

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"You've got him all right," roared Hawkins, grasping John Burt's hand. "I'm proud of you, my boy! I came in to help you out, and now I find that you have turned the trick without me. Is there anything more you want?"

"Yes," returned John. "Well, you'll get her. I'll back your granddaddy's judgment that she is waiting for you. Speaking of Peter Burt, how old did you say he is?"

"Nearly ninety."

"And you wish me to see him. Think I'll wait until he's a hundred," declared John Hawkins. "Joking aside, I'll go with you any day you say, and I'll be damned glad to meet the old man. Only I'll promise not to swear again in his presence."

They talked for hours, and Hawkins listened with interest to the disclosures made by Sam Rounds concerning the Cosmopolitan Improvement Company.

A messenger arrived with a sealed letter from the alderman, informing John Burt that the bribery money had been paid over or deposited. With the seven aldermen supposed to be purchased, Morris estimated a majority of four in favor of his new franchise.

He was so sure of speculative success that he had fixed the dinner party to General Carden, Jessie, Edith and Blake for Tuesday evening—the date of the council session when his ordinances would come up for final action. The news of his triumph should come to him while he was reveling in the charm of Jessie Carden's presence. The contemplation of this pleasure inspired Morris with a new idea.

The dinner should celebrate his formal engagement to Jessie Carden. The more he pondered over this brilliant coup the more entrancing did it seem.

His carriage drew up at the Bishop residence an hour before the time

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sam Rounds Repents.

Cosmopolitan Improvement stock was strong and active during the session preceding the evening set for the special consideration of its franchises. Brokers who acted for Arthur Morris stood on the floor of the exchange and bid up the stock and took all offerings. The price mounted steadily, but rapidly. There was heavy selling from some unknown source, and at the close enormous blocks came out.

The rumor spread that James Blake was selling the stock. When his representatives stood in the excited mob and boldly proffered Cosmopolitan in thousand-share lots, the price sagged, but Morris's agents came to the rescue and it closed just below the top figure.

A published poll of the council showed a majority in favor of the ordinances, and wise speculators predicted that in the expected boom of the morrow Blake would be severely punished. Blake denied himself to all callers. The transactions were recorded in the name of John Hawkins, and that gentleman spent all of his time with "Mr. Burton."

Early in the day John sent for Blake.

"Mr. Hawkins and I have arranged to attend to-night's session of the council," said John. "Will you join us, Jim?"

"I'd like to, but I have another engagement," replied Blake. "I'll try to drop in before the session is over."

Long before the chairman called the city fathers to order, the hall was cloudy with tobacco smoke. There was little that was impressive in the personnel of the municipal Solons, nor was their gathering marked by dignity. It is a sad reflection that the average city council is fairly representative of its constituents. It is the mirror of urban ignorance, deceit and

them, but certain gentlemen present the subject to me in a new light and I agreed to vote for the passage of the ordinances now under consideration.

The Cosmopolitan aldermen joined the claque in the applause which followed this declaration.

"Mr. Chairman," continued Sam Rounds, assuming an easy attitude in the aisle. "I don't suppose there's any one in this honorable body likes money better'n I do. When I began to make money tradin' in hosses back in Massachusetts it was like pourin' kerosene oil on a red-hot stove. The more I got the more I wanted, an' as some of you know I've done pretty fairly middlin' well."

Sam Rounds reached out and picked a small package from the table and looked at it longingly. Alderman Hendricks turned in his chair and gazed uneasily at the speaker. There was something in his manner which caused a hush to fall on the assembly.

"Mr. Chairman," said Alderman Rounds, slowly unwrapping the package as he continued, "money is the greatest argument in the world. Logic is a fine thing, but money beats logic. I admire the man who has the gift of eloquence, like my honorable colleague from my ward, but money can give eloquence a handicap an' beat it every time. Money—"

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted Alderman Hendricks, "we desire to proceed with this vote—such as we are charmed by my colleague's trite reflections about money as an abstract proposition. The question before the board is the disposition of these ordinances. I demand that the alderman record his vote."

