ended.

"Your heart dominates your judgment, but that is a trait and not a

fault," he said, as he arose and of-

fered his hand to James Blake. "God

gives us emotions and faculties; from

them we must develop character. Do

not charge yourself with a broken

promise to John. He has kept his

pact. I send him my blessing. Say

to him that I am strong and well and

happy. Say to him that his future

Peter Burt stood in the doorway

"I'm glad that's ended!" said Blake

and watched until the carriage disap-

to himself. "I wonder what I told the

old man? Everything, I guess. I'm

nearing a crisis, am 1? Well, I'm

used to crises and guess I can stand

one more. Who's coming? His face

looks familiar. It's Sam Rounds!

Stop, driver! Hollo, Sam! How are

Seated in a stylish road cart, behind a rangy, high-stepping trotter was one

of the companions of Blake's boy-

hood. Sam checked his horse and,

with a puzzled grin, looked into the

"Haou de ye dew?" he drawled.

slackening the lines. "Yer face looks

fee-miliar like, on' yer voice don't

sound strange like, either. I believe

I know ye! It's Jim Blake! Haou

air ye, Jim? Well, well! Who'd

Sam reached across and shock

"Air ye the James Blake I've been

readin' erbout? The one that's been

givin' them New York sharps a whirl

Blake smiled and nodded his head.

"Is that so? Well, well, well! Say,

I'm plumb glad to hear it!" and Sam's

smiling face showed it. "Ain't never

hearn of John Burt, have ye? No?

Well, he'll turn up on top some day,

an' don't ye fergit, Sam Rounds al-

lers said so. Where be we goin' to.

"I'm going back to New York to night," replied Blake. "From there I return to San Francisco, but expect

"Is that so? I'm livin' in New

his card. "Moved there several years

ago. Mother an' I are here on a visit fer a few days. I've been do

in' fairly middlin' well in New York, Jim. When you write me, be shore

an' put 'Hon,' before my name," and

Sam laughed until the rocks re-echoed

"How is that?" asked Blake, gazing

"Read what it says," insisted Sam.

"I congratulate you, Sam," said

"I certainly will look you up when

I'm in New York," said Blake. "My

regards to your mother, and say I'm

her. Are you married, Sam?"

sorry I didn't have time to call on

"Nop. but I has hopes," laughed

Sam, gathering up the lines. "Good-

bye, Jim, good-bye, an' more luck ter

"Same to you, Sam; good-bye!"

Ten days later James Blake ar-

where he looked at the portrait of

Jessie Carden. His heart sank with-

(To be continued.)

Luxuries of Russian Peasant.

bread he eats is black, has a bonne

sought by epicures in the western

the steppes of Russia. At any time a

full and savory meal is provided with

the addition of sausage and onions;

even a mushroom alone often contents them for a meal with their

coarse rye bread. The poorest labarer

stimulating, straw-colored drink is

Some Customs of Spain.

Zangwill says: "To call one another

by our surnames in Spain would be

waming in friendly courtesy; indeed.

for the most part, we are ignorant of

them. A very grave and reverend se-

nor might be addressed by his sur-

name-and his surname alone-but

Christian name, preceded by 'Don.

even he were better adressed by his

'Senor Don' is reserved for letters,

and then the honor costs you 5 cen

times. That the Portuguese are not

methods of address, for, so far from

addressing a young lady as Juanita or

Isabella, I should have to say 'her ex

cellency.' Here, in our palacio, the

very waiter has been heard to give

the order: 'Fried eggs for Isabella.

And Isabella is a very stylish

Writing of Spanish customs, Israel

The Russian peasant, even if the

'I'm alderman of my deestrict, an'

have just been re-elected tew a sec-

to make New York my home."

hands with a vigor which nearly

pulled Blake out of his carriage.

a thunk it-who'd a thunk it?"

in stocks?" asked Sam.

Jim?"

his merriment.

blankly at the card.

ond term. Fact!"

Blake, heartlly.

in him.

the result.

demoiselle."

speaker's face.

field of work is in New York city."

peared beyond the old graveyard.

GEOGRAFIA DE LA COMPANIO DE LA COMP

CHAPTER XV .- Continued. In an alcove, partially formed by a ing a large frame. The light struck

the canvas in such a way that Blake did not recognize the subject until squarely in front of it. It was a portrait of Jessie Cardennot the Jessie Carden drawn by the

San Francisco artist from the faded tintype-but the Jessie Carden of later years, whose face and figure had taken on the perfect grace of woman-

Amazed and lost in thought, Blake did not hear Arthur Morris as he approached and stood back of him. He flushed when Morris toucned him on the shoulder.

"By Jove! that portrait must have great attraction for you!" laughed Morris, You've been sturing at it five minutes! A box at the opera you cannot tell her name!"

"Done!" said Blake. "That's a portrait of Miss Carden-Miss Jessie Carden, of Boston."

An expression of dumb surprise swept across the face of Arthur Morris. With half-opened mouth and staring eyes he gazed at James Blake.

"Well, I'll be--. Well, of all things!" He sank into a chair and langued feebly. "I say, old fellow, you took me off my feet! How the devil did you guess that name?"

'Nothing wonderful about It!' said Blake, who by this time had perfected his course, "I met Min Car-den years ago, and I at once recognized the portrait."

"You met her? Where?" "In the country, near Hingham, Massachusetts.'

