

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

CHAPTER XXII--Continued. The moment for action had arrived for James Blake.

John Burt looked up. The haggard expression on Blake's face alarmed him.

"What's happened, Jim? You're pale as a ghost!"

"It's a tooth," said Blake, rubbing his hand tenderly over his face.

"You did right, Jim," he exclaimed. "Let's see: Tuesday is the thirteenth. I'm glad Jessie isn't superstitious."

Blake turned ashen when the second thirteen was announced.

John Burt leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

"Two weeks, lacking a day," he mused aloud.

"What is it?" asked Blake, with a lively show of interest.

"The elder Morris ruined General Carden as deliberately as ever one man did another."

"Heou are ye, Jim; heou are ye!" exclaimed Sam, as he greeted Blake in his luxurious office.

"I have not seen Miss Carden," replied John. "She is not in the city."

"Well, I dunno about his votin' for you, 'cause Bob Davis is in the back yard a-milkin' the cow."

"Some years ago," says "Private" John Allen, "there came to Montgomery, Ala., a company of actors who put on that play so intensely disliked of southerners, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"At the end of the first act a man who gave evidence of having imbibed rather freely arose from his seat and unsteadily made his way out of the theater."

"In a short time he returned and was about to re-enter the play house when he was stopped by the door-keeper, who said: 'You can't come in.'"

"Why not?" sullenly demanded the gentleman who had been indulging too freely. "Here's my return check."

"Check or no check," responded the doorkeeper, "you can't come in; you're drunk!"

"Of course I'm drunk," rejoined the other, feelingly. "Dye's 'pose I'd wanter come back to this show if I wasn't!"

Dangerous Mexican Weed to Smoke. Manuel Guerrero and Florencio Pino had the "marihuana" habit, and for the last few weeks had been smoking big cigarettes in which tobacco was mixed with the dangerous weed.

Tuesday afternoon the two men smoked cigarettes composed of tobacco in smaller proportion than marihuana, and after a few minutes ran amuck.

They went out into the street shouting, vociferating and attacking everybody. First they marched hand in hand, declaring that they were the bravest men on earth and would kill anybody who dared to say a word to the contrary, but at last Pino declared that he was still braver than his friend and a fight followed, the two receiving dangerous wounds.

They were captured and sent to the hospital, where they had to be put into straightjackets. It is feared that the two men, if they recover from their wounds, will lose their minds permanently, as is often the case with marihuana smokers.—Mexican Herald.

Reading the Bible. It was the meeting of the Christian Endeavor society. Near the close the leader suggested that each one should tell what part of the Bible he read the most, and give the reason.

The last one to speak was a lad, who said with a little hesitation that he read the first chapter of Genesis more than any others.

A look of surprise and curiosity was manifest in all the listeners, as he went on to give his reason:

"You see, I always resolve every New Year that I will begin and read the Bible through, but I never get very far, and, of course, I always have to make a new beginning."—New York Tribune.

representative, but the shrewd Yankee guessed the truth.

"I swan, John, this is tew good tew be true!" he gasped, shaking hands again. "You ain't told me half the truth, an' ye don't have tew. I can guess the rest. You're James Blake & Company. You're the man who's taught these Wall Street chaps a lesson!

"I'm proud of ye, John! Didn't I ailers say something like this would happen? An' you can't have too much good fortune to suit me, John, an' I don't want a thing from ye. I just like tew see ye win, because—well, because ye orter win."

"Thank you, Sam."

"Don't it beat thunder how things turn out?" observed Sam. "I saw Jim when he was down tew Rocky Woods a few months ago, an' when he told me that he was the Jim Blake, you could a' knocked me down with a willow switch. I said tew myself then, that had it been John Burt I wouldn't have been surprised. An' now, by thunder, it was John Burt who did it after all. But how about Jim Blake, John? If you're James Blake & Company, who'n the dickens is Jim?"

"I am not James Blake & Company," said John with a smile. "I am the Company. Jim has a substantial interest in the firm, and has done much towards its success."

"I'm mighty glad tew hear it," declared Sam, "but I reckon I can guess who does the thinkin'." Jim's a fine feller, but he ailers was reckless an' careless, though mebbe he's out-grown it. Where is he? Send fer him, John, an' we'll all talk it over together, like we did in the old days back in Rocky Woods."

John pressed a button and an attendant responded.

"If Mr. Blake is not busy, say that I should like to see him," he said.

"There's one thing you haven't told me about," said Sam, shifting his feet awkwardly. "I don't want tew pry into your private affairs, John, but have you seen her yet—I mean Miss Carden?"

The door opened softly and James Blake entered so silently that neither heard him.

"I have not seen Miss Carden," replied John. "She is not in the city."

"Yes she is," asserted Sam eagerly. "I saw her yesterday ridin' down Fifth avenue."

(To be continued.)

Candidate for Houseworkers. Two of the candidates in the recent primary election for governor of Florida, Robert W. Davis, now a Representative, and Napoleon E. Broward, who won fame by his filibustering exploits just prior to the Spanish-American war, made a house to house campaign through the rural districts of the state.

One hot day Capt. Broward drove up to a peaceful farmhouse and found a woman strenuously chopping wood in the front yard.

The gallant captain alighted, bowed to the woman, and said: "Madam, excuse me, but I cannot stand idly by and see a lady doing such hard work. Permit me." And, taking the axe, the candidate labored for thirty minutes until the last stick had been cut.

"Now, madam," he said, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "if you have a husband you may tell him that Capt. Broward called to see him, and that I would appreciate his vote for governor of Florida."

The woman, who had been admiring the candidate's ability as a woodchopper, shook her head dubiously and replied:

"Well, I dunno about his votin' for you, 'cause Bob Davis is in the back yard a-milkin' the cow."

1804--Lewis and Clark Celebration--1904

By J. E. Sheldon, Special Correspondent.

One hundred years ago—the morning of August 3, 1804—a party of forty-three white men might have been spreading the mainsail of a clumsy Missouri river barge on an awning on a little plain above the high water level of the Missouri river, at the end of a woody ridge about seventy feet high, in Nebraska, sixteen miles above where now stands the city of Omaha.

A little later a procession of fourteen Indians—members of the Otoe and Missouri tribes—would its way to the shelter of the awning. They were accompanied by that omnipresent being in the region a hundred years ago—a Frenchman living with a squaw—who acted as interpreter.

When all were seated, began the first council of the United States government with the Indian inhabitants of the Louisiana purchase—first act in the drama of a century of struggle between white Americans and red Americans for possession of an empire. The representatives of the United States government told the Indians that they were no longer Spanish or French, but Americans—a piece of news which we are told gave them great joy.

They were promised the protection of the government at Washington, and its advice in the future. In reply the six chiefs of the Indian delegation declared they were pleased with the change of government, that they wanted to trade with the new great father, and especially they wanted arms and cloth.

At the end of the council came the presents—a medal hung by a cord placed round the neck of each of the six chiefs, paint, garters and cloth, a significant of all a bottle of whiskey! Thus began the official relations of the United States government with the Otoe and Missouri Indians.

How prophetic it was of the future let him who cares to know read from the last official report of the Indian agent at the Otoe and Missouri Agency in Oklahoma, diminished in numbers from 2,000 to 370, the agent says, "many of these people are addicted to drink and are, both men and women, inveterate gamblers, the Otoe being especially bad about the gambling. No punishment seems at all to mitigate these evils. Their days are spent in almost utter idleness, and worse, for vice and debauchery are rampant."

The names of three of these chiefs have been preserved for us in the record. The principal chiefs present were Shongotongo, or Big Horse, an Otoe; Wethea, or Hospitality, a Missouri; and Shoguscan, or White Horse, an Otoe.

The spot was named by Lewis and Clark Council Bluffs. From the circumstances which there took place, and their report of the council concludes with a recommendation of the location for a "fort and trading factory."

Fifteen years after the historic council here described, the first steamboat (the Western Engineer) to navigate Missouri waters arrived five miles below the Council Bluffs. It carried Major Long with a party of engineers and assistants who were to make the first scientific survey of the region. This expedition found already at Council Bluffs a force of United States soldiers engaged in building a fort, afterward called Fort Atkinson. This fort for the next eight years was the most advanced frontier post of the United States army, always having several companies of troops and sometimes more than a regiment. In 1827 the post was abandoned and the troops moved to Fort Leavenworth. Some of the buildings were dismantled by the troops. Some were burned by Indians or hunters. There still remained on the plateau of Council Bluffs in 1854 when the territory was organized and white settlers came in to take up claims, a vast amount of debris—brick and limestone walls, beams and timbers. The early settlers hauled this away by the wagon-load to build chimneys, make foundations and to curb wells, yet so great was the quantity that thirty years later farmers were still having bricks sawed from them.

