

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Decline," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Edith's Confession.

"The papers say Mr. Morris will be arrested! It's awful, Jessie! Look at the big headlines! Isn't it awful?"

Edith Hancock's cheeks were reddened with excitement as she dashed into her cousin's room. "Mr. Blake was here while the general was at breakfast," she gabbled on, breathlessly. "They talked a minute and then he hurried away. Isn't Mr. Blake lovely? And he's so big and handsome, and generous, and good-looking, and manly, and—and everything. I just love him, Jessie, don't you?" She looked closely at Jessie Carden.

"I—I like him, Edith. It wouldn't do for both of us to love him, would it, cousin mine?"

"He loves you," protested Edith, with a blush. "I know he does. Are you sure you don't love him, Jessie, just a little bit?"

"Quite sure," laughed Jessie, as the roses came to her cheeks. "I can only love one man at a time—it's conventional, but it's true."

"You still love John Burt? What a foolish little sweetheart you are, wasting your life on a man you haven't heard from for years! You're jesting, Jessie; don't reject Mr. Blake."

"It's not likely I shall have a chance," said Jessie. The little face had grown very serious. "I sincerely hope not, Edith. John Burt is not dead, and he has not forgotten me. He will return, and, rich or poor, my faith is in him. I know he'll come back, and when he does he'll find me true."

There was a trustful light in the deep brown eyes and a longing smile touched the tender lips. Edith's face was lighted with joy as she clasped her cousin's hands.

"You're the dearest darling in the world, and no man is good enough for you," she exclaimed. "John Burt

paid over the money? What do you mean, Mason?"

"I mean just what I say, Mr. Morris," was the reply. "Do you know what has happened? With that stock you lose control of L. & O. Someone is back of General Carden in this transaction."

"Blake! Blake!" gasped Morris. He clutched the arm of his chair and the muscles of his neck twitched nervously. Facing up and down the room he burst into a storm of incoherent profanity.

The ticker, which had been silent, spluttered rapidly, and the ominous sound did more to call Morris back to his senses than had the sober words of the broker. He lifted the tape and eagerly scanned the characters. "What's that? This must be a mistake! Five hundred shares of L. & O. at 38! It must mean 28?" Morris gazed at the figures like one in a trance.

There came a violent rapping on the door, and, without waiting for a response, a broker entered. His collar was torn open and his hair was rumpled and moist with perspiration.

"Blake & Company are bidding up L. & O.!" he exclaimed. "I've sold them four thousand shares up to 35, and they are yelling for more. How does it stand now?"

He took the tape from Arthur Morris' nerveless hand.

"Thirty-nine! Thirty-nine and a half! Six hundred at forty! A thousand at forty-one! Something's up, I tell you! What shall we do, Mr. Morris?"

Morris gazed hopelessly at Mr. Mason.

"What can we do?" he asked, weakly. His brain was in a whirl.

A heavy step was heard in the hallway and Randolph Morris entered the room.

"You've raised hell, haven't you?" was his greeting to his son and heir. "I told you to keep your nose out of this Cosmopolitan business. You've made a fine mess of it! I suppose you think, because the bottom hasn't fallen out of Cosmopolitan, that you're all right, don't you? Been supporting it, haven't you? Of course you have. You're an ass! Admit it, and take your losses. I'll bet this damn fool play will cost more than a million."

"Tell him about this business," said Arthur Morris, sullenly turning to Mr. Mason.

In a few words the latter explained what had occurred in L. & O. The old millionaire's face was a study during this hurried recital.

The look of anger changed to one of perplexity and then to fear. The millions amassed in a lifetime were menaced in his old age, and the fires of defense and defiance blazed again in the eyes of Randolph Morris.

(To be continued.)

TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

A cucumber grew! A green cucumber grew where dew sweet nectar sent odors redolent. Wherein a garden odd were odors redolent.

The sunlight kissed the vine, the earth its succor lent. And breezes sang by day where moon-beam shafts were bent.

Thus this cucumber grew to girth of wondrous span; 'Twas plucked and sold at last to Mr. Dagoman.

The peddler peddled long and sold it to Jim Slack.

Who peeled and ate the "pick" with divers smile and smack—

'Twas then that pickle green began to bump its back—

It gripped and bucked and growled, tried every wicked tack.

Roller over and lay down, then bunched up like a rock.

'Til Jim he plumb collapsed as limber as his sock!

They called the doctor hence. He looked both wise and strong.

To cope with pain and pang and every inward wrong.

He probed and poked and prodded, but it didn't take him long.

But Jim he gagged and died! His spirit joined the throng.

