

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

At the sight of the ore, and of the dull gloss of the nugget, a wonderful transformation took place in John Hawkins. He gazed at the ore with the rapt look of an enthusiast. The weight of the nugget told its own story.

"Go ahead and tell me about this," he said abruptly. "You look like an honest man, and it's a waste of time to lie to me. What have you got, and how did you get it?"

In a matter of fact way John Burt related the story of the discovery and development of the Sallor Mine.

"This may be worth looking into," said the capitalist. "I'll send an expert to investigate it and make a report." He rang a bell and a boy responded. "Go and tell David Parker I want him," he ordered.

"Until we have arrived at some tentative agreement or understanding, I don't care to have your expert examine this property," said John Burt, when the boy had closed the door. "Your expert will find one of two things—either that my estimate of these claims is accurate, or that it is not. In the latter event you would drop the matter. If, on the contrary, your expert confirms my estimate—as he will—it then becomes necessary to act under a definite understanding. In brief, the question is this. What agreement will you make, assuming that your expert confirms my statements?"

"That sounds like business," roared John Hawkins, a gleam of admiration for an opponent worthy of his attention showing in his eyes. "Make your proposition. You're selling; I'm buying. What's your terms?"

"You will assume the payments on the Blake option, which amount to three hundred thousand dollars," said John. "In addition to that, you will advance the money necessary for the

development of the property and for the handling of the ore. Fifty per cent of the net profits will revert to you until the money paid to Blake is refunded. In consideration of the capital thus advanced, your interest in the property will amount to forty per cent and mine to sixty per cent."

"I won't do it!" thundered John Hawkins, slamming down the cover of his desk. "I must have control when I invest. Make my interest fifty-one per cent and I will talk to you. Fifty-one per cent or nothing."

"Very well," said John Burt, rising; "it is impossible for us to agree, and well we should know it in advance. Good-day, Mr. Hawkins. I am stopping at the Palace Hotel, and letters sent there will be forwarded when I leave the city. Good-day, sir."

Two days later John Burt received a message from David Parker, asking him to call at his office. Scientific tests had shown a much higher percentage of gold than those indicated by the crude experiments made in the cabin by John Burt.

"I had an interview with Mr. Hawkins this morning," said David Parker, after greeting his visitor. "Mr. Hawkins is a very peculiar man—very peculiar—as I have told you. He says you are the hardest man to deal with he ever saw—a great compliment for you, Mr. Burton, I assure you. He has had his lawyer draw up a provisional agreement in conformity to your terms—as he understood them—and instructs me to say to you that we are invited to dine with him at his club this afternoon, when the matter may be finally arranged. If so, I am to accompany you to the mines to-morrow."

John thanked Parker, and arranged to meet him with Mr. Hawkins at a later hour. He then called on an attorney and submitted the agreement to his inspection. After making a minor alteration, the lawyer assigned John that the agreement fully protected his interests.

Over a dinner such as is possible in a San Francisco restaurant, the agreement was ratified.

CHAPTER XIV.

Success and Failure.

David Parker's report on the Sallor Mine was submitted to Mr. Hawkins on the next day, and it made more than confirmed the statements made by John Burt. Upon receipt of it, the magistrate proceeded to the mine with Burt and Parker, taking several miners in whom he had absolute confidence. New claims were located on the mountain-side, and in the valley below in anticipation of possible placer deposits.

Jim Blake was delighted when informed of John's progress. "Hope you make millions, and am betting you will," said Jim as they shook hands and separated.

Mr. Hawkins, David Parker and John Burt spent three nights in the cramped quarters of the log cabin, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. On their return to San Francisco a formal agreement was signed, and John Burt and John Hawkins became partners in the Sallor Mine and in the scores of claims surrounding it.



"I WON'T DO IT!" THUNDERED JOHN HAWKINS

only forty-five thousand. Two months after he had received a check for the final payment, which terminated his original property rights in the mines, he admitted to John Burt that his total assets did not exceed five thousand dollars.

"I have a plan," said John, "one which will give full scope for your talents. I've been thinking for some time, Jim, of making a proposition to you. I recently purchased seats on the mining and stock exchanges, and wish to become a silent partner in an investing and brokerage firm. I will furnish most of the capital; but for reasons that you will appreciate, I prefer to remain in the background. How would you like to become the nominal head of such a concern, under the title, we will say, of 'James Blake & Company'? In order that you may have a substantial interest in the firm, I will advance you a hundred thousand dollars on your future profits from the Sallor Mine, and invest with the firm four hundred thousand of my own money. What do you think of my proposition?"

