

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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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 to-night 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." "J. B."

"Our campaign?" said Blake, half aloud. "That's the highest of compliments. John must have won tortures, 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

Hons 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."

"Pon 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! Walter, a bottle of Perrier Gout, '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 seemed 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' treasure 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 1809 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 Flannel Garment Wife Mistook for Coral Necklace.

"Jim" 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 perpetration 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 4,000 cannons. Germany is the only nation that exceeds Russia in its military equipment.

AS TO A PLATFORM.

REPUBLICANS SHOULD FACE THE ISSUES SQUARELY.

They Will Be Compelled by Democratic Hostility to the Tariff to Maintain Uncompromising Adherence to the Principle and Policy of Protection.

It being now on all sides conceded that the tariff is to be the one overshadowing issue in the presidential campaign of 1904, it is interesting to consider the form in which that issue is to be presented. Many persons seem to have formed the opinion that the contest is to be conducted on new lines; that on one side the attack on protection is not going to be so fierce and so uncompromising as in former years, while on the other side there will be shown a disposition to concede and conciliate. This opinion carries with it two implications that we believe will be found to be wholly erroneous. First, the assumption is that the Democrats are going to abate something of their traditional hatred of the protection principle, and, second, that the Republicans are disposed to relax something of the rigor of their devotion to that principle.

It is on one hand assumed that this year the issue is not to be free trade vs. protection, because the Democrats, grown wiser from past defeats, will not repeat the error of standing openly for free trade or its twin brother, tariff for revenue only, but will content themselves with attacking what they term the abuses of protection and with a partial smashing of tariff protection by means of reciprocity concessions.

"We go forth with tariff reduction and genuine reciprocity inscribed on our banners."

This was the announcement made by Champ Clark of Missouri, second in command of the Democratic forces in congress. This undoubtedly reflects the Democratic position and purpose

preserved from attack from abroad, the American public shall be protected from aggression and oppression at home by combinations in restraint of trade."

As to tariff and trusts nothing more than this is needed; it tells the whole story. As to reciprocity, let the convention readopt the declaration of 1900, restricting trade concessions to articles that do not in any manner compete with domestic production. This done, the people will know how to decide—whether to turn the country over to a party whose tariff making has invariably been destructive to business, or to keep the power of legislation in the hands of the party whose history is one unbroken record of devotion to the country's best and highest good.—American Economist.

More Democratic Blundering.

The Democrats of California and Wisconsin use almost the same language about the Panama canal. They are in favor of that great work—they would not dare to array themselves against it—but they denounce the administration for that policy which has secured the canal for the nation and the world.

The California Democrats say they have always been for an interoceanic canal, but they condemn the methods of the administration in securing the Panama right of way "as destructive of the integrity of a confederated republic." The Wisconsin Democrats are for the canal, but they regret that that "great project is stained with evidence of dishonorable intrigue against the integrity of a friendly republic."

The territorial integrity of Colombia seems to be of quite as much concern to these Democrats in search of issues as is the isthmian canal. The sympathy expressed for that so-called republic is insincere, and the censure of the administration is unjust. The documents submitted to congress showed that the policy of the United States had been straightforward and upright, while that of Colombia had been tortuous and dishonest. To say that that country was a "friendly re-

THE BRIDGE THAT HAS CARRIED US SAFELY OVER.



in the coming campaign. It is not free trade in express terms, for that would disturb and frighten the country, but it is none the less free trade by indirection. The object remains unaltered—to repeal the present tariff and take away its protective features on the ground that in this way only can trust extortion be checked, and to supplement this direct action by the roundabout method of lowering duties in spots through special reciprocity treaties. This is the Democratic program. Not free trade open and above board, but free trade by stealth.

