

### The Center of Attraction.

The discovery of antique vases of remarkable merit in excavations beneath the surface of the Roman Forum has prompted the king of Italy to say that this place has become the center of attraction and the meeting place of scientists and thinkers. Were a system of subways, similar to those of Paris, London and New York to be dug beneath the city of the Caesars, what treasures might be unearthed? Were it possible, too, to turn aside the current of Father Tiber, and to explore its bed thoroughly, what discoveries might be made!

### Catarh Cannot Be Cured

**HAL'S CATHARH CURE** is the only medicine that can reach the seat of the disease. It is a blood or serum cathartic, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hal's Catharh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hal's Catharh Cure is not a quick medicine. It is prescribed by the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hal's Family Pills for constipation.

The worst blasphemy is that of profession without practice.

### Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

No man has any spiritual blessing that he can keep to himself.

**All Up to Date Housekeepers** use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

The kiss of some women is like being struck by the sharp corner of the ice trust.

**The Best Results in Starching** can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch. Besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

The satisfactions of normal married life do not decline, but mount.

**FITS** permanently cured. No fit or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 60-00 trial bottle, and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 233 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't take things as they come if they belong to other people.

### When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Respectability may be quite different from righteousness.

**DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?** If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Truth should be either beautiful in the nude or cleverly masked.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.** For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

A man always wants to marry his ideal woman the first time, but the second time he isn't so particular.

### Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means for your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

In the divine scales a dime often weighs more than a dollar.

**Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE** Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

He who loses no love for others loses all life for himself.

**Piso's Cure for Consumption** is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SARCEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

Love is a double-back action. Goes up heavenward all right, but the stick comes down to earth—very earthy.

**Washing Machine Only \$2.70.** Save your wife's health and daughter's beauty by using our great Star Washing Machine. Worth its weight in gold. Price only \$2.70; with wringer \$3.90. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

An old man always wants to give his experience to every young fellow whom he meets. He forgets how much it cost him.

**Christian Endeavor Hotel.** At St. Louis, Mo., is the place to stop when visiting the World's fair. Write them for terms.

Some people think themselves so large and important that the conductor ought to ring up two fares.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES** color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Selfishness that hides under the cloak of religion is an insult to the Almighty.

## JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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### CHAPTER NINE—Continued.

Two warm arms were clasped around his neck, a face wet with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder, and she kissed him twice, with the live kisses that come from the heart of a woman whose affection has passed the mysterious border that separates friendship from love.

"Good-bye, John; God bless you and guard you!"

"Good-bye, Jessie; good-bye!"

He watched her as she faded away from him and disappeared beyond the vines which shaded the veranda.

Under the arched maples where he had walked with Jessie so many times, and down the sandy road where they had loitered in summer days now gone forever, John Burt urged the horse along. It was two miles to Peter Burt's, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the gate. John rode forward and recognized his grandfather.

"You did well to come home, my boy," said the old man, whose deep, calm voice held an anxious note. "Something has happened, and my soul has been calling you since dusk. Ride to the graveyard and I'll follow you. It isn't safe to talk here."

In the far corner of the old graveyard John Burt hitched his horse and turned to meet his grandfather. The old man seated himself on the grave of the pioneer Burt, who two hundred years before, had dared the dangers of the wilderness.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents of the tragedy.

The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minutes after John had ended.

"He deserved to die, and it was written that he should perish by violence; but his blood is not on your head," began the old man calmly.

"Murder, in the sight of God, is in the

and take you along with your murder-in' grandson!"

"Open my door at your peril!" said Peter Burt sternly. "Show me your authority, and you can enter my house. This house is my castle, and no man has ever entered it without my consent."

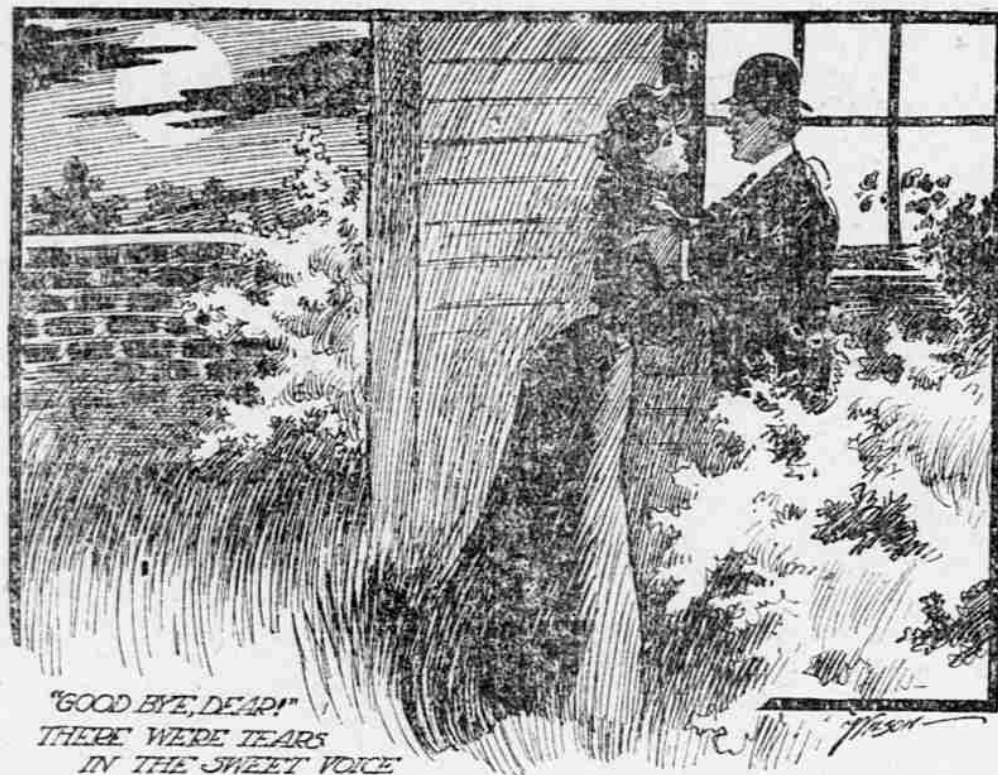
Growing threats, the men retired. In a minute they returned, armed with a log. Used as a battering ram, it was hurled against the heavy oak door. For a time the stout frame resisted, but with a crash the jamb gave way and the door flew open. With an oath and a call to his companion, the larger of the two rushed in.

As the man crossed the threshold the patriarch's left arm flew out, and the corded fingers gripped the reckless intruder by the throat. The second man hit the old farmer a glancing blow with the butt end of a revolver. With a catlike movement, Peter Burt wrenched his opponent's forearm. With a cry of pain the man dropped the weapon to the floor. Before he could guard himself Peter Burt dealt him a hard blow on the face, and gripped him by the neck as he reeled against the wall.

Holding the two men at arm's length, Peter cracked their heads together, and then dragged them into the room, where the lamplight fell on their faces. The protruding tongue and the blood-splattered face of the one who had led the charge caused Peter Burt to relax his hold, and the man fell limp to the floor. A glance showed that his companion was senseless, and the old man stretched him out on the carpet.

Peter Burt produced a coil of rope from a closet, and with the dexterity of a sailor bound the senseless men. He then proceeded to revive them.

"I have not gagged you," said Peter Burt, as he stood over them, "for the reason that your cries would



"GOOD-BYE, DEAR! THESE WERE TEARS IN THE SWEET VOICE"

heart—not in the hand. I—I am—"

Peter Burt's voice broke, and a shudder swept over him; but he controlled himself, and continued:

"My boy, will you take your grandfather's advice?"

"I will, grandfather—I will!" replied John firmly.

"It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again,'" said Peter Burt, laying his hand on John's shoulder. "God has willed that you shall be His instrument in great undertakings, and it is decreed that the events of to-day shall not be a stumbling-block to your feet. You are now to go out into the world, and though you may know it not, God will guide your footsteps. It were folly to imagine that this unprovoked quarrel points to your undoing. It is the sign that you are at once to depart from fields you have outgrown, to take up your work in that broader sphere which is waiting you. Something has whispered to me that you should go to California. Today's event is the sign that you go now. You will start to-night, my boy, and God will be with you. Hush! I hear the hoofs of horses!"

The old man jumped to his feet. "Officers are coming!" he said in a low voice. "I will meet them. Remain here till I return. Hold that horse by the nose lest he whinny."

As John sprang to the horse's head, the old man vanished in the darkness.

Peter Burt entered the rear door of his house and was in his room when the tramp of steps was heard, followed by loud knocking. The old man waited awhile, as if dressing. He then lighted a lamp and stood in the hallway. The pounding had been repeated at intervals, and gruff voices were heard in impatient conversation. "Who's there?" demanded the old man.

"We are officers of the law, Mr. Burt," a voice declared. "We are after John Burt, your grandson, who has killed a man."

"Have you a warrant for his arrest, or a search warrant?" demanded the old man. "Show me one at the window and I will open the door. If you have none, begone, and let me rest in peace."

