

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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## CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

"How much L. & O. have you?" he demanded.

"Thirty-five thousand shares," replied Mr. Mason.

"How many have you sold?" addressing his son.

"About seventy-five thousand."

"Hu-m-m-m. Fine outlook! Forty thousand shares short on a stock, with only a hundred thousand shares in all," growled Randolph Morris.

"By God, if I pull out of this thing with a dollar I'll place it where you can't find it with a set of burglar's tools!"

Randolph Morris glared at his son, fumbled for his glasses and bent over the tape.

"Fifty-five bid for L. & O.," it read.

"Bid sixty for any part of ten thousand shares. Gimme that telephone! Go to the exchange, Mason, and get on the other end of this wire, and I'll give you the orders."

Shortly before noon a news agency made public a statement which hastened the crisis. It read:

"The deal in L. & O. was engineered by Mr. James Blake, the dashing young operator whose advent in New York was signaled by the recent upheaval in prices. For several weeks Mr. Blake has quietly been absorbing blocks of L. & O. To-day he secured ten thousand shares from General Marshall Carden, which, with the holdings of Mr. John Hawkins, gives the syndicate of which Mr. Blake is the head absolute control of this valuable property. Another railroad company has been a bidder for control, but the Carden stock gives Mr. Blake the coveted advantage."

"It is rumored that a well-known and powerful banking house is short this stock to the amount of nearly forty thousand shares. It opened at 29½ and rapidly advanced to 75, and then by leaps and bounds reached 125. It is believed that only a few scattered shares are yet in the market, and that the stock is cornered."

"Later—it is rumored that the banking house of Randolph Morris & Company has suspended."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### Father and Son.

One by one the directors of the bank had entered the room where Randolph Morris was making his

to shame and poverty in my old age. I hope, by God, that everything you buy with that money will give you pain! I wish to God—"

His voice was choked, the blood surged to his temples, his hands clutched at his throat, and with a gasp for breath he fell heavily to the floor.

Before Arthur Morris realized what had happened, others were by his father's side. The stricken old financier partially recovered consciousness before a physician arrived, but again sank into a most alarming condition.

"Apoplexy," said the physician, in answer to a question. "Is this his first attack?" he asked Arthur Morris.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I've seen the governor so mad he couldn't speak, several times, but never so bad as this."

As he spoke Randolph Morris opened his eyes and they rested on his son.

"Take him away," he said, averting his eyes. "Take him away, and give me a chance to live."

"You're all right, governor," said Arthur Morris, as the doctor gave him a signal to stay out of sight. "Keep cool and you'll come out on top. I feel as bad as you do about it, but there's no use in kicking. Brace up and take your medicine like a man; we may win out yet."

To which encouraging advice Randolph Morris made no reply, and the son left the room.

As Randolph Morris was tenderly carried down the steps, through an angry crowd, and placed in an ambulance, he opened his eyes and looked longingly at the building which bore his name. Thus he made his last journey away from the roar and turmoil of Wall street; a mental, physical and financial wreck, cast on the shores of oblivion by a storm terrific and unforeseen.

Arthur Morris, stripped of all power by the action of the directors, stood amid the wreck of his fortunes.

He was a witness to the compromise by which a representative of James Blake & Company agreed to terms, while protecting the depositors, called for the sacrifice of the millions which once stood in his name. The fifty thousand dollars he had succeeded at the last moment in draw-

found himself shaking hands and laughing with strangers. He felt a strong grasp on his shoulder and turned to see James Blake.

"We settle with Randolph Morris & Company at 175," he whispered.

"Your share of the profits is nearly a million and a half. I'll call at your house this evening and give you a check for the exact amount."

"I can find no words to express my feelings," said General Carden, deeply affected. "I do not think that I am entitled to so large a share of these profits. I—I—really I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Blake. God bless and reward you."

"Don't thank me," replied James Blake.

