

### RESTORED TO HEALTH.



Many weak, suffering women do not know that their kidneys are sick. Backache tells of sick kidneys, and so do urinary disorders. Sick kidneys make bad blood, and bad blood makes bad digestion, heart palpitation, dizzy headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, sciatica, rheumatic pains and constant depression.

Can't be restored to health until the kidneys are cured. Read how one woman was restored by using Doan's Kidney Pills:

Mrs. H. A. Var Sickle, 311 6th Ave., S. W. Roanoke, Va., says: "Kidney trouble was hereditary in our family and I had been so continually afflicted with the disease that I began to despair of even temporary relief. Sometimes I suffered so severely that I was confined to my bed. The aching in my back was intense and the kidney disorder caused an excess of uric acid in my blood which impaired my digestion. I was compelled to deny myself of many of the little delicacies of diet. The doctors diagnosed my case as congestion of the kidneys. I had about given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but I took only a few doses when their curative powers were proven to my satisfaction. I have never been without them in the house since."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers; price 50 cents; or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for free trial.

Can't ever the brightest gem of true criticism.—Israel.

A light heart is a lighthouse for hearts.

#### Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep DeLancey Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. DeLancey Starch for same money.

Love is a great source of economy in a household.—Halvey.

When a woman gets into finances her sordid disposition shows up.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROSSINA, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

The world likes to crawl at the feet of the man who never kicks.

**ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS** Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Men take naturally to card games and speculation.

#### Reached the Limit.

When Herbert Spencer was in the habit of dining out with his scientific and literary friends, a lady of conspicuous mental ability and learning was generally one of the company and Spencer was invariably asked to take her down to dinner. His hosts thought they were paying him a compliment in giving him the most brilliant lady of the company, but he resented always being associated with the same lady. At last, when his host on one occasion said, "Mr. Spencer, will you take Miss down to dinner?" the philosopher emphatically replied, "No, I will not," and another companion had to be found for him.

#### It Made Him Dizzy.

When Paul Meyer, the new sub-concertmeister of the Chicago orchestra, came from Rigi, Russia, he was not allowed to play until he had joined the musicians' union. The committee that examined him proposed to have some fun with him, so the most tangled piece of rag-time they could find was put on the music rack before him. Meyer took up his violin, studied the music, then essayed to play it. Then he took a long rest. Twice more he tried it, then exclaimed: "Was ist? If you have the menu of a Chinese restaurant bring it out and I'll play it, but this stuff makes me dizzy."

#### THIN DIET.

**No Nourishment in It.** It's not easy to keep up when coffee has so ruined the stomach that food won't digest.

A Mo. woman says: "I had been an invalid for two years from stomach trouble caused by coffee, got so bad I couldn't digest food and for quite a while I lived on milk and lime water—nothing but that—a glass of milk and lime water six times a day. In this way I managed to live, but of course did not gain."

"It was about 5 months ago I began using Postum Food Coffee; I did not need the milk and lime water after that, for I gained rapidly and I can now eat a good meal and drink from 1 to 3 cups of Postum each meal and feel fine."

"I would not go back to coffee for any reasonable pay. I like Postum better than coffee now and make Postum by directions on box and it is just fine; never found a better way to make it than on box. Now this is all true and you can easily prove it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum is a brew from field grains with all the nourishment left in. It makes red blood and rebuilds particularly well where coffee has done damage as it does to nearly all who drink it.

A 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

## JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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

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### CHAPTER ONE.

#### The Prophet's Prayer.

"Kneel, John. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray!"

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset.

The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the old man's scant white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested implacable tenacity of purpose, not haunting at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane-swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, securely tucked into copper-toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock. "It's awful wet, granddad. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind

voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to heaven, and prayed to the God who rides on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its faint light went out as it clattered among the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency. In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country. An ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at his side and left an impress years did not efface. Amid the crash of waters, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his dripping arms stretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming emancipation of the slaves, and exulted in the victory to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a tender plea for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the heir," the old man declared, "not of my worldly possessions, which are nothing in Thine eyes, but of those gifts and that power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The old man arose and shook the water from his hair. The prophet had gone, the New England farmer stood in his place. The resonant voice which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed: "Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it." John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Holding it high over his head, the old

man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed-strewn and surf-lashed beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside him. "You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

### CHAPTER TWO.

#### Jessie Carden.

"I don't care to pick flowers! I want to stay right where I am. Let me stay and watch for one of those thingumbobs in the water. Please, Govie!"

Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone long. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!" Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farmhouse. So many things had happened that the memory of the Carden mansion in Boston had become a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker; and to them had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop-pole which had fallen from a passing



"KNEEL, JOHN! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, LAD, LET US PRAY!"

wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie thrashed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole caught her cap, and it fell into the creek, where the tide swept it under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!" Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?" Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say? Boy, get me my cap!"

