

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

"How much L. & O. have you?" he demanded.

"Thirty-five thousand shares," replied Mr. Mason.

"How many have you sold?" addressing his son.

"About seventy-five thousand."

"Hu-m-m-m. Fine outlook! Forty thousand shares short on a stock, with only a hundred thousand shares in all," growled Randolph Morris. "By God, if I pull out of this thing with a dollar I'll place it where you can't find it with a set of burglar's tools!"

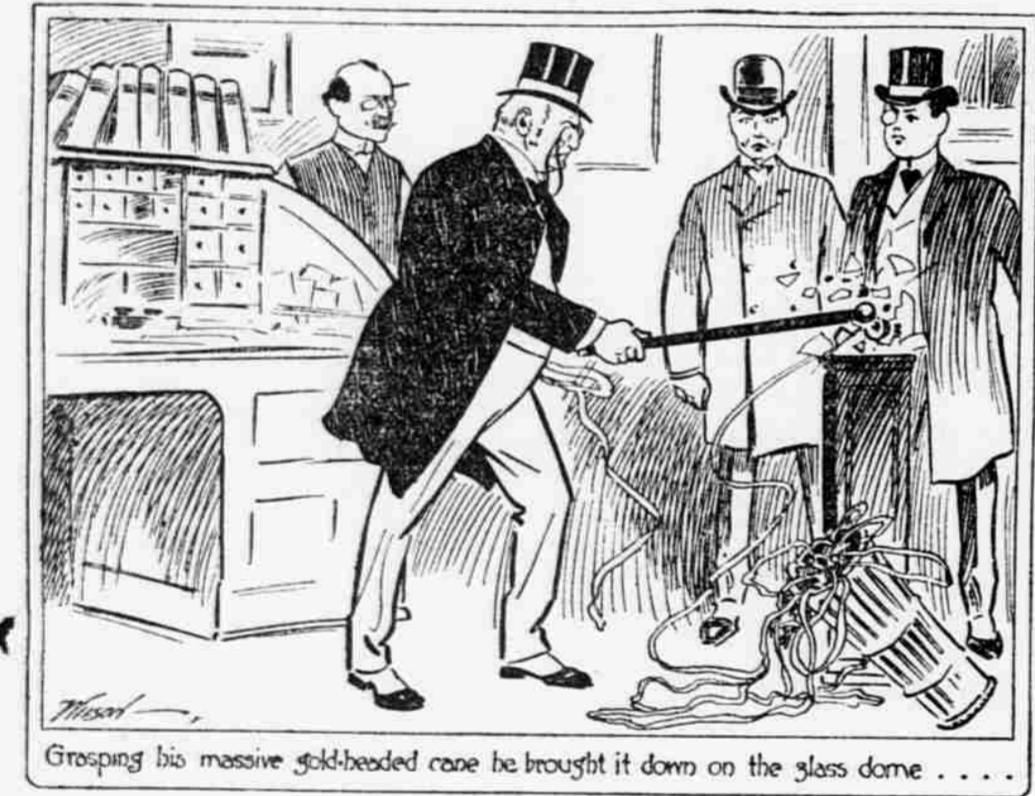
Randolph Morris glared at his son, fumbled for his glasses and bent over the tape.

"Fifty-five bid for L. & O.," it read. "Bid sixty for any part of ten thousand shares. Gimme that telephone! Go to the exchange, Mason, and get on the other end of this wire, and I'll give you the orders."

Shortly before noon a news agency made public a statement which hastened the crisis. It read:

"The deal in L. & O. was engineered by Mr. James Blake, the dashing young operator whose advent in New York was signalized by the recent upheaval in prices. For several weeks Mr. Blake has quietly been absorbing blocks of L. & O. To-day he secured ten thousand shares from General Marshall Carden, which, with the holdings of Mr. John Hawkins, gives the syndicate of which Mr. Blake is the head absolute control of this valuable property. Another railroad company has been a bidder for control, but the Carden stock gives Mr. Blake the coveted advantage."

"It is rumored that a well-known and powerful banking house is short this stock to the amount of nearly forty thousand shares. It opened at 29½ and rapidly advanced to 75, and then by leaps and bounds reached 125. It is believed that only a few scattered shares are yet in the market, and that the stock is cornered."



Grasping his massive gold-headed cane he brought it down on the glass dome . . .

