

# JOHN BURT

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## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I've been paid it a hundred times. I've struck a pick all around there and never found ore," said Blake reflectively, "but that proves nothing. A thousand people walked over the Little Calaveras before I found the gilt. Well, John," he concluded, relapsing to the familiar Yankee drawl, "don't use that beat time, as Uncle Toby Haynes used to say."

"It certainly is remarkable," said John Burt, folding the map. "How did you happen to select this particular spot, Jim?"

"Just happened to, that's all," was the laconic reply. "I laid out claims all along here, but this one seemed the most likely."

"I suppose your claims cover the ground indicated on this map, don't they?" asked John.

"It don't make a bit of difference whether they do or not," asserted Blake with much vigor. "If you find ore, the claim is yours, John, and don't you forget it!"

"Suppose we go partners in the Sallor mine," suggested John. "I have a tidy sum of money, and I'll offset that and the map against your claim and experience. What do you say, Jim?"

"It's not fair to you, John, but I'll gladly accept, and here's my hand on it!"

After breakfast they set about locating the salior's vein. In less than an hour Jim Blake sunk his pick into a quartz rock which showed free gold. While Jim was gloating over his find, John appeared from behind a ledge. He handed Blake a nugget which weighed fully ten pounds, and a glance—to say nothing of the weight—showed it to be almost solid gold. Blake grasped it, devoured its dull gloss with sparkling eyes, and hurried his hat high in the air.

"We are rich! We are rich!" he shouted until the rocks resounded.

"We can try, John," said Blake hopefully. "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. I would take it in a minute if I could get it."

They discussed the matter for hours, but Blake would not recede from his position. Dangling before his eyes was a purse containing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be obtained without further work or worry. It meant pleasure, affluence, ease, liberty—it was enough. Not so with John Burt. When the rock crumbled beneath the first blow of his pick and the ten pound nugget gleamed in the shale, he recalled the parting words of Peter Burt quoting the language of Isaiah: "I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places."

"We'll talk no more about this matter to-night, Jim," he said, when Blake had finished telling of the great things which could be accomplished with a quarter of a million dollars. "I'll think it over for two or three days, and then we'll take the question up and decide it."

Blake curbed his impatience and worked and waited. He knew John Burt well enough not to mention the topic during the days which followed. One evening, after supper, John spent an hour or more figuring in an old note-book.

"I suppose you are still determined to sell your share in these mines, Jim?" said John.

"I am, if I can get an offer of a quarter of a million," replied Jim.

"You're making a mistake, old man," said John Burt, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "but you have as much right to your opinion as I have to mine. So we will call that settled. I told you I would make you a proposition, and here it is. There are two mines, and they look equally promising. I propose that you take one and I take the other. We will

Bidding Blake adieu for a week or more, Burt proceeded to San Francisco.

He engaged rooms in the Palace hotel—registering under the name of John Burton—and made inquiries concerning the leading mining experts of the city. He decided to present his case to David Parker. He wrote the famous expert a brief letter, and was duly accorded an interview.

During the brief preliminary conversation, John Burt studied David Parker and decided to trust him. Then he related the story of the discovery of the Sallor mine.

"I have always believed that those hills—that those hills—contained gold," said David Parker hesitatingly. "Why do you come to me, Mr. Burton?" he asked. "I am not an investor. I'm an expert—at least, an alleged expert."

"I wish you to refer me to an investor," replied John Burt. "You are an expert in metals and should be in capitalistic. You know them; I don't."

"Go and see John Hawkins," said David Parker, as a faint smile froze on his face. He is honest—but hard—hard as granite. I hope you may succeed with him—Mr. Burton. If you and—Mr. Hawkins cannot come to terms, I—I might refer you to others. Good day; good day, sir—and good luck!"

As David Parker predicted, John Burt had little trouble in securing an interview with John Hawkins, millionaire mine owner and investor.

He wrote the name "John Burton" on a card and gave it to an attendant. Two burly men stood in the doorway, peering to make some parting remark, which was followed by roars of merriment. The attendant brushed past them as they closed the door.

"Tell him to come in," was the order given in a voice sonorous through the heavy partition.

John Burt's education in the etiquette of servility and in adulation of material things was singularly defective. This may have been due to his country training. It never occurred to John Burt that he should stand in awe of the Hawkins millions. He was impressed by the looming head and gigantic proportions of the magnate, as an artist is when he contemplates for the first time some stupendous work of nature. He returned the great man's gaze, before which most strangers quailed and faltered, with an answering look which calmly asserted an equality, yielding deference only to a seniority of years.

