of the free traders are now claiming that the tariff cuts down the profits of manufacture. This is an interesting flop. Heretofore protection has been denounced as a "partnership" between the government and the manufacturers whereby the latter's profits were swelled. The free traders should find out where they are at.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Parker a Free Trader.

Some of the Parker boomers have discovered that the Judge wrote part of the New York State Democratic platform in 1885. That platform endorsed the Cleveland administration, then in office over a year, and its tariff reform policy. This discovery is not likely to help the Judge or his boom among those who recall what happened when the Democratic plan of tariff reform was put into effect.—Troy Times.

THE ODD CORNER

Prehistoric Invitation.

Dear friend, you know I've lately been and got another wife (A friendly megatherium cut short my last one's life). So, just by way of cave-warming, I wish you'd come and dine. Quite quietly—you need not dress—dints will be laid at 9.

The first thing on the menu stone (the dinner's only light) Will be triceratops-tail soup, to tempt your appetite. Next, just to show my missus' skill, there'll be, by way of fish, Ichthyosaurus filleted, a very dainty dish.

For entree there'll be fricassee of dinosaur's only light) For piece de resistance rib of dinotherium. Lastly, a luscious savory (although I mustn't boast) Of fresh laid best selected pterodactyl's eggs on toast.

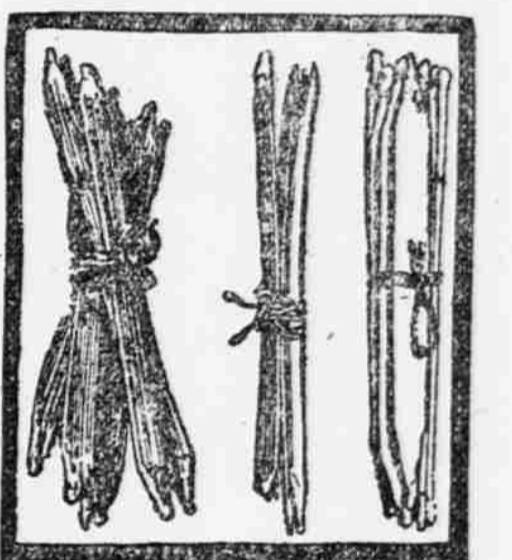
A word of warning: don't forget your stoutest club to bring. Your sharpest flinted arrowheads, your bow with toughest string. Then, if a dinosaur should intrude his ugly head, With base intent to sup with us, we'll sup on him instead. —Fall Mail Gazette.

Notable Breakdowns.

Winston Churchill's recent breakdown in a speech in parliament recalls to the English press a similar lapse of memory on the part of a member named Shell in the house of commons. Shell was beginning a carefully prepared sentence with the word "necessity" when his memory deserted him. He repeated "necessity" three times, and then Sir Robert Peel mischievously added: "Is not always the mother of invention." A correspondent of the London Daily Mail gives some instances of lapse of memory that came under his own observation as follows: "I was once staying with a distinguished divine in Yorkshire, the author of several volumes of poems and other literary works, and he, too, 'lost himself' in the Lord's prayer. Moreover, he could not 'recover himself' when he recommenced. I was once attending a demonstration of anatomy, and the professor—a gentleman usually noted for his lucidity—completely broke down, and the class had to be dismissed."

First Matches.

The first sulphur matches, now upwards of a century old, appear very awkward according to our modern ideas of convenience. They were known as "spunks" and varied in length from five to seven inches.



These were generally packed in bundles of a dozen tied together with bits of straw. The matches illustrated herewith were made in 1830, and are preserved in York Museum, England. They were even less satisfactory than they appear, since the sulphur refused to strike fire.

Still Believe in Witchcraft.

Witchcraft is not dead in America, nor did the last of the witches burn during the days of the Salem witchcraft. In the fastnesses of the Pennsylvania mountains, and in the farming districts, the homes of the Pennsylvania Dutch, bordering the great anthracite region, spells are as powerful to-day as they were 200 years ago, and as implicitly believed in. The belief in witchcraft which was burned out of New England, survives in Pennsylvania. That a man was bewitched is a common excuse for crime there.

Uninjured by Fearful Fall.

A man named Walker with two little girls reached the station Rutland, Vt., just as the train was leaving. He managed to place one, aged five years, on the rear platform and tried to get on with the other and failed. The child rode on the rear platform for five miles and fell off the steps down a steep embankment. The train was going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour at the time, but the child was uninjured.

Victim of Smart Thief.

While fishing for trout the other day, John M. Houck of Middlefield, Mass., had a fine string of some thirty fish stolen from him. He was whipping a bit of rapid water where the stream made so much noise that he could not hear what went on around him, and his string of fish lay on a rock behind him. When he turned around to put his next fish on the string, there was no string there.

Lightning Kept Busy.

Lightning at Cape Neddick village, York, Me., played a peculiar freak recently. A bolt struck the house of Silas Norman, passed through the body of a mason named Fernald, who was working in the house, killed a dog at the latter's side and set fire to the building. Fernald was critically burned.

To Save Smokers Trouble.

An Austrian has invented self-lighting cigars and cigarettes. Tipped with a chemical mixture, they ignite on being struck against anything.