A conference followed, and a gruff voice rose in anger.

"Let us in, old man," it thundered. "Warrant or no warrant, let us in, or by God we'll pound your door down

bring you no assistance. As soon as convenient, I will give you more comfortable quarters. Now that you are here, you may spend the night with me."

Seating himself at a desk, Peter Burt wrote two letters, and sealed them. He then opened a large, iron-bound chest, and for half an hour was busy with its contents. When his work was ended, he quitted the room without so much as a glance at the silent figures on the floor. John met him at the gateway.

"Here are your instructions, John," he said. "Go to your room and select such trifles as you can carry in your saddle-bags. You must make Plymouth before daybreak. This letter is addressed to a man in Plymouth. Here is a ring. Show him this ring with the letter. Stay in his house all day, and start for New Bedford about ten o'clock to-morrow night. You must arrive in New Bedford before daybreak, and go to the address on this letter. When you find it show Captain Horton the letter and the ring. He will put you on board the South Pacific in three days from now. This third package you will not examine until well at sea. Here is money. Enter the house and make no unnecessary noise. I will saddle your horse and wait at the barn."

The sky was aflame with lightning as John stood once more by the old man's side. The rumble of thunder told of the near approach of the tempest.

"John," said Peter Burt as he grasped the boy's hand in his. "I feel no sorrow save the pain of a temporary parting. I shall see you again, my boy; I shall clasp your hand in the vigor of your manhood, when success has crowned your efforts, and when your happiness is complete. Do not write to me or attempt to communicate with me, or with anyone, until you are rich and strong enough to meet your enemies on equal ground. During these coming years let money be your ambition. You live in an age when money is the god of the material world. Understanding has been granted to you, and when you apply yourself to the struggle the thrill of knowledge will pervade you. You have received a ken of this world's affairs, so that I can say to you in the language of Isaiah: 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places.' Rest secure in that promise, have abiding faith in it, and hold no

communication with those who love you until my prophecy has come to pass. Do you promise me, my boy?"

"I do, grandfather!" said John, who was deeply affected. "You have been so good—"

"Never mind, my boy; thank God not me. Good-bye, John—God bless you!"

The first drops of the storm pattered on the dusty roadway as the old man raised his hands and gave John his blessing. Springing into the saddle, the boy caught one last glimpse of Peter Burt in a brilliant flash of lightning which glorified his heroic figure, his white hair shining as a halo above his brow.

It was four o'clock when he halted at a small house on the outskirts of Plymouth. Years before, with Peter Burt, he had visited the old sailor who was spending there his declining years. After repeated knocking, the old man opened the door. John handed him the letter and showed the ring. He read the letter and heartily greeted his guest.

"Enough said, my boy!" he declared, as he burned the letter. "You'll be as safe here as in God's pocket. Make yourself comfortable and I'll stow away your horse."

When the old man returned he prepared a breakfast which John ate with relish, and then his host showed him to a bed which, though hard, seemed the most delightful place he had found in years. The sun was low when John woke. The old sailor did not betray the slightest curiosity concerning John's journey, and at ten o'clock his guest bade him farewell with sincere thanks for his hospitality.

The night ride to New Bedford was made without incident. It was three o'clock when John knocked at Captain Horton's door; and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expectin' ye!" he said as he opened the door. "Glad to meet ye, Joe," he said, turning to a sleepy-eyed boy, "take care of this lad's horse."

John secured the contents of the saddle-bags, and an hour later stepped on board the Segregansett. Captain Horton showed him his quarters and advised him to "turn in." He did so, and when he awoke the heaving and groaning of the old whaler told him that she was on the open sea.

Not until the Segregansett had left the Bermudas did John open the package which had been given to him by Peter Burt. It contained a long letter from the old man, describing a spot in the California mountains, of which a dying sailor had told him years before. The poor fellow declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working his way back to Boston, hoping to interest the necessary capital. In Peter Burt's letter was enclosed a rough map which the sailor had sketched when he realized that death stood in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an outer covering of oilskin. John unwrapped it and disclosed a large, old-fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. In this wallet he found a layer of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers tingled as he handled the notes. Ten thousand dollars! Jessie seemed much nearer as John looked at those bits of paper.

The scenes and incidents of that eighteen thousand mile journey around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of this narrative. One bright afternoon the Segregansett sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer Reliance, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Carden treasured the secret of a sensation strangely akin to new-born love. On the walls of her classroom was a large map, and she loved to look at it and wonder what spot of land or sea held John Burt.

(To be continued.)