Of those long gone before who now are hale and glad—

Upon his tomb we read this doleful message sad:

"A green cucumber grew where dew sweet nectar lent.

Jim ate it and now dwells in climes magnificent!"

Joshua's Appendicitis.

Joshua Fumbleberry, farmer, was born with a pain. Sometimes it was in his stomach and sometimes it was in his imagination, but it was ubiquitous.

Joshua was not one that suffered in silence, but was a devout apostle of the philosophy of King Crony in a paroxysm of gout—"Nature knows best and she says, 'roar!'"

"Land a-goshen, Josua," complained his long enduring wife, "ye'll be havin' that there appendicitis in yer mind some day, and the doctor won't be able 't do a thing for ye, cause he can't operate on yer imagination and when ye git dead set on it, nothin' but an operation'll ever git ye over 't!"

"You wimmen folks talk too much," snarled Joshua hotly, "but I s'pose ye wouldn't be happy if ye didn't jam about so much wind er missed a revolution occasionally. When I'm sick, I'm sick, ain't I? Ye don't s'pose I'm sick cuz I enjoy it, do ye?"

That was the beginning.

"A man gits mighty little sympathy in this world," moaned Joshua at 10 p. m. two days later, when a sharp pain attacked him in the left side about three inches below and slightly back of his lower vest pocket.

Deliberately at first, then with accelerated rapidity, the truth rushed upon him. He had appendicitis!

"Go fer th' doctor, Mirandy! Go quick!" he bawled. "I've got it, this time sure. Ef I should die," moaning, "before ye git back, they'll hid in the granary that ye didn't know about, an' holdin' his hand clasped closely over the pain, "my will's made out and down 't Pikeville in th' office o' Square Digger—"

"But go! Go!" as Mirandy, her arms akimbo, stood immovable in an attitude of gathering defiance.

"Joshua Fumbleberry, ye ain't got no more appendicitis than I hev, an' I ain't got 't make no dark ride o' eight miles through mud and water to git ye a doctor when ye don't need none. I've been a good an' faithful wife ter ye and allus cared fer ye when ye wuz sick, but I'm through chasin' 't piddlers 't fix up yer imagination, so there!"

"So there" was accompanied by a determined stamp of the foot and Joshua knew the ultimatum was final, but his blood and his imagination were up. Besides, didn't he have appendicitis and wasn't he at that very moment a man marked for the cold and clammy silence of the grave?

"Mirandy Fumbleberry," Joshua spoke intensely, "ef you don't git 't doctor fer me, afore midnight I'll die—er I'll git a divorce, an' an' I don't keer which?"

"Take yer choice, Joshua," retorted the wife stolidly. "Take yer choice!"

"Then—I'll go—myself fer the doctor," he sobbed, jumping from the sofa and shuffling into his overcoat. "Ef I die ye'll be satisfied, but I ain't goin' 't die without a chance ter keep yer from spendin' my money yet awhile! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! gimme strength!" he beseeched as he feebly passed out into the dooryard toward the barn.



A Cucumber Grew!

A green cucumber grew where dew sweet nectar sent odors redolent. Wherein a garden odd were odors redolent.

The sunlight kissed the vine, the earth its succor lent. And breezes sang by day where moon-beam shafts were bent.

Thus this cucumber grew to girth of wondrous span; 'Twas plucked and sold at last to Mr. Dagoman.

The peddler peddled long and sold it to Jim Slack.

Who peeled and ate the "pick" with divers smile and smack—

'Twas then that pickle green began to bump its back—

It gripped and bucked and growled, tried every wicked tack.

Roller over and lay down, then bunched up like a rock.

'Til Jim he plumb collapsed as limber as his sock!

They called the doctor hence. He looked both wise and strong.

To cope with pain and pang and every inward wrong.

He probed and poked and prodded, but it didn't take him long.

But Jim he gagged and died! His spirit joined the throng.

Of those long gone before who now are hale and glad—

Upon his tomb we read this doleful message sad:

"A green cucumber grew where dew sweet nectar lent.

Jim ate it and now dwells in climes magnificent!"

Joshua's Appendicitis.

Joshua Fumbleberry, farmer, was born with a pain. Sometimes it was in his stomach and sometimes it was in his imagination, but it was ubiquitous.

Joshua was not one that suffered in silence, but was a devout apostle of the philosophy of King Crony in a paroxysm of gout—"Nature knows best and she says, 'roar!'"

"Land a-goshen, Josua," complained his long enduring wife, "ye'll be havin' that there appendicitis in yer mind some day, and the doctor won't be able 't do a thing for ye, cause he can't operate on yer imagination and when ye git dead set on it, nothin' but an operation'll ever git ye over 't!"