"Nothing would suit me better, but I'm afraid I'm not qualified for such a position," said Blake, delighted beyond measure. Once more the path to wealth opened out before him.

"I know your qualifications," said John. "You will become the most popular and capable broker in San Francisco."

Announcement of the establishment of the new firm was made the following week. Mr. Hawkins refused to confirm or deny the popular rumor that he was the banker of the concern; and no one suspected that John Burt had any financial interest in it.

Blake & Company first attracted speculative attention by its masterly handling of the corner in the stock of Don Pedro Smelting and Mining Company. The profits of the firm were estimated at a million and a half. John Hawkins was publicly named as the manipulator and principal winner, but James Blake was hailed as the daring operator whose brilliant generalship had crowned the success of the deal. In the speculative firmament he suddenly blazed forth as a star of the first magnitude.

James Blake suddenly developed traits which bewildered his friends and surprised himself. Under the guidance of John Burt he mastered the details of the business, displaying ability in dealing with the intricacies which formed the daily routine. Incapable of acting for himself, he could follow a chartered course with the precision of a pilot.

Nature had denied to James Blake that spark of genius which inspires the leader, but he possessed in a high degree those traits which leadership attracts and invests with power. He grasped Burt's plans of campaign with the intuition of a Bernadotte, and executed them with the dash and skill of a Murat. In the two years which followed, wealth poured into the coffers of James Blake & Company. Blake's name figured in great financial transactions, and his opinion was eagerly sought in matters of commercial moment. Handsome as Apollo,

and the reputed possessor of a large fortune, he became a society lion, a popular club man and the target for matrimonial archers.

Blake accepted his honors with dignity and modesty. He was willing and proud to shine in the reflected light of John Burt. He would have endured unmerited disgrace as severely as he wore unwon honors.

From the moment when Peter Burt stood with uplifted arms in the lightning's glare and gave him a blessing, John Burt had no doubt of his financial future. With his eyes fixed unwaveringly on an immediate purpose, he had boldly commanded fortune to do his bidding.

A profile portrait of Jessie Carden rested on an easel which stood near the desk in his library. It was the work of an artist of local fame, drawn from a tintype photograph—his sole memento of the woman he loved. The pink paper frame, with a design in hearts and roses, which surrounded the photograph, was frayed and torn, but Jessie's sweet face was revealed on the glossy surface of the metal—the face which had looked into his one summer day when they rode to Hingham, and Jessie proposed they should "have their tints taken."

Jessie was in her sixteenth year when the picture was taken, but the long riding-habit and the queenly pose of her head against the plain background added dignity to the nascent charms of face and figure. John would sit for hours during the long evenings and gaze at this portrait. It was the one visible connecting link between the past and the present, the ocular inspiration for his future. Again and again he attempted to picture the Jessie Carden of the present. With his eyes fixed on the portrait, and his mind centered on its original, he struggled to span the void of miles and years which parted them, and to hold communion with her. At times he imagined the message was received, and that a loving answer came, bidding him to have faith and to persevere. Surely such correspondence was not in violation of his promise to Peter Burt! Then he would turn to his books, and with a light heart tell far into the night. In this room he mastered the secrets of finance and of commerce. With himself as tutor, he took a postgraduate course in business. No detail was too slight, no problem too intricate, to escape his attention. The world was the chessboard of his future operations, and he explored its past and studied its present with zeal unflagging and faith unbounded.

But when slumber fell upon him, and his soul wandered into unknown regions, he dreamed—dreamed not of millions nor of triumphs over master minds. He dreamed of Jessie Carden.

(To be continued.)

UMBRELLAS OLD AS MAN.

Though Rain Shields Are 10,000 Years Old They Need Improving.

"How rich I'd be," said an umbrella salesman, "if I had patented the umbrella."

The floorwalker smiled.

"You might as well talk," said he, "of a patent on swimming or cooking. Umbrellas appear to have existed always. Wherever we excavate—Babylon, Nineveh, Nippur—traces of the umbrella are found. This instrument is coeval with mankind."

"It is of oriental origin. The English didn't begin to use it until 1700. Shakespeare, with all his genius, had no umbrella to protect him from the rain. Jonas Hanway was the first English umbrella maker."

The floorwalker paused to brush a white thread from his long black coat. Then he resumed:

"Now, what you might do would be to patent some new sort of umbrella—a patent rain shield built on better lines. We have proof that the umbrella has existed for 10,000 years, and yet in all that time it has not once been improved. Consider it. It is by no means perfect. It turns inside out readily, and it only protects the head and shoulders from the rain. Change all that. Give us an umbrella that is a complete rain shield. Then you will become a millionaire."