"Alderman Rounds has the floor," decided the chairman.

"Thank you, I'll not take up much of your time," said Sam Rounds. "As I was sayin', I'm uncommonly fond of money, an' when the president of the Cosmopolitan Improvement company came to my place of business an' said he would pay me ten thousand dollars for my vote in favor of these ordinances, I just went plumb off my center, an' told him I would consider it. I couldn't see anything else in the world but that figure 'one' with four ciphers after it, an' a dollar mark in front of it. Mr. Chairman, you never had to work hard or trade for a livin', an' you can't realize how I felt when he placed this here package in my hand."

Sam tore away the wrapping and disclosed a layer of crisp banknotes. Every eye in the room was fixed on the speaker as he stepped forward and laid them on the chairman's table. Dazed and demoralized, no member of the opposition dared interrupt.

(To be continued.)

A Case of Conscience.

"You see, dot new clerk vvas recommended to me ash a sharp feller," said the dealer in second-hand clothing, "and so I takes a \$10 coat out of stock and slips oaf'er to my friend Schmidt and asks him to send his boy to der store mit it. Der boy goes along mit a pitiful face and asks how much?"

"Two dollar," says my new clerk.

"But it vvas a new coat and belongs to my fadder."

"Where vas your fadder?"

"He goes by state's prison for five years."

"Den I only pay \$1.50 for dot coat."

"For why?"

"Because of your fadder's feelings. Suppose der Governor come to visit dot prison some day and haf dis coat on his back? Shust see you fadder's feelings when dey shake hand together and vvas like old friends."

"But won't fadder feel shust ash bad for \$1.50 ash for \$2?" asks der boy.

"He may, my son," says der new clerk, "but I get 25 per cent off my conscience by changing der buttons."

Mr. Hillier's Burglar Alarm.

Mr. Hillier was a heavy sleeper. He was a man, also, with a chronic fear of burglars. It was these two things that led him to have the window of his sleeping room equipped with a burglar alarm of the latest and most approved description.

A few mornings after the device had been installed he came down to breakfast with a grin on his face.

"I had a funny dream last night," he said. "I dreamed that a burglar raised my window and the alarm went off, but he didn't seem to mind it. He rummaged the bureau drawers, found my watch and pocketbook and slipped out the way he came in. By the way," he added, "I forgot to bring down my watch and pocketbook. I'll go an' get them."

He went upstairs and returned in a moment with an entirely different look on his face. The watch and pocketbook were gone. It had not been a dream.—Youth's Companion.

When His Head Swelled.

As illustrative of the exhilarating effects of liquor, Alderman Hammond Odell tells the story of a switchman who took a drink and felt that he ought to be section boss. He took another and said, "I ought to be a division superintendent." He took two of three more and felt that he ought to be general manager of the railroad. Then he took two or three more and thought he should be president of the road.

In a few minutes the fast express was approaching. The switchman raised aloft his red lamp and brought the train came to a standstill.

"What is the trouble?" inquired the conductor.

The switchman slowly pulled out his watch and said, "You are two minutes late. Don't let this happen again."

The College Boy Chaffeur.

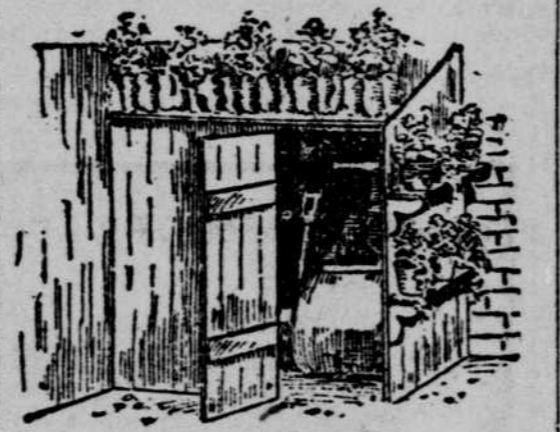
A new occupation for the self-supporting college boy during the summer vacation has come in with the automobile. Good chaffeurs are in demand and the automobile enthusiast requires a chaffeur for every make of machine in his possession.

