

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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CHAPTER XV.

A Brilliant Campaign.

James Blake yet longed for speculative laurels. His one ambition was to achieve some sweeping coup, and taste the inward joy of triumph—sweeter far than the undesired fame which had amassed half a million of dollars the temptation to risk it was too strong to be resisted. John Burt had just terminated a campaign which had netted him nearly a million in profit, and John Hawkins had been equally successful. Blake saw a chance and took it. With nerve and skill he forced a stock to a point where victory seemed certain; but an unforeseen event ruined his chances at the moment when the spell of ill-luck seemed broken. The market turned, but by a series of moves, brilliant as if inspired by success instead of disaster, Blake saved himself from a complete rout, and emerged with one-half of his capital.

A few days later he held an interview with John Burt—an interview destined to mark an epoch in his career.

"Can you arrange your affairs so as to go to New York for me, starting on Saturday?" asked John Burt.

"I can start tonight if necessary," replied Blake.

"Saturday night will be better," said Burt. "Two important railroad stocks will decline heavily next week. They are now buoyant, and the public is eager to buy them. I shall have disposed of my interest in them before you reach New York. Two million dollars will be placed there to your credit. Proceed at once, on your arrival, to sell short one hundred thousand shares of each of these stocks. You should be able to do this in three days without seriously breaking the market. You hold in your name between five and six million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds, which are

small blocks of the two railway stocks. The market was strong, and all offerings were eagerly absorbed. In three days he had sold one hundred thousand shares of each stock, and the market was stationary. He wired the fact to John Burt and received instructions. The following day he began the cash sale of the stocks and securities. When half of them were sold the market began to weaken.

On Thursday morning he received a cipher telegram which, when translated, read as follows:

"Sell remainder of securities at market price, and then offer railroads A and B in five thousand lots."

"J. B." Beneath the weight of these offerings the market trembled and then broke sharply. Late in the afternoon came the news of the resignation of powerful directors on railroads A and B; the organization of a competing line, and the passage of a resolution for enormous bond issues.

When James Blake went to bed late Saturday night it was after fifty hours of work without sleep. He had practically concluded one of the most decisive campaigns ever waged on the street. Before turning out the lights he again read a telegram received a few hours before, and his handsome face flushed with pleasure as he read:

"Accept my congratulations on your superb handling of our campaign. Mr. Hawkins joins in salutations and we drink your health."

"Our campaign?" said Blake, half aloud. "That's the highest of compliments. John must have won fortunes, and I'm a millionaire at last. Wonder if I can sleep. Here goes."

He dropped into a slumber deep and untroubled as that of a child.

James Blake found himself the Wall street hero of the hour. He was acclaimed the young financial giant from the Pacific slope—a market Ivanhoe

lions won't shrink in his hands. I want you to know him, Blake."

When Morris' name was mentioned Blake started and gazed intently at the stolid face and heavy figure in the far corner of the smoking-room. With shame he recalled that he had made no inquiry concerning this man, whose death or existence meant so much to John Burt.

For a moment his nerves tingled, and he longed to walk across the room and choke Morris for John's sake, but he reflected that this was folly. It was enough to know that Morris lived. John Burt was dead—so far as Arthur Morris was concerned—and Blake, as John's reincarnation, threw himself on guard, determined to profit to the utmost by the incident.

"Glad to see you, old man!" exclaimed Kingsley, rising to greet Morris. "I want you to know my friend, Mr. Blake—Mr. James Blake, of San Francisco—Mr. Arthur Morris. You certainly have heard—"

"Don't mind my word this is unexpected luck!" Arthur Morris thrust forward a soft hand and winced as Blake clasped it with simulated heartiness.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Blake!" Morris exclaimed. "Been looking for you everywhere! Sent my card to your apartments this evening. By Jove, you're a corker, don't you know, Mr. Blake! Waiter, a bottle of Perrier Gonet, 54. I want to drink your health, Mr. Blake."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Morris!" said James Blake, looking him full in the eyes. "I've heard of your father, and the famous old firm, and learned only to-day that you've succeeded him in business."

Two years spent by Arthur Morris in an apprenticeship to the trade of money grasping and holding had seamed the puffed, round face with hard lines. The once dull eyes glowed with the newly-lighted fires of avarice. The sensuous lips dropped at the corners with a cruel curve. The former air of indifference was replaced by the alertness of defense and aggressiveness.

