

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.
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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"When I made my start trading bosses I was tickled to death if I sold a hoss an' made twenty dollars' profit. That ten thousand dollars meant the sellin' of more than five hundred losses, an' all I had to do was to reach out an' take it. An' I gazed at that money an' thought how it would look in my bank book, an' I said to him, 'Mr. Morris, says I'm your man.' An' then, seein' how easy it was to make money here in this city council, I made a deal with him by which I was to buy up six other aldermen an' turn 'em over to him, same as if they were a lot of hosses or bags of potatoes. Then we drew up an agreement to vote for the ordinances an' gave it to Mr. Morris. Here, Mr. Chairman, is the duly certified copy of that contract. Part of the money was in cash an' the rest in a certified check, an' I have brought it here for your inspection. You will note that it is signed by Mr. Arthur Morris and drawn on his bank."

"Now, Mr. Chairman, an' members of the honorable body," said Sam, turning and facing his astonished listeners, "I want to say to you that I have changed my mind about voting for these ordinances. My lawyer tells me I don't have to keep this agreement with Mr. Morris, an' I'm goin' to sacrifice that ten thousand dollars an' the ten thousand more which would have been mine when these ordinances pass. Acting on the advice of my lawyer, I therefore turns this money over to you, with the certified check an' the agreement we signed. Thankin' you for your kind attention to this explanation, I voted 'no.'"

A scene of wildest confusion followed. Half of the members were on their feet demanding recognition. The chairman pounded his gavel into slivers in a vain attempt to restore order. The storm gradually subsided, and Alderman Hendricks secured recognition from the chair.

"In view of the remarkable state-

patience. According to the falsehood he had told John Burt, Jessie was due to arrive in New York in a few days. He saw a thousand chances for the exposure of his duplicity to one for its success. Only in Jessie's presence did his hopes surmount his fears. He invented innumerable schemes and dismissed them one by one. One chance remained—an immediate proposal, its irresistible acceptance, and a hasty marriage. He would carry the citadel of her heart by storm, and bear her away in the confusion and turmoil of the coming battle.

"Women have been won in a day," he mused, "and by knights less well armed than myself. I'll propose to-morrow night! She must accept me—she will accept me. Then, an immediate marriage and a trip to Europe. Why should that not win? It's got to win; I'll make it win."

Thus argued James Blake during a lull in the conversation. This was worthy of his reckless nature. He could not turn back. The smoke of burning bridges was behind him; the spoils of conquered love awaited his onward march.

"It seems impossible that I have known you only a week," he said, raising his eyes and looking tenderly into Jessie's face. "I feel as if I'd been acquainted with you for years, and not for a few brief days."

Millions of lovers have voiced the same discovery, and millions more will do it again.

"You are singularly forgetful," laughed Jessie, "of our early acquaintance in Rocky Woods. That was not weeks, but years ago."

"I must give Mr. Morris credit for that bit of imagination," said Blake. "It has become a reality to me, and I can see you as you were back in those years, and picture you among the rocks and fields we knew so well. Do you go there this season, Miss Carden?"

"We leave on the Thursday evening

he said. "I've kept your man busy getting cigars and refreshments. Let's get down to business, gentlemen. It's past midnight, and we'll need all the sleep we can get."

For nearly two hours they worked at the plans for the battle which was to come. At times Blake was absorbed in the discussion, again his mind wandered to the woman he would buy at the price of his honor.

Then he thought of John Burt's princely pledge, and like a flash there came to him an impulse which thrilled his very soul with a happiness in which were throbs of poignant pain.

Not many blocks away another conference was in progress. Staid bank directors and financiers associated with Arthur Morris had been aroused from their slumbers and were assembled in his rooms. Bewildered for the moment by the unexpected blow, Morris took measures for defense with a vigor which was keyed by a sense of imminent danger. His suspicion that James Blake was the cause of his defeat became a certainty when a reporter informed him that Blake and Samuel L. Rounds were boyhood companions, and that the latter had been seen in Blake's offices.

