

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Two hundred feet from the house the dog paused and sniffed the air. Then, with a yelp, he plunged to the right, made for a rock which showed dim through the snow, and burrowed frantically into a drift on its leeward side. In the white mass Blake saw a dark object, and as he reached the rock it moved. The next instant a bearded face appeared from the folds of a heavy fur overcoat, and a man struggled unsteadily to his feet.

"Can you walk?" shouted Blake, grasping him by the arm.

"I think so," said the stranger, as he grasped the rope. "How far is it?"

"Not far," replied Blake, encouragingly. "Pull on the rope. It will help you."

Once in the cabin, the stranger seated himself near the stove, while Blake produced a flask and heaped fuel on the fire.

"Keep your hands and feet away from the stove, if they are frozen," cautioned Blake.

"I'm not frost-bitten," was the stranger's reply, as he clapped his hands vigorously and pinched his ears. "I was completely done for. If you hadn't found me when you did," he said with much feeling, "as he extended his hand, 'I should never have left there alive!'"

At the sound of the man's voice James Blake started and gazed intently at him. When the bearded stranger raised his eyes and offered his hand the recognition was complete.

"John Burt, or I'm a ghost! Don't you know me, John?"

"Jim Blake!"

The New Englander is not demonstrative in his emotions or affections, but the joy which danced in the eyes of these reunited friends as they shook hands and slapped each other

"How rich, and how badly in love?" "My strokes of fortune and my love affairs are all jumbled together," explained Blake, laughing heartily.

"You'll have a bad opinion of me, John, but I've reformed and am going to lead a better life. I made my first strike on the Little Calaveras. Talk about luck! That was a funny thing. I broke my neck and discovered a gold mine and a sweetheart in doing it!"

"Broke your neck? Surely you're jesting!"

"It's a fact, just the same," asserted Blake, thoughtfully rubbing the back of his neck, which showed no signs of fracture. "I was a greenhorn then, and my prospecting expeditions were the joke of the old stagers. I bought a horse and a Mexican saddle and prowled through all the mountains and foothills back of the Little Calaveras. One afternoon I was following a trail that skirted along the side of a mountain. There's a lot of woodchucks in those hills, and in burrowing around one of them loosened a rock, which came rolling down in my direction. My horse saw and heard it, and shied off the trail. He slid about twenty feet and then fell, and as he went my right foot went through the stirrup. He rolled over me, and we started down the slope. Sometimes I was on top, and sometimes he was on top.

"Four or five hundred feet below I saw a thin row of trees, and I knew they marked the edge of a cliff. For some reason there's most always a fringe of trees at these jumping off places. We were going like lightning. Just as we neared the edge the horse rolled over me again. As I came on top I saw that we were going to pass between two small trees. A big rock slewed the horse around, and he went down head first. I grabbed at a tree, and by the merest chance threw

had scratched it. I staked out a claim and sold it to Jenny's father for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He's made two millions out of it. I made love to Jenby, and I think she would have had me, but I went to San Francisco and dropped the hundred and twenty-five thousand on the mining exchange. I went back and asked Jenny to wait until I made another fortune. She said she'd think about it. I guess she did. A year later she married a man who is now a United States Senator. So I broke my neck, lost my fortune and my sweetheart all in less than a year."

"And what have you now?" "This mountain chateau," replied Blake, with a lordly sweep of his arm, "and a hole in the ground back of it. Then I have a fine view of the valley, a good appetite, a slumbering conscience, and—Dog, here, who never upbraids me for being seven kinds of a fool."

John told the story of the dying sailor and his map, and read an extract from Peter Burt's letter. Then he produced the map, and they spread it out on the table and examined it by the light of the lantern.

"I followed the trail all right," explained John, "until the storm set in, and then I had to feel my way. Before I lost my bearings I was about two miles from the point where this sailor claims to have found gold. I kept near the edge of the cliff until I could go no further, and then curled up behind that rock in the hope that the storm would cease."

Blake studied the map with growing interest and excitement. With a splinter from a log as a marker he traced the trail.