On the other hand, it is by some Republicans urged that the time has come for surrendering some part of the protectionist position, for relaxing and conceding away the principles of protection to the extent of agreeing to a revision of the Dingley duties immediately following the election of 1904, and in consenting to tariff changes through the medium of reciprocity in competitive products. This element would be glad to commit the Republican party to a declaration, in substance, that the charge of trust sheltering and trade restriction has been made good against protection, and the party stands ready to enter upon the work of tariff tinkering and trade dickerings. We do not think that this element will dominate the national convention of 1904. On the contrary, we confidently expect to see the convention "stand pat" on protection. This view is supported by the decision reached at a recent conference of leaders in Washington to the effect that, inasmuch as the tariff is to be the main issue, the Republican party should meet the issue boldly and uncompromisingly, yielding nothing, conceding nothing, surrendering nothing of the principle and policy of protection to American labor and industry, and least of all conniving at any masked assault upon that principle and policy under cover of reciprocity.

Maintaining such a position as this, the Republican party will have all the advantage in the contest. It will force the Democrats out into the open and compel them to declare their hostility to protection. It will make the issue plain, clear and honest. For example, if the Chicago convention wishes to free the campaign of every element of uncertainty as to the principles involved it could not do better than to adopt as the tariff plank of its platform the following admirable suggestion of the New York Press:

"1. The American tariff system shall be maintained to keep American labor employed at fair wages and American capital engaged at reasonable profit. 2. Capital and labor both being

public" is to do singular violence to the truth.

Senator Gorman, who had once the reputation of being an extremely astute individual, tried to make party and personal capital out of the canal question, and failed ingloriously. He erased his name from the list of possible presidential candidates of his party. It is odd that the Democratic platform writers of Wisconsin and California should think they could score a point where he failed so signally.

If a Democratic administration had done what a Republican one has done in the Panama matter the Democrats in their platforms would have "pointed with pride" to the commendable and successful policy they now condemn.

A Combination.

The Iowa Democratic state convention of May 4 instructed for W. R. Hearst, reaffirmed the Kansas City platform, with its free silver declaration, and adopted the following on the tariff question:

"We denounce the vicious tariff system fostered and perpetuated by the Republican party, under which the trusts have been born, bred and fattened, and the species multiplied until they have every industrial and commercial interest by the throat, and we demand the repeal of every tariff which denies 'equal opportunity for all.'"

Yellow Kid, Sixteen to One and Free Trade! There is a combination which illustrates the infinite possibilities of the Democratic party in the matter of assassinating prosperity.

Truth Briefly Stated.

A specimen of the solid truth as presented in the Illinois Republican platform: "The prospect of a general revision of the tariff by the Democratic party whose leaders in Congress are free traders, as their records show, would close the factories and workshops, throw labor out of employment, reduce the price of the products of the farm, bring on general distress and paralyze the industries of the nation." Experience has taught this lesson. Its repetition ought to be unnecessary.

Why Change It?

The policy that has made the country prosperous beyond the wildest dream of the most sanguine a score of years ago is that of the protective tariff. If that policy is right, why change it? If it is wrong, we all should shout for its abolition, but the conditions, the facts and figures are all in favor of it and against Mr. Lucking's free trade policy.—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

A Gambler Worth \$5,000,000.

For the next two years at least there will be little done in the gambling business in New York—that is, there will be few, if any, large houses maintained. Since the Jerome witness bill was passed and signed in New York state it has become a very dangerous business. Richard Canfield is not to run a house there while Jerome is in power. He has sold a piece of property for \$125,000 that he would not have taken \$200,000 for six months ago. It is understood that Canfield is to part with all his real estate in New York and expatriate himself. Canfield is said to be worth \$5,000,000, and the least figure placed on his fortune is \$3,000,000. Since he has never been engaged in any industrial or commercial business the inference is that he made all his money in speculating on the turn of cards—he supplying the cards.

Russian Papers' Scare Heads.

The present war has produced the first heading containing more than a single line ever published in a Russian newspaper. Previously the most important news had never been so honored and the death of Queen Victoria was announced without any heading.

Mr. Albee's Opinion.

Alpine, Cal., June 6.—Mr. T. M. Albee, our postmaster, has expressed an opinion based on his own experience which will no doubt be of interest to many. Mr. Albee is a man of few words, but his well known truthfulness and uprightness of character adds much weight to any statement he makes. He says:

"The first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills that I used convinced me of their good qualities and I used altogether four boxes with the very best results. I can heartily recommend this remedy."