The east was crimsoned with sunlight before the conference ended. The weary men of money left Morris' rooms and sought a few hours of rest before facing the ordeal of the day. For mutual protection they had formed a pool; had pledged themselves to support the market against the expected onslaught of Blake's millions.

Why were these masked millions drawn up in battle array? Why did men of vast affairs wait with drawn faces and bated breaths the hour when the clash of opposing fortunes should sound the signal for merciless conflict?

Because of a woman—a woman pure as an opening bud and gentle as the dew which kisses it.

Why had James Blake proved false to the man who unselfishly befriended him? Why had he sought to repay loyalty with perfidy?

Because of a woman—a woman whose loving heart was incapable of deceit.

(To be continued.)

EVER SEE A WHITE COLT?

According to Texas Man They Are a Scarce Article.

"Did you ever see a white colt?" said the Texas man.

"Say," responded the driver, "you are turning 'em out too fast for me. You want to know if I ever saw a colt in New York, and now you ask me did I ever see a white colt. To give it to you right off the griddle, I never did."

"I don't reckon you ever did," said the Texan. "I've been looking for a white colt for forty years. I had a standing offer for a long while from Barnum to furnish him a white colt, but none I ever saw come that way. There are white horses. I reckon they must have been white colts at some time, but you may take my ears for fans if I ever saw a white colt. And I never saw a man that did."

"Sorry we have none to show you," remarked the lecturer, getting ready to pull out.

"Here's my yard," said the Texas man, "and if you ever hear of such a thing in this town or any other town, you hold on to it until I get here. I reckon Mounty Cristo wouldn't be in it with me if I ever got a white colt."—New York Sun.

Red Hair's Triumph.

Fashion changes even in the color of a woman's hair. Twenty years ago hair with a reddish tinge was called 'carrots'; now titian-colored locks are reckoned a definite beauty, and are possessed by several of the most popular women in London.

In an old book written by the late Mrs. Havelis, entitled "The Art of Beauty," there is a clever chapter on "Visible and Invisible Girls," in which the first word was said in favor of the long-neglected red-haired sisterhood. And they were seriously advised to dress in the pre-Raphaelite style.

Now how strange it all seems! Time changes all things. At last week's private view of Mr. Reginald Pannett's "Sketches of the Women of To-day," a charming lady of much Parisian chic was cleverly pictured with red hair, and the effect was perfect. The bright-haired beauty has come to her own.—M. A. P.

Landsmen Best Naval Gunners.

Three of the best marksmen in the United States navy, curiously enough, hail from Inland Oklahoma. One is C. W. Johnson, who made the world's record with the huge 16-inch gun recently installed at Fort Wright, on Fisher's Island, New York harbor. J. W. Creitz, of the new battleship Maine, made eight shots in a minute with a 6-inch gun and hit the target eight times at 1,600 yards, the ship meantime going twelve knots an hour. Bart Barnes, a son of ex-Gov. Barnes, of Oklahoma, is now a first lieutenant in the navy, but previous to his promotion he made an excellent record at the target. He is now on duty at Panama.

A Family Fire Drill.

A family fire drill occasionally, where there are little children, is an excellent plan. Provide them with a wool dressing gown and slippers to keep near the bed, and teach them at the first alarm of fire to slip them on, throw a blanket or rug over head and shoulders, and if possible tie a wet handkerchief, preferably silk, over their mouths and then take the most direct way out.

Teach them how to put out a small fire with rugs or blankets, stopping direct draughts by closing doors or windows, and, above all, to keep cool and collected.

Where He Was Hurt.

An Irish teamster was a complaining witness in court the other day. He had been cut in a fight.

"Where were you stabbed?" asked the prosecutor.

"In the hock of my left leg," replied Dougherty.

Amid laughter the witness explained he meant that he had been injured just below the calf of his leg.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

NEW TYPE OF SOLDIER WAS SPANISH WAR VETERAN



Sketch model of the statue for the University of Minnesota to commemorate the services of the students who served in the war with Spain.