A strange expression came over his face and a look of pain to his dark eyes. "I am not—I should not—"

He paused, released General Carden's hand and turning abruptly, rushed across the room and vanished into an inner office.

In the turmoil of his own feelings General Carden paid little attention to this strange action. Six hours before he had entered these rooms all but penniless. He left them more than a millionaire.

In a darkened room in a remote quarter of the city, a gray-haired man gasped for breath and moaned in his delirium. A great financial battle had been fought. Randolph Morris was one of the stricken victims, and Marshall Carden was one of the victors.

In this age of commercial and industrial barbarism, man must climb to glory over the dead and mangled bodies of the losers. Commercial competition has all the horrors and none of the chivalry of physical warfare.

Thoughts such as these came to John Burt when the news circulated that Randolph Morris had been stricken in his office. The blow aimed at the son had fallen with crushing force on the father.

In the hour of victory John Burt was silent and sad, and John Hawkins was not slow to glean the reason.

"I wouldn't worry over Randolph Morris," he said, with a gruffness which was assumed. "The old man will recover. One stroke of apoplexy won't kill him."

"Write to Randolph Morris," said John, addressing Blake, "and say that his personal property is exempt in this settlement. He has scheduled it as having a value of nearly a million dollars. I shall not take it from him. He's an old man, with daughters and others dependent on him."

"Good for you, Burt!" exclaimed John Hawkins. "It isn't business, but business is hell—as old Sherman said about war. I'm going to my hotel to take a nap. Where can I see you this evening? Dine with me at the hotel at nine o'clock. What d'ye say? You, too, Blake."

(To be continued.)

## YACHT COST HIM NOTHING.

How Commodore Monroe Was Made Eligible for Position.

Just what the Larchmont Yacht club will do, now that Gus Monroe is dead, the members are wondering. With Mr. Monroe the Larchmont Yacht club was a hobby. He worked harder to make that organization succeed than many men work at their business. He was identified with the club for more than twenty years, and all that time he was an officeholder.

In 1883 he was chosen commodore. He did not own a yacht then.

"Bill," he said to his friend, W. S. Alley, "they want me to be commodore, but I can't be, because I haven't a boat."

"Is that all that prevents you from accepting the nomination?" asked Mr. Alley.

"That's all," was the reply.

"Then I'll give you my yacht, the Schemer. I'll have the boat properly transferred to you in consideration of \$1. You can keep her as long as you like, but when you want to get rid of her you must give me the opportunity to take her back again for \$1."

"That's a go," said the commodore. The Schemer, which was his most famous sloop in her day, was duly transferred, and Mr. Monroe paid Mr. Alley \$1.

"Now, I'll match you for the dollar," said the commodore.

They matched, and Mr. Alley lost, so the commodore got his flag ship for nothing.

He kept the Schemer for two years, retired from office, and then had the yacht transferred back to Mr. Alley. When Mr. Alley paid the dollar he suggested that they should match for it.

"Not on your life," said Commodore Monroe. "That dollar is going to be a souvenir of the flag ship I owned that never cost a cent."—New York Sun.

**Causes of Nervous Prostration.**

"Believe me," said a Spruce street physician who makes a specialty of treating nervous disorders, "it isn't overwork that superinduces nervous prostration. The men who succumb to nervous strain are not the men who work continually under high pressure. The man who has no relaxation has no time to brood over his health, and brooding is fatal to a man whose nerves are highly strung. If a man is constantly busy in mind from morning until night he isn't in any danger of nervous trouble. It's only when he relaxes and gives himself a certain amount of leisure that he is danger. A man is a good bit like a piece of machinery. It's the relaxation that tells. Take Russell Sage, for instance. He celebrated his 88th birthday to-day, and he is in the harness all the time. Should he give up even a part of his daily routine the probabilities are that he would be a dead man in six months. The man whose nerves trouble him is the man of comparative leisure."—Philadelphia Record.