The daughter of a New York millionaire owns fourteen automobiles. From light runabouts to touring cars and has eight chaffeurs in her employ. Self-supporting college men who have taken time during the year to make a study of automobiles have no trouble in securing positions.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE HOME SURROUNDINGS

Even an ordinary suburban villa, erected in the stiff, stereotyped style approved by the modern builder—in accordance with his conception of fitness and economy—even a tiny, box-like edifice composed of crude red bricks and glaring paint, may be beautified by planting around it many creeping plants, and changed into a little nest of town workers' visions of country cottages and village life.

A covering of trailing greenery will do marvels to soften down the violent red of new bricks, transforming a



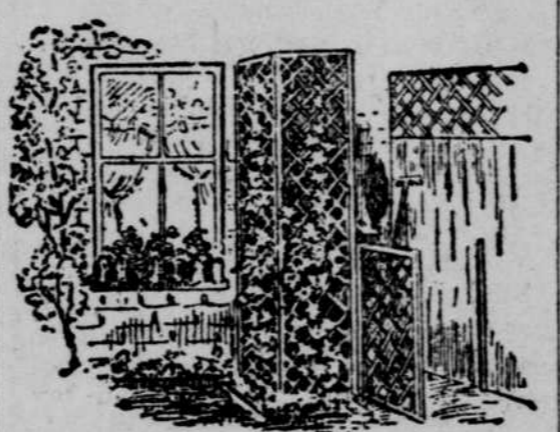
The Tool Shed.

house which is a veritable eyesore in shape and coloring, into a bow of leaves and blossoms.

Virginia creeper deserves the first mention on the list, for it will grow anywhere, and it climbs so quickly that it is worthy of particular recommendation, especially to all dwellers in towns, where every bit of fresh growing green is welcome. Late in autumn it becomes a mass of glorious coloring, its leaves turning every shade from brilliant crimson to glowing russet and gold.

Other excellent climbers are the Clematis Montana and the winter jasmine; the latter, with its pretty yellow flowers, is a great favorite. There are several varieties of clematis that do well outside a town, particularly if the spot be sheltered in winter. The blue Jackmanii is known to every one, and the white variety, with its starlike blossoms, is justly popular. The latter is particularly effective when grown in proximity to the crimson rambler rose. There is a pale blue clematis—Lady Bovill—which is very pretty, but more difficult to rear, requiring some care and attention.

Two good climbing roses are the Gloire de Dijon and William Allen Richardson; the former is hardy, and will thrive even in a northern or eastern aspect, but the latter should be planted on a south or west wall, where it will get plenty of sun. Its lovely



Another Device for Concealing An Unsightly Corner.

yellow and orange blossoms contrast admirably with the purple or blue flowers of the clematis.

For porches and lattice work there is nothing sweeter than our old friend

"LARNIN'" OF LESSER VALUE.

Irishman's Story Showed It Is the Brains that Count.

"When Canney O'leat," I got acquainted with those really good story tellers who have helped make Ireland famous. Some incident came up in the local courts which brought out the following:

"Ah, it isn't always the larnin' that counts in a man. If the brains are in him they'll work without trainin', though maybe a little touchin' up doesn't hurt."

"Now, there was me old friend Tom Sullivan, who med piles iv money on horse dealin' in Cork's own town, an' was Magistrate a' all, though he couldn't tell his own name if he saw it in writin'. Well, I mind the day Sergt. Darcy brought Pete Garvey up before Tom for bein' drunk and disorderly in the public streets—as they say. Now Darcy was a bit of a bog Latin scholar, and, thinkin' to fluster Tom, he put the case this way: 'Pete Garvey in hoc signum staggerum your worshipppum.'"