The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly. A large Newfoundland dog came towards him, leaping in huge bounds.

"Hey, Prince, go get it!" He pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy. Prince soon reached the cap, and, holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar, and after a struggle hauled him to solid ground. Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue in canine self-satisfaction.

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were wedding in her eyes. With a little sigh of relief she noted that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a roguish glance addressed her unknown companion.

"What is your name?" she asked, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt." "My name is Jessie Carden," said the young lady as she crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected

by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen so neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things down there in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek. "Oh, how I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John Burt, as he climbed into the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with keen interest. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the floundering crab. The little beady eyes glittered, the claws clashed helplessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnarled the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it."

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

"The line kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. Be careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net and floundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Wasn't he big?"

"Go on; try again," said John good-naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

(To be continued.)

### DESERVED TO WIN BRIDE.

#### How Hindoo Lover Secured the Maiden of His Choice.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a necklet or thali. At the wedding of a daughter of a leading native Moulmein there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her and, before any one suspected what his object was, pulled out a thali from his pocket and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course there was a hubbub and parental lamentations over this dramatic episode, but so great is the veneration for the thali among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned therefore repaired to the Marriamme temple, where the act was ratified, and the maid who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

### Where Gun Barrels Are Made.

The Damascus gun barrel is manufactured only at Nossouvaux, near Liege, Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. Every barrel must, under the law, successfully withstand the government test before it is admitted for sale. The gun barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes, and are delivered to the merchants, who combine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that the United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold \$273,000 worth to the United States last year.

### Japan's Population.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

## SAW PORT ARTHUR BATTLE

### Eye-Witness Sends Graphic Account of the First Naval Fight of the Russo-Japanese War--Czar's Officers Taken by Surprise

The steamer Sierra arrived at San Francisco March 12 and brought in the following graphic account by an eyewitness of the great Port Arthur battle, which opened the war between Japan and Russia. The eyewitness was G. F. Curtis, an American attorney, who escaped from the battered Russian city on the steamer Fu Ping and wrote the following account for the San Francisco Examiner as soon as he was landed at Shanghai:

There was revelry in Port Arthur on the night of Feb. 8. No one indulged a thought of danger. The cafes, the theaters, the circuses were open and aglee. Many naval officers were ashore. Many officers from the fleet mingled in the revel. Men of the fleet and of the fortifications were on leave. There was feasting and dancing. The wine popped, women dimpled, men laughed and made love.

Then, as upon the riot on the night before Waterloo, a heavy sound broke in. There was a pause and some asked queer questions. Again and again came the thunderous sound. All knew it was the roaring of great guns.

But the revelry went on. Nobody sniffed a battle. The guns were the guns of the forts at the harbor mouth, men said. There was some practicing going on—practicing against the remote possibility of a night attack by the Japanese in case of war. This war would be averted by diplomacy—nothing to fear; nothing to fear.

Admiral Stark had been in attendance on a dinner. He had no word that war had been declared. He lingered over the wine and basked in the smiles of the pretty women. It was 2 o'clock in the morning of the 9th when the admiral's ear caught the first boom of a gun. He recognized the note as that of one of the disappearing canon of the land batteries. It disturbed him not. But by and by his quick ear detected another note—the cry of his own guns. He had ordered no firing at night, so he began to take shrewder notice. Still no thought of war seemed to flick his merrymaking.

But the first of the cool dawn, when the later revelers were seeking their homes, showed the grim results of the daring night attack by the Japanese. Two of Russia's greatest battleships, the Cesarevitch and the Retvizan, were ashore at the entrance to the harbor, almost completely blockading that narrow way. Outside the harbor a transport and a cruiser were on the beach. Then everybody knew that war had begun and the news of the night was whispered from white lips into startled ears.

That is how Japan caught Russia off her guard and inflicted a crippling blow. The sounds of the night and the sights of the morning were common to all of us; but now let me give you the story and experiences of Capt. Gray of the Fu Ping as he gave them to me.

The Fu Ping is the property of the Chinese Engineering and Mining company. Capt. Gray saw at once that the harbor of Port Arthur was no place for his peaceful craft. He saw, too, that there was much question as to whether he could navigate her between the two stranded Russian warships, the Cesarevitch having her stern against the eastern bank and swinging her bow toward the other shore, while the stern of the Retvizan was on the western ledge and her bow extending well over toward that of the Cesarevitch.

So Capt. Gray started out in a gig to ascertain the conditions at the harbor entrance. With him were First Engineer Robertson, Second Engineer Kay and Second Officer Duncan, with a crew of four Chinese sailors. The gig passed out between the battleships, where the harbor entrance is not over 1,500 feet in width, and reconnoitered the beached cruiser and transport.

Suddenly a big shell fell into the water not more than half a dozen feet from the gig; it exploded and sent a mass of water to a great height, partly filling the gig and drenching all to the skin.