Close observers predicted a great career for Arthur Morris. His father was delighted with the transformation and did not hesitate to give to his heir the keys which unlocked the Morris treasurer vaults.

The hours glided by to the music of clinking glasses and the rising clatter of conversation. And as James Blake talked and listened and drank, his aversion to Arthur Morris relaxed. He loved John Burt and was eager to espouse his cause, but John had not commissioned him to quarrel with Arthur Morris. Perhaps the affair of the years before was only a boyhood dispute?

He glanced at the white expanse of Morris' shirt front and wondered if the scar of John's bullet showed over his heart. Morris lived, and the thought came to Blake that the score was even between John and the young millionaire. The feud had made John rich—why should John complain? And Arthur Morris did not seem to be such a bad sort of a fellow after all.

Thus reasoned Blake as Morris took his arm and led him away from the noisy club men.

"Say we get out of this?" said Morris, proffering a cigarette case. "You'll be my guest to-night, Blake! Won't listen to a refusal, my dear fellow! I've bachelor apartments, and anything you ask is yours. I want to have a quiet chat with you. Let's make our excuses and stroll to Delmonico's for a bite of supper. Then we'll go to my rooms."

Blake accepted the invitation and after supper they drove to the Morris apartment.

"I'm rather fond of these quarters, don't you know," said Morris, as he showed his guest through a suite worthy of a Lucullus. "Picked up some of this stuff abroad, and the governor contributed the rest of it. Rammohun, serve us that 1869 brandy!"

The Indian servant bowed and moved noiselessly away. Morris opened a writing-desk and glanced at a number of unopened letters.

(To be continued.)

SHIRTS MUST HAVE SHRUNK.

Red Flanne' Garment Wife Mistook for Coral Necklace.

"Jimmie" Sullivan tells of a friend, a sufferer from rheumatism, who, hearing during the early part of the winter that red flannel worn next to the body was a remedy for that complaint, purchased several undershirts made of that material. The clerk assured him that the goods were guaranteed in every particular.

About two weeks afterward Mr. Sullivan's friend revisited the shop where he had bought the red flannel shirts and registered a big kick against the perpetuation against him of what he termed "a fearful swindle."

"What's the matter?" asked the proprietor. "Have the shirts faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" howled the man. "What do you think my wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on? Well, sir, she smiled sweetly and asked: 'Why are you wearing my pink coral necklace around your throat, John?'"—New York Times.

Russia's Army.

It has been estimated that the total war footing of the Russian army after calling out all the reserves amounts to 5,250,000 men, or more than ten times that of Japan. The soldiers are drawn from the ignorant peasant class and the officers from the governing ranks of society. Should Russia call out all her troops she will have 78,827 officers, 5,180,958 soldiers, 613,400 horses and 4,900 cannon. Germany is the only nation that exceeds Russia in its military equipment.

AUTO FOR THE NORTH POLE.

Proposal to Drive Over Arctic Ice to the Goal of Explorers.

It is probable that for ages yet to come the quest for the north pole will continue. Successive failures to find it merely seem to whet the desire to "make a dash" for it.

The newest idea in the direction of arctic exploration is for the use of the motor car, as was, of course, only to be expected. It is a Belgian explorer, Hendrik Arctowski (the name is decidedly appropriate), who has been the first to consider it seriously, and his hopes and fears are discussed in a French contemporary. His ambitions are centered in the south pole, which, as we know, is guarded by land or walls of perpetual ice, impassable for ships. The use of dog sledges is also prevented by the fact that food for the dogs must be carried, which definitely limits the distance that can be covered.

M. Arctowski believes that by the use of a sufficiently strong and simple motor, which will run in the coldest weather and consume very much less weight of stores per mile than would dogs, the pole can be reached. His present idea is to use Canadian sledges, to which are to be attached "spurred" wheels, something like the paddles of a steamer, and capable of being raised or lowered, to grip lightly or deeply, according to the comparative softness of the snow. Lightness, strength and large carrying capacity are the three main features to be aimed at.

READ'S FISH ALL OF A SIZE.

Hired Man Put the Bass on Hook as Fast as Opie Caught It.