Both these historic sites, that of the council of 1804 and that of Fort Atkinson, are within a few hundred yards of the present railway station of Fort Calhoun. There yet remain piles of bricks and debris, long rows of excavations marking the barrack cellars, deep pits, once powder magazines, a noble locust grove planted in the early fort days, whose seeds have given life to a multitude of other locust groves in the state.

Every year the farmer's plow and the gardener's rake reaps a harvest of military buttons and early coins. Spanish coins of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries make the bulk of the crop, showing how close the connection with Spain and how long after American purchase and occupation her mintage maintained its supremacy. Somewhere—within a few hundred yards of this field bearing its annual harvest of relics—is the spot where Lewis and Clark sat vis-a-vis to the Nebraska Indians in the first Louisiana purchase council. No student of the place is yet bold enough to drive a stake and cry "Eureka!" At the base of the plateau ran the river in 1804 and in 1819, whose waters are now three miles away toward the Iowa bluffs, with marsh and lake and cultivated farms between.

In the days of Fort Atkinson the hill above the plateau was occupied by the fort cemetery, where were buried several hundred soldiers and others. After the military abandonment the headstones were broken, scattered and lost, except parts of two with the date 1823, now in the museum of the Nebraska State Historical society. The very mounds themselves were for the most part obliterated, and on the slopes where the rains wash the plow now and then throws out a fragment of a human skeleton.

In November, 1901, J. A. Barrett and A. E. Sheldon, of the Nebraska State Historical society office staff, explored and photographed the features of both sites under the guidance of W. H. Woods, who has lived on the ground for thirty years and has a passion for historical work. On our return the suggestion was made that the centennial of the council ought to be celebrated. In June, 1902, Mr. E. E. Blackman, of the historical society visited the site and in discussion with Mr. Woods proposed the erection of a monument. These were the preliminary steps by the Nebraska State Historical society.

On the other hand, the Daughters of the American Revolution, independent of any outside suggestion, were moving in the same direction. In the summer of 1899 ladies of the Omaha chapter visited the site of old Fort Atkinson, were charmed with its beauty and associations, and discussed plans for erecting a monument to mark its site. In the summer of 1901, Mrs. S. B. Pound, of Lincoln, state regent of the D. A. R., noted the report of the erection of the Pike monument in Kansas. This stimulated her zeal to do the same by the historic sites in Nebraska. She read up the early records and, finding that the Lewis and Clark council was held on the Fort Atkinson plateau, proposed at a meeting held in October, 1901, the project of marking the site. At a general meeting of the state chapter of the D. A. R. in the summer of 1902 it was resolved to ask the state to take the initiative. According, in the legislative session of 1903, Representative George L. Loomis of Dodge county introduced a bill appropriating \$3,000 to erect an appropriate monument. After a hard fight the bill was lost.

It is announced that the world's fair management has decided to admit children under fifteen years old free on certain dates to be specified from time to time. It is decided that August 2 would be the first date for free admissions under this rule. There must be one adult to each five children to get the benefit of the rule.

Impatient Merchant—"When are you going to make up your mind to pay me for that bedstead you bought six weeks ago?"

Impassive Customer—"Well, I never make up my mind in a hurry about anything. You'll have to let me sleep on it some more."

Mistress—"And so you are going to get married, Bridget?"

Irish Servant—"Yes, mum; you see, I think every girl ought to get married at least once in her life."

Mrs. Cutter—"What were those large, red, white and blue ivory lozenges I saw in your pocket last night?"

Mr. Cutter—"Oh, those—those are trading stamps, my dear."

Mrs. Cutter—"There, that's just what I thought they were; but mamma declares they had something to do with some kind of a game."

John Gebhart sold his mill race and well improved farm three miles east of Phillips, to W. R. Long, of Washington Center, Mo., consideration, \$10,000. Mr. Long will take possession of the place some time in October. Mr. Fremont will have a chautauqua assembly this year. The date has been fixed from Monday, August 1, to Wednesday, August 10. It will be held in Irving park, where a large tent will be put up for the program.

It's easy to rejoice over the success of your brother, so long as his success isn't greater than yours.

We all have our trials, and most of us like to report them in full.

A man's left hand is his write hand when he is left-handed.

THE SILVER LINING. SWEET THOUGHT TO SUSTAIN 'THE FALTERER.

"Tis Well, Perchance, We Are Tried and Bowed; For Be Sure, Though We May Not Of It See It Below, There's a Silver Lining to Every Cloud."

The poet or priest who told us this is served mankind in the holiest way: For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss.

That consoled the soul with cheerful ray. Too often we wander despairing and dim, Breathing our useless murmurs aloud; But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find "A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dim gleam of dawn Where, though but autumn's dead leaves are seen, But search beneath them, and peeping around, Are the young spring tufts of blue and green.

'Tis a beaming eye that ever perceives The presence of God in mortality's crowd; 'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn. Bushes that bear no bloom nor fruit, There may not be beauty in leaves or stem. But virtue may dwell far down at the root. And let us beware how we utterly spurn Brothers that seem all cold and proud; If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might, "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth When Guilt is before us in chains and shame, When passion and vice have cankered Youth, And Age lives on with a branded name. Something of good may still be there, Though its voice may never be heard aloud. For, while black with the vapors of pestilence air, "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come, Heavy and dull and blighting and chill, Shutting the light from our heart and our home, Marring our hopes and defying our will; But let us not sink beneath the woe; 'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed; For be sure, though we may not of it see it below, "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand, Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast, Do we not think of a fairer land, Where the lost are found and the weary at rest? Oh, the hope of the unknown Future springs In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud; The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings: "There's a silver lining to every cloud."—Eliza Cook.

WANTED TO GET EVEN. Down-Trodden Man Eager for Satisfaction Before He Died. Aboard the great ship the silence of despair reigned. She had struck on an uncharted reef, and owing to the heavy sea the boats had either been stove in against the ship's side or swamped in the attempt to lower. A stalwart passenger stole up to the captain's side.

"Do you think, captain," he asked, "that there is the slightest chance of our being saved?"

"Look here," said the skipper, in tones of disgust, "that's the fourth time you've asked me that question. Why, you great lubberly brute, I believe you're the greatest coward aboard!"

"Sh! No, I'm not," said the burly passenger. "But look here, you see that old buffer standing by the rail? Well, he's my rich uncle, and all my life I've done nothing but put up with his cantankerousness and humor him every way I could. But if the ship's going down, and there's no hope, I'd like time to give him just one good sound kick for all the trouble he has put me to!"

Just then the ship of rescue hoisted in sight, and above the shout of joy the raucous voice of the old man by the rail was heard, commanding his dutiful nephew to fetch his bed-socks and hot-water bottle from his water-logged stateroom.

Victim of Circumstance. Zola's method of studying the characters—many of which were so revolting—in his great nature novels show that he takes the mind of his character and places it on the operating table as the surgeon places the body which is to be operated on. He studies every nerve, every sentiment, every thought, as the surgeon follows the veins and arteries laid open before his eyes. To Zola's mental vision certain conditions, certain environments, on certain characters, certain minds, would bring about certain results, and from the results of this surgical diagnosis of the mentality of his character he elaborates the life, actions and thoughts of the men or women whom his brain has created, says the New York Herald.

No surgeon can operate upon himself. No woman can know herself as she really is; therefore she can only tell you the truth about herself in so far as that truth is known to her by the training she has received, fitting her for the station in life to which she was born. Mayhap, I agree with you, the playwright that no woman can tell the truth about herself. Yet she is not a liar, only the victim of circumstances.

Just by the Way. "Look here," said the irate man who had purchased a lot, "sight unseen" in Frogmore, the newest residence suburb. "I've been swindled and I'll have the law on you."

"What now?" asked the imperturbable boomer.

"There isn't a house within a mile of the lot I bought."

"Well, who said there was?"

"You, sir; you did."

"Why, my dear sir, you must be dreaming. I did say nothing of the sort."

"Didn't I ask you if there were any residences close by?"

"I believe you did."

"And didn't you answer 'just lots'?"

"Yes."

"Well? Don't you call that a misrepresentation?"

"Certainly not. Isn't that what you found around there—'just lots'?"—Baltimore American.

Honor for Maj. Lacey. Major John F. Lacey of Oskaloosa, Ia., has been named for the eighth consecutive time as the Republican candidate for United States Congressman from the Sixth-district.



WHAT SHALL I DO, WHAT CAN I DO? I CANNOT GIVE UP! BUT I WILL NOT GIVE UP FOR ANY MAN, NOT EVEN FOR JOHN BURT!

When did Hawkins wire that he would be here?"

"Thursday," answered Blake. "I shall not wait for Hawkins," said John Burt, abruptly.

"There's a man in the next room who knows a lot about him," replied Blake. "Come and meet him."

Blake opened John Burt's door, and stood in the way as Sam entered. John was seated at his desk and did not turn his head or make a move when Blake said:

"A German Rounds wishes to speak to you."

Blake stepped outside and closed the door. John deliberately blotched an unfinished letter, rose and advanced to meet Sam, who stood awkwardly by the door, hat in hand.

"I am glad to meet you, Alderman Rounds," he said, extending his hand. "I have heard of you and wish the pleasure of your acquaintance. Pray be seated, Alderman."

The sharp blue eyes of the visitor were fixed on the speaker, and only for an instant was he in doubt.

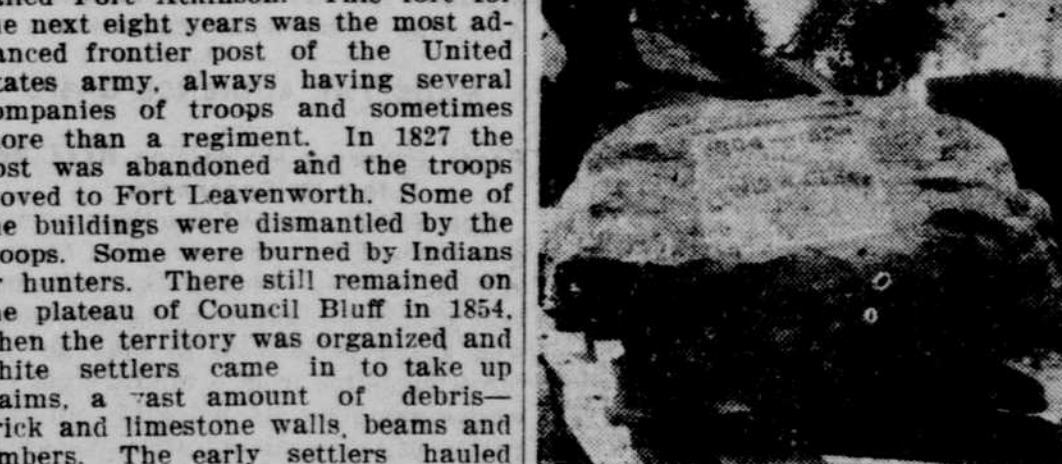
"I know ye, John! God bless ye, John! Heou are ye, John Burt! I'm plumb tickled ter death ter see ye! Well, well, well!"

His honest eyes glistened as he threw his hat to the floor and grasped John's hands with a grip which have made the average man wince.

"And I'm glad to see you, Sam! It seems like coming back to life to meet you. Sit down and tell me all about yourself and Rocky Woods."

"The last time I saw ye, John," he said, "was under them maple trees in front of the Bishop house. I reckon you ain't forgot that night. You galloped away in the dark on my horse an' I ain't seen ye since. Now you begin at the place like in them stories which run in the Fireside Companion where it says to be continued in our next, and keep right on up to the present time."

John laughed and gave Sam a hurried sketch of his career. He told him his voyage around Cape Horn, his arrival in San Francisco, the search for the mine described by the dying sailor, his meeting with Jim Blake, the discovery of the gold mine, his association with John Hawkins and the incidents which led to the formation of the firm of James Blake & Company. John said nothing to lead Sam to think that Blake was only a



Both the State Historical society and the Daughters of the Revolution joined forces in the winter of 1904 for a common monument and celebration.

A joint meeting of the representatives of the State Historical society, Daughters of the Revolution, and Sons of the Revolution was held at the Millard hotel, Omaha, June 16, 1904, at which committees were appointed as follows:

Seriously Burned by Lamp. A 10-year-old daughter of Martin Sorenson, who lives at the corner of Seventeenth and F streets, Fremont, was quite badly burned by accidentally overturning a lamp. The lamp set fire to her clothing and the furniture in the room. Her injuries are very painful, but not dangerous.

Mrs. George, widow of the late Henry George, the political economist of New York, died at her home in Monticello, N. Y., aged 60 years.

Hugh Flanagan, a demented man, was taken in charge at the farm of "de" Adams, five miles southeast of Humboldt. He was wandering in a daze. He had in his pockets many papers and receipts from different lodges of plumbers. The last card was issued by local union No. 8 of Kansas City, and was dated June 15, 1904.

Sheriff Anderson of Butte captured three horse thieves, "Rube" and "Bill" Bennett of Lynch, and Ed. Adams of Baker. Newton and Bennett admit their guilt. Adams will be taken to Holt county, where he is alleged to have committed the crime.

The soda water business is apt to be a fizzle.