"Tom looked bothered for a minit and scratched his poll. Then, with one of them sudden jerks of his, he pointed to Garvey and thundered out: "'In hoc finum bobissimum peeterum,' and I declare he had to explain to them reporter fellows who write books every day that Garvey was fined a bob, or a shillin' if ye like, for bein' drunk and disorderly. Oh, it's the brains, not the larnin', that counts."—New York Times.

Chinese and Manchuria.

A correspondent in the London Times says that the Chinese care nothing for the provinces of Manchuria. They form no part of the eighteenth century provinces which fill the Chinese conception of his native land, though they gave birth to the ruling dynasty. This indifference may be real and may account for the ease with which the Russians have overrun the country; yet Manchuria is worth fighting for.

Spain Bears No Malice.

Don Emilio De Ojeda, the Spanish minister, who has just returned to Washington from a five months' visit to his old home in Madrid, says that the Spanish people do not bear the slightest enmity against America; and that the development of Spain's resources is going on at a wonderful rate.

Faithful Service Rewarded.

After forty years of service as sexton of Grace church, on Brooklyn Heights, William McKnight has resigned. The church has voted him a pension for life.

IS A TREACHEROUS ANIMAL.

Black Panther of Africa More Ferocious than the Bengal Tiger. Of all the big, dangerous cats, none is more unapproachable and more treacherous than the black panther. Hailing from the heart of the deepest African jungle, lithe and supple of body, alert and nervous, this stealthy marauder exceeds in ferocity even a Bengal tiger. He is the only big feline that the lion trainer does not venture to train; and he is the only cat so absolutely distrustful that he shuns even the light of day.

Often he will lie all day long in a dusky corner of his cage, his yellow slit eyes shifting and glistening restlessly. Even the feeding hour, when pandemonium breaks loose among the big cages, when hungry roars and squeals mingle with impatient snarls and impacts of heavy bodies against steel bars, is apt to have no effect on him. He may lie eyeing his chunk of raw beef suspiciously, and not venture forth until day has waned and the last visitor has left; to tear meat from bones with his long, white fangs. In fact, so ugly and vicious is this beast, that, frequently he turns on his own kind, and in many instances it is impossible to cage him, even with a mate.—McClure's Magazine.

The Departed.

The departed! the departed! They visit us in dreams, And they glide above our memories, Like shadows over streams; But where the cheeking lights of home In constant luster burn, The departed, the departed, Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful, How dreariness is their sleep, Where rolls the dirgelike music Of the ever-tossing deep; Or where the surging night winds Pale winter's robes have spread Above the narrow palaces, In the cities of the dead!

I look around, and feel the awe Of one who walks alone, Among the wrecks of former days, In mournful ruin strewn; I start to hear the wailing sounds Among the cypress trees, For the voices of the departed Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! It mingles with Each free and careless strain; I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy Will cheer my sadness again. The melody of summer waves, The thrilling notes of birds, Can never be so dear to me, As their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles Still on me sweetly fall, Their tones of love I faintly hear My name in sadness call. I know that they are happy, With their angel plumage on, But my heart is very restless, To think that they are gone.

—Park Benjamin.

A Fund of Humor.

William Winter, the dramatic critic, is thought by some to write the worst hand of any man living. There may have been giants in the past, men like Horace Greeley, who surpassed him, but no one his equal remains.

Some years ago Mr. Winter was traveling in Scotland, and having had many amusing experiences, wrote an account of them to R. H. Stoddard, in New York. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast and, combining familiarity with the intuitions of the poet, managed to make it out, and enjoyed several good laughs. He glanced up at Mrs. Stoddard and said:

"It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?"

"You know I can never read a word of his writings," answered Mrs. Stoddard.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," replied Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at!"

Why He Was Called Literary.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a great reader of modern novels. Recently, it will be remembered, he regaled his Bible class with a series of excerpts from G. H. Lorimer's "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." More recently still Mr. Rockefeller entertained for several days one of the best novels of American novelists.

This novelist has the habit of leaving books and papers lying around him in great confusion, and one day Mr. Rockefeller overheard a maid servant comment upon his friend's carelessness somewhat humorously.

"The gentleman is literary, is he?" said the maid. "Well, I suppose they call him that because he is always making a litter."—Boston Post.

Mark Twain's Answer.

Mark Twain received a letter from New Zealand the other day, in which a small correspondent, in the midst of the enthusiasm of the days of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, asked him plaintively if his name really was Clemens. It probably was not, as Clemens was the man who sold patent medicines in Wellington, and, besides, the writer was fond of the name Mark—was there not a Mark Anthony in the Bible?

The humorist was immensely pleased with the whole thing, and sent out an answer that may yet become an heirloom in the New Zealand family. And one of the things he said was: "As Mark Anthony has got into the Bible, I am not without hopes myself."

Immense Coil of Rope.

The largest coil of rope ever seen in this city has been made for a towline for the big raft of piling collected by the Oregon Rafting company, which is to be towed to San Francisco by the steamer Francis Leggett, now taking in her cargo of lumber at Inman & Poulson's mills. The huge coil contains 150 fathoms of cable four and three-quarter inches in diameter, weighs a little over three tons and costs in the neighborhood of \$1,700. It needs to be stout and strong and perfect in every fiber, for the raft to be towed contains 650,000 linear feet of piling, equal to 6,500,000 feet, lumber measure.—Portland Oregonian.

Shoes for a Giant.

A Calumet shoemaker has just finished a pair of shoes for Louis Mollenen, known as the "Quincy Hill giant." Mollenen is 19 years old, stands seven feet eight inches in height and tips the scales at 300 pounds. The shoes are sixteen and a quarter inches in length, six inches in width and weigh five pounds each. Mollenen will use them while at work in the Quincy mine, where he is employed. A number of offers to exhibit the young giant have been made by Chicago men, but all have been refused.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Oldest Postal Employee.

John D. Strassburg began work in the Louisville postoffice in 1848, and is said to be the oldest postal employee in the United States. He never has been promoted.



Landlord Well Supplied.

The young man suffering from over-study arrived at the resort in the "lonely mountains."

"Ten dollars per day?" he gasped, reading the rates over the desk.

"Certainly, sir," responded the suave proprietor. "I hope you will understand that this is a nerve sanatorium."

"I should say it is, and you have the most nerve of all."

Equal to Emergency.



The Collector—What! Mr. Owning not in! Why, there he is, before my very eyes!

The Office Kid—Aw-wot! That ain't the old man, He's out! That's only his shadow!—Jester.

Had the Bird Beaten.

"They say your uncle, who has just come home from the army, is terribly addicted to swearing. Is that true?"

"Well, you know how our parrot would swear?"

"Yes."

"When Uncle Henry first came here he made a few remarks near the bird, and it came over toward him and said: 'Say, you better get in this cage. I've lost my job!'"

His Title There.

"My wife and I are going to spend the summer with her people at Strong's Corners," said the meek, little man, "and I want you to mail your paper to me."

"Yes," said the clerk; "what's your name?"

"Well—er—to make sure, I guess you'd better address it 'Mary Strong's Husband, Strong's Corners.'"

Regular Custom.

"Did you follow my advice and send your 'mint-julep' poem to the editor of that Kentucky magazine?"

"Yes; and he took it."

"Of course he did. Didn't I tell you no true Kentuckian would decline a mint julep?"

"That's all right; but he paid me only 15 cents for it."—Judge.

Not Quite Certain.

Gilroy—Parsons is a liberal sort of fellow. He offered me a cigar just now."