Colonel S. P. Bartlett, fish commissioner, lately entertained Opie Read down at Quincy. Read has a passion for fishing and Colonel Bartlett took him to fish to his heart's content. Opie sat on a sort of porch and threw his hook out into the pool. A man was placed under the porch who was doing some fishing himself. He had a long pole with a hook at the end, and he fished the fisherman's bait in and secured a beautiful bass to it. Right away Opie took in the fine fellow. He cast again and in a little while the hired man had fastened the same bass to the bait, and in that way the delighted novelist made a dozen hauls inside of an hour. Read remarked to Colonel Bartlett afterward that he had never seen bass of such uniform size.

That was the only fish in the pool, and it was placed there for that special occasion.

The Polish Wizard.

If Edison be the wizard of the New World, then certainly Jan Szecepanik holds a similar position in Europe. Although still but 32 years of age, his name is already immortal as the inventor of a loom which does in a few hours what by old methods took years! He presented to the emperor of Austria a piece of tapestry containing 200,000,000 crossings of silk thread which was begun and finished within five hours. By old methods this would have taken four years to make. Yet this machine has been in the inventor's eyes but a means to an end. He is now free to devote himself to a new miracle, the telephoto or distance-seer, which will do for the eyes what the telephone does for hearing.

Virginia Arsenic Mine.

What is said to be the largest arsenic mine in the world, and stated to be at present turning out seventy tons a month, is situated in Floyd county, Va., seventeen miles from Christiansburg, the nearest railroad point. The number of persons employed at the mine is about one hundred and twenty-five, who are housed and supplied with the necessities of life by the company owning the mine. The camp is provided with electric lights, and the plant, which is considered the most modern in existence for the treatment of the ore, is driven by electric power.

New Name for the Court.

Abram I. Elkus of James, Schell & Elkus, tells a story of a will contest in which Joseph H. Choate, now ambassador to England, was opposed to him. Mr. Elkus' client had signed a waiver of her rights, and contended that she had done so under duress, testifying that Mr. Choate's client had declared that he would "fight her to h—!" if she did not sign. Mr. Elkus in his argument dwelt on this threat. "But, your honor," said Mr. Choate, when his turn came to reply, "what does that threat mean but the court of appeals?"—New York Times.

Shipyards on Canal.

It is reported that the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and the Friederich Krupp Company intend to erect shipbuilding yards on the Elms-Dortmund canal, in the vicinity of the coal lands which they recently purchased. These shipyards are only to build canal and river craft.

"The End."

Ambition died—a grim and close fought death—Wearied by stress of crushing circumstance—With what a cry of broken arrogance—At blush of dawn there had been none so proud—Was yielded up that last evading breath! So clear of eye, of footfall half to sight—But, blossom-wise, pride droops towards the night—And even courage dons at length a shroud!

Ambition died, and in death's place was seen—An angel form, and written on his bright—In golden letters—Peace, Contentment, Rest—Lies about the white-hung feet of Jean, Lilies made sweet his hands, and in his face—Shone all the stars' still purity and glow.



Hand Made Shirtwaists.

A very fashionable white crepe waist has its front, stock and cuffs embroidered with clusters of small, pink roses and forget-me-nots in ribbon embroidery. The bunches of flowers have their leaves and stems done in pale, dull shades of green and golden brown. The bunches of flowers are connected by and interspersed with little bowknots and loops and ends of ribbon. This ribbon effect is produced by outlining the supposed ribbon with a single gold thread and working small black dots in embroidery silk, about an eighth of an inch apart between the gold lines. The effect is that of a dainty and novel ribbon. It is no wider, and probably not as wide, as baby ribbon.

Woman's Box Coat.

Loose box coats make exceedingly smart wraps that are eminently comfortable as well. This one is adapted to all the range of cloaking materials, but is shown in tan colored cloth with touches of darker velvet and is stitched with corticelli silk. The special features of the model are the mandolin sleeves and the additional lapels which are exceedingly effective. When liked, however, plain sleeves can be substituted for the larger ones, as shown in the small sketch.

The coat is made with fronts and backs and is shaped by means of shoulder, under arm and center back seams. A pocket is inserted in each front and the closing is made invisibly by means of a fly. The extra lapels are applied under the fronts sleeves are cut in one piece each and are finished with plain cuffs, but the plain sleeves are in regulation coat style with uppers and unders.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide, with 1/4 yard of velvet to trim as illustrated.

Dainty Corsage Sachet.

The heart-shaped corsage sachet of white satin is to wear around the neck beneath the lingerie. The ribbon edge and bow make a pretty finish, and it is suspended by a ribbon.

