

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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



"WHAT SHALL I DO; WHAT CAN I DO? I CANNOT GIVE HER UP; BY—, ILL 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.

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 acquiring 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 enfilade it. The highest

legal authority assured him that the franchises already granted to the Cosmopolitan were invalid.

As the crisis in his affairs neared, John Burt took a more direct charge of affairs. The trusted employees 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 uster 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 ailers 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 German 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."

John! Heou are ye, John Burt! I'm plumb tickled 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 tew good tew 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 ailers 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 tew see ye or ter win, because—well, because ye or ter 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 erbout 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 tew hear it," declared Sam, "but I reckon I can guess who does the thinkin'." Jim's a fine teller, but he ailers was reckless an' careless, though mebbe he's out grown 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 erbout," 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.

BOYS & GIRLS

Little Mollie's Dream.

"I dreamed," said little Mollie, with face alight, and voice awe-filled yet joyous, "I dreamed last night

"That I went 'way off somewhere and there I found green grass and trees and flowers, all growing round.

"For all the signs, wherever we had to pass, said: 'Please' (eyes, really truly) 'Keep on the grass!'

"And in the beds of flowers along the walks, among the pinks or pansies or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers you wish to,' child; and I dreamed that the policeman looked down and smiled!" —St. Nicholas.

SIMPLE HOME-MADE CANOE.

Materials Are Cheap and Any Ingenious Boy Can Build One.

To those of you who have never tried, it seems as a big undertaking to build a boat of any description, but let

me tell you about this one, and you will see it is not difficult—more than that, you boys need not be stopped by a few difficulties, even if there were some.

The boy who starts out to build anything for himself and builds it well, is very likely to be the boy who, in later years will make his way in the world. And the boy who builds a boat is far and away ahead of the boy who doesn't.

The boat that you build and paint and name yourself will bring you more fun to the minute than the boy who doesn't build one is likely to have in his entire boyhood.

To begin with, when you make up your mind to build a boat, remember that its first requisite is safety. If you love boating, you love perhaps the noblest and cleanest of all sports, a sport that will, if you follow it out,

make you strong and manly. But never venture to "trust to luck"; be perfectly sure your boat will not sink, even if it does turn over.

Get a smooth board one and one-fourth inches thick, two inches wide and twelve feet long for the keel, two strips one and one-fourth inches wide by one-half inch thick and thirteen and one-half feet long for side strips, some barrel hoops, a piece of canvas, galvanized nails, a few brass screws, some carpet tacks (large size), and two boards for the stem and stern posts. These posts must be fifteen inches high and as thick as the keel boards—those made of elm or ash are the best. Get a rough pine board thirty inches long and eleven inches wide for the "mold." A saw, a chisel, a hammer, a gimlet and a screw-driver are all that you will need in the way of tools. Cut out your stem and stern posts alike and mortise them into position on the keel, as shown in Fig. 1. After fitting them, round them off alike, as shown in the drawing, so as to give the canoe a sharp entrance through the water.

Now cut out the rabbit in both stem and stern pieces (the rabbit is just a notch cut deep enough to allow the side strip to lie flush when it is bent around the "mold" and fastened into place (Fig. 2). There will be four of

these notches altogether. Now fasten your "mold" (Fig. 3) in place in the middle, tacking it lightly on the keel. Fasten the two side strips to one end temporarily, bend them around the "mold" to the other end, and fasten them into place permanently with screws. Always be sure to bore holes in the strips before putting in your screws, or they may cause the strips to split.

Now take the ribs—the barrel hoops (those should be the flat kind, not those covered with bark)—and nail them eight inches apart all along the upper side of the keel, or what will be the inside of your canoe. Bend the ends of the ribs up to the outside of the side strips, nail them fast and saw off the ends. Some of the hoops will break toward the stern, but that does not matter (Fig. 4).

Clench all nails, and always bore holes before driving them in. Take out the mold, and measure for the canvas, which should be the heavy kind. To measure for the canvas, fasten a string on the under inside of the side strip at the widest part of the canoe, and pass it under and around the

canoe to the under inside of the opposite side strip. This will give you the widest point in the middle. Measure your canoe in several places in the same way. Then measure the length of your canoe, allowing three inches longer. Lay these measurements on the floor, and cut your canvas (Fig. 6). Now place the canoe bottom side up on any wooden supports, tack the canvas in place exactly in the middle, on the stem and stern posts, and pull it taut with the center line of the canvas. Begin amidships and drive the tacks two inches apart along the inside of the side strips (Fig. 5), then drive tacks in the alternate two-inch spaces along the outside of the side strips, always pulling the canvas tightly. Tack it firmly around the stem and stern posts. Fasten a light board one-half inch thick in the bottom for a floor. Make fast with screws from the outside two pine braces across

from the side strips, three and one-half feet from either end—this will insure the canoe keeping its shape, and your boat is nearly finished.

Now procure some empty cigar boxes, and fasten down the lids tightly all around, then cover them with light canvas, and give them a coat of paint, so that they may be water tight. They are now air chambers. Fill a space two and one-half feet in the stem and stern with these boxes, holding them in place by tacking pieces of light canvas completely over the ends of the canoe inside. Thus your canoe is made practically unsinkable.

Give the whole a coat of linseed oil and two coats of paint, a name and a safety rope fastened at intervals all around the entire canoe on the outside, and with very little effort you will have for your very own a charming canoe, exactly like the one shown in the illustration.

Some appropriate names for canoes are The Red Rover (painted red), The Escape, The Spy, The Hiawatha, The Sea Fairy, The Nautilus, but of course

When the cuckoo's cry is first heard it is said that folk should turn over whatever money they happen to have in their pocket at the time. A gold coin means plenty of cash for the next year; silver means the owner will always have enough; copper means that he will never run short of money. If the bird is heard on the right, that is believed to be lucky; if on the left, unlucky. In Scotland the cuckoo is thought to address his first song to the farmers. In Denmark every girl asks it when she is to be married, and every old and feeble person when he will be freed from the burden of life, and the number of times the bird sings "cuckoo" indicates the number of years in each case. This superstitious notion also exists in England, France and Germany. But the only solid fact about the cry is that it is a sure sign that summer has come at last.

Some trees are useful as well as ornamental, and the maple is one of them. Of its wood the best charcoal is made. Its young shoots are so tough that they use them as whips in France. As it stands cutting and trimming well it is good both for hedges and for the strange devices of the tree gardener. When gathered green and dried the leaves and tender shoots make winter food for cattle. Then it yields sugar, two American kinds being especially valuable in this respect. Perhaps it is best known and admired as a furniture wood, because of its fine grain and beautiful veins, and the lovely polish it takes. The old Romans made their best tables of it, and the French employ it largely for articles turned in the lathe. Mast-bowls, or alms-dishes, used to be made out of the knotty roots, highly polished, and silver-mounted.

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