**An Unkind Question.** It was shortly after the house committee of the Democratic club promulgated a resolution that evening dress should be worn by members and visitors who dined or paid evening visits to the club, that Tom Dunn, the former sheriff, fell into a library arm chair one night.

Mr. Dunn's own garb would have passed muster at Marlborough House so he looked around upon the throng in confidence and content.

There came a certain man of business to the club that night who wore an evening suit which was well-fitting, expensive, and correct in detail.

But he did not look comfortable. Pride kept him quiet for a few moments, at the end of which pride caused him to ask:

"How do you like it, Tom?"

"It's immense," said Dunn; "why don't you buy it?"—New York Telegraph.

**Uncle Sam as Foster Mother.**

A rural conscript during the civil war appeared before the board of enrollment and desired to be exempt that he might return to his country home.

"What are your claims?" asked the doctor.

"I am entirely dependent upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply.

The members of the board smiled and the doctor replied:

"I am happy to assure you, my honest-hearted friend, that the government is prepared to at once relieve your mother of so unsuitable a burden and assume your entire charge and expense during the next three years.

## FILIPINO A STUDENT

NOT FIT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT, SAYS JUDGE TAFT.

He is Opposed to Any Move Which Would Encourage Their Desire for Independence—Grave Responsibility Rests on American Voters.

The Philippines independence committee to which Secretary Taft referred in his speech at Chicago, consists, as he said, of "a number of excellent and prominent gentlemen." Among the members are nearly a dozen university presidents, including Eliot of Harvard, Schurman of Cornell, Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., King of Oberlin, and Alderman of Tulane at New Orleans. We select these names because they afford convincing evidence that membership is not confined to any small section of the country. Aside from that, the appearance of the name of the president of Cornell in the list is peculiarly interesting because of Dr. Schurman's service on one of the Philippines commissions.

Another member is Judge George Gray of Delaware, who is supposed to have done some violence to his own opinions when he signed the treaty by which the United States acquired title to the Philippines. Various branches of the Christian church are represented by Bishop Potter, Bishop Spalding and Dr. Parkhurst, while among the other signers to the independence petition are Charles Francis Adams, Andrew Carnegie, W. O. Howells and Horace White. It will thus be seen that the excellent and prominent gentlemen are fairly well distributed, not only geographically, but also as regards their pursuits.

On the other hand it would no doubt be very easy to make up a large list of representative men who would dissent from their views and agree with Mr. Taft that it is not wise for our political parties to pledge themselves to the independence of the Philippines. If we appeal to names for authority this fact must be taken into account, and of course very great authority attaches to the name of the secretary himself.

But where there is such a division of authority on a great public question there are the strongest reasons why each individual citizen should give it earnest consideration, and that brings us to a very difficult aspect of the Philippines problem. The sovereignty of the islands is actually reposed in the voting population of the United States, which acts in its own affairs as a democracy. And while this electorate is very jealous of its own rights, much alive to its own interests, and thoroughly well informed on the subjects that immediately concern it, there is no prospect that it can ever fully comprehend a strange people removed from it by thousands of miles. In other words, if the Filipinos are generally ignorant from lack of schools, we, their governors, are now and are destined to be exceptionally ignorant as regards them from lack of contact and lack of racial sympathy.

References to the examples of other powers do not solve the problem or eliminate the serious nature of what is undoubtedly a grave anomaly among American political institutions. It would therefore be a most happy escape for us if we could dispose of the Philippines as we disposed of Cuba, and this is what the independence committee desires. Secretary Taft thinks, however, that the time is not ripe; that the Filipinos cannot learn self-government by independent practice, but only under a very long course of tutelage. He argues, therefore, that it would be a great mistake for our political parties to give them the platform encouragement that is advocated by the committee, because it would inspire a host of native agitators to a dangerous activity.

That may be so, but neither the generous impulses of our people as they are expressed in legislation, nor the fact that their delegated authority is temporarily in good hands can be said to clear the situation of its perplexities. This much only is certain, that if we are to hold the islands we must give them the benefit of that eternal vigilance without which the liberties of no people are safe.

### The Chasm in the Democracy.

Ex-United States Senator Pettigrew, one of the Bryan stalwarts, says he will bolt the ticket if Cleveland or anybody like him is nominated. Pettigrew is not quite so big a personage as he was a few years ago, but he has a pull yet among the Democrats of his state. His views on the Cleveland matter are undoubtedly held by a large majority of his party in South Dakota and vicinity. These views, in fact, are very popular among Democrats in nearly all the states west of the Mississippi, and they are entertained in some of the states between the big river and the Alleghenies.