"Later.—It is rumored that the banking house of Randolph Morris & Company has suspended."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Father and Son.

One by one the directors of the bank had entered the room where Randolph Morris was making his fight against overwhelming odds. Some he recognized by an almost imperceptible bow, but no words came from his lips as he bent over the tape. The faces of the directors were pale and drawn from tension.

When L. & O. had mounted to eighty dollars a share, Randolph Morris changed his tactics and attempted to check the rise by throwing all his holdings on the market. In less than an hour he hurled thirty-five thousand shares into the speculative whirlpool.

It was like stemming Niagara with a straw. The price did not sag. The powerful interests back of L. & O. pledged three millions of dollars for this stock and clamored for more.

In response to a demand for margins, Randolph Morris deposited several millions cash and valid securities. Alarmed by rumors, patrons of the bank formed in long lines and demanded their deposits. There was no gleam of hope, but grim in defeat the old banker stood by the wheel and watched the ship of his fortunes as she swiftly neared the reefs of ruin.

A clerk entered and handed to Randolph Morris the yellow slip of paper containing the bulletin. He read it slowly, crumpled it in his hands and threw it on the floor.

Grasping his massive gold-headed cane, he brought it down on the glass dome which covered the delicate mechanism of the ticker. One of the flying fragments cut his cheek and a few drops of blood slowly trickled down his face.

"The corporation of Randolph Morris & Company is bankrupt!" he said, rising to his feet and looking into the faces of his astounded associates. "The Board of Directors will convene at once and take formal action to that effect. Be seated, gentlemen, and come to order. You may make the motion for suspension, Mr. Mason."

When Randolph Morris adjourned the directors' meeting he looked about for his son, but he was not in the room. He found Arthur Morris within the caged enclosure occupied by the paying teller. In his hands were several packages of money.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Randolph Morris.

"Cashing a check," was the sullen reply.

"You are a thief as well as a fool," roared Randolph Morris, his hand on the door and his features convulsed with passion. "No officer of a bank on the point of suspension has a right to accept or withdraw funds, and you know it."

He grabbed Arthur Morris by the shoulder and dragged him through the narrow doorway.

"My curse goes with that money!" he shouted, his face convulsed with rage. "You have dragged me down to shame and poverty in my old age. I hope, by God, that everything you buy with that money will give you pain! I wish to God—"

His voice was choked, the blood surged to his temples, his hands clutched at his throat, and with a gasp for breath he fell heavily to the floor.

Before Arthur Morris realized what had happened, others were by his father's side. The stricken old financier partially recovered consciousness before a physician arrived, but again sank into a most alarming condition. "Apoplexy," said the physician, in answer to a question. "Is this his first attack?" he asked Arthur Morris.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I've seen the governor so mad he couldn't speak, several times, but never so bad as this."

As he spoke Randolph Morris opened his eyes and they rested on his son.

"Take him away," he said, averting his eyes. "Take him away, and give me a chance to live."

"You're all right, governor," said Arthur Morris, as the doctor gave him a signal to stay out of sight. "Keep cool and you'll come out on top. I feel as bad as you do about it, but there's no use in kicking. Brace up

and take your medicine like a man; we may win out yet."

To which encouraging advice Randolph Morris made no reply, and the son left the room.

As Randolph Morris was tenderly carried down the steps, through an angry crowd, and placed in an ambulance, he opened his eyes and looked longingly at the building which bore his name. Thus he made his last journey away from the roar and turmoil of Wall street; a mental, physical and financial wreck, cast on the shores of oblivion by a storm terrific and unforeseen.

Arthur Morris, stripped of all power by the action of the directors, stood amid the wreck of his fortunes.

He was a witness to the compromise by which a representative of James Blake & Company agreed to terms, which, while protecting the depositors, called for the sacrifice of the millions which once stood in his name. The fifty thousand dollars he had succeeded at the last moment in drawing from the bank was all that was left to him.

Through the long hours of that eventful day General Carden's eyes were fixed on the stock board. Few of the excited customers of James Blake & Company recognized the ex-banker, and none knew the reason for his absorbing interest in the fluctuations of the stock labeled L. & O.

Who was this man Blake, and why had he offered to place a fortune in his hand? Why had this stranger come from out the West, and by the magic of his touch, transformed a worthless stock into one of so great value that millionaires struggled madly for its possession?

