

JOHN BURT

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I've been past 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 this 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 Sailor 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 sailor'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 hurled his hat high in the air.

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



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

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

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 these mines. We ought to get big money for the Sailor, 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 'Sailor A' and the north 'Sailor 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 Sailor 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. "Sailor 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.

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 Sailor 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 capitalists. 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—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, pausing 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 leonine 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 Nevadas, 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 mare's 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 ten-pound 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. Gruff—Yes. Get married.

PROOF AGAINST PANIC

SENATOR GALLINGER SOUNDS KEY NOTE OF CAMPAIGN.

Events Have Shown That in Time of Financial Disturbance and Speculative Demoralization Protection Operates as a Preventive of Panic and Paralysis.

"Protection is Panic Proof." Under this impressive title Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire has contributed a speech which promises to become as useful in the campaign of 1904 as was his great speech, "Protection is the Issue," in the campaign of 1902. Prosperity is once more the issue which overshadows all others. It is even more true to-day than it was two years ago. In the well chosen language of the New York state Republican platform:

"The greatest national issue is the maintenance of prosperity."

Prosperity we now have and have had in marvelous measure beginning with 1897, when the Republican party regained control of national affairs and reinstated the national policy of protection to American labor and industry. How shall we maintain prosperity? That is the leading question to be considered in the great civic struggle of 1904. Senator Gallinger's speech deals with this question. It has for its text the following senate resolution offered on April 22, 1904:

"Resolved, That our continued prosperity as a nation is the best possible assurance that our fiscal policy is sound and stable, and that its disturbance by legislation is not warranted by the best interests of the people."

Speaking to this resolution, Senator Gallinger drew attention to the fact that, as proclaimed by one of the house leaders of that organization, the Democratic party will go forth to the conflict of this year with Tariff Reduction and Genuine Reciprocity inscribed on its banners. There is the issue. It is plain and unequivocal. There is no mistaking the Democratic purpose. The tariff law of 1897, productive though it has been of the most extraordinary results ever known in the history of the world; productive of the highest degree of prosperity and the greatest sum of human happiness ever known in connection with fiscal legislation; productive of abundance of work at an average wage rate three times that of continental Europe; productive of trade, of commerce, of industry far exceeding in volume the trade, commerce and industry of any other nation on earth; productive of a vast increase in the total and in the per capita wealth of our country, as shown by the mighty increase alike in the bank deposits of the rich and in the savings deposits of the wage earners—this tariff law of 1897, with all its splendid results, is to be attacked and repealed and tinkered and butchered by the double process of direct reduction and wide-open reciprocity in competitive products.

That is the Democratic program for 1904. What is to take the place of the Dingley law in the event of Democratic success in this year's presidential election? Who can tell? It may be, as Senator Gallinger says, "A Wilson bill, or a Mills bill, or a Morrison bill, or a tariff like that of 1846 and of 1857, both of which tariffs proved disastrous to the best interests of the country." Vigorously and ably Senator Gallinger challenges this destructive propaganda. With an impressive array of facts and figures to support his contention, he avers that the country should stick to the grand old ship protection and not lower her colors to free-trade pirates. The speech bristles with strong argument and fact. It deals fairly and effectively with the trust question, showing conclusively that trusts owe neither their origin nor their continued existence to a protective tariff.

This showing is made the more effective by the plain business facts of the past year. It has been a bad year for the overinflated trusts. Some of them have gone down, while others have had a hard time to weather the storm of their own creation. Shocks and strains have occurred which would surely have wrecked prosperity but for the presence of a protective tariff as a safeguard. What with trust stocks tumbling in values by the billion, and other stocks sharing in the general depression, while great labor strikes were keeping some hundreds of thousands of men in voluntary idleness, the conditions were favorable for a general panic of the worst description. But there was no general panic. The business of the country went on as usual, and there was no damage and no disaster outside the ranks of those who had brought on and participated in the great speculative debauch. Such panic as there was was a rich man's panic. The poor man escaped. What was the reason of this exemption of the general mass? Production did not stop; employment did not cease. Protection took care of that. The country continued to do its own work. It did not, as in 1893-1897, turn over its great market to foreigners because of Democratic tariff making.

This time we had a Republican tariff.

Protection proved panic-proof.

Giving a Dollar for a Dime.

The pith of the whole free-trade business is the assumption that if we throw down the bars in this country and let all sorts of foreign goods in free to compete with American industry and American labor, other countries will make similar laws and per-

mit our goods to enter free. Of course this is a preposterous assumption, but it is not difficult to account for when we recall that it was fastened upon the Democratic party by the South at a time when the South imagined it could do anything but grow cotton which it supposed it would have to send out of that region to be manufactured. This section of course was considering not the interests of the whole country, but merely its own interests. Then, too, it was jealous of the Northern industries, and preferred to patronize the foreigner. Once this was fastened upon the party, this party was true to the tradition, as Mr. Cleveland says it ought to be, and consequently fell a good many years behind the times in this as in other things. Hence the party became committed to this dogma, or a tariff for revenue, which is the nearest approach to free trade that any civilized country has ever had. Of course, the schoolboy knows that others nations will not make such a law because we do it, but assume that they would. Already we have at home the greatest market in the world, and this would mean to throw all of it away for the silly delusion of thus capturing inferior markets. In the first place we don't get the markets in this way, and even if we should get these markets, we should be giving away a gold dollar for a dime in the transaction.—Marion (Ind.) Chronicle.

Where Is He?