"How do you do? What can I do for you, sir? Take a chair," Mr. Hawkins glanced again at the card, tossed it on his desk, and wheeled and confronted John Burt, who had accepted this gruff invitation.

"I own or control some recently discovered gold mines, and am in San Francisco for the purpose of interesting capital in their development," said John Burt. "I am informed that you are an investor in mining property. I am in a position to submit propositions which may result to our mutual advantage."

"Where are they?" growled Mr. John Hawkins.

For an answer John stepped behind the capitalist and placed his fingers on a point indicated on a large map of California which hung on the wall. "They are located on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada, at an altitude of about two thousand feet above the river, five miles south of the Wormley trail," said John. "Here is a rough detailed map of the surroundings." He handed the chart to Mr. Hawkins. "There is no gold there—not an ounce," declared the magnate. "You have found a mere nest, young man. I looked that country over ten years ago. There's no gold there."

"My partner and I have extracted forty thousand dollars' worth of high grade ore there in three weeks," said John Burt quietly. "Here is a specimen of it. Here is something else." He placed a sample of ore and the tenuous nugget in Hawkins' outstretched hand.

(To be continued.)

## DESERVED ANSWER HE GOT.

Railroad Head Was Wrong in "Calling Down" Machinist.

When A. A. Robinson, of the Mexican Central railroad, was the inspiring genius of the Santa Fe, he often visited the big shops in Topeka. One day while on a tour of inspection he watched a machinist execute a piece of work. Now, Mr. Robinson prides himself upon his knowledge of every branch of the railroad service. Upon this occasion it struck him that the machinist was not doing his work correctly.

"My friend," he said, "that is wrong."

The machinist, who did not recognize the railway magnate, replied:

"Suppose it is; what business is it of yours?"

"I am A. A. Robinson," the railroad manager answered sternly.

The machinist turned white.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said. "I hope my impertinence will not cost me my job. I have a wife and five children, and to lose my place would mean poverty to them. I am sorry I said it, but you see we have so many visitors here who give us advice about our work that we can't tell one damn fool from another."

Mr. Robinson, who is full of humor, laughed heartily and assured the machinist that his job would not be interfered with.

Investigation revealed that the machinist was executing the work correctly, and that Mr. Robinson was wrong.—Topeka Capital.

## Desperate Remedy.

Singleton—I'm getting awfully gray doctor. Is there no remedy for it?" Dr. Grouff—Yes. Get married!



## Fancy Blouse Waist.

No form of the 1830 shoulder is more graceful than this one and none gives better lines. The waist also is admirable in every way and suits all the fabrics of the season. The shallow yoke, the plaits below and the full, drooping sleeves all are features and most admirable ones, while the extensions, in the form of box plaits, over the shoulders make quite the latest of the season. The model is made of champagne colored cologne embroidered in ring dots and is combined with finely tucked muslin and lace, the use of this last with wool fabrics being essentially smart, but innumerable combinations might be suggested.

The waist is made over a smoothly fitted lining that closes at the center front and itself consists of fronts, back and yoke, the closing being



made invisible beneath the first plait at the left of the front and at the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are arranged over the foundations that are faced to form the cuffs, the extension at the left shoulder being hooked into place after the waist is closed.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of tucking, 3 1/2 yards of applique and 2 yards of lace for frills.

## Something New.

Many of the French blouses are made with an elastic, one-half inch in width run in at the waist line. This brings the blouse into the figure, and still leaves it loose and springy enough for comfort. It does away with belts and pins, which are both unsightly and bothersome to adjust.

## Ruchings and Shirrings on Parasols.

All sorts of trimmings are being used on parasols, such as ruchings, lace, appliques, shirrings, smockings, tucks, platings—sunburst and accordion varieties—and insertions of embroidered bands, to say nothing of other designs.



## How to Rub all Rusty Places on Iron with Kerosene Oil.

In purchasing tinned goods always look whether the head of the tin is concave, a bulging appearance being indicative of decomposition.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all trace of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.

The lid of a teapot should always be left so that air gets in. Slip in a piece of paper to keep it open. This prevents mustiness. The same rule applies to a coffee pot.

To prevent a cake from becoming heavy when taken out of the oven always allow the steam to escape from it. This can be done by putting the cake on a wire meat stand.