"I know every foot of it!" he exclaimed, resting the point of the splinter on a round spot on the map. "Here is Fisher's Lake. You came that far by stage. Here is the creek which you follow for seven miles until you come to the old Wormley trail. You take that to the cliffs, and go along the cliffs until you cross four brooks and come to the fifth one. You were within a hundred yards of that fifth stream, John. Now let's see the key to this thing."

John handed him the letter. "From the east face of the square rock, on the north bank of the brook, at the edge of the cliff," read Blake. "I know the rock well. Let's see. Thence east along the bank of the brook in a straight line four hundred and twenty-two feet, and then north at right angles, sixty-seven feet to the base of the tallest pine in the neighborhood."

Blake rushed to the door, forgetful of the storm, to verify his suspicions. He pushed it open an inch, but a solid bank of snow blocked the way.

"Where do you suppose the base of that pine tree is?" he demanded. Without waiting for a reply he found a hatchet and tapped the clay floor until he located a spot which gave a deadened sound. Then he chopped away a few inches of packed dirt and sank the blade into a solid substance.

"There's the base of the big pine tree described by your dead sailor, and I'll bet my life on it," he shouted. And here are sections of the tree," he continued, pointing to the logs which formed the foundation of the cabin. "I'm dead sure of it, John. It's about a hundred and forty yards from here to the edge of the cliff. I know, for I measured it. And its about twenty yards to the brook. What is more conclusive, this was by far the largest tree anywhere around. That's why I located the cabin here. Let's see what comes next!" His eyes glistened with excitement.

The instructions were to measure three hundred and eighteen feet north from the base of the tree and thence east to a carefully described rock, which Blake remembered. This was the base of the incline. Within a hundred yards of this rock the key located three gold-bearing quartz ledges.

(To be continued.)

HAD BEEN CHASING RABBITS.

Naturally Dreamer Had Not Enjoyed His Sleep.

"A man down in my country," said Representative Clayton of Alabama, "saw a dog sleeping in the sun. The dog was twitching and starting as dogs sometimes do in their sleep. The man said, 'I'd like to know what that dog is dreaming about.'"

"Easy enough," replied an old chap who stood by. "You just put a chip on that dog's ear and leave it there until he wakes up. Then you take that chip and put it on your chest when you go to bed to-night and you will dream of what the dog is dreaming of now."

"The fellow got a chip and put it on the dog's ear and stood around until the dog waked up and brushed it off. He put the chip on his chest when he went to bed that night. Next morning I saw him coming listlessly down the street."

"What's the matter?" I said. "What was the dog dreaming about?"

"Oh," he answered, "I'm clean tuckered out. I was chasing rabbits all night long."

Public to Own Telephones.

It has been announced that the British postoffice propose to exercise its right to buy out the Great National Telephone Company at the end of the present year. This action by the government is the first step toward breaking up the monopoly which has shackled and curbed the development of telephones in the United Kingdom. With low rates and quick service the public will be provided with a system such as has heretofore been unreamed of. The postoffice has already provided a system for a great part of London at a charge less than \$40, for 90 per cent of its subscribers.

BOYS & GIRLS

A Song of Spring.

April at the loom of spring,
What is it she weaves?
Golden sunlight, silver shower,
Velvet grass and fragrant flower,
Blossoms pink and buds of green,
Hills with purple vales between,
Garden vines and orchard trees
Full of honey for the bees.
Bring to all the shadowed nooks,
Music in the meadow brooks,
April at the loom of spring,
What is it she weaves?
Poetry in everything,
Lyrics in the leaves!

April at the loom of spring.

How the shuttles fly!
Silver rain and golden ray,
Wonder-fabric of the day,
With fantastic figures fair
Wrought upon it everywhere:
Flowers of beauty, boughs of birds,
Brooded fields with petal words,
Woven color, scent, and sound
In the air and on the ground;
April at the loom of spring,
How the shuttles fly!
Poetry in everything,
Earth and sea and sky!
—Frank Dempster Sherman in Woman's Home Companion.

It Makes You Look Green.

Darken the room. Now pour half a pint of methylated spirit into a pan, place a handful of ordinary table salt in it, and then set fire to it. It will flare up in an instant, and give everyone in the room a weird and hideous appearance.

If you want the flame to be green, use nitrate of barium instead of salt. Or if you prefer red use nitrate of strontium in place of salt.

Another trick is to take beforehand a little nitrate of strontium, dissolve it in a little hot water; then take pieces of white tissue paper, dip them into the solution, and then hang them up to dry.

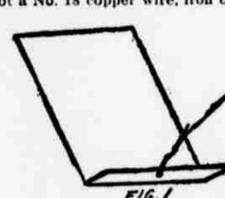
Then, when you are ready, touch a match to these pieces of paper, and they will burn with a brilliant red flash. If you combine this with the "green" trick—i. e., perform the two tricks at the same time—the effect will be weird beyond description.

Home-Made Vitriol Battery.

The blue vitriol battery is used nearly altogether for telegraph work, and you can make one easily by taking a deep saucer or plate and a piece of sheet zinc in it, four inches long and three inches wide and of any thickness, the thicker it is the longer it will last.

The blue vitriol will cost 10 cents a pound.

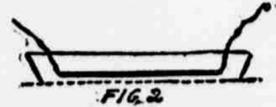
Bend up one end as in figure 1, and bore a hole in it so that a No. 18 wire will fit fairly tight. If you have not got a No. 18 copper wire, iron or brass



wire will do, or a different sized copper wire. This wire should be a foot long. Wrap this in blotting paper except the turned up part and lay on the bottom of the dish.

Next make a piece of copper or lead in the same way. Lay this on the zinc. Do not wrap this in blotting paper.

Take a glass of water and dissolve



powdered blue vitriol until no more will dissolve, when stirred up. Pour this over the plates until they are all covered.

Be careful of the blue vitriol. It is poison. Do not get it into a cut.

Baby Parks in Japan.

Have you ever heard of the wonderful dwarf trees in Japan? It is said that several specimens are to be seen in the Roman garden owned by a North Philadelphia family.

These dwarf trees are perfect in every respect, with gnarled trunks and twisted branches—but are only a foot or two in height.

In Japan dwarf parks are laid out filled with these tiny trees, and little bits of streams of water and bridges and walks are put in here and there. Instead of grass a cunning tiny green moss is used. And in the tiny (two or three inch) flower beds the most wonderful little Alpine flowers are to be found.

The whole park, trees, flower beds, streams, bridges and all, would stand easily on an ordinary dining table.

No other people in the world know how to dwarf trees. It is a secret carefully preserved by the Japanese.

Tokio's Clocks.

You know, boys and girls, we have our day divided up into twenty-four hours, beginning at 12 and ending at 12.

But the Japanese divide their time into twelve parts. There are always six parts belonging to the night and six to the day. The day begins at sunrise and ends at sunset. And no matter whether the day be long and the night short, or the day short and the night long, each one always consists of six parts.

You know there are two hands to our clock. There are two hands also to the Tokio clock, but the difference

between their clock and ours is in the numbers on the face of the clock.

Our numbers stay exactly where the clock maker put them in the first place, but in the Tokio clock the numbers can be shoved from one position to another by the man who owns the clock.

The sunrise number is always moved to keep pace with the time of the sunrise, and the same thing is done with the sunset number. And then the five numbers between them are moved until they divide the day into six exactly equal parts.

So you see it makes no difference to the Japanese people whether the days are long or short—they can always make their clocks suit the length of the days.

They do not count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., as we do, but, beginning with 3, they count 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.

Home-Made Battery.

Take four fruit jars holding about 1 quart, fill them with a solution of $\frac{1}{4}$



part sulphuric acid to $\frac{3}{4}$ part water, 2-3 full, and put a strip of zinc and a strip of copper in each one. Now solder a piece of wire from the copper to the zinc, as shown in cut.

This is a very powerful battery.

How Jap Children Write.

The pens used by the children of Japan consist of bamboo and rabbits' hair. The pen itself is a tiny brush of hair tied to the end of a bamboo stick. It doesn't seem possible that writing under such circumstances could be good, but Japanese children really write very well, indeed.

A Home Made Ball.

There are many kinds of balls for sale in the shops, but most of them are too hard for ordinary hand playing. The writer of this has never seen anything to equal the balls he used to make for himself when he was a boy, and he wants to tell the other boys how he did it.