When he took his last look at the stock board L. & O. was quoted at 105. He nervously drew a slip of paper from his pocket and made a rapid calculation. If Blake chose to realize at the quotation, General Carden's share of the profits would be nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. The figures puzzled him, and he made the calculation anew, only to find it accurate. This represented more than the fortune he had lost.

A wild impulse came which urged him to demand of Blake the sale of his stock. What right had he to imperil that which would insure the happiness of his daughter and the repose of his old age? Hurriedly he retraced his steps until he reached Broadway, and again he entered Blake's office.

An hour had passed, and he hardly dared look at the quotations. Perhaps the deal had collapsed? Perhaps—

"L. & O. 145, 145½, 146½," called out the man who was reading the ticker. "Two thousand L. & O. at 150!"

An exultant shout went up from the crowd of men who surrounded James Blake. His handsome face was aglow with pleasure as they slapped him on the back.

"My congratulations, general," Blake said, grasping the old soldier's hand. "Our little pool is working splendidly! Do you feel like getting out at 150, general? I wouldn't advise you to do so, but if you wish it can be arranged. I have a customer who will take the stock off your hands at that figure."

"I—I am entirely satisfied to let it alone," said General Carden, drawing himself up proudly. "Handle my stock according to your judgment. The subordinate should not question the policy of a victorious commander."

"Mr. Burton wishes to see you," whispered a clerk to Blake, and the famous head of the firm turned and left General Carden.

He heard the shouts of victory and found himself shaking hands and laughing with strangers. He felt a strong grasp on his shoulder and turned to see James Blake.

"We settle with Randolph Morris & Company at 175," he whispered. "Your share of the profits is nearly a million and a half. I'll call at your house this evening and give you a check for the exact amount."

"I can find no words to express my feelings," said General Carden, deeply affected. "I do not think that I am entitled to so large a share of these profits. I—I really—I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Blake. God bless and reward you."

"Don't thank me," replied James Blake.

A strange expression came over his face and a look of pain to his dark eyes. "I am not—I should not—"

He paused, released General Carden's hand and turning abruptly, rushed across the room and vanished into an inner office.

In the turmoil of his own feelings General Carden paid little attention to this strange action. Six hours before he had entered these rooms all but penniless. He left them more than a millionaire.

In a darkened room in a remote quarter of the city, a gray-haired man gasped for breath and moaned in his delirium. A great financial battle had been fought. Randolph Morris was one of the stricken victims, and Marshall Carden was one of the victors. In this age of commercial and industrial barbarism, man must climb to glory over the dead and mangled bodies of the losers. Commercial competition has all the horrors and none of the chivalry of physical warfare.

Thoughts such as these came to John Burt when the news circulated that Randolph Morris had been stricken in his office. The blow aimed at the son had fallen with crushing force on the father. In the hour of victory John Burt was silent and sad, and John Hawkins was not slow to glean the reason.

"I wouldn't worry over Randolph Morris," he said, with a gruffness which was assumed. "The old man will recover. One stroke of apoplexy won't kill him."

"Write to Randolph Morris," said John, addressing Blake, "and say that his personal property is exempt in this settlement. He has scheduled it as having a value of nearly a million dollars. I shall not take it from him. He's an old man, with daughters and other dependents on him."

"Good for you, Burt!" exclaimed John Hawkins. "It isn't business, but business is hell—as old Sherman said about war. I'm going to my hotel to take a nap. Where can I see you this evening? Dine with me at the hotel at nine o'clock. What d'ye say? You, too, Blake."

(To be continued.)

Causes of Nervous Prostration.

"Believe me," said a Spruce street physician who makes a specialty of treating nervous disorders, "it isn't overwork that superinduces nervous prostration. The men who succumb to nervous strain are not the men who work continually under high pressure. The man who has no relaxation has no time to brood over his health, and brooding is fatal to a man whose nerves are highly strung. If a man is constantly busy in mind from morning until night he isn't in any danger of nervous trouble. It's only when he relaxes and gives himself a certain amount of leisure that he is danger. A man is a good bit like a piece of machinery. It's the relaxation that tells. Take Russell Sage, for instance. He celebrated his 88th birthday to-day, and he is in the harness all the time. Should he give up even a part of his daily routine the probabilities are that he would be a dead man in six months. The man whose nerves trouble him is the man of comparative leisure."—Philadelphia Record.