"How? When? By Jove, old feldow, this beats me! What were you doing in Hingham?"

"I lived on a farm near there," re-

her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed bay window, shood an easel, uphold- in business, his private fortune being wiped out in the crash. Jessie came back from Europe and remained a year with the Bishops. Arthur had induced his father to place Gen. Carden in a salarled postion with the Morris bank in New York, and he persuaded Gen. Carden to accept a loan sufficient to defray Jessie's expenses in a second trip abroad. She was in Paris, but had completed her studies, and would return in a few weeks. He was en-

gaged to the dear girl, but the date of the wedding had not been set. "I've told you more'n any man living," half sobbed Morris, as he leaned on James Blake's shoulder.

Tears stood in his inflamed eyes and trickled down his red, blotched

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded maudlinly. "You're the bes' frien' I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fel', don't you? I'm sen'mentalthat's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my bes' man at weddin'bes' man at my weddin'-won't you?'

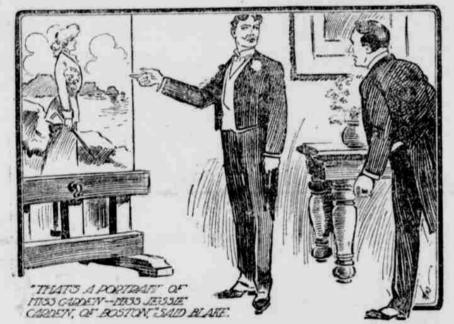
He lurched into a chair. The trained and alert Rammohun appeared, deftly undressed him, and solemnly conveyed him to an inner room.

"Poor John!" sighed Blake, a few minutes later, as the Indian servant showed him his room and softly closed the door. "Poor John! Love's a tough proposition, and I'm afraid John's on a dead card! He shas waited too

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Bad News.

When Blake arrived in Hingham plied Blake. Morris leaned forward, he felt like a stranger in a foreign For an instant fear had possession of land. His parents were dead and his Who was this man who lived relatives scattered. The village look-



on a farm near Hingham, and who was once acquainted with Jessie Carden? Was he John Burto

"From the time I was thirteen until I ran away from home." Blake condent mendacity, "I lived on a farm about three miles from the old Bishop mansion. Miss Carden used to visit there in the summer seasons and I saw her frequently. The last time I saw her she cantered past our house with a friend of mine. That reminds me-dear old John-Isnust look him up when I go to Rocky Woods."

Blake threw back his head and reflectively exhaled a wreath of cigar

"Does this explain the mystery? I don't see anything wonderful about it except that you have her portrait, and that is probably easily explained. I'm not prying into your affairs, old

"Not at all not at all! Rammohun; brandy and two bottles of some," ordered Marris, mopping his forehead.

By Jove this is remarkable! You speak of a friend of yours-John you call him what was his last name?" "Burt."

"Where is he now?" Morris leaned eagerly forward, his face gray and his lower lip twitching.

"Sure, I don't know! He was with his grandfather on the old Burt farm in Rocky Woods when I left Massachusetts. Why? Do you know John Bur C"

"Confound it, man, te shot met exclaimed Morris, springing to his feet and pacing up and down the room. "He shot me, I tell you, and all it on account of the girl whose portrait yen're admiring. The blasted cad was crazy jealous over Miss Carden, who had been so foolish as to tolerate his company. He picked a quarrel with me in a tavers and shot me through the left lung. Laid me up for three months. That old desperado of a grandiather of his nearly killed two officers and aided him to escape. He has not been heard of since."

Blake plied Morris with questions. The latter took large draughts of brandy and recited the successive chapters which led to the tragedy. Except that he made himself the hero of the tale, his account agreed with that told by John Burt. Blake partook sparingly of the brandy, but Morris fed his aroused bate and recollection with the flery fluid.

According to Morris be was madly in love with Jesise Carden from the moment he saw her. Before he recovered from his wound she was sent abroad by Gen. Carden to complete as Blake paused.

ed smaller than when he was a boy. He felt himself in a living graveyard. Securing an open carriage and a driver from a livery stable, he rode through the quiet streets and out into tinued, with nonchalance and confi- the country. "Drive to Thomas Bishop's house," he ordered.

The drawn and dust-covered shutters of the old mansion told their own story. From a passing farmer Blake learned that the Bishops had moved to New York months before. Half an hour later he knocked on Peter Burt's

As a boy, Blake stood in awe and fear of the strange old man, but the years had obliterated this feeling. His knock sounded hollow on the great caken door, and he wondered if the aged recluse yet lived. Mrs. Jasper. the housekeeper, opened the door, and Blake at once recognized her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jasper? My name is Blake-James Blake. I lived near here when I was a boy. Don't

"Little Jimmy Blake" (Well, of all things! I never would have known Come right in-Mr. Blake."

"Is Mr. Burt here?" "Y-E-s, but I don't know if he'll see ye," she said, hesitatingly, wiping her hands on her apron. "He don't see

nobody, ye know." "Tell him who I am, and say I'm from California," said Bliake, who could thank of no other introduction.

They stood in the old-fashioned parlor where Peter Burt had bound the officers the night John Burt left Rocky Wonds. As Mrs. Jasper hesistated, the door leading to the sitting room opened and Peter Burt entered. but put me out for good! And he did Blake couls not see that he had changed a wait. Age had not ