

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. J. DRESSER, BIDDLE

## CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

The moment for action had arrived for James Blake. He compressed his lips, strode through the room and a moment later entered John's office. In the final struggle passion was triumphant, and he nerved himself as best he could for the ordeal.

John Burt looked up. The haggard expression on Blake's face alarmed him.

"What's happened, Jim? You're pale as a ghost!"

"It's a tooth," said Blake, rubbing his hand tenderly over his face. "I'm all right now, but it gave me a bad right. The dentist drew it this morning. I dined with General Carden. I—I suppose—"

"Has Jessie returned? Did you see her, Jim?"

"Miss Carden has not returned, but she is expected to sail next Tuesday," said Blake, nervously lighting a cigar. "I had hoped to bring you better news, John, but this is the best I can do. I thought it would be indelicate to ask General Carden for her address, since nothing but a cablegram could reach her before the sailing date."

A shade of disappointment passed over John Burt's face when Blake spoke, but a smile chased it away when he mentioned the time of her departure.

"You did right, Jim," he exclaimed. "Let's see: Tuesday is the thirtieth. I'm glad Jessie isn't superstitious. That should bring her to New York on the twentieth. That's thirteen days from now."

Blake turned ashen when the second thirteen was announced, but John's eyes were fixed on the innocent calendar, his thoughts were four thousand miles across a heaving ocean, and he didn't notice the superstitious agony imprinted on the other's face.

John Burt leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

Heaved, as has been stated, that every man has his price, and was willing to pay it, provided it promised returns.

Ambitious to pose as a Wall Street leader, Arthur Morris had assumed an enormous load of stocks, and the success of his ventures had given him the following which ever attends the leader in a rising market. In addition to this speculative risk, Morris had secured several valuable franchises, and was confidently in expectation of others at the hands of the city officials.

It will be sufficiently accurate to designate the Morris enterprise by the name of "The Cosmopolitan Improvement Company," and to state that its assets consisted in its acquired and prospective franchises. While purporting to afford relief from existing monopolies, it was in fact nothing more nor less than a well planned attempt to acquire competitors. In the parlance of finance it was a "sand-bag."

Arthur Morris took up the work so suspiciously begun by his father—the wrecking of the L. & O. railroad company. In this campaign, General Carden and many others had lost their fortunes. Morris held control of the bonds, and looked forward to the day when the stock would be wiped out and this splendid property fall into his hands. It was an open secret in railway circles that the L. & O. would then be absorbed by one of the two powerful companies which intersected its lines.

John Burt detected a flaw in this conspiracy. He set aside three battalions of a million dollars each, and held them in reserve against the entrenched wealth in the Morris vaults.

Then he again scanned the field of action, and with unerring judgment placed his finger on the weakest point in the Morris defenses. The Cosmopolitan Improvement Company was a rampart on paper. John Burt proposed to enflame it. The highest

John! Heou are ye, John Burt! I'm plumb tickled ter death ter see ye! Well, well, well!"

His honest eyes glistened as he threw his hat to the floor and grasped John's hands with a grip which have made the average man wince.

"And I'm glad to see you, Sam! It seems like coming back to life to meet you. Sit down and tell me all about yourself and Rocky Woods."

"The last time I saw ye, John," he said, "was under them maple trees in front of the Bishop house. I reckon you ain't forgot that night. You galloped away in the dark on my horse an' I ain't seen ye since. Now you begin at the place like in them stories which run in the Fireside Companion where it says 'to be continued in our next,' and keep right on up to the present time."

John laughed and gave Sam a hurried sketch of his career. He told of his voyage around Cape Horn, his arrival in San Francisco, the search for the mine described by the dying sailor, his meeting with Jim Blake, the discovery of the gold mine, his association with John Hawkins and the incidents which led to the formation of the firm of James Blake & Company. John said nothing to lead Sam to think that Blake was only a representative, but the shrewd Yankee guessed the truth.

"I swan, John, this is too good ter be true!" he gasped, shaking hands again. "You ain't told me half the truth, an' ye don't have tew. I can guess the rest. You're James Blake & Company. You're the man who's taught these Wall Street chaps a lesson! I'm proud of ye, John! Didn't I allers say somethin' like this would happen? An' you can't have too much good fortune to suit me, John, an' I don't want a thing from ye. I just like ter see ye win, because—well, because ye orter win."

"Thank you, Sam."

"Don't it beat thunder how things turn out?" observed Sam. "I saw Jim when he was down tew Rocky Woods a few months ago, an' when he told me that he was the Jim Blake, you could a' knocked me down with a willow switch. I said tew myself then, that had it been John Burt I wouldn't been surprised. An' now, by thunder, it was John Burt who did it after all. But how about Jim Blake, John? If you're James Blake & Company, who'n the dickens is Jim?"

"I am not James Blake & Company," said John with a smile. "I am the Company. Jim has a substantial interest in the firm, and has done much towards its success."

"I'm mighty glad ter hear it," declared Sam, "but I reckon I can guess who does the thinkin'. Jim's a fine feller, but he allers was reckless an' careless, though mebbe he's outgrown it. Where is he? Send fer him, John, an' we'll all talk it over together, like we did in the old days back in Rocky Woods."

John pressed a button and an attendant responded.

"If Mr. Blake is not busy, say that I should like to see him," he said.

"There's one thing you haven't told me about," said Sam, shifting his feet awkwardly. "I don't want tew pry into your private affairs, John, but have you seen her yet—I mean Miss Carden?"

The door opened softly and James Blake entered so silently that neither heard him.

"I have not seen Miss Carden," replied John. "She is not in the city."

"Yes she is," asserted Sam eagerly. "I saw her yesterday ridin' down Fifth avenue."

(To be continued.)

### Dangerous Mexican Weed to Smoke.

Manuel Guerrero and Florencio Pino had the "marihuana" habit, and for the last few weeks had been smoking big cigarettes in which tobacco was mixed with the dangerous weed.

Tuesday afternoon the two men smoked cigarettes composed of tobacco in smaller proportion than marihuana, and after a few minutes ran amuck.

They went out into the street shouting, vociferating and attacking everybody. First they marched hand in hand, declaring that they were the bravest men on earth and would kill anybody who dared to say a word to the contrary, but at last Pino declared that he was still braver than his friend, and a fight followed, the two receiving dangerous wounds.

They were captured and sent to the hospital, where they had to be put into straightjackets. It is feared that the two men, if they recover from their wounds, will lose their minds permanently, as is often the case with marihuana smokers.—Mexican Herald.

### Reading the Bible.

It was the meeting of the Christian Endeavor society. Near the close the leader suggested that each one should tell what part of the Bible he read the most, and give the reason.

The last one to speak was a lad, who said with a little hesitation that he read the first chapter of Genesis more than any others.

A look of surprise and curiosity was manifest in all the listeners, as he went on to give his reason:

"You see, I always resolve every New Year that I will begin and read the Bible through, but I never get very far, and, of course, I always have to make a new beginning."—New York Tribune.

### Franklin's View of Life.

When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the offer made me, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition, certain errors of the first.—Franklin.



## Your Corner



Plaited Bolero an Attractive Costume—Fancy Blouse Waist—Belt an Important Accessory to the Summer Wardrobe.

### Fry Fish in Olive Oil.

Any fish fried in olive oil will be found more delicious than if either butter or lard has been employed. However, none but the very best imported oil should be used, and it should be allowed to come to a "blue heat" before the fish is put in. This can be tested by throwing in little pieces of bread with the crust removed. If they become a golden brown while one counts ten the oil is about at the right temperature. Use sufficient to float the fish, as it is one of the paradoxes of the kitchen that the more grease used in frying, the less greasy will be the article fried.

### The Summer Girl's Freckles.

Here is the recipe for a favorite English lotion for removing freckles in the summer time:

Take an ounce of lemon juice, one quarter of a dram of borax, powdered, and half a dram of sugar. Mix well, and let it stand in a bottle for three days. It will then be fit for use, and should be rubbed on the face and hands continually.

### Belts and Girdles.

The belt is one of the most important accessories in the summer wardrobe. Kid reigns supreme for outdoor wear, but the deep, 1830 girdles of heavy moire antique or tri shaded soft Louisiana ribbon are the correct things for setting off the fluffy frock, with its frills and flounces.

There was a time when woman thought one belt a season all that was necessary. Times have changed, and now she must have at least a dozen leather and silk belts to be at all well strapped together.

The most chic kid belts are six inches in width and are finished in the back with three scallops and three flat brass buttons of not extreme size. The fastening may be a brass buckle, eight inches long, with long, sharp prongs piercing the kid. The buckle alone costs \$4.

The simplest white swiss or dimity gown can be made to look really handsome with the aid of a stunning white moire girdle, especially if a half dozen imported buttons of the kind that puts some jewels to shame are employed in its construction.

### Plaited Bolero.

Jaunty little jackets of all sorts are to be noted among the smartest and latest models, but no one of them all is more attractive than the plaited bolero with wide sleeves of elbow length. This very excellent example is made of taffeta and trimmed with silk braid, but is adapted to all seasonable materials, while the trimming can be varied again and again, and when liked the entire stole and collar can be of lace or applique, or various other devices can be employed for further elaborating the design.

The bolero consists of fronts, back and sleeves. The back is laid in a broad box plait at the centre, with outward turning plaits at each side and the fronts in outward turning plaits for their entire width. These plaits and the outermost ones extend over the armseye seams, so giving the broad shoulder line. The sleeves are in bell shape and box plaited, falling loosely over the full ones of the fashionable waist. At the neck is a collar with stole ends, which is applied over the jacket on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 6 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

## Told in Her Boudoir

A deep hemstitched hem is the usual finish, and one end only is embroidered.

Broad toes are scarce in the shoe corner; everything is pointed, dainty and distinctly feminine.

Relieve the all-light toilet with one single dark note in the shape of a black boat or stole.

A most attractive color for the light muslin gown is one of those new long coats of white mohair, which appear in both tight and loose fitting modes.

Hand-embroidered towels are the latest vogue in towels for actual use where something especially nice is desired. The embroidery is done on plain, fine huckaback or other fine towel fabric taking the place of damask or other decoration.

### Lemon Jelly and Charlotte Russe.

An attractive way to serve lemon jelly is to combine it with charlotte russe. With a sharp knife, chop stiff lemon jelly into cubes and put three or four tablespoonsful of it on each plate. In the center of each mound of jelly place two or three small lady-fingers, and over all pile vanilla-flavored, sweetened whipped cream.



When stewing prunes add one or two spoonfuls of red currant jelly to the water in which the prunes are stewed.

A tinned saucepan should never be used for cooking spinach. Neither should this vegetable be passed through a wire sieve.

To remove panes of glass thickly cover the putty with soft soap. This will render the putty soft, when it can be easily scraped off and the glass removed.

To remove tar stains rub the marks with lard and then leave for a few hours that the tar may soften; sponging with spirits of turpentine will then remove the stain.

To clean a mirror first sponge over the glass with a little spirit, then dust it over with some powdered blue tied up in muslin. Rub this off with a cloth and give a final polish with a silk handkerchief.



A SMART LITTLE COAT.

Box coats of silk are among the most fashionable garments for little girls and are equally correct with or without collars. This one is made of tan colored taffeta with collar of heavy lace finished with silk cording, but can be left collarless if preferred.

The design is an admirable one and is well adapted to all fashionable materials, pique, linen and pongee as well as silk and cloth. The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 3 1/4 yards 21, 2 3/4 yards 27 or 1 3/4 yards 52 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of all-over lace for collar.

### Fancy Blouse Waist.

Waists made with fancy yokes of various sorts are among the favorites of the season, and are exceedingly attractive both in the fashionable thin silks and the many lovely muslins that are so well liked. This one is peculiarly charming and is made of mercerized batiste with a yoke made of bandings of the material held by faggoting, and is trimmed with Teneriffe wheels. The material being washable the lining is omitted but when silk or wool fabrics are used the fitted foundation is in every way to be desired. When liked the yoke can be of all-over material or it can be made from either lace or other ornamental banding held together by stitchings or by banding of a contrasting sort.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, front, backs and yoke. Both the waist and sleeves are laid in fine tucks, which are stitched for a portion of their length only, and which provide soft fullness below. The yoke is separate and arranged over the waist, the closing being made at the centre back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 15 yards of banding or 1 yard of all-over material 18 inches wide for yoke and cuffs and 1/2 yard of silk for belt.

### Misses' Blouse Waist.

Young girls are always charming when wearing full waists made of soft material. This one is peculiarly attractive and includes an oddly shaped yoke which is eminently becoming and which gives the drooping shoulder line. As shown the material is embroidered batiste, with yoke and cuffs of Valenciennes lace finished with little ruffles of plain muslin, and is unlined, but there are innumerable fabrics which are equally appropriate. Many simple silks of the season are quite sufficiently youthful and such light weight wools as challis and veiling will be worn the season through in addition to the large number of cotton and linen fabrics offered.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, front and backs with the yoke, and is closed invisibly at the back. When lined the yoke can be left free at the lower edge if preferred, but when the lining is omitted it is attached permanently at its lower edge on indicated lines. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season and at the waist is worn a soft crushed belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (14 years) is 4 1/4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of all-over lace and 1/2 yard of silk for belt.



"WHAT SHALL I DO, WHAT CAN I DO? I CANNOT GIVE HER UP! BY—I'LL NOT GIVE HER UP FOR ANY MAN, NOT EVEN FOR JOHN BURT!"

"Two weeks, lacking a day," he mused aloud. "There is a long-standing account I should like to settle before Jessie returns," he said, turning to Blake, who had partly regained his composure.

"What is it?" asked Blake, with a lively show of interest.

"The elder Morris ruined General Carden as deliberately as ever one man did another," declared John Burt, his deep gray eyes flashing a menace as he brought his hand to the desk with a blow which made it rattle. "The proceeds of that villainy have been turned over to his son. Two weeks from to-day Arthur Morris shall have made restitution to the man his father wronged. The certainty of this reconciles me to her longer absence. I shall win this campaign, Jim, and it's my last one. When did Hawkins wire that he would be here?"

"Thursday," answered Blake.

"I shall not wait for Hawkins," said John Burt, abruptly. "He owns a block of this L. & O. stock and I shall assume that I have his co-operation. I shall have control of L. & O. before he reaches New York. How did it close last night?"

"Twenty-eight and a half," replied Blake.

"It opens to-day at a quarter," said John Burt, standing over the ticker. "Take all offerings up to thirty, but do not force matters. You understand, Jim? Watch it closely and keep me advised."

"I understand," said Blake, as he arose to go.

"Wait a minute," called John, as the other stood by the door. "Sam Rounds was in to see you yesterday, was he not?"

"Yes."

"Send for him at once. Tell him it's something important. That's all."

Blake entered his own office and flung himself into a chair. He felt as if he had aged years in the hour that had passed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Measuring Lances.

When Randolph Morris retired in favor of his son he transferred no small burden of responsibility to the shoulders of the latter. Arthur Morris inherited his father's money and his ambitions, but not his masterly grasp of affairs. Arthur Morris had little sympathy with that fine old conservatism which stops short of direct participation in corruption. He be-

lieved, as has been stated, that every man has his price, and was willing to pay it, provided it promised returns.

As the crisis in his affairs neared, John Burt took a more direct charge of affairs. The trusted employes of James Blake & Company were informed that "John Burton" was a silent partner, who represented large California interests, and that his orders must be followed without question.

In response to James Blake's message, Alderman Samuel Rounds called and was conducted to the private office of the famous operator.

Blake had anticipated with zest the meeting between John Burt and Sam Rounds. It had been contemplated for several weeks, but now that the hour was at hand, he took little interest in it. He found it difficult to respond to Sam's hearty greeting, and terminated the interview as soon as possible.

"Heou are ye, Jim; heou are ye!" exclaimed Sam, as he greeted Blake in his luxurious office. "Don't it beat time, as uncle Toby Haynes used say, that you an' I are here in New York, an' you are rich, an' I am—well, say fair to middlin'. There were only three of us young fellers 'round Rocky Woods: you an' John Burt an' me. Do you suppose we'll ever hear from John Burt, Jim? I've allers said he'd turn up on top, some day or nother."

"Would you like to hear from him?" asked Blake, without raising his eyes.

"Would I? D'ye know anything erbout him, Jim? Dew ye really?"

"There's a man in the next room who knows a lot about him," replied Blake. "Come and meet him."

Blake opened John Burt's door and stood in the way as Sam entered. John was seated at his desk and did not turn his head or make a move when Blake said:

"A derman Rounds wishes to speak to you."

Blake stepped outside and closed the door. John deliberately blotted an unfinished letter, rose and advanced to meet Sam, who stood awkwardly by the door, hat in hand.

"I am glad to meet you, Alderman Rounds," he said, extending his hand. "I have heard of you and wish the pleasure of your acquaintance. Pray be seated, Alderman."

The sharp blue eyes of the visitor were fixed on the speaker, and only for an instant was he in doubt.

"I know ye, John! God bless ye,