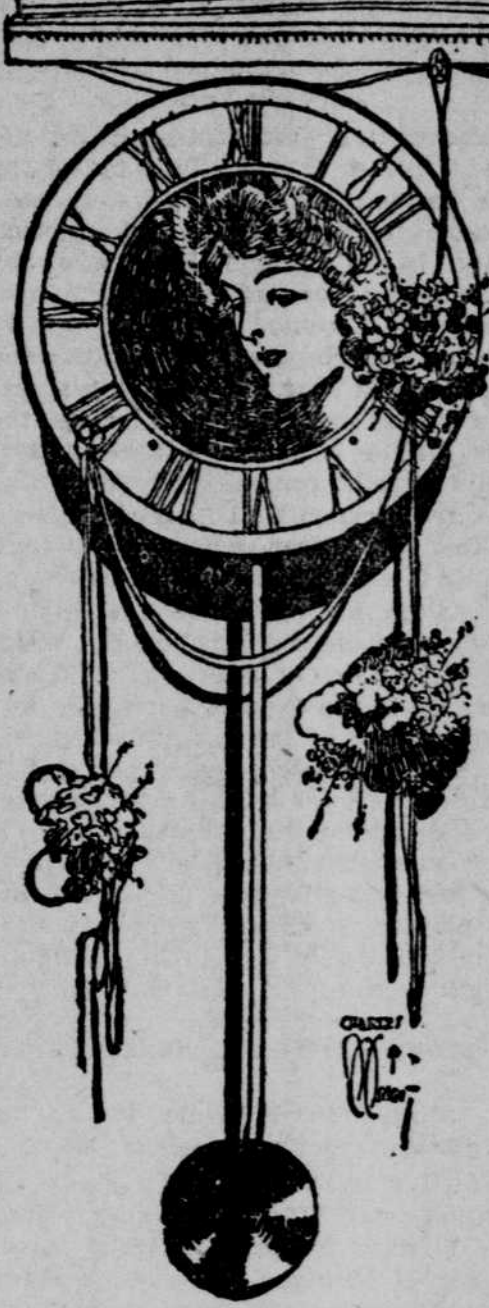
**Mountain Air to Blame.**

A new guest arrived at a New Hampshire farmhouse where a Boston gentleman happened to be holding forth on the piazza. The newcomer was much impressed by the speaker's fluency.

"I declare," he remarked to the landlord, "that man has an extensive vocabulary, hasn't he?"

The landlord was mightily pleased. "That's so," he said. "That's what mountain air will do for a man. He ain't been boardin' with me but two weeks, and I know he must have let his waistband out much as four times."—Rochester Herald.

# AS THE CLOCK TICKS



have been 70 years of age, but who, in spite of her years, was "fine in the business" when it came to cooking. Another colored woman of advanced years was in the habit of coming to see the cook, and one day the lady said:

"Dinah, who is that old colored woman I sometimes find in the kitchen with you?"

"Dat ole 'oman, missus? Oh, she's jess a relationship of mine."

"What kind of a relationship, Dinah?"

"Well, she's—she's—well, I guess she's my sistah-in-law."

"You guess that she is your sister-in-law? Don't you know?"

"Well, I reckon I do. I reckon she's my sistah-in-law because, you see, we bofe had de same husban' befo' de wah. Dat's how come she's my sistah-in-law."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## NATURALLY RED-HEADED.

Shortly before he sailed for Europe Col. W. H. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was entertaining Dr. J. L. Girdner with a few lessons in ethnology gleaned from experiences among the Indians in his early days.

"By the way, Doc," he asked a row and O'Brien, "ever see a red-headed Indian?"

"Never did, and never heard of such a freak, Colonel."

"I saw one, a Cherokee, down on the Fort Scott trail," quietly answered Cody, and then stopped, waiting for a "rise."

It came. "Rather unusual sight, that, wasn't it?"

"Rather; but, you see, this Indian was bald."—New York Times.

## WIDOWED HENS.

In the early summer a friend hired a house on Staten island with all its belongings, indoors and out, the latter including a horse, a cow, pigs and poultry. While there were about 100 hens, there were but two roosters, and in this flock the eight-year-old daughter became deeply interested. "Papa," she said one day, "what are those two big chickens with red combs on their foreheads?"

"Those, my child, are roosters," she was informed. "Well, what are roosters?" "They are the fathers," "Oh! And what are all the others?" "Why, they are the mothers."

After a moment's reflection Edith innocently remarked: "My gracious, papa, what an awful lot of fathers must have died to leave so many mothers all alone."—New York Press.

## SUPERFLUOUS GOOD NEWS.

It was at the close of the campaign in which Mr. Harrison defeated Mr. Cleveland for the presidency. Senator Blackburn and "Private" John Allen, the keen-tongued representative from Mississippi, were standing together in the capitol at Washington when W. R. Hearst hurried up and excitedly displayed a telegram from his father, Senator Hearst, in California. The message read:

"As sure as there is a God in heaven I've carried Cleveland as carried California."

It was already known that New York had gone for Harrison, so that it really made no difference which way California cast her vote. Mr. Allen solemnly folded the telegram and handed it back, and remarked:

"Your father's telegram reminds me of a friend of mine who went to Colorado. Not long afterward his wife received a telegram which read: 'Jim thrown off a broncho and his neck, both legs, and one arm broken.' A little later, in the midst of her tears, the widow received another message from the sympathetic cowboys. It read: 'Matters not so bad. Jim's arm not broken.'"

—New York Times.

## SECRETARY TAFT WAS SORRY.

Brig-Gen. John F. Weston is happy over the order permitting officers to wear civilian clothes while on duty at the war department in Washington. It is current gossip in military circles that Gen. Weston was responsible for the order. He went into Secretary Taft's office the other day—and it was a hot day—wearing his heaviest uniform blouse, which some of his fellow officers say he donned purposefully and showed that he was uncomfortable. The order was issued by Secretary Taft immediately after the

## EXPENSIVE PHRASE.

The late Gov. Patison used to tell with keen gusto the following:

A certain candidate thought that his chance for election would be increased if he acquired a knowledge of Pennsylvania Dutch, so he prevailed on a friend who was familiar with that patois to accompany him and post him how to get off a Dutch sentence at the end of each speech. This plan proved a great success and the candidate was delighted with the experiment.

In the excitement of one meeting, however, he forgot the phrase so patiently taught him early in the day by his mentor, and under cover of taking a glass of water hastily communicated that fact to his friend.

"Never mind," was the whispered reply, "just say 'Was nempt?'"

This the speaker innocently did, and the result astonished him.

"Such a rush from a hall," he afterward said, "was probably never before witnessed in the state of Pennsylvania. That little phrase was Pennsylvania Dutch for 'What will you have to drink?' and the proprietor of the hotel to which my audience had adjourned taxed me \$24 for my 'Was nempt?' break."—New York Times.

## SUCCESSFUL CONVERSION.

T. Dart Walker, art editor of Leslie's Weekly, has been persuaded to make a monograph of this year's experiences with the navy as an art-seaman.

He saw many things aboard ship that have escaped the eyes of the layman. The Kearsarge was his marine home for some time.

"One of the quaintest characters," he said, "that I knew was O'Brien, the navy who policed the ship. He was chosen because he could lick any man on board. The spirit of fight is developed, not squelched, in the navy, but there must be some one who is able to silence the biggest man that walks the deck."

"O'Brien's methods were simple but sure. One afternoon two men got into who was in my stateroom, was sent for. He excused himself, walked down the deck, and in five minutes returned as if nothing had happened. Two things had happened if not more, a bump over his left temple and the beginning of a black eye."

"How about it, O'Brien?" said I.

"Nawthin," he replied.

"Nawthin," I repeated, pointing to eye and temple.

"Nawthin" much," he went on; "I had a quiet conversation with Jake in his bunk. I took him below and shut the door, and we labored religiously together. We're both believin' more in the power of God and Old Ireland and less in the devil now, than we did afore our tate-a-tate."—New York Times.

