

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

John heartily congratulated Blake on his masterly generalship.

"We will talk business to-morrow, Jim," he said. "I am more anxious to hear of other matters. Now, tell me the news. Did you hear of Miss Carden? Is my grandfather alive?"

"Peter Burt is alive and well," said Blake, glad to bring some good tidings.

"Alive and well," repeated John Burt. "May God bless him! That is good news. Go on, Jim."

"Arthur Morris is alive," said Blake, without lifting his eyes.

"The local papers contained that news," observed John, carelessly. "What's the matter, old man? You're pale. Are you ill?"

"I've had news for you, John," he said, desperately. "I may as well tell you and be over with it. Miss Carden's engaged to be married!"

John's lip tightened and a red spot burned on his cheek.

"To whom?"

"To Arthur Morris, John."

John Burt sprang to his feet, hurling the chair backward with a crash. He strode forward, his eyes blazing with fury and his features convulsed with passion.

"It's a lie, Blake—it's a lie, and you know it's a lie!"

He towered above his astonished friend. His fingers were clenched and his lips twitched. Turning abruptly, he walked across the room with his hands pressed over his forehead. For a moment he stood silent, then abruptly turned to Blake with his hands outstretched.

"I beg your pardon, Jim! Forgive me, old man! I didn't know what I was saying. Forgive me, Jim, will you?"

"Certainly, John, but there's nothing to forgive," replied Blake heartily, as he grasped his friend's hands.

Ulysses who refused to return from exile?

This suggested a train of bitter conjecture. Why had he not been content with a modest fortune? Why had he devoted years to the amassing of wealth which now mocked his love? Why had he despised the pretensions of Arthur Morris? Why had he failed to take steps to positively ascertain the result of Morris's wound?

The words of Peter Burt came back to him: "It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again!'" Had he fallen seven times? From the hour he left the old man's side until that night, no shade of disappointment had come into his life. Success had followed success and triumph had succeeded triumph. Every prophecy made by Peter Burt had been more than fulfilled.

As he recalled the past he remembered with keen joy the parting words of the old man: "You have the love of a woman I respect. She will wait for you. Do not let the impatience of your love imperil your chances."

The sense of coming victory stole over him as he stood before the portrait and repeated the words: "She will wait for you; she will wait for you." That which is not menaced; that which does not demand the danger and turmoil of a battle, is not worth struggling for.

Four weeks later John Burt stood on a ferry boat and gazed for the first time on the matchless water front and the ragged but impressive skyline of New York city.

Blake had preceded him, and had installed the permanent headquarters of James Blake & Company. He met John as he stepped from the train. The two old friends greeted each

other with unfeigned cordiality. Blake was in high spirits.

"I'm glad you're here, John," he said, as they were seated in a carriage. "I've been in an awful fix for a week or more. What in thunder is my opinion on the new currency bill, John? Ten reporters and a hundred financiers have asked me that question, and I have refused to commit myself. What shall I tell them, John?"

"We'll discuss that over dinner," laughed John. He gazed at Blake earnestly, and asked: "Do you know if Miss Carden has returned?"

"I have been unable to ascertain that," said Blake. "I haven't seen anybody—anybody who would know. I've been awfully busy, John."

"I know you have," returned John in his old, cordial manner. "Have you secured a hut for me, Jim?"

"I have fitted up a dream of an apartment for you, and have ordered your favorite dinner."

The following day John Burt began his New York career.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Foreign Mission.

Before Morris had recovered from his wound Jessie Carden had left for Europe. During his convalescence he was consumed by two passions: First to arrest and punish John Burt, and second to see or hear from Jessie Carden. Yielding to his demands, the elder Morris spent thousands of dollars in a fruitless attempt to locate John Burt.

Morris had no difficulty in obtaining from General Carden the continental address of his daughter. She was studying in Berlin, and Arthur Morris wrote a long letter informing her of his complete recovery. He calmly ignored the events which led to the shooting, and seemed to have forgotten the rebuff he had received at her hands. The letter read as if their last meeting had been under the shadow of the maples on the Bishop lawn.

Morris waited a month for an answer to this letter and then wrote a second one, which was returned unopened. In a towering passion he went to his father and unbosomed the story of his treatment.

"You told me once that old Carden would go broke on L. & O.," he declared, pacing up and down the room. "I didn't pay much attention to what you said at the time, but I know all about it now. I've been looking over your books, governor. You've got him

long on a rotten stock. Go ahead and squeeze him! You can do it. Put the screws to him! Then when he comes whining around for mercy we'll see what Miss Independence Jessie will do! I'll make her pay for this some day. You've got to do something, governor!"

"If you think I'm going to run my banking and Wall Street business so as to promote your correspondence with a doll-faced girl, you—"

"She's not a doll-faced girl!" declared Morris, turning fiercely on his father.

"Well, she's a girl, and they're all alike," growled Randolph Morris. "The prettier they are the more trouble they raise. I thought you told me you wasn't going to marry her. You're an ass."

The old banker lay back wearily in his chair and regarded his son and heir with an expression of deep disgust.

"I'll marry her if I want to," said Morris, doggedly. "I suppose I've got to marry somebody and she's as good as any one. What the devil has old Carden's money got to do about it? When he loses it you get it, and when you die I get it, and if she marries me she quits even. It's the only chance she's got. Go ahead and squeeze him, governor!"

"You talk like a fool," said the fond parent. "You know a lot about stocks, don't you? I couldn't bear L. & O. now if I tried, and wouldn't if I could. I'm interested in other stocks besides L. & O. If you're bound to marry, why don't you marry Thompson's daughter. He'll die in a year and leave her four millions."

"I don't want her," said Morris loftily. "You need not worry about my matrimonial alliances. Let me have five thousand dollars. I'm going to Europe."

Randolph Morris stormed and fumed and then wrote a check for the amount demanded.

Six weeks later Arthur Morris was in Berlin. He had perfected his plans, and after securing apartments in Leipziger Strasse set about their execution.

He was to shrewd to announce his arrival by a letter to Jessie, having good reason to suspect that it would meet the same reception as had the others. He retained a capable valet and commissioned him to obtain information concerning Miss Carden's daily and weekly routine.

It rained the following day, and Morris's valet brought word that Miss Carden would not venture out in the storm. His master was pleased to learn that Miss Carden was in the habit of going out alone, and that if the weather permitted, she proposed to visit Count Raczynski's gallery on the morrow.

The famous Raczynski gallery is on the Exercierplatz, outside the Brandenburg gate, and contains a splendid collection of modern German paintings. The day dawned bright and warm after the storm, and Morris was in fine spirits when he stepped into his carriage and rode down the avenue. He entered the gallery and roamed through the halls to make sure Jessie had not arrived. He then stood near the entrance and waited.

His patience was rewarded. He recognized Jessie as she crossed the street. She was alone, and Morris stepped into the dark of the vestibule and followed when she entered the main hall. Jessie carried a sketch book under her arm, and took a seat opposite one of Schinkel's masterworks. Opening the book, she proceeded to work on an unfinished sketch.

(To be continued.)

Conan Doyle a Rapid Worker.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a remarkably quick worker, most of whose time seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically, to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket or golf in the early afternoon, and the game may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk the novelist will say to the friend: "We dine at eight o'clock; perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs," and he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend: "By the way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very ingenious plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims his friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, you will do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes the author's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

Carlyle's Sarcasm.

Carlyle once wrote to a neighbor of his in London: "We have the misfortune to be people of weak health in this house; bad sleepers in particular, and exceedingly sensible in the night hours to disturbances from sound. On your premises for some time past there is a cock, by no means particularly loud or discordant, whose crowing would of course be indifferent or insignificant to persons of sound health and nerves; but, alas, it often enough keeps us unwillingly awake here, and on the whole gives a degree of annoyance which, except to the unhealthy, is not easily conceivable. If you would have the goodness to remove that small animal or in any way render him inaudible from midnight to breakfast time such charity would work a notable relief to certain persons here and be thankfully acknowledged by them as an act of good neighborhood."

HOLY LAND NOT LARGE.

Great Events That Have Transpired in Small Space.

When one thinks of the great events that have taken place in the Holy Land, the multitude of cities, villages and towns, the countless millions who have been born there and whose bones now lie in its rock-ribbed hills, the small dimensions of Palestine are almost startling. West of the Jordan, where most of the historic events took place, there are only 3,800 square miles, including all the geographical divisions now called Palestine; including the land both east and west of the Jordan, the total area is 9,840 square miles. The length of Palestine from north to south is about 150 miles. It varies in breadth from twenty-three to eighty miles.

Beacons Line the Coast.

That the United States government has been mindful of the welfare of people who go down to the sea in ships is shown by the fact that there are 9,000 burning lights and signals stretched along the American coasts, forming a perfect link, so that the navigator never need be beyond sight of one of the beacons. One thousand of these are located on the Atlantic coast, 1,500 are scattered along the rivers and inland waterways, 500 on the great lakes and 200 on the Pacific coast. Of the grand total, including lighthouses of different classes, buoys, beacons and danger signals, 3,000 are lighted, giving forth their warnings at night time. Of these a score or more throw a beam of 100,000 candle-power.

Fan Making in Early England.

During the time of Charles II fan making was carried on extensively in England, and was a very lucrative business, but soon some enterprising individual began importing them from India, which resulted in a petition being presented to the government against importation. The petition, however, was not wholly successful, for fan importing was not stopped, although a duty was imposed which succeeded in protecting home industry and in satisfying the manufacturers.

Strong Language.

Fredericksburg, Ind., June 20.—Rev. Enoch P. Stevens of this place uses strong language in speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills and he gives good reasons for what he says:

"I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much," says Mr. Stevens. "They have done me so much good. I was troubled with my kidneys so much that I had to get up two or three times in the night and sometimes in the day when starting to the waterhouse the water would come from me before getting there. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely."

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people and have never yet heard of a failure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the things for kidney disease and rheumatism."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys. Good kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health.

Executions in Japan.

Capital punishment is in vogue in Japan, but no one—not even the executioner—witnesses the actual dispatch of the condemned man, who is placed in a kind of box and left to himself as soon as the noose is adjusted. The floor of the box falls when the signal is given, and the murderer drops into eternity unseen.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., and all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Culture without common sense is a dangerous thing in the hands of a fool.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after use. Send for FREE 32-page trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Allen, Ltd., 211 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You cannot persuade souls with petted smiles.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Gems are but pebbles without the grinding.

I am sure Pils' Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is hard to feed the soul on fossilized truth.

EX-SOLDIERS THE ROSEBUD LANDS. S. Dakota, will be opened under Homestead Law. Right of entry determined by person can act as agent for but one soldier only. To meet the demand of soldiers for agents, I have arranged with a number of citizens, in South Dakota, near these lands, to act as agent for soldier. To pay the agent and myself for trouble and expense, there will be a charge of \$15 for registration. Should the soldier draw a number entitling him to tract of land, the same agent will file for him and locate and select his land for a fee of \$25. If the soldier prefers he may, instead of paying this \$25, go and select his own tract. Registration begins July 5 and ends July 28. No time for delay. Send the \$15 and your discharge, or certified copy thereof, and I will register the money will be promptly returned. I have done business as land attorney in Oklahoma for 15 years. If you desire to know my standing, telegraph Citizens' National Bank, El Reno, Oklahoma, or any prominent official or citizen of the Territory. Local agents wanted to whom I will pay reasonable commission for services. During registration offices at Bonesteel and Yankton. Address, DICK T. MORGAN, Land Attorney, Yankton, S. Dakota.

IS YOUR COMPLEXION BAD? The Certain Results of Using LYPTOZONE CURATIVE SOAP. Are Shown by These Faces. All disfiguring pimples and blotches quickly disappear when this wonderful soap is regularly used, and the skin is made permanently smooth, clear and beautiful. Price, 25c. For Cakes, Postpaid. FREE Sample cake and pamphlet on care of the skin for 2c. stamp to cover postage. LYPTOZONE CURATIVE SOAP, 1900 5th Ave., New York.

BEAUTY IN NATIONAL PARK.

There is a Wealth of Coloring to Be Found in the Yellowstone.

Nature is a most exquisite colorist. Nowhere is her work more lovely than along the crested rims and overflow channels of warm spring pools. Tourists are seldom aware that these harmonious and brilliant tints owe their origin mainly to plant life. They are usually told by so-called guides that the colors are due to mineral matter, which tends to enhance their horror of underground waters. Algae flourish equally well in the waters of all geyser basins and on the terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs. Water boils on the plateau at 198 degrees Fahrenheit and rudimentary organisms appear at about 185 degrees Fahrenheit, although no definite line can be drawn beyond which all life ceases.

Wherever these boiling waters cool to the latter temperature, algal growths appear, and by the lowering of the temperature on exposure to air still more lightly organized forms gradually come in. It is said that at about 140 degrees the conditions are favorable for the rapid growth of several species. The development of plant life at such excessive temperatures and on a scale of such magnitude seems a marvelous thing. Nowhere else can this be seen as well as in the Yellowstone park.—Scribner's Monthly.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE.

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Mock Snails.

Artificial snails, made by filling empty shells with chopped meat, are now sold wholesale in France, says the Paris Matin, at 4 cents a dozen.

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

Each day brings its separate and distinct opportunities for doing good. Spiritual visions are not given to slothful dreamers. Love is the incense of life.



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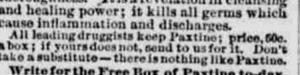
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The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce an equal thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

All leading druggists keep Paxtine; price, 50c. a box; if you do not, send to us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine.

Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day. B. PAXTON CO., 5 Popo Bldg., Boston, Mass.



W. B. KNISKERN, Passenger Traffic Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.

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A NEW TRAIN TO TEXAS

Leaves St. Louis Daily at 9:15 A. M. The Best of Sleeping and Chair Car Service. No Change of Cars or Route.