"You wimmen folks talk too much," snarled Joshua hotly, "but I s'pose ye wouldn't be happy if ye didn't jam about so much wind er missed a revolution occasionally. When I'm sick, I'm sick, ain't I? Ye don't s'pose I'm sick cuz I enjoy it, do ye?"

That was the beginning.

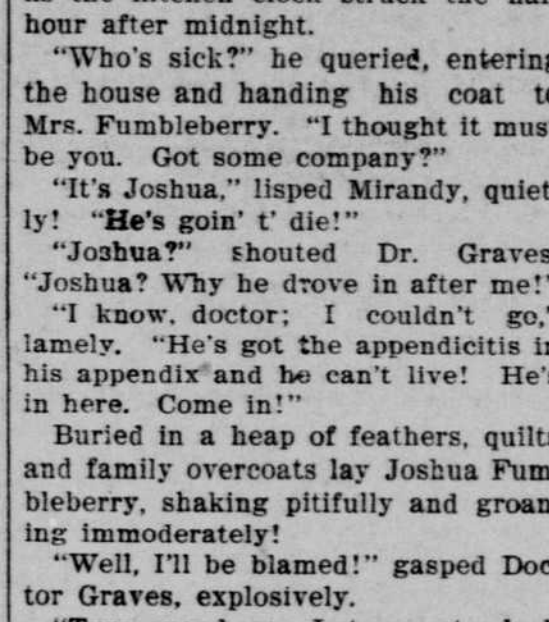
"A man gits mighty little sympathy in this world," moaned Joshua at 10 p. m. two days later, when a sharp pain attacked him in the left side about three inches below and slightly back of his lower vest pocket.

SCIENCE and INVENTION

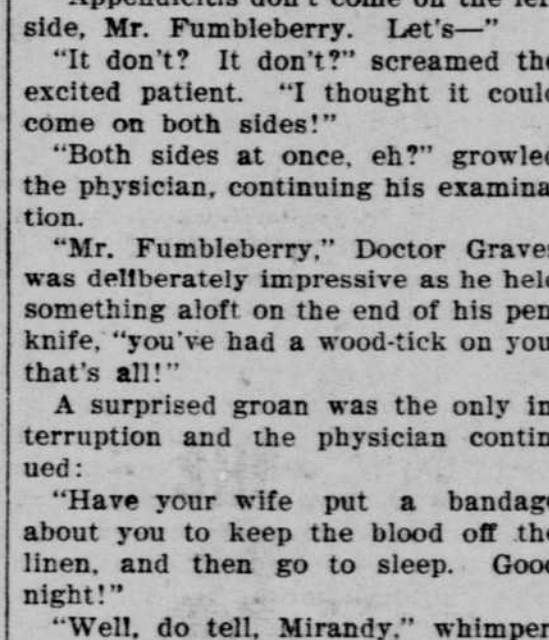
COST LITTLE TO BUILD.

Comfortable Dwelling Put Up Complete for \$240.

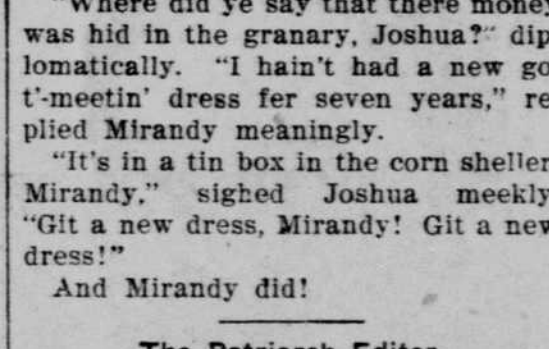
The accompanying illustrations show plans of the dwelling of Mr. Albert Parker, who went to White Fish Lake, New Ontario, four years ago.



His house is 20 by 26 feet and one and one-half stories high. He paid out \$240 for material, all of which was shipped from Port Arthur. The



material in the house could have been prepared at the sawmill in his community for one-third less.



Water Pipe Too Small. P. M.—I have laid 1,400 feet of pipe to convey water to my house. Half of this pipe is half-inch and the other half is inch pipe. The water runs so slowly that four minutes are required to fill a common water pail. What is probably the cause of the slow delivery?