The first monument in honor of the men who fought and in memory of the woman who died in the Spanish war will be erected by the University of Minnesota, and a Boston woman sculptor has been awarded the commission. Mrs. Theo. A. Ruggles Kitson.

The model which Mrs. Kitson made has been accepted, and she is to begin work immediately on the full-size figure of the Spanish war veteran that is to constitute the principal feature of the monument and which is to be cast in bronze.

Mrs. Kitson made the type of civil war soldier which will undoubtedly live as the one which most nearly embodies the spirit of the volunteer

soldier of 1861, in the famous Newburyport monument, which has been duplicated on the battlefield of Vicksburg; and now she has given to the world still another type of the American volunteer—the man who carried arms in 1898 in the war with Spain.

Mrs. Kitson has succeeded admirably in expressing the spirit of the soldier of the Spanish war, more especially perhaps the type which volunteered from the schools and universities; and as this monument is to be erected in honor of the men who went to the front from the University of Minnesota, it is in every way adequate as well as artistic.

ENGLISH PRIMATE IN AMERICA.

Archbishop of Canterbury Comes to Attend Episcopal Convention.

The Rt. Hon. and Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, D. D., K. C. V. O., lord archbishop of Canterbury and primate of all England, arrived at New York Aug. 27, accompanied by his wife and the vicar of Windsor. The archbishop went direct to Quebec, and on Sunday preached in the cathedral in that city, the occasion being the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the church. With his party he will also go to Montreal and Toronto. Dr. Davidson is to receive an honorary degree from the Toronto university. He will then visit friends on the coast of Maine, hoping for a much needed rest while with them. After this he will pay his respects to President Roosevelt and make various visits.

On Oct. 4 he expects to reach Boston for the sessions of the general



REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON

convention of the Protestant Episcopal church. He will sail for England from New York on Oct. 14.

Bishop Potter and a delegation of clergy of the New York diocese met the distinguished visitor at the dock. The archbishop said he had greatly enjoyed the ocean voyage and was in excellent health.

Fearful and Wonderful Name.

At Hamilton, Ohio, James Gill of Toledo has married a girl whose father insisted on having her full name of "Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absber" placed on the records when the marriage license was obtained. Henry Absber, the man guilty of inflicting such a dreadful combination of words upon his daughter, explained that she was named in honor of an aunt who lived at Napoleon, on the Mississippi river, in Arkansas, 400 miles below the mouth of the Ohio.

Senator Platt's Joke.

Some New York notables, including Senator Platt and Gov. Odell, were chatting not long ago when the latter told of a visit he had been paying to a prison. He was admitted by a "trustee" who, on closing the gate behind him, said: "Governor, one good turn deserves another. I let you in; why can't you let me out? Honest, I'm no more deserving of being in here than you are." Senator Platt chuckled grimly as he remarked: "No wonder that fellow is a 'trustee.' He's a good judge of men."

REVIVAL OF THE CELTIC.

Irishmen in Eastern Cities Are Studying Ancient Tongue.

In Brooklyn and Manhattan, and in fact in most of the eastern cities, there seems to be a revival of the Celtic language. Classes are being formed every day in Gotham and in the city across the bridge over which scholars of the ancient tongue preside, and the membership of these classes is daily increasing. One of Gotham's police captains joined a class the other day because he said he was ashamed to acknowledge that he did not know over a dozen words of the Celtic tongue. The Germans, he contended, use their mother tongue when they get together, and why should not the Irish do the same thing? The spread of the Gaelic tongue, however, is little noticed or known outside of Irish circles, although cultivating a new language in the polyglot United States is such an unusual thing that it ought to compel attention, especially from scholars and sociologists, when it becomes known that the Gaelic tongue, according to some authorities, was the first language of civilized man in the new world.

Erie County's Oldest Inhabitant.