One of the Chinamen was cut on the head by a piece of shell. He bled profusely, and at once he and his Chinese comrades jumped overboard and swam ashore. They at once scuttled away, leaving the officers of the Fu Ping to manage the gig as best they might.

Capt. Gray saw that the shell came from the Japanese fleet. It was fired at 11:10 a. m. and was the opening gun of the day's battle. Capt. Gray and his comrades were in the middle of things, and they immediately beached the gig and sought shelter under a ledge of rocks near the harbor entrance. From there they had a full view of what followed—an awe-inspiring sight.

The Japanese fleet steamed up and down about three miles off the harbor mouth, and the Russians sent out

their ships to give battle. Soon the shells were flying fast. The forts gave tongue and the firing of the fleets was incessant.

There was one fine duel. A Japanese battleship engaged a Russian battleship, and the two steamed up and down delivering constant broadsides.

Then there was a mighty tragedy. One large Russian cruiser was seen to stagger under an explosion either of a torpedo or her own magazine, and then, within three minutes, go down stern first. She carried all her officers and men with her.

Not the slightest effort was made by the other ships of the Russian fleet to save any of their comrades. They were too busily engaged to heed the distress of their fellows; and up to the time the Fu Ping sailed there was no news that any of the unfortunates had been picked up.

The Japanese opened the fight at 11:10 a. m. The last shot was fired at 11:50, the battle lasting just forty minutes; but it was too hot to last longer.

Then the Japanese fleet withdrew and Capt. Gray and his officers left their shelter under the forts at the west harbor mouth and rowed back to the Fu Ping. From the steamer's bridge the captain watched the return of the battered Russian sea fighters.

Admiral Stark's flagship, the Petropavlovsk, came limping in with a shot through her bow and other disabilities. Seven cruisers and torpedo boats also came in for repairs. The other Russian ships crept closer under the shelter of the forts. Tugs went to work on the shattered and stranded Cesarevitch and she was towed to the center of the harbor. But her stern settled slowly to the bottom, throwing her bow out of water. Evidently she was hard hit.

The Russians brought in reports of the capture of a Japanese cruiser and a torpedo boat, but they showed no prizes. They also spread stories of the great damage they had inflicted on the enemy.

But these stories could not quell the panic prevailing in Port Arthur. When the morning showed the damage to the fleet inflicted by the Japanese in their night attack the houses of the merchants opened for business. The people said that whatever damage had been done the ships the town was safe and impregnable. But the battle of the day had changed all this feeling of confidence into one of dismay.

Shells had fallen thickly in town and harbor. From much of the fire it seemed that the Japanese were trying to destroy or disable the great dry dock on which the Russians depend for the repairing of their injured ships. This dock is in the east basin and one shell actually fell in it, but did not explode.

This rain of shells destroyed the last vestige of the people's confidence in the impregnability of their town, and when Admiral Stark's flagship came staggering home from the fight the panic became pitiful. The Chinese had already scuttled for the hills and one Japanese shell fell near a flock of them, covering them with debris and accelerating their flight.

But the panic soon passed beyond the coolies and took hold of both the devotees of business and the votaries of pleasure. It must be remembered that the Russian is a pleasure-loving animal, and there has been at Port Arthur a reckless pleasure-seeking which out-Parisians the gay people of the French capital.

Ever since the Russian occupation and fortification of the place Russian, French, Austrian, American and Japanese women have flocked in, and everything at night has been given over to pleasuring.

The Hotel De France, the Palermo, the Sarato, the theater and Baronofsky's circus are too well known to visitors to Port Arthur to require description, and no visitors are likely to forget the abandon of the votaries of these places. They were to Port Arthur what the Moulin Rouge, the Nouveau Cirque, the Folies Bergeres and the Gruber are to Paris. Dinner parties, theater parties and masked balls after kept the merriment going until 5 o'clock in the morning, and such was the case on the morning of Japan's first heroic attack.

But with the opening of the bombardment on the 9th all thought of pleasure and all idea of business vanished. The houses of the merchants closed with a bang. Many employees fled to the hills or took the first train toward Mukden and Harbin. The Chinese swarmed away like the traditional rats leaving the foundering ship. The freight trains, as well as the passenger coaches, were crowded with refugees. All sorts of conveyances were pressed into use. The terror of the fierce Japanese was in every heart.

### English Painter's Unique Honor.

George Frederick Watts is the only English painter who can boast of having been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for sixty-seven years. Two portraits which he sent there in 1837 were shown in the gallery recently.

### Unemployed Jinrikisha Men.

The rapid extension of electric car lines in Tokio has thrown over 50,000 jinrikisha men out of employment. Shortly before the war there was talk of their emigrating to Hokkaido.

### To Write of Morocco.

J. A. Dawson, who has lived in Morocco for years and has already published some interesting writings on that subject, is presently to bring out a volume dealing with the country.