Another corsage sachet on this order consists of two pads about two inches square, with a small bow in the center of each. They are fastened to the ends of a strip of baby ribbon.

For the Japanese sachet, made of Japanese silk, a bag 2 1/2 by 3 inches, and in the top fasten a Japanese doll's head. Around its neck a ribbon is tied, stock fashion.

The most popular sachet odors at present are sandal wood, orris and Japanese perfumes.

About Sleeves.

The very wide sleeves that are being worn at present undoubtedly tend to take away from the apparent height of the figure, and if you are rather inclined to be short yourself you will do wisely to exercise a judicious supervision and to forbid your dressmaker to indulge in any vagaries either as regards the shape or trimming of your sleeves. You can still have something which is quite sufficiently fashionable without adding in an unbecoming way to the width of your figure.

Misses' House Jacket.

Pretty, tasteful morning jackets are always in demand and make attractive garments for breakfast wear as well as for use during the hours spent in one's own apartments. This one is designed for young girls and is exceedingly youthful and graceful. Its broad collar drooping well over the shoulders and the fitted back giving a trimness and neatness to the figure. As shown the material is sprigged muslin trimmed with frills of embroidery, but there are countless others which are equally appropriate.

The jacket is made with fronts and back, the back being laid in tucks to the waist line and the fronts being gathered at the upper edge and stayed by means of an underfacing. The cape collar is arranged over the whole and the neck is finished with a little frill. The sleeves can be in either flowing style and finished with frills or in bishop style with cuffs as may be preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 7/8 yards of embroidery to trim as illustrated.

Rhubarb Pudding.

Wash and cut into inch pieces enough rhubarb to nearly fill a three-pint pudding dish. Mix half a nutmeg grated, three cups sugar. Butter the

dish thick with cold butter. Put in a layer of soft bread crumbs, then a layer of rhubarb, then a thickness of sugar and a tablespoon of butter cut into little bits. Repeat the layers, having a thick layer of bread crumbs on top. Mix a little melted butter with the top crumbs. Bake about an hour, slowly at first, and serve hot or cold.

Lunch for Children.

Because things to eat do not always present an attractive appearance their nourishing quality is not properly appreciated.

The value of dates for children's school luncheons is not fully appreciated. They are rather sticky, bothersome things, as they are originally purchased, and children rarely care for them. They should be separated and washed, the stone removed, and a peanut or almond, salted preferably, substituted. The date is then rolled in corn starch or powdered sugar, and straightway becomes one of the appetizing trifles dear to youth, and at the same time is healthful and nourishing.

In the Kitchen.

Doughnuts or biscuits may be heated "amalgam as good as new" by putting them in a whole paper bag, sprinkling in a few drops only of water, twisting the ends, putting in the oven, raised a little from the bottom on a grate. The oven must be very hot.

New nutmegs may be distinguished from the last year's supply by scraping the surface with the finger. If new, the oil will moisten the spot at once. Mace, when new, is oily. It should always be purchased whole and ground as needed.

A Dainty Work Bag.

Such pretty little work bags can be made on a foundation of basket work with a piece of dainty silk. The little flat trays to be found in all sizes at Japanese shops are chosen, and the silk sewed on the inside rim. The basket is first lined and slightly padded with sateen if desired. The silk is gathered in bag fashion at the top, making a pretty and substantial receptacle for sewing materials or embroidery.

Corset Cover.

Shapely corset covers that fit nicely yet are not over snug are in constant demand and never can be too numerous. This one is peculiarly pretty

and attractive, is eminently simple and can be made of any of the materials in vogue for underwear. The model, however, is of linen batiste with insertion and frills of embroidery and a d bands of beading.

The corset cover is cut with fronts and back which are laid in narrow tucks to the waist line, and is closed at the center with a box plait in shirt waist style. Over the upper edge and at the waist line are applied bands of beading that are threaded with ribbon by means of which the size is regulated.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1 1/2 yards of insertion, three yards of edging and 1 1/2 yards of beading to trim as illustrated.

Marie Antoinette Bodices.

The tendency toward the Marie Antoinette bodice for evening wear is marked. This style is really fascinating, with its long, pointed waist line, and very full skirt shirred into the skirt band. In white or ivory silk, the mode is ideal, and by next autumn it will be firmly established. This would not appear to admit of any change in the present full skirts, but would rather tend to increase them if anything. The great dressmakers, at least, seem determined to adhere to the full modes for some time to come.