This voluntary expression of opinion will doubtless find an echo in many homes in California for Dodd's Kidney Pills have been making some miraculous cures in this state.

From the evidence already published it seems safe to conclude that this medicine will be found to be a perfect cure for rheumatism, urinary trouble, backache and any and every form or symptom of kidney complaint.

Always say your prayers before going to bed—if it's a folding bed.

Any man who gets married a second time didn't deserve to lose his first wife.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for literature free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The man who has too little confidence in himself generally has too much in others.

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Deafness Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

No gentleman will swear before a lady—let her swear first.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 50c a package.

After a man swears horses he does not always drive a bargain.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 263 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Figures may not lie, but they very frequently steal.

Willing—"They say Smith treated that man like a brother." Billing—"In what way?" Willing—"Kicked him out of the house."

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Deafness Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on the person and the face.

Sensible Housekeepers

will have Deafness Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither kick himself nor pat his own back.

The man who uses religion as a cloak will sooner or later be warm enough without it.

A man who has no time for charity in this world, will have time to burn in the next.

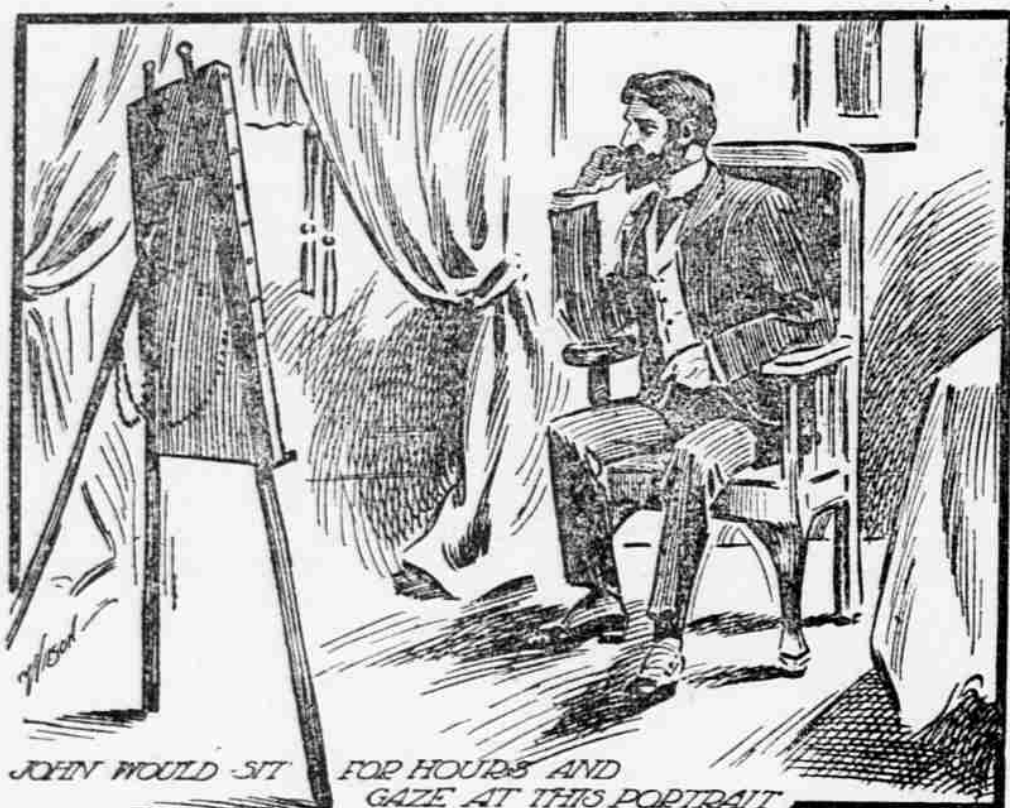
It is better to start right at the beginning than to go back and do it all over again.

Jimmy—"What would you say if I kissed you? Mabel—"You are only wasting time by asking."

Don't judge a man by his tombstone, for he did not write the epitaph on it.

Your dearest friend is naturally the one that costs you the most money.

Why is it that the lightweight always accuses the scales of being wrong?



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-novel sleuth."

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