Mountain Air to Blame.

A new guest arrived at a New Hampshire farmhouse where a Boston gentleman happened to be holding forth on the piazza. The newcomer was much impressed by the speaker's fluency.

"I declare," he remarked to the landlord, "that man has an extensive vocabulary, hasn't he?"

The landlord was mightily pleased. "That's so," he said. "That's what mountain air will do for a man. He ain't been boardin' with me but two weeks, and I know he must have let his waistband out much as four times."—Rochester Herald.

Boys and Girls

Since Mother's Gone.

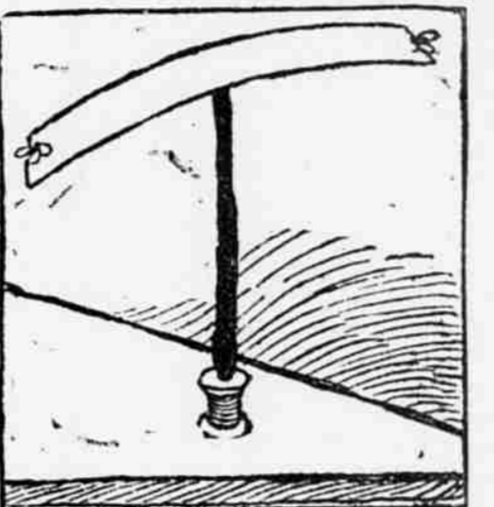
Since mother's gone I miss the smile
And gentle voice that used to cheer
My boyish heart, day after day,
And put to flight each care and fear
Which chanced to be along my way.
No more about the humble home
I see her ply her daily care,
Or hear her sing some sacred song,
Or plead with God in fervent prayer
For right to triumph over wrong.

I love to hear some sacred song
Or hallowed hymn she used to sing,
Or pray the prayer she used to pray
That I to Him may firmly cling
Who was her comfort day by day.
The memory of her holy life
Remains to cheer me on my way.
Strengthens my soul as I press on
Amid life's toil from day to day,
To that sweet place where mother's
gone.

—Alva N. Turner, in Washington Post.

Fun with a Fly Seesaw.

Here is an amusing little trick that you will find lots of fun: Stick a long



Sec-Saw in Operation.

lead pencil in the end of a spool of thread so that it will stand upright. Throw a piece of very stiff blotting paper and from it cut a strip two inches wide and about a foot long. On each end of this put a drop of molasses or syrup.

Now balance the strip of blotting paper, with the syrup side up, on the point of the pencil. You should have two players, although one will do. Each player chooses an end of the paper. In a moment a fly will alight on one end, attracted by the syrup, and that end of the paper will go down a trifle. Then another fly will light on the other end, or perhaps several will come there for the sweets and things will be reversed.

As more flies come, alighting on the ends, the paper will lean first this way, then that, till it overbalances and falls to the tables. Then the player whose end grew so heavy as to cause the tumble wins.

We would not advise you to try this in the house, but rather out of doors in the warm sunshine, where the flies will not bother any one.

A Quiet Game.

If mother has asked you not to get dirty after you have dressed for a drive, and you do not know just what to do to amuse yourself, get some one to play the following little game with you. It is very simple, but will help the time to pass pleasantly:

"I see a color you don't see," says one.

"What color may it be?" asks the other.

"It may be pink (or some other color in the room,) says the first inquirer. Then he begins the questioning. Is it the paper? The ribbon on your hair? The pink in the doll's dress? And so on, until happily the guesser mentions the exact article of pink that has been chosen. The successful guesser then takes her turn at saying, "I see a color that you don't see."—Washington Star.

The Rat and the Dove.

There can be no doubt that strong attachments are formed between animals, and that they are capable of emotions of pity and acts of generosity, not only toward their own kind, but even toward creatures of another species.

A gentleman who had a great number of doves used to feed them near the barn. At such times not only chickens and sparrows, but also rats, were accustomed to come and share the meal. One day he saw a large rat fill its cheeks with kernels of corn and run to the coach house, repeating this performance several times. On going over to investigate, he found a lame dove eating the corn which the rat had brought.

Such an action on the part of human beings would be looked upon as a charitable desire to relieve the necessities of a helpless cripple—and we must also so consider it in the case of the rat.

In a Lion's Mouth.

Not all of the delights of spring are for the country boy. We who live in the city have a host of them, and can see many a strange and pleasing sight if we keep our eyes open. A few days ago, while riding my bicycle down Madison avenue, I heard the twittering of sparrows, and, looking up, saw in the mouth of the stone lion on the corner of the building of one of the city's prominent clubs the remains of a last year's nest, and two sparrows getting ready to build a new one for this year.

It was such a novel place for a bird to choose for housekeeping that I stopped and made a sketch of it. While standing on the opposite corner sketching, the policeman of that "beat" came over to talk with me. He seemed pleased that I should have noticed the birds. He said that the

sparrows had been keeping house there for several years.

He had often stopped to watch them build their nests, and later feed their little ones, which later would play around the lion's head, sitting on his nose or eyebrows as saucily as could be, as much as to say: "You may look fierce, but—who's afraid?"—St. Nicholas.

Indoor Garden Patch.

This is a source of endless delight to a little girl just able to use her needle.

The necessary requisites are a small square of green art denim, some pretty remnants of flowered chintz, and a small box of tiny crystal beads. If the little one is able to sit and use her needle, she will take unlimited pleasure in clipping the flowers and foliage from the chintz and transferring them to her square of green in artistic and odd effects. The crystal beads are a good substitute for dew, and with a little ingenuity can be most effectively placed. When completed the garden patch can be utilized for a pillow top, or can be made the nucleus of a quilt.

Tragedy of a Pet Rat.

I once had for a pet a white rat which was very cunning and mischievous. One day, when papa and I were going to town, we stopped at a neighbor's on business.

Mr. S. and papa were discussing their business affairs when Mr. S. began laughing and asked papa: "What is that thing?" Papa looked around, and there was that rat sitting on the seat beside him, as contented as could be. It had been in papa's pocket. I had to carry it to town and get a box to bring it home in.

I kept the rat in a cage, but it always managed to get out and gnaw the clothing. One day my sister and I were driving, when I felt something in my sleeve. It kept running up and down my sleeve, and frightened me so that I slipped off my jacket, and out jumped the rat and ran under the wheel and was killed instantly. How it got into my jacket and remained there so long without my knowing it is a mystery to this day.—Christian Endeavor World.

Pindertoy.

This frolicsome frog needs only to be cut out and the three parts pierced through the dots with a pin, sticking



the pin into a cork or stick to hold it firm. If pasted on an old visiting card it will have more body and last longer.

A Chinese Story.

Two short-sighted men, Ching and Chang, always quarreled over who could see the best. Hearing that a tablet was to be erected at a neighboring temple, they determined to visit it together and put their eyesight to the test. Neither Ching nor Chang was as honest as he might have been. Each tried to get ahead of the other, so visited the temple by stealth. Standing very close Ching read, "To the great men of the past and the future."

Chang also went, and peering closer, read, "To the great men of the past and the future." In smaller letters he read what had escaped Ching's notice. "This tablet is erected by the family of Ting."

On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed: "The inscription is 'To the great men of the past and the future.'"

"True!" said Chang, "but there is more. I can see what you cannot."

There is written in small letters, 'Erected by the family of Ting.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," replied Chang.

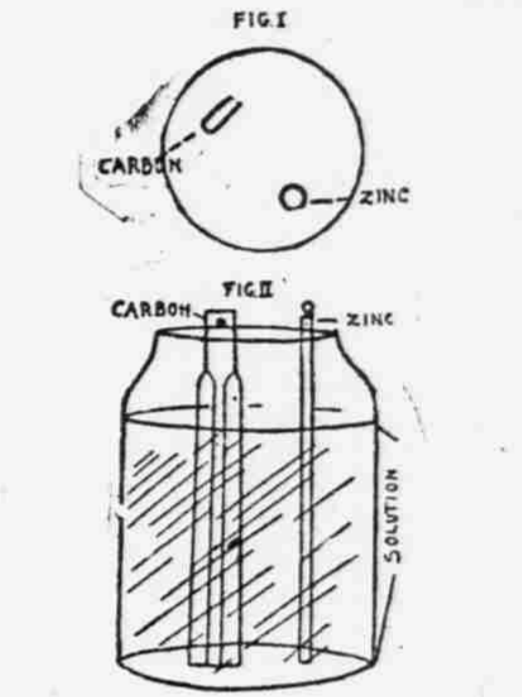
They grew very angry, and, after calling each other hard names, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest.

He heard their story and said gently: "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

Fruit Jar Battery.

A correspondent writes: Seeing that somebody asked if I ever made a battery out of my mother's preserve jars, I will answer, yes.

First I obtained a few old dry batteries and took the carbons out of



them; at the store I obtained a number of zincs (stick) sometimes called pencil zincs. I then washed out a few jars and made pasteboard covers like Fig. 1.

I then put the zinc and carbon in the cover, filled the jar two-thirds full of sal ammoniac and put in carbon and zinc, my battery then being complete.

Mile-a-Minute Flies.

It is easy enough to understand why we have so much trouble in catching that fly that comes buzzing around our ears when we stop to consider that flies have been known to fly at the rate of about two miles a minute.

The common house fly moves at the rate of twenty-five feet to the second, or about eighteen miles an hour. When frightened, though, the house fly settles right down to business and travels at the rate of 160 feet a second. If it should keep up this rapid flight for a mile it would cover the distance in exactly thirty-three seconds, or faster than any "lightning express" has ever moved.

The common bumble bee blunders along faster than a horse commonly trots, and even the fairy-like butterfly flies lit ahead of the fastest fly runner without trouble. Indeed, insects as a rule fly faster than birds, so that only a few of the cleverest birds can catch them on the wing.

If you don't believe that an insect can go like chain-lightning, just knock down a hornet's nest and try to get away from a mad hornet that is coming for you. She'll show you!

A New Coin Trick.

Here is a very simple little trick, which looks not at all easy and quite as if the performer must be very skillful indeed.

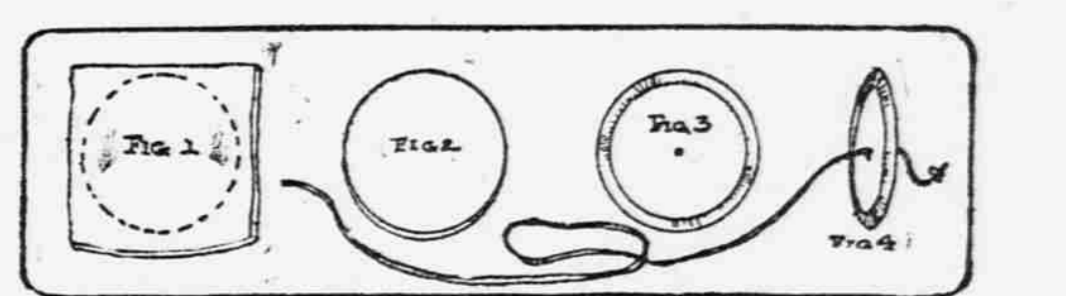
Take a silver coin, a quarter or a half dollar, and pick it up by placing the points of two pins one on either side of the coin's edge. You may hold the coin securely in this position if you press firmly with both pins.

Now, blow smartly against the upper edge of the coin and it will fly around and around, revolving with great rapidity between the pins.

How Elephants Gather Fruit.

The elephant (says Capt. Sikes, in his book on the "Tropical Nile") does not bother to pick fruit singly off a tree, but will but the trunk with such force that all the ripe fruit is shaken off. He then picks it off the ground with his trunk and pops it into his mouth. His favorite species is the wild plum, though he will eat many other fruits.

HOW TO MAKE A SUCKER.



Induce a shoemaker to give you a piece of sole leather about 4 inches square. Then with a sharp knife trim the corners away until the leather is perfectly round, after which the bottom must be pared away smoothly, say a quarter of an inch back from the edge, until a good bevel is assured, resulting in a very thin edge.

Pore a hole through the center and insert a piece of strong cord. Tie a knot in the end, large enough to prevent it slipping through the hole, and cut off the superfluous end.

Soak the leather in water until it is pliable. The softer the better. When thoroughly soaked, place the leather on top of a half brick, press the leather hard against the surface with your foot and then carefully lift the brick by means of the string.

If the work has been done properly the square of leather you began work with has been transformed into a sucker and you can surprise your playmates by lifting heavy articles with the innocent looking piece of leather.