Mrs. Delilah George celebrated on Friday, Aug. 12, the one hundred and seventh anniversary of her birth. She resides, with her son and daughter, in a weather-beaten, two-story frame house about two miles east of the village of Lancaster, Erie county. James George, the son, is eighty-seven years old, and has been blind since he was twenty-one years of age. He lost his sight by going in bathing immediately after a day's work at cradling grain. He was in his younger days noted for his great strength. Mrs. Harriet D. Norton, the only daughter, is seventy-three years old. Mrs. George was born at Wells, Rutland county, Vt., Aug. 12, 1837. She is a pensioner of the war of 1812, her husband, Joel George, having served in the militia at the same time as her father. It was during the war of 1812 that the British and Indians burned Buffalo, and it is probable that Mrs. George is the only living person that can vividly recall that event.—Buffalo Times.

Russia's Foremost Statesman.

Though not without reproach, Serge Witte is not a reactionary like the late Von Plehve, who so recently paid with his life the penalty of his ambitious illiberality. A successful financial manipulator, a sort of political tight-rope walker, personally clean but politically corrupt—throwing a sop to Cerebrus here and a bone there, so long as he might hold the balance of power—such is a recent estimate of Serge Witte, the man to whom Russia seems to look as her one hope in her hour of need.

Governor Had the Power.

Gov. Herrick of Ohio is accustomed to taking a spin in his automobile every morning when in Cleveland. A park policeman reported him as having exceeded the speed limit and Chief of Park Police Goldsall went to see the governor about it. The latter owned up that he had been going at a lively gait, whereupon the chief said that a repetition of the offense would mean arrest. "That's right, chief," said the governor, "always do your duty. But if you put me in jail, Joe, I'll pardon myself out."

MAP SHOWS DAMAGE BY RUST TO THE SPRING WHEAT CROP



Reports received by the Northwest from 500 millers in the Dakota and Minnesota give the spring wheat crop of the three states at 170,000,000 bushels. This is 30,000,000 bushels less than indicated thirty days ago, before the rust struck it, and 3,000,000 bushels less than last year's yield. The acreage of Minnesota is 5,333,000, an increase of 2 per cent over 1902. This state has a larger acreage of good wheat harvested than was lost in some of the others. South

Dakota's acreage is 3,242,000, an increase of 2 per cent. North Dakota's acreage of 4,350,000 increased 8 per cent. All the crop is harvested in South Dakota, and mostly in North Dakota and Minnesota except in northern portions. Average yield per acre of three states in 1903 was 13.2 bushels, the highest being 12.8 bushels for North Dakota. Threshing returns this year give Minnesota 5 to 20 bushels, South Dakota 5 to 15 bushels and North Dakota 8 to 15 bushels.

MRS. MAYBRICK TO REST.

Unfortunate Woman Now Sojourning in the Catskill Mountains.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, immediately on landing in New York from Europe, left for the Catskill mountains. She goes there to visit in the home of Dr. Emmett Densmore, where she will remain for some time.

Dr. Densmore was extremely interested in Mrs. Maybrick's case while she was imprisoned in England, and was energetic in aiding to secure her release.

Mrs. Maybrick will recuperate in the mountains from her long confinement in prison. While thanking Americans earnestly for their endeavors in her behalf, Mrs. Maybrick declined

PROBLEM OF WHEAT RUST.

Urgent Need for Discovering Method to Exterminate Pest.

Aside from showing the vast damage to the growing wheat crop of the Northwest—due to rust—investigation has emphasized the noteworthy fact that this ravaging fungus, for years subjected to scientific investigation, still offers a problem in the solution of which little progress has been made.

Authorities seem to be fairly agreed as to the origin of the pest. They understand how it is propagated and how it spreads. They realize the great loss it causes to the farmers—some estimating it as high as \$60,000,000 in a single year; but when it comes to successful methods for exterminating the pest or of preventing it from attacking the wheat, science and our own Department of Agriculture appear to be completely at sea.

The government experts have been watching with some interest the efforts of the Australian farmers to conquer the rust fungus by opposing to it resistant varieties of wheat; but notwithstanding the encouraging measure of success that has followed these experiments no systematic study of rust resistance has been made by the United States Department of Agriculture. After reading the effect of rust on the wheat crops of Minnesota and Dakota, it will appear to the public—and particularly to the farmer—that the Department of Agriculture should make the solving of this problem a prompt, earnest and persistent enterprise.