Save all old zinc and when chimneys are filled with soot put a quantity on the fire. It will carry all soot out of stovepipes and clean the chimneys.

It is unwise to sprinkle a light carpet with tea leaves when sweeping unless they have first been rinsed in water, for otherwise they are apt to stain.

Rose petals make a delightful filling for soft pillows. Save them from withered bouquets or from fresh flowers and dry them. They may be treated as for potpourri or used with their own delicate perfume only.

Never put a bed in an alcove; the air is apt to become stagnant there. Have it right in the room and do not push it too close to the wall, then the air that comes in from the window has a chance to circulate around the bed.



JOHN WOULD SIT FOR HOURS AND GAZE AT THIS PORTRAIT

listed on the New York exchange. Express them to New York at once. I propose to convert them into cash. When I wire you, throw them on the market and sell more of the railroad stocks. This is our introduction to the Eastern market. We'll discuss the details before you leave, and I have absolute faith in your ability to conduct the campaign."

It was a proud moment for Blake. There was no shadow of envy or jealousy in his thoughts as he looked into the face of the companion of his boyhood, and heard him speak calmly of millions and of launching them against the giants of Wall street.

"I can do it! I will do it!" he exclaimed. "I see your plan, and its magnificent, John, magnificent! It will win—win beyond a doubt."

John was silent for a moment, and a far-off look came to his eyes.

"I have two important personal commissions for you, Jim," he said. "While in New York ascertain for me if Arthur Morris is alive. Find out what he is doing, and learn what you can about him. The second task is a more delicate one. It concerns Miss Carden. I wish to know—"

"I know exactly what you want," interrupted Jim Blake as John hesitated. "You want to know where she is, how she is, if she loves you, and—"

"You need not attempt the latter task," said John rather shortly. "You are likely to undertake too much. For the present I do not care to acquaint Miss Carden, or any one in the East, with my whereabouts, or even with the fact of my existence. Be careful in this matter, Jim. Of course you will go to Hingham and visit your kinsfolk. You can easily learn all I care to know from the Bishops, or perhaps from Sam Rounds. If not, go to Boston; but get the facts without calling on Miss Carden. You understand, don't you, Jim?"

"Certainly I do, old fellow," said Jim heartily. "I'll be as cautious as a dime-note sleuth."

After repeated conferences every detail of the Wall street campaign was agreed upon, and James Blake set his face towards the East.

He arrived in New York on Friday evening. Early the following morning he appeared in Wall street and presented letters of introduction to the banks and brokers who had been selected by John Burt as agents in the pending operations.

On Monday morning he opened accounts with brokers and began selling

who had driven his lance through the armor of famed knights and warriors.

He drank deep of the glorious nectar of victory. The day had dawned when he could accept honors fairly won. While admitting that John Burt was the master-mind of the campaign, Blake knew that he had played no small part in its consummation. He had invested every dollar of his own. He had carried his stock to the bottom of the market and covered in time to profit on the reaction. In a week of furious conflict he had not made a mistake.

New York threw open her gates as to a victorious general, proud to be looted in honor of his fame. She became the opulent and willing mistress to his pleasures. She fanned his fevered brow and whispered soft words of praise into his ears.

He banqueted with money kings in staid old clubs; he met as an equal the dashing young scions of wealth around the boards in fashionable cafes; he drifted through drawing-rooms brilliant in light, and looked in to the admiring faces of radiant women; he mingled with the jeweled throng in playhouse and opera; he read his name and the story of his fame in the public prints—and he forgot John Burt.

He spent an evening in a Fifth Avenue Club—the guest of a young banker and broker who had profited from the coup. Blake was faultlessly dressed, and his fine face was more handsome than ever. He good-naturedly declined to discuss his triumphs in California, but told with spirit, frankness and humor the tales of successive reverses and modestly attributed his recent run of success to luck.

"You must transfer your activities to New York," advised young Kingsley, who had been willed several millions and a banking business. "San Francisco is too small and provincial for you. Ah, here comes a fellow you must meet!"

A thick-set young man had entered the room. He stood and listened with a bored expression to a friend who was enthusiastic over some matter, and persisted in repeatedly shaking hands.

"That's Morris—Arthur Morris," explained Kingsley. "Son of old Randolph Morris—don't you know. Pere Morris retired from business two weeks ago and turned everything over to Arthur. He was a wild one, but he's settled down. The Morris mil-