Get a perfectly round orange and cut the peel into even quarters, numbering them at one end so as to be able to put them together again in their proper order.

Ask your mother or your sister for a pair of discarded kid gloves with long wrists, and out of these wrists cut four pieces exactly like the four pieces of orange peel. Number them as you did the pieces of peel, and with linen thread sew over, and over three seams, thus putting the four pieces together, but leaving one seam open. This is the cover for your ball.

Get a solid rubber ball about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and on it wind the common woolen yarn of which stockings are made. You can buy the yarn at a shop, or, if you can get an old stocking, ravel it out. Do the winding evenly, so as to keep the ball perfectly round, and try it now and then to see whether it is large enough for your cover. You must make it so that it will fit in the cover exactly, and then you draw the re-

maining edges together and sew them over and over as you did the other seams.

The boy who uses a ball of this kind will never willingly use any other. It is plenty hard enough, and yet it is soft to the touch, and the rubber center gives it all the needed bounce.

More "Donts."

For Boys.
Don't smoke cigarettes.
Don't swear.
Don't neglect mother for pleasure.
Don't think only of dress.
Don't eat all your sister's fudge on the sly and then write to the column and denounce it.
Don't ever wear a soiled collar.
Don't run down girls after taking one to the theatre.

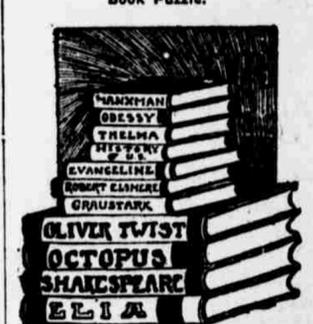
For Girls.
Don't wear a massive pompadour.
Don't wear a rat in your hair!
Don't flirt.
Don't stand on the corner talking with boys.
Don't fail to be pleasant to everyone.
Don't talk loud or giggle on the street.
Don't chew gum.

Remembered He Was a King.

A pretty story of the young King of Spain is told by "The Girls' Realm." This boy, who was from the moment of his birth a king, used to give way when a child to some very unkingly outbursts of temper, and as he had a keen sense of his royal dignity the queen mother talked to him very seriously one day on the importance of self-control in a monarch. The next time he was about to indulge in some childish outburst he checked himself suddenly and was silent. "You see fights," etc. "It was so dark," says one American residing in Korea, relating such an instance, "that no kite could be seen, but when he had run the string out to its full length he cut it and let it go, imagining that so he had rid himself of his enemies and could begin the new year with new courage."

"Each new year season there are contests in kite flying, the object being to cut the enemy's string and let his kite go. In preparation for this a string is twisted of silk and coated with ground glass and porcelain mixed with glue."—Philadelphia Press.

Book Puzzle.



Take one letter from each of these book titles, beginning with the top, and with these letters spell the name of a much loved book for children.

PRETTY SMOKE RINGS.

You have all seen smokers blow from their mouths rings of smoke which twist and curl about, growing larger as they float through the air until finally they break and fade away. Perhaps you have seen others try to do this very trick and fail, although they cannot tell why. Some men

they feel moist to the touch. This done, put the cover on the box and turn it upside down.

Now you can look through the hole in the bottom and see the blotters lying in their places in the box cover. Drop through this hole upon the blotters below a few drops of muriatic



The Smoke Whirling from the Box.

can scarcely blow any smoke from their mouths without making rings, while the mouths of others are so formed that they cannot make a single ring, no matter how much they try.

Smoke rings are made by the particles of smoke all revolving in the same direction, whirling around in a circle, pursuing each other in a sort of smoky "follow the leader" fashion. As soon as they stop whirling about in a circle they separate and drift away in an ordinary cloud of smoke.

Get an old hat box or pasteboard box of some sort, and in the bottom cut a round hole about six inches in diameter. Now fit some old blotters in the cover of the box, and on the blotters pour some ammonia, just enough to soak the blotters so that

acid. At once the box will become filled with a thick white smoke.

Now for your vortex rings. Turn the box on its side and aim the hole in the bottom in the direction in which you want the rings to go. Tap the sides of the box smartly, and great whirling white rings of smoke will come out, ever so much heavier and thicker than tobacco smoke rings.