The cost of the necessary investigation and experimentation is not to be considered in view of the immense losses sustained in seasons favorable to the rapid growth of the rust fungus. If by spending \$1,000,000 the government could save to the farmers of this country even a quarter or a tenth of the estimated loss now suffered through this pest in one year, it would prove to be a permanent investment of practically incalculable value.—Chicago Post.

REDMOND A LEADER OF MEN.

Hae Position So Long Occupied by the Late Charles Stewart Parnell.

Although John E. Redmond is very unlike the late Charles Stewart Parnell, many of his countrymen recognized in him a leader possessed of the same great qualities of leadership.



JOHN E. REDMOND

He is one of the conspicuous figures in the convention of Irish National Leagues, now being held at New York.

Extreme Woman Suffragist.

Frau Elise Schauf, who recently committed suicide in Berlin, was one of the most prominent champions of woman suffrage in Germany, but she was so extreme in her views and so violent in language that the more conservative suffragists repudiated her. The manuscript of a book which she intended to call "How I Became a Suffragist" was submitted to several friendly members of the German parliament, all of whom counseled her to suppress it because it would result in a number of libel suits.

Family of Railroad Men.

Four brothers hailing from Bloomington, Ill., are railroad superintendents. The men in question are: William Cotter, manager of the Missouri Pacific with headquarters at St. Louis; John J. Cotter, superintendent of the Southern system with headquarters at Birmingham, Ala.; Stephen E. Cotter, superintendent of the Wabash at Decatur, Ill., and George F. Cotter, superintendent of the Colorado Southern with headquarters at Trinidad, Col. The quartet stand high in the railroad world.



"NO," HE SAID, BEING UNSTEADILY ON HIS FEET "I'M GOING, GOOD NIGHT!"

ments made by my colleague," he said, "I move a postponement of the vote, and the appointment of a committee to investigate these curious charges."

There were vigorous protests, and the chair ruled that the vote must proceed. Each of the six aldermen associated with Sam Rounds substantiated the charges made, and deposited the bribery money with the chairman. Realizing that defeat was inevitable, all of the ringsters excepting Alderman Hendricks recorded their votes against the ordinances. A motion to adjourn was declared passed, and the excited mob poured into the corridors.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Love of a Man for a Woman.

It was not the fault of the chef or of the service that Arthur Morris did not enjoy his dinner. Jessie's beauty, which once charmed him, now inspired him with jealous rage. For Blake he felt unalloyed hatred, and for Gen. Carden a contempt which he did not try to conceal. He impatiently awaited the morrow, when he hoped to crush James Blake to extinguish the general. He prayed the news of the council's decision might be brought to him at dinner.

As he brooded a messenger boy approached and handed Morris an envelope.

"Ah! I presume this is it!" he exclaimed. He adjusted his monocle with elaborate care, broke the envelope and read:

"My Dear Morris: The Cosmopolitan franchises were defeated by a practically unanimous vote. Rounds and six others charge you with bribery. Rounds exhibited your certified check. Am on my way to the Hoffman House. Meet me there at once. Destroy this."

"H."

The note fell from the speculator's hand and fluttered to the floor. He stared wildly around, but no words came to his lips.

"Any answer, boss?" The piping voice of the messenger boy, as he stood, cap in hand, recalled him to earth.

"No," he said pushing his chair from the table and rising unsteadily to his feet. "I'm going, Good-night!"

"Forty-five cents, boss," demanded the messenger.

"Get out of the way, damn you! Pay this boy, Blake!" and he rushed for the dressing room.

Blake picked up the note and tore it into pieces. He knew the purport of the message which had caused the precipitate departure of Arthur Morris, but he did not disclose it.

"Some important Wall street matter, I suppose," he ventured, in answer to the questioning surprise of Jessie and Edith.

"His expression positively frightened me!" said Edith. "Did you notice how white he turned when he read that note? It must have been something awful! Perhaps his father is dead?"

The impending overthrow of Morris fed the flames of James Blake's im-