How does Pettigrew stand on Parker? The presumption is that he is against him. The Democrats of South Dakota, by an immense majority, are going to Hearst, according to accounts. The New York editor and congressman is making something like a clean sweep in the prairie and mountain states. He will come to St. Louis with a big delegation behind him. Pettigrew will be one of his supporters. In his interest many of the former Bryanite chieftains, including Bryan himself, will work. This is the way things are shaping among the Democrats of the trans-Mississippi states.

The principal significance which this has for the country at large is that it shows the chasm in the Democracy is still open. As the convention approaches it is likely to get wider instead of narrower. The old

guard of the Bryanites will vote for Roosevelt if Cleveland or anybody conspicuously identified with the ex-president's element of the party should be nominated. This has been announced many times. Ex-Senator Reagan of Texas declared recently that as between Roosevelt and Cleveland he is a Roosevelt man. Many of the Bryanite contingent of the party hold this attitude. Probably Reagan is opposed to a man like Parker also, for Cleveland is understood to favor the judge's candidacy. The St. Louis convention of 1904 is likely to see a fight which will make that emote in Chicago in 1896 seem like a love feast. The Democrats know they can not win in 1904 in any case, and the opposing bosses in the party therefore are anxious to have their studs fought to a finish this year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Make No Promises.

"The hope of success in our work in the Philippines," says Secretary Taft, "is tranquility of the public mind." That is one reason why he can not agree with the well-intentioned and ill-informed gentlemen who have petitioned the two great party organizations to insert in their platforms a promise to the Filipinos that they will ultimately be given independence. The secretary assumes the Democrats will do what is asked of them. No doubt they will. They have a habit of blundering where the Philippines question is concerned. As for the Republicans, they will make no mistake on this point.

Vague promises of "ultimate independence" in party platforms will commit the country to nothing, but they will be seized on by the malcontents in the archipelago and made the basis of a new agitation. The action of the political organizations will be falsely represented to a densely ignorant population as meaning speedy independence—next month or next year. There will be turmoil and tumult. The restless and turbulent spirits will reassume their ascendancy. The peaceful and educated Filipinos, who are satisfied with the present situation and who ought to be the leaders of their people, the afflicted with timidity. They will keep quiet while "the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing."

The time for decision as to whether the Filipinos should be given independence cannot arise, says Secretary Taft, who knows them better than any other American, "for a considerable period, probably several generations." It would be criminal folly to throw firebrands among the Filipinos by promising them "ultimate independence." They should be promised, and be given without delay, better transportation facilities in the form of railroads and highways, the untaxed admission of all their products to the United States, and all other practical gifts that will promote prosperity and, consequently, peace.

### Not So Poor as We Thought.

The shrinkage of security values that began with the Northern Pacific panic of 1901 has not had all the effects that were feared at the time.

Really hard times did not come. Speculation did indeed collapse, and investment tottered. But the great industries and the great commerce that connects producer and consumer went on, more slowly—much more slowly—but still steadily.

What we lost in the heavy weather was not the ship of prosperity itself, but some of its sails. What we suffered from most (was not decline of producing and consuming ability, but loss of confidence.

However, the crops have been large and more valuable than in previous years. Bank clearings and railway earnings are showing to-day the increasing activity in commerce. Fluid capital is so plentiful that gold goes abroad because it is cheaper here than there. We were better off than we knew.

The future cannot be said to be wholly clear. But the great legal and financial issue made by the Northern Securities case has been met without revolutionary procedures. Common sense in the adjustment of labor disputes is plainly increasing.

With a wise choice as a result of the political campaign now impending there seems no reason why the American people should not find their prosperity in 1905 not only substantial but general.

### A Great Economic Question.

The question of the protection and development of our home industries is not one of party politics, as the adherents of the protection idea are found in all of our great political parties. Protection is a great economic question, and we see what wonderful effects it has brought about in this country, and also in Germany, and the efforts that are now making in England to change the economic theories of that country, which they have run along free trade lines for six decades.—The Louisiana Planter and Sugar Manufacturer.

### What It Claims.

The free trade Philadelphia Record sneeringly remarks that "the Republican party is the claimant of all the country's prosperity, including the rise in the price of wheat." Oh, no, it is not. It merely claims to be the earnest supporter of policies which tend to promote and maintain the country's prosperity. And the beauty of the contention is that experience has proved it to be correct. The lean years when the Democratic policy of free trade was in operation are all that need be cited to attest the fact.—Troy Times.

### King Edward's Auto.

King Edward's new automobile is capable of making sixty-five miles an hour.