To those who come to St. Louis, a hint is dropped about the charms of a whirl through "The Territory" and into Texas, or even to quiet Old Mexico. I can suggest any number of pleasant trips, and send you something new in printed matter about them. Low excursion rates to all points. Rushways on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write to us.

"THE KATY FLYER."

Another Fast Train Leaves St. Louis Daily at 8:32 P. M.

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A Woman's Remedy For Woman's Ills.

\$3 A DAY to men and women with eyes to sell our goods to farmers. Also local agents wanted; new Peninsular Drug Co., 22 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Goat Lymph Treatment Cures Herpes, Rheumatism, Neuritis, etc. Peninsular Drug Co., 22 Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich. Write for FREE sample to Cassille Co., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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for handsome "color barometer." Address, HYGIENIC FOOD COMPANY, Battle Creek, Mich.

We Challenge Comparison With Our "DEFIANCE" SHOE

for Boys, Big & Little and for Women and Girls "Defiance" Shoes are simply "Wear-Proof" Ask your dealer. Booklet free. SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO., CHICAGO



NEW HOMES IN THE WEST

Almost a half million acres of the fertile and well-watered lands of the Rosebud Indian Reservation, in South Dakota, will be thrown open to settlement by the Government in July. These lands are best reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway's direct through lines from Chicago to Bonesteel, S. D. All agents sell tickets via this line. Special low rates.

HOW TO GET A HOME

Send for a copy of pamphlet giving full information as to dates of opening and how to secure 160-acre lots at nominal cost, with full description of the soil, climate, timber and mineral resources, towns, schools and churches, opportunities for business openings, railway rates, etc., free on application.

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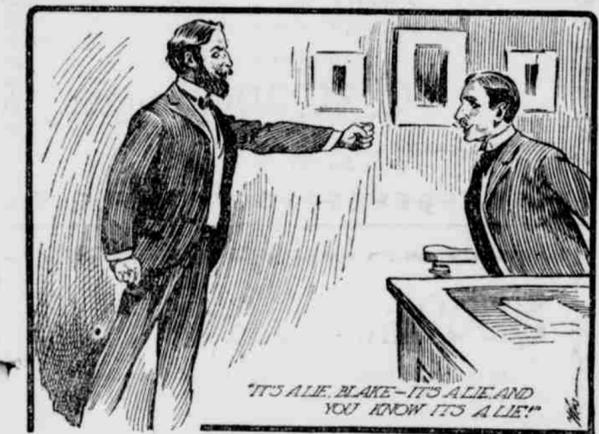
"THE KATY FLYER."

Another Fast Train Leaves St. Louis Daily at 8:32 P. M.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 26—1904. When answering Ads. please mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Write for FREE TRIAL. PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.



IT'S A LIE, BLAKE—IT'S A LIE, AND YOU KNOW IT'S A LIE!

Perhaps it is a lie. Let us hope so, John.

For moments no word was spoken. John Burt stood by an opened window, with his back to his friend, and gazed out into the darkness.

"Tell me about it, Jim," he said, breaking the silence.

Blake related the details of his introduction to Arthur Morris and told of the right spent in the latter's apartment. He repeated the conversation as nearly as he could recall it.

John abruptly changed the subject and questioned Blake about his interview with Peter Burt, and smiled quietly when he related his experience with the old man. He was not displeased that Blake had been forced to reveal his secret.

"I have anticipated his advice about going to New York," said John. "My plans are made, and if you are willing, we will make New York the future headquarters of James Blake & Company, with the San Francisco establishment a branch house. Think it over, Jim, and let me know your decision as soon as possible."

"I've thought it over," said Blake. "I'm ready to go to New York the minute you say so."

"Very well, we'll go this month," said John Burt.

It was long past midnight when Blake drove away and left John Burt to the harrowing society of his thoughts. For hours he sat before the portrait of Jessie Carden. He recalled the day when she had laughingly placed the cherished tintype in his hand. And now she was in Paris, by the grace and under the bounty of Arthur Morris—the one man in all the world he hated.

"It's a lie—an infamous, damnable lie!" he repeated as he paced up and down the room. "It is not so—it shall not be so!"

But the black clouds of doubt again obscured the rift made by vehement hope. What reason had he to doubt the statement made by Morris? Had not Morris wealth, influence, social standing? Was not Jessie under obligations to him?

And what of Jessie? What valid, lasting claim had he on Jessie Carden? A few words spoken under the stress of great excitement, a promise of her friendship and of her prayers—nothing more.

No word from him had come to her during long years. For all she knew he was dead. What right had he to expect that she should play the part

of Penelope to a silent, untrotted

other with unfeigned cordiality. Blake was in high spirits.

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"I have fitted up a dream of an apartment for you, and have ordered your favorite dinner."