Butman—You didn't take it?

Gilroy—No.

Butman—Then how do you know whether it was liberality or merely malice?—Boston Transcript.

Natural Deduction.

Attorney—What do you do during the week?

Witness—Nothing.

Attorney—And on Sunday?

Witness—I take a day off.

Attorney—How long have you had a political job?

His Secret.

Raphael was explaining his fame. "It was easy," he confessed. "I simply told every woman on the block that I had painted my cherubs from hers."

Bitterly he regretted he had wasted his talents on art instead of shining in politics.—Harper's Bazar.

A Misslip.

Mistah Jackson (at the cakewalk)—Look heah, nigga, doan' yo' laugh at me; doan' yo' laugh at me! Mistah Johnson—I ain't laughin'; ny face jes' slipped!



The Reader.

Rieder—I suppose I'm a blockhead, but I must confess I don't like Henry James's novels.

Crittock—You may not be a blockhead at that. The people who don't like his novels are divided into two classes—those who don't understand him and those who do.—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Work Ahead.

"Where are you bound now?" asked Psyche of Cupid.

"The Atlantic coast resorts," replied Cupid.

"But where are your bow and arrows?"

"Oh, I have to use a machine gun here. It's gone on ahead of me."

Why He Tarried.

Harold—You shouldn't wait for something to turn up, old chap; you should pitch right in and turn it up yourself.

Rupert—But it's my rich uncle's toes, old chap, that I'm waiting for.—New York News.

Paradoxical.

"That child seems to be spoiled." "He is not spoiled. He's entirely 'too fresh.'"



set for the dinner. He waited with impatience for Jessie, and was effusive in his greeting when she entered the drawing-room.

"You are more than prompt, Mr. Morris," she said, releasing her hand. "I have something to say to you, to ask you, Jessie. Are we likely to be disturbed here?"

"I think not. What weighty secret have you to disclose, Mr. Morris? Pray be seated."

The great house was silent, and the yellow light of the setting sun flooded the room. Jessie was superb as she calmly awaited the declaration her intuition told her was forthcoming. She could not find in her heart the slightest feeling of pity or sympathy for Arthur Morris.

"I have waited years for this moment," he said, dramatically. His face paled slightly, but he was not abashed. "From the hour I saw you in Hingham I have admired you, and now I ask you to be my wife. As you know, I think a great deal of you; more than I know how to tell you! The governor—dear old governor!—endorses my choice. Say you will have me, Jessie!"

He had not forgotten the peroration of his carefully prepared and oft-rehearsed proposal, and concluded by dropping clumsily to his knees. There was more of demand than of pleading in his manner.

Jessie Carden's eyes flashed as she looked down upon him.

"Arise, Mr. Morris, and make an end to this scene!" she said, as she instinctively drew away from him. "I cannot marry you. You must respect this answer as final."

Her voice was low, but firm, and the dark eyes held no gleam of hope. Morris struggled to his feet.

"You told me to wait two years for you, and I have waited!" he exclaimed, harshly. "This is a strange reward for my patience and for my kindness to your father!"

"I told you I would not marry within two years. I have kept my word. I made no other promise. I shall not discuss your business relations with General Carden. You certainly have not considered me a part of them. Since our dinner engagement promises no pleasure to either of us, I will release you from it. Pray excuse me. General Carden will be with you presently."

"Don't go, I beg of you!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie turned to leave the room. "Your absence from the dinner would—well, it would be very embarrassing, don't you see? I won't say anything more about—about marriage, but please go with us. Something may happen which you would like to hear about. You will go; won't you?—Miss Carden?"

Jessie yielded to this miserable entreaty, and a moment later General Carden entered the room and relieved an awkward situation. Jessie took small part in the conversation as the carriage rolled down the avenue, but Morris chatted gaily with Edith Hancock. He secretly nursed his anger, but Jessie noticed that he studiously ignored General Carden.