DEFERENCE TO CLOTH WASTED

Minister Surprised His Host at the Club When He Ordered Drinks.

The late Henry Canfield, even in the glow of a convivial time, was ever careful of the proprieties when in the company of persons supposed to be rigidly and professionally abstemious in their habits. One day Mr. Canfield had a distinguished preacher of Chicago as his guest at dinner in his club. As soon as the two were seated at the table Canfield said:

"Doctor, we have some very fine Burgundy. May I order a bottle for you?"

"No, thank you," the guest replied. "I do not care for claret in any style."

"We have some excellent Hockheimer, ale or porter. May I offer you something of that kind?"

"No, thank you," said the preacher. "Perhaps you would have a glass of lemonade. The day is warm and the beverage is quite cooling. Let me order something for you in the way of a drink."

"Well," said the eminent divine, "if you have a good article of whiskey about the place—which doubtless you have—I wouldn't mind a little nip of that."

He got it with Mr. Canfield's profuse apologies.

A Different Meaning.

A crier of a court had lost his wife, one who had led him an uncomfortable life, and he was, of course, absent from his post. When the judge came in, as usual, he ordered:

"Mr. Crier, open the court."

A young and facetious lawyer addressed the court as follows:

"May it please your honor, Mr. H— cannot cry to-day, as he has lost his wife."

Paradoxical Doc.

"Doctor, you are the most jovial, even tempered man I ever met—do you never get out of temper?"

"One has to get out of patience to lose one's temper, and as I am never out of patients, I am never out of patience."

smarter. A good many of these have been made with a regulation bodice and a skirt which just cleared the ground—hardly of the tailor-made order of things, yet not quite a reception toilet.

A Wire Salad Basket.

A wire salad basket is a very useful piece of kitchen furniture. It is a kettle-shaped basket with a small neck and a bail handle. After thoroughly washing the salad it is put in the basket and shaken until every drop of water has been shaken off. Then basket and all is put near the ice to crisp the leaves. Oil will not cling to wet lettuce and unless the leaves are well coated with oil the dressing is a failure.—New York Evening Post.

Boy's Military Suit.

Love of the military is inherent in every normal boy's composition, and clothes that suggest the soldier are sure to find their way to his heart. This very stylish little suit satisfies that ambition and well suited to daily wear. The model is made of dark blue serge, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with braid and gold buttons and is worn with a belt of braid tied at the left side, but a plain belt of the material or leather can be substituted if preferred, and mohair and other light weight wools are quite as much used as is the serge.

The suit consists of blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made with back, fronts and a center front that is applied over them and held by brass buttons. At the shoulders are true military straps and the neck is finished with the characteristic collar,

while the sleeves are plain and trimmed to harmonize therewith. The knickerbockers fit smoothly over the hips, but the leg portions are drawn up by means of elastics inserted in the hems and bag becoming over the knees. At their upper edges are waistbands by means of which they can be attached to any underwaist and pockets are inserted at the sides where the closing is made. The blouse is closed at the front, the center portion being buttoned over onto the right side.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide or 2 yards 52 inches wide.

Irish Crochet Coat.

A white Irish crochet coat is exceedingly smart in style made with a deep collar of white linen, trimmed with medallions of the lace, and having the lace sleeve made with turn-back cuffs of the linen and also finished with fluffy lace-trimmed undersleeves. A coat of this style should be worn with a linen shirt, trimmed with lace insets. It would also look well with a skirt of white mohair, with the soft, silky finish. But then the cuffs and collar of the coat should have white silk substituted for the linen.

It is quite the smart fad of the day when wearing a lace coat to have the hat made to match. With the Irish crochet lace coat a white picture hat is good style with the flaring brim faced with the coarse lace, and an ostrich feather caught through the brim and drooping over the hair at the left side. If the wearer feels that a touch of color will make the hat more distinctive it may have the crown a mass of green leaves or formed entirely of pansies, forget-me-nots or blue hyacinth blossoms.

The Newest Corset.

The new corset has a twelve-inch clasp, with the material extending below it for several inches. Over the hips the depth from the waist line to the lower edge is sixteen inches. This section of the corset is boned with fine single whalebones. From the waist up the corset is formed of four horizontal shaped bands, ranging from one inch and three-quarters to three inches wide, the upper band being finished at the top by plated net lace. This is especially adapted to long-waisted, full figures. Many, and in fact most of the new corset models show the higher bust line, but not over an inch higher, with the dip as deep as ever below the waist line.