The Democratic leaders are no nearer agreement as to a candidate than they were three months ago. The Parker movement, launched in New York, has not developed as promised. Hill stock is going down and Gorman stock is not coming up. There is talk of compromise, but neither the Parker nor the Bryan contingent is yielding an inch.

Parker, it is reported from New York and Washington, is losing ground. Hearst has lost prestige and Hill's enemies are coming to the front. The reorganizers who have followed the lead of Cleveland and Olney are divided into envious groups. The Kansas City platform faction is not standing together.

The tendency is downward everywhere. Even those who talk of a compromise candidate dispiritedly mention Mr. Towne as a man who would accept defeat in good spirit. Others talk dejectedly of President Francis of the St. Louis Exposition as a harmonizer.

With the strong men of the party in the background or on the retired list, with the rank and file of the party clamoring for leadership, there is no activity except in intrigue, and no enthusiasm not bounded by state lines. Basing all their hopes for success in November on carrying New York, the eastern Democrats are haggling over conditions on which they will accept the New York candidate. In the east there is distrust instead of loyalty, and an absence of anything resembling constructive leadership. In the west conditions are no better; in some particulars they are worse because of resentment against any candidate likely to be named by the reorganizers or Cleveland Democrats.

The spectacle of a party marking time aimlessly on the even of a great contest is a pitiable one. If there is to be the momentum of battle in the loose organization some competent organizer must come to the front in the next two weeks. Has the Democratic party such a man? If so, where is he?

Misstating History.

Congressman Warner said to the members of the Hamilton club last Saturday: "The first purpose of Lincoln and those who elected him was to abolish African slave pauper labor." That was a misstatement calculated to mislead members of the club who are not familiar with the political history of 1860. Col. Warner, who was not old enough to vote in that year, but who was old enough and patriotic enough to volunteer in 1861 and to fight through the war, may have enlisted to root out slavery as well as to save the union, but the abolition of slave labor was not the avowed purpose of the Republican party in 1860. If it had been Mr. Lincoln would not have been elected. Nor did any considerable number of those who voted for him have in mind the freeing of the slaves as the result of his election.

The great purpose of the Republican party was to prevent the extension of slavery to the territories. It said in its platform that their normal condition was that of freedom, and it denied the authority of congress or of a territorial legislature to give legal existence to slavery in any territory. The fourth plank of the platform declared—

"That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends."

The "domestic institutions" included African slavery.

The slaveholders would not accept the pledges of non-interference with slavery in the states made by Republicans in and out of congress. They seceded, and the Republican party finally did what in 1860 it did not dream of doing.—Chicago Tribune.

It May Be a Mistake.

Very likely scientists are mistaken in supposing there is vegetation on the moon's surface. All that is known is that Democratic majorities are found there, and that is the only place where they are found these days.—Philadelphia Press.



Convinced at Last.

Tommy—Smokin' cigarettes is dead sure to hurt yer.

Jimmy—G'on! Where did yer git dat notion?

Tommy—From pop.

Jimmy—Aw! he wuz jist stringin' yer.

Tommy—No, he wasn't stringin' me; he wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I knows it hurts.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Long-Felt Want.

"This," said the dealer, "is a wonderful thing; the very latest. It's an alarm clock with a phonograph attached."

"Ah! the phonograph yells 'Get up!' I suppose."

"Oh, no; you only turn on the phonograph when you go to bed. It sings lullabies to you and puts you to sleep."

Swept the Deck.

Guyemoff—I bought a tray of diamonds for 50 cents yesterday.

Japalak—Say, you take my advice and stop hitting the pipe before it's everlastingly too late.

Guyemoff—It's straight goods. I not only got the tray of diamonds, but the other 51 cards in the deck, also.

Preparing for the Worst.



Miss Prim—O, I just know you are going to take this dime and get terribly intoxicated.

Rummy Robinson—Yer, do, mum. Den yer might hand over a dollar, so I can take a Turkish bath an' straighten up afterward.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Doesn't Like to Guess.

Pretty Daughter—I'd rather marry the worst man on earth than the best one.

Horrified mother—Good gracious! Are you crazy?

Pretty Daughter—Not necessarily. You see, I'd know then right from the start what I was up against and wouldn't be kept guessing.

High Finance.

"He's a splendid financier, they say."

"Yes, indeed. Why, he can manipulate the assets of a corporation in which you are interested so cleverly that you continue to feel grateful toward him when you wake up and find you have lost everything."

Possible Explanation.

"Ignorance," remarked young Saphead, "they say is bliss."

"That," replied Miss Caustique, "accounts for it, I imagine."

"Accounts for what?" queried the youth.

"Your apparent blissfulness," she replied.

A Boomerang.

Stringem—What kind of a cigar do you prefer?

Witicus—A dark cigar with a light end. See?

Stringem—That's all right, too; but when you're smoking it is light at both ends.

Disturbing Peace.



"Did your daughter's musical training cost you much money?"

"Sure. Why, the next-door neighbors have sued me for damages."

Juvenile Theory.

"Nellie," said a mother to her 5-year-old daughter, "what's the reason you and your little brother can't get along without quarreling?"

"I don't know, mamma," replied the small miss, "unless it's 'cause I take after you and he takes after papa."

Russia and Japan.

"It is a sort of a bric-a-brac war, sn't it?"

"Fur rugs and bric-a-brac, you might say."—Indianapolis Journal.

Partial Eclipse.

Ernie—And did you hide your face when he kissed you?

Belle—Well, I had on automobile goggles.