An easy method of cleaning elastic stockings or anklets is to rub them well with a clean cloth dipped in warm flour. Keep on applying clean flour till the articles are quite clean.

## Aromatic Baths.

As a nerve soother there is nothing equal to an aromatic bath. Take 20 grams of pure alcohol and 2 grams each of essence of thyme and essence of rosmarin. Pour into the warm bath water and mix thoroughly. After the bath dry the skin thoroughly, but not too briskly, so that the sedative effects of the bath may be retained. Retire to bed as soon after the bath as possible, and you will sleep.

## This Season's Muslins.

The organdies and muslins for this season show in the diaphanous folds patterns of large flowers, or flowers massed into large bouquets. Moss roses, azaleas, pink roses, bunches of purple lilac and exquisite designs of all the popular blossoms promise that the summer girl of 1904 will carry out the large flowered effect in her gowns.

## Ribbon Cake.

Two cups sugar, 3 eggs, two-thirds cup of butter, 1 cup milk, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoon-

# Your Corner



The Newest in Fashions—Colored Handkerchiefs to Be One of Fashion's Vagaries—Recipes That Will Give Satisfaction.

fuls cream of tartar. Have three pans of equal size and divide the dough into three parts. Bake two parts as plain cake; add to the remaining dough 2 teaspoons molasses, half teaspoonful cinnamon and half teaspoonful mace. Put the dark layer between the two light layers while warm with jelly between and press it lightly with the hand in putting together.

## PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

Pendent embroidery trimming is a novelty—just long narrow strips of fine embroidery dropping like a fringe from the hand of insertion.

Where the bodice blouses over the girdle in the back there is a fancy for underlining with a little lace frill, making it look like a lace-edged bolero.

With the linen shortwaist patterns there come embroidered bands for the collar, cuffs and front piece, and four big embroidered buttons to match.

About the best material for an all-around traveling gown is mohair, which comes now as sedately plain or as frivolously fancy as anyone could desire.

It is predicted that the old-fashioned three-cornered lace and embroidered shawls of our grandmothers' time will be revived for summer carriages and evening wraps.

## Handkerchiefs Now in Colors.

Colors will be more of a feature in women's handkerchiefs than they have been in many seasons. A certain number of colored novelties are sold each year to accompany the colored summer frocks, but owing to the reign of white in general fashions the number of these has greatly decreased during the two past summers. Now that the white corner is broken, colored handkerchiefs are rapidly returning to favor—for the summer, at least. So far the color portion consists of patterns formed by embroidered dots—the "jewel" effect of the embroiderer.

## Informal Talks

Oil stains should be washed out in cold water.

To remove ink or iron mold stains wet them with milk and cover with salt.

Powdered pipeclay, mixed with water, will remove oil stains from wallpaper.

To keep silver which is not often used from growing black keep the articles in cotton flannel bags with small bags filled with bits of gum camphor packed among them.

Rubber rings which are used on fruit cans often become hard and brittle. To soften them let them soak

ten to thirty minutes in one part ammonia and two parts of water.

Leather belts or boots which have been water soaked may be softened by rubbing plentifully with coal oil. If the leather is very much soiled wash it first with good hot soap suds.

## Misses' Collarless Jacket.

The collarless jacket marks the season for young girls as well as for grown folk and no better model is shown than this one with seams that extend to the shoulders at front and back. The stylish one which served as a model for the drawing is made of tan colored cloth with bandings of fancy braid and handsome pearl buttons overlaid with gold, but all the materials used for jackets suit the model equally well. The mandolin sleeves are new and fashionable but



plain ones can be substituted and are always in vogue.

The jacket consists of fronts and side-fronts, back and side-backs, with double under-arm gores that allow of careful and successful fitting. The mandolin sleeves are made in one piece, but the plain ones consist of upper and unders in regulation coat style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 yards 44 inches wide or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

## How to Dust a Room.

Soft cloths make the best dusters. In dusting any piece of furniture, begin at the top and dust down, wiping carefully with the cloth, which can be frequently shaken. Many people have no idea of what dusting it to accomplish, and instead of wiping off and removing the dust, it is simply stirred off into the air, and soon settles back again on the dusted article. If carefully taken up on a cloth, it can be shaken out of a window into the open air. It is much less work to cover up furniture while sweeping than to be obliged to clean the dust out afterward. The blessing of plainness in decoration is appreciated by the thorough housekeeper who attends to her own dusting.

## A SMART LITTLE COAT.



Fancy Etons of all sort make the favorites of the season and are most charming, either made to match the skirts or of the pretty, soft silks that are so much in vogue. This one is suited to either use but is shown in champagne colored veiling, with a plique of heavy lace and collar of silk overlaid with lace motifs, and matches the skirt. The combination

is eminently attractive one and the style of the garment is peculiarly chic and smart. The coat extensions at the back give a most desirable slender effect to the figure while the soft folds provided by the tucks below their stitchings are exceedingly graceful and becoming. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 21 or 2 1/2 yards 14 inches wide.



"WE ARE RICH! WE ARE RICH!" HE SHOUTED, UNTIL THE ROCKS RESOUNDED.

"Monte Cristo was a beggar compared with Burton & Blake! Hurray for the Sallor mine and John Burt! You can't keep a good man down! Hurray!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Quest for Gold.

The two young giants performed wonders in the three weeks which followed their discovery of gold. Glowing with health and strength, and inspired by ambition, they gnawed ragged holes into the side of the mountains with their picks and drills. Several nuggets were found, but these were of small value compared with the broad stratum of ore which opened out from the spot selected by John Burt. The claim chosen by Blake soon exhausted itself, and he turned his attention to the third, expressing a fear that he was a "hoodoo."

"But there's luck in odd numbers says Rory O'Moore," sang Blake as he poised on a shelving ledge and vigorously drove a crowbar into a crevice. Ere the sun dropped below the range he had uncovered another wide, deep vein of gold-bearing quartz.

The spring rains set in and the brook became a foaming, thundering torrent. Avalanches tore down the mountain sides, plowed their way over the cliff, and with a roar which shook the cabin, hurled themselves into the valley. The pine trees lost their plumes of snow, and sang in a higher key the refrain which told of relief from burdens carried complainingly for months.

Piled in gray heaps near the tunnel was ore worth not less than forty thousand dollars. With the flight of the snow and the birth of spring, Blake wearied of his task and longed for its rewards.

"Tell you what let's do, John," he said one night after supper. "Let's go to Auburn and negotiate the sale of those mines. We ought to get big money for the Sallor, John."

"How much?" asked John, after a moment's pause.

"Half a million," replied Blake positively, with a loving accent on the "million." "Half a million is dead cheap. Don't you think so, John?"

"I shall not sell my interest—at least, not at present," said John Burt, "and I advise you not to. We can handle this property without trouble, and make more in developing it than by selling it. Besides, I doubt if we can get an offer of half a million."

call the south one 'Sallor A' and the north 'Sallor B.' You can have your choice."

"That's not fair!" said Jim. "I'll play you a game of seven-up for the first choice; three games of ten points each—best two out of three to take first choice."

"All right," responded John, as Blake produced a well worn pack of cards and shuffled them. "But before we play, let me finish my proposition. You wish to sell your claims for two hundred and fifty thousand if you can find a purchaser. Will you give me an option on your claim. I'll give you five thousand in cash for the following option on your claim—you to deed me all your rights in consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, payable in sixty days from this date; one hundred thousand payable in six months from date, and one hundred thousand payable in one year from date. And—"

"You bet your life I will," interrupted Blake, extending his hand. Make it two thousand in cash, John. That will be enough. Make it two thousand and I'll go you."

"We will call it twenty-five hundred, and you can have the other twenty-five hundred if you need it," said John smiling. "But I had not finished. You shall have one-half of the proceeds from the sale of the ore already mined. That should net you \$25,000. You need not shake your head. In any arrangement I may make with outsiders you shall have ten per cent of all profits payable to me. I wish to feel that you will always have an interest in the Sallor mine."

"All right, John," said Jim, finally. Now we'll play that game of seven-up."

Blake won the first game and John the second. In the third game John had two to go, and Blake lacked six points. It was his deal. He turned two jacks before the trump was selected, and then made high, low, jack, and the game, and won the rubber and the first choice.

"Lucky in cards, unlucky in love," laughed Blake as he arose from the table. "Sallor A is mine—subject to your option, John."

John drew up an agreement and an option, which both signed, and the firm of Burton & Blake was dissolved. Blake accepted twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, and three days later both arrived in the little mining town of Auburn, from which they sent a trustworthy man back to the cabin, to remain on guard until John Burt returned.