Paris Facts and Fashions.

In Paris they are wearing the basque again; the jaunty little short coat always finds favor with Parisians. In brown, black or gray suede, with silver or brass buttons, this is about the smartest specimen of sartorial art we can have, worn with a cloth skirt of the same shade, strapped with suede. Suede is beyond the price of the average amateur, which is fortunate, for it is a fabric which can only be successfully manipulated by experts.

Then, again, in Paris the tweeds, plaids, plain cloths and serges are cut with a short, full bolero and cape-like sleeves, and worn with a wide kid band.

Corduroy did not have a very long run among tailor-made frocks. The velvetten which boasts a mirrored effect and narrow stripes is much

used as is the serge.

The suit consists of blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made with back, fronts and a center front that is applied over them and held by brass buttons. At the shoulders are true military straps and the neck is finished with the characteristic collar,



Boy's Military Suit Both Stylish and Useful—Fancy Waist to Be Made With or Without Fancy Bolero—Some Recipes of Value.

waist and finished with tiny pink roses.

Braided insertions to be used as headings for fringe are new in the shop.

Violets of a pale burnt-brown shade are new to nature, but most effective in Paris millinery.

A pale blue gown with deep girle and trimming of bright orange velvet is one of the striking importations.

Along with the yellow craze come millinery cowslips, marsh marigolds, kingcups, daffodils and all the golden blossoms known to nature, save only the beautiful but despised dandelion.

Fancy Waist.

Full waists worn with fancy boleros are extremely smart and allow of many charming and effective combinations. This one shows a full waist of dotted silk mull with slashed bolero of pale green mousseline taffeta, which matches the skirt, but there are numberless other materials that are equally desirable. Veilings are always pretty made with waists of either thin, soft silks or muslin and very nearly all the season's fabrics can be utilized. The yoke of lace with collar to match makes an attractive feature and is finished with lace or other banding when the bolero is not used.

The waist is made with a fitted lining on which the full fronts and back are arranged and is closed invisibly at, and on a line with the left edge of the yoke which is hooked over onto the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are wide and full finished with double

Mix plaster of paris with vinegar instead of water and you will find it excellent to stop the cracks in the wall.

Jars and bottles that smell of onions will be quite sweet and odorless if left out of doors filled with sand or garden mold.

After rice or macaroni is cooked place in a colander and drain off the water, then quickly turn cold water through and you will find that the stickiness, which is so undesirable, will be prevented.

To boil eggs for invalids, bring the water to the boil, then take the saucepan off the fire and place the eggs in it for five minutes. This will cook the eggs perfectly without making the white hard and indigestible. It is also well to boil an egg intended for a young child in this manner.

Cold milk pudding can be used to form extremely nice dishes and, when tastefully arranged, will certainly disguise the fact that they are made up of ends which would often be wastefully thrown away, or eaten with distaste because so unappetizing to all save the ravenously hungry.

Useful Fruits.

Figs, dates and prunes are all timely at this season, and make valuable addition to the ordinary bill of fare. Each of these fruits should be thoroughly washed before using.

If you have never had graham gems with dates for breakfast, try this recipe and see if it will not be called for again: Beat the yolk of one egg with a half teaspoonful of salt until lemon colored and thick. Add to this one cupful of milk, half a cupful of boiled rice, a cup and a half of graham flour and half a teaspoonful of melted butter. Beat the mixture until it is bubbly. Then add carefully one-quarter cupful of chopped dates, and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fold in, but do not stir. Fill buttered gem tins half full and bake in a slow oven.

frills, and can be made full length by using linings to the wrists and facing the lower portions to form cuffs. The slashed bolero is cut in one piece and is arranged over the waist, being one cupful of milk, half a cupful of boiled rice, a cup and a half of graham flour and half a teaspoonful of melted butter. Beat the mixture until it is bubbly. Then add carefully one-quarter cupful of chopped dates, and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Fold in, but do not stir. Fill buttered gem tins half full and bake in a slow oven.

Short Sleeves and Gloves.

The fashion of short sleeves is, of course, going to make gloves an important and expensive item of the wardrobe. The wrinkled suede gloves will undoubtedly be worn, and the glove-makers are showing some novelties in the shape of long wrists encased with fine beads or silks, or inset with lace. The latter are especially pretty. The short sleeves may also be given a little impetus to the fashion of wearing lace mitts, which was tried last season with little success.

Lining of chiffon, but the fitted foundation is optional and can be used or not, as may be liked. The broad shoulder line of the yoke is eminently graceful and the full sleeves, with their ample frills, fall over the hands most becomingly. To make the waist



Frills, and can be made full length by using linings to the wrists and facing the lower portions to form cuffs.

No waists of the season are more charming and attractive than those made of the many pretty nets in soft cream and champagne tones. This one is simply dotted and is combined with a yoke of heavy lace which makes an admirable contrast, but

Blue roses are one of the anomalies in millinery.

Dark muslins are to be more worn this summer than for years.

With elbow sleeves the long lace mitten looks like a summer fixture.

Shoulder knots are made of narrow ribbon with long ends falling to the

DOTTED NET AND LACE.

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strips of banding held by fancy stitches are equally fashionable and greatly liked. The blouse is full at both upper and lower edges and is made over a fitted foundation, between which and the net is an inter-

for a woman of medium size will be required 6 yards of material 18, 5 yards 21 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of all-over lace for yoke, 2 yards of lace for frills and ¾ yards of silk for the full belt.

Nearing the Limit.

"Do you know, darling," said the lovesick young man who was busy planting microbes, "that I believe it makes me a better man every time I kiss you?"

"Well," rejoined the taffy-haired girl in the parlor scene, "at the pace you are going now there will soon be no more room for improvement."

The Truth Comes Out.

"I say, Adam," remarked Darwin, as they met on the golden sidewalk one morning, "how about that pet hobby of mine; did the original man really have a tail?"

"Sure he did," replied Adam, "but not the kind you alluded to in trying to make a monkey of yourself. It was just an ordinary, every-day tale of woe. See?"

Hubby—Half of him belongs to you, you know.

Wife—O, well, let my half holler!—Chlips.

A Poor Business Investment.

"Well, she said sorrowfully, "we lost."

"How?" asked the neighbor.

"Why, we mortgaged the house to put Mame in society, and she didn't marry a man rich enough to pay off the mortgage."

Thus it will be seen that speculation is not confined to the business world.

How They Do It.

"You say the motorman and the conductor work well together?"

"Splendidly. The motorman starts the car suddenly, throws you on your neck, and that gives the conductor a chance to come to your assistance and apologize in a way that makes you feel mighty clever toward him."—Chicago Post.



Hubby—Half of him belongs to you, you know.

Not Due to Gravitation.

Newton evolved the law of gravity. "That may do for an apple," exclaimed the rivals, "but why do the smallest berries fall to the bottom of the box?"

Sadly he was compelled to acknowledge the partial failure of his scheme.

—New York Tribune.

Not a Regular Game.

"Little boys," said the old lady as she stopped and looked over the fence, "don't you know you shouldn't play a ball game on Sunday?"

The catcher looked around.

"This ain't no game, ma'am," he said. "We're short our reg'lar pitcher."

Loyal to the Last.

Weren't you slightly annoyed by the manner in which your wife played when she was your partner at whist?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton stoutly. "I wasn't annoyed. I was puzzled. I couldn't help wondering who made that fool assertion about its being wrong to trump your partner's ace."

Worse Than a Crime.

"I am seen angry, Mr. Peck."

"I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

"Ha, ha! He caught you giving 15 ounces to the pound, did he?"

"Worse than that. He said I'd been giving 17."—Stray Stories.

Ladies' Day at the Club.

Evangeline (catching sight of a bat flying about the room)—Isn't it strange to see a bat here?

Arthur (half reminiscence)—I guess you don't know this club!—Indianapolis News.

Knew His Business.

Romantic Rosalie (at the reception)—That young man over by the piano is just too killing for anything.

Practical Paucine—Sure he is. He owns a big slaughter house in Omaha.

Taking Him Literally.



"Would you like the cause of your late husband's death explained on the monument?"

"Well, if it don't cost any more you might engrave a couple of cucumbers on it."—Hour Glass.

Leap-Year Maid.

"But as he never said he would marry you," remarked the widow, "I fail to see where the breach of promise comes in."

"When I proposed to him," explained the leap-year maid, "he promised to be a brother to me, and he hasn't been anything of the kind."

How to be Happy.

They were speaking of the actress "Yes, she's married, but her husband travels with one company and she travels with another."

"Then they surely ought to have a happy married life."

Cash Vs. Credit.

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with?

Policeman—He's full of whiskey your honor, but whether he's charged with the stuff or whether he paid cash, I can't say.