You can shoot these rings in any direction you please, and they will sail clear across the room without breaking if there is no draught. The curling, twisting smoke is very beautiful, and it is lots of fun to make smoke figures by sending several rings in the same direction in quick succession.



THE NEXT INSTANT A BEARDED FACE APPEARED FROM THE FOLDS OF A HEAVY FUR OVERCOAT

on the back was more eloquent than words.

"This seems too good to be true, Jim!" exclaimed John, his hand on Jim's shoulder. "But for you, old chum, my California experience would have been ended. How small the world is, that we should meet here, of all places on earth!"

"Take off your clothes and get into bed, John," directed Blake, as he pushed John into a chair and tugged at his frozen boots. "Do as I tell you and you'll be all right. Lie quiet and rest. Don't talk, but keep awake."

Several times, during the next two hours, John fell into a drowse, but by force of will he roused himself. The reaction after the awful struggle in the drifts was severe, but he mastered it and was himself again. Blake exhausted the resources of his larder in a dinner, which John enjoyed as never before in his life, and Dog did not go hungry.

Then pipes were produced, and, seated near the red-hot stove, the two friends recounted some of the events which had marked their lives during the preceding six years. It seemed ages to both of them. The stripplings of seventeen were now stalwart men. Blake listened eagerly to his friend's recital of the events leading up to the quarrel with Arthur Morris. Jim clenched his hands and leaned excitedly forward when John told of the struggle with Morris in the tavern.

"I have sometimes thought," said John, "that I might have remained and faced the charge of murder which might have been made against me. That was my first impulse. I did not kill Morris, and it is only by chance that he did not kill me. The revolver was still in his hand when he fell, though I had bent his wrist so that he could not turn it against me. It was one of those new self-cocking weapons and Morris shot himself. But I had no witnesses, and Grandfather Burt and—others advised me to put myself beyond the reach of a prosecution in which all the money and influence would have been against me. But tell me of yourself, Jim. What have you done in California, and what has the Golden State done for you?"

"It would take me a week, John, to tell my experiences of the last five years," said Jim Blake, tossing another log into the fire. "Most of them would not interest you, some might amuse you, and others would make you mad. I've been rich three times, John, and in love twice—no, three times."

my free leg around it. I held like grim death to a coon, and heard the leather snap as the horse went over the precipice. If it had been a first-class saddle I wouldn't be here to tell the tale. I was hanging down over the cliff. It was eighteen hundred feet deep to the first stopping place, and I saw that horse, all spraddled out, turn over and over in the air. I closed my eyes so as not to see him strike. Then I crawled back a few feet and sat down behind a rock. That's the last thing I remember until I woke up in bed. An old doctor, whose breath smelled of liquor, was bending over me, and near him was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She and her father were approaching me when I started to slide down the mountain. Her name was Jenny Rogers."

Jim sighed and paused.

"This is growing romantic, but how about the broken neck?" asked John. "It was broken, or dislocated, which is about the same thing," continued Blake. "Jenny's father knew of an old Spanish doctor, about forty miles away, and went for him. He was a wonder on bones. He was black as an Indian and uglier than sin. He felt around my neck, swore softly in Spanish, rolled me over on my face, climbed on my back, jabbed his knees into my shoulder blades, and grabbed me by the jaws. He gave my head a quick wrench. I saw a thousand sky-rockets; something cracked and I became senseless. When I awoke he had my neck in splints, and was jabbering Spanish to Rogers. He said he was the only white man in the world who could set a broken neck, and I guess he was. He had learned the trick from an Indian medicine man. He charged me twenty-five dollars, and told me to lie quiet for a week. Jenny Rogers nursed me, and of course I fell in love with her. I was in their cabin, and near by Mr. Rogers had located some valuable claims."

"Here is the most remarkable part of this story," Blake went on. "When I was able to dress I picked up that cursed Mexican stirrup to see how the leather happened to break. It was a steel affair, and I noticed some bright yellow spots in the crevices. Blamed if it wasn't gold! I didn't say a word, but when I was strong enough I went back and climbed slowly down the place where my horse fell. It was easy to follow it. Near the edge of the cliff I found an outcropping of gold-bearing ore, and the mark of where the metal part of my stirrup