## SISTERS-IN-LAW.

The negro is sometimes a good deal mixed regarding relationships, as the following incident illustrates:

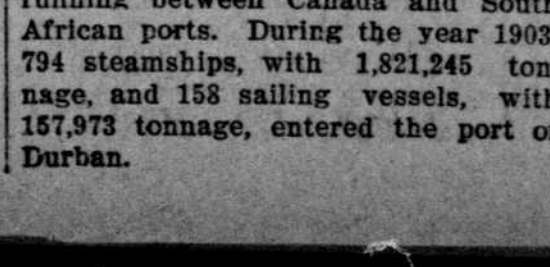
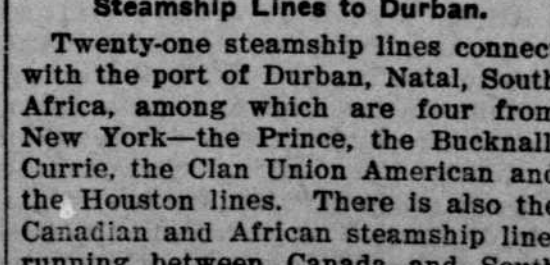
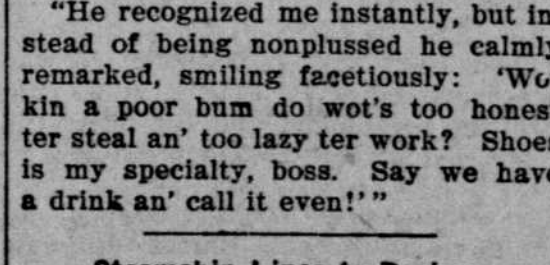
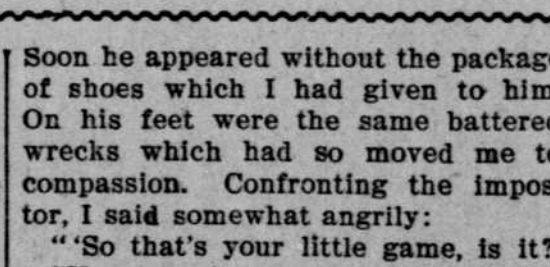
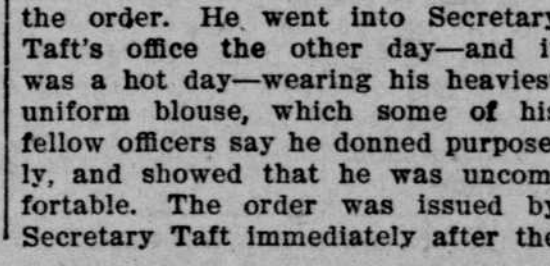
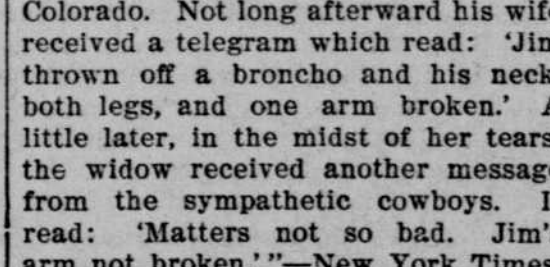
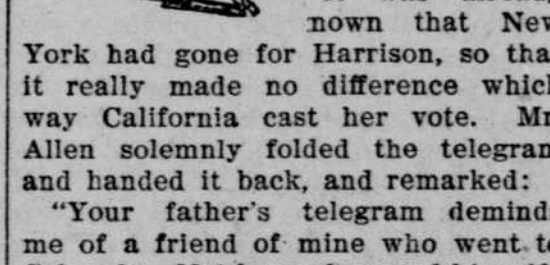
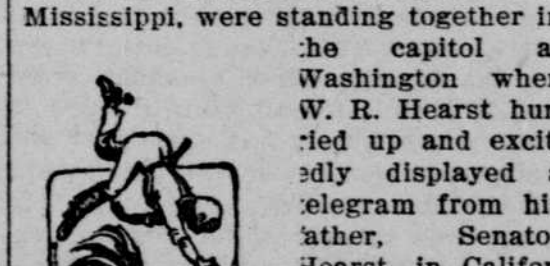
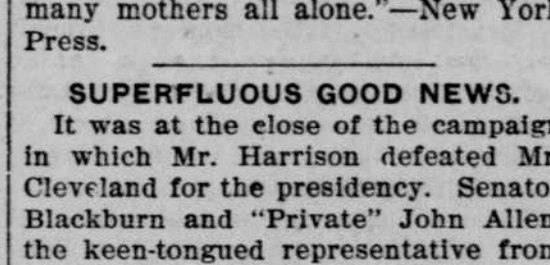
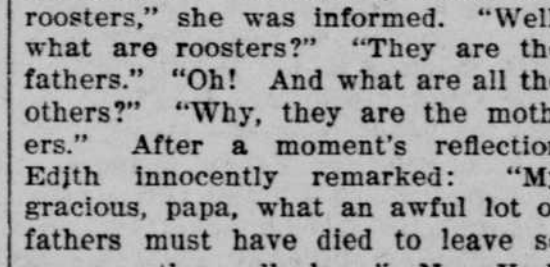
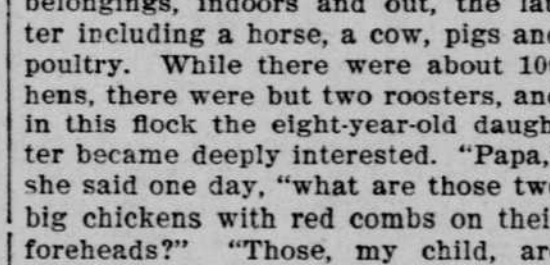
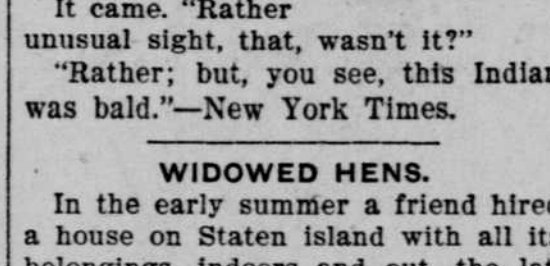
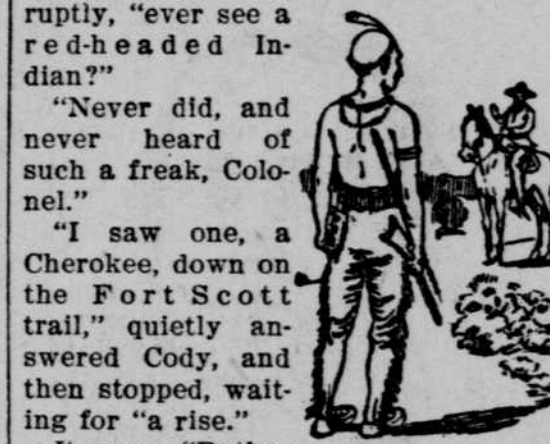
A lady had a negro cook who must

## SHOES WERE HIS SPECIALTY.

Beggars Waive Explanation of His Mode of Livelihood.

"One day last week," observed the man who has bachelor apartments, "a chap who bore all the marks of a professional hobo presented himself at my door and begged for a pair of old shoes. As evidence that he really needed them he extended a foot for my inspection. The utterly dilapidated condition of his foot covering was proof enough, and I immediately rooted out a pair of old shoes from my closet and handed them over with the feeling that I was relieving actual want."

"A few minutes later I had occasion to leave my rooms, and as I walked down the street and turned the corner at Seventh avenue I noticed ahead of me the man to whom I had just given the shoes. I followed him, not out of curiosity, but because my course lay in that direction. Before long I saw him enter a second-hand shoe store. A dark suspicion popped into my head, and I waited until the man came out."



# HEAT AND JOLLY

Her Ex-Son.

Mrs. Wabash—There goes Mrs. Mar-

rimore with her stepson. What a homely boy he is!

Mrs. De Vorse—Yes, and yet I remember several years ago I thought him quite pretty.

Mrs. Wabash—Ah! but you were his mother at that time, were you not?

Mrs. De Vorse—Why, yes, I believe I was.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Logical Inference.

Little Bess—Who is that strange lady, mamma?

Mamma—That is Miss Goodwin, the philanthropist, my dear.

Little Bess—What is a philanthropist?

Mamma—it is a word derived from the Greek signifying "a lover of men."

Little Bess—Then I guess all women are philanthropists, aren't they, mamma?

## About the Size of It.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who begins his remarks in the middle.

"Ever notice what," asked the easy mark.

"That for every dollar a man wins on fast horses he loses two on slow ones?" continued the other.

## The Old, Old Story.

Ted—Well, t-a-ta, old chapple, I must get away. I have an engagement.

Gus—A pressing one?

Ted—Well, it generally ends in that, don'tcherknow, when the gas is turned down.—Half-Holiday.

## Retribution at Hand.

"Mandy," said Farmer Cornstossel, "do you know that one of them boarders is the man that got me into a crooked game in the train last winter?"

"Are you goin' to have him arrested?"

"No, jes' you see that he doesn't pay his board in counterfeit money an' we'll get even all right."

## Two Ways of Seeing It.

First Lump of Delight—My husband is so jealous!

Second Lump of Delight—How absurd!

First Lump of Delight—Why, isn't yours?

Second Lump of Delight—Of course not.

First Lump of Delight—How humiliated!—New Yorker.

## Blaming It on the Bread.

"Sick at your stomach, eh?" said the boy's mother. "What made you that way?"

"I guess," said the boy, reproachfully, "it was that bread you made me eat at lunch time."

"Indeed? Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Over in old man Peters' apple orchard."

## Looking Over the Family.

Mr. Watkins—Do you think that that young Mr. Spryggins is especially interested in Mabel?

Mrs. Watkins—Well, it looks that way. The last time he called he persisted in having her bring out the old photograph album and show him the pictures of all the near and distant relatives.

## Could Not Believe It.

Jack—I thought that the author of this book was famous for his keen understanding of women?

Jane—Well, do you doubt it?

Jack—Of course. He says that the heroine suffered in silence.

## Now They Don't Speak.

Mrs. Fox—Your husband paid me such a pretty compliment yesterday.

Mrs. Knox—Indeed! What did he say?

Mrs. Fox—Why, he said I was looking younger and handsomer than ever.

Mrs. Knox—Oh, I'm not surprised at his saying that. Poor John is getting awfully nearsighted.

## A Life Risk.

Crawford—Why, old man, what makes you look so blue?

Crabshaw—My wife went to get her life insured.

Crawford—And they refused her?

Crabshaw—No; said she was good for another forty years.—Town Topics.

## Just Like the Giver.

"Whew! Who gave you this cigar, old man?"

"Why, Dauber, the artist."

"I thought so. It's just like him."

"In what way?"

"Why, it's cheap, full of flaws and craws poorly."

## Steamship Lines to Durban.

Twenty-one steamship lines connect with the port of Durban, Natal, South Africa, among which are four from New York—the Prince, the Bucknall-Currie, the Clan Union American and the Houston lines. There is also the Canadian and African steamship line, running between Canada and South African ports. During the year 1903, 794 steamships, with 1,821,245 tonnage, and 158 sailing vessels, with 157,973 tonnage, entered the port of Durban.



Groping his massive gold-headed cane he brought it down on the glass dome . . .

fight against overwhelming odds. Some he recognized by an almost imperceptible bow, but no words came from his lips as he bent over the tape. The faces of the directors were pale and drawn from tension.