The difficulty in this instance appears to be caused by the great length of one-half-inch pipe. The correspondent does not give particulars enough. He should mention approximately the amount of fall that there is and also how much he requires. As it is, I can only calculate roughly the amount of fall and guess at the amount of water he requires. From my understanding of the question, I have calculated the total fall to be about thirty-six feet, although in making that calculation I had to assume certain things—for instance, the character of the pipe used—whether smooth or rough. At any rate if an inch pipe is substituted for the one-half-inch pipe in the first seven hundred feet, the amount of flow would be three gallons or more per minute instead of three-quarters as at present. The correspondent states that an ordinary pail is filled in four minutes with the present arrangement.—J. B. R.

Potato Seed Balls. J. C. R.—Kindly explain the presence of a large number of seed balls growing on our potato vines this year. What is their function?

The presence of an unusual number of seed balls on potatoes indicates that the season has favored the setting of the true fruit or seed of the potato. We have been growing the potato from tuber cuttings so long that we now look upon the tuber as the seeds whereas it is really a species of stem cutting. It is very likely that this method of propagation has discouraged the development of flowers and seeds. As a rule, our potatoes flower freely, but rarely do they set much seed. This potato ball, then, is the product of a fertility blossom. If one wishes to secure new varieties of potatoes, the thing to do is to plant the seed found in these balls. Each seed will produce a new kind differing slightly, or greatly from every other sort.

Liming Potatoes. L. A. G.—Will the sprinkling of potatoes with lime while stored in the cellar prevent their sprouting in the spring?

I have had no personal experience in the use of lime as a preventive of the sprouting habit of potatoes. There are two ways in which it might influence the development of sprouts; one is by drying up the surface so that sprout growth would be checked; the other is by influencing the temperature of the potato by the small insulation afforded by the coat of lime. This effect, I imagine, would not be worth considering. On the whole, therefore, I do not anticipate that the method would be at all effective.—J. C.

Trimming Spruce Hedges. J. R. M.—I would like to know through the columns of your paper the proper time for the trimming of spruce trees that are kept low and close.

One cannot expect to keep a spruce hedge in proper order by trimming it only once during the season. It is necessary to go over it at least twice a week or two after growth commences and the second trimming should take place early enough in the season so that the plant is able to repair the injury in part, by its subsequent growth; in other words, so that the cut ends may be covered up. If pruned very late in the season, there is likely to be some slight dying back of the cut ends. This not only looks badly, but also injures the plant to some extent.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.—Lord Brougham.



"Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it; I know you can!"

will return; I'm sure of it, and he'll be proud of you. But, Jessie, you must not let Mr. Blake propose to you. You won't ask you, Jessie?"

"Why?" asked Jessie in surprise.

"Because—" and Edith faltered. She lowered her eyes in confusion, but when she looked again in Jessie's face they flamed with passion.

"Oh, Jessie, can't you understand? I'm jealous of you, horribly, madly jealous, and she threw herself sobbing on her cousin's breast. "I know it's not your fault that he loves you, but you can make him stop. Please make him stop. If it wasn't for you he would love me. Tell him—tell him anything so that he will know that you don't love him! Oh, Jessie, won't you?"

"What can I tell him?" asked Jessie in amazement. "I can't make him propose and then commend him to another. But, Edith, darling, I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry!"

When Jessie could command herself she asked if Edith really loved Jim.

"I loved him the moment I saw him, and he fell in love with you at the same instant," declared Edith Hancock, whose intuition had told her the truth. "Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it; I know you can. Oh, why are people always falling in love with those who don't love them, and are blind to those who love them to death?"

Jessie could not answer that world-old question, and vainly attempted to soothe her. In anger and mortification Edith rushed from the room, and when Jessie knocked at her door a few minutes later there was no response but the muffled sound of sobs.

CHAPTER XXX.

Tale of the Ticker. A thousand men were scattered through the hall of the New York stock exchange. The clicking of innumerable telegraph instruments, the tinkle of telephone bells, the shuffling of feet in the encircling galleries, the distant murmur of street traffic, all blended with the noises from the floor into a chord which held the majesty of bass and the thrill of soprano.

A gong sounded. Its reverberations were lost in the vocal explosion from a thousand lungs.

A moment later and the acts of these seeming maniacs were flashed around the world. A million miles of metallic nerves focused in this center and throbbled with the earth's history for the day. Wall street is a mundane incarnation of the terrors of hell, relieved by some of the joys of heaven.

John Burt was in his office at eight o'clock, and Mr. Hawkins and James Blake joined him a few minutes later.

"Is General Carden here?" asked John.

"He's in my room," replied Blake.

"Give him the cash for that L. & O. check and have him present the option at Randolph Morris & Company the moment they are open for banking business," instructed John Burt.

"Bid L. & O. above twenty-seven until General Carden has the stock in his possession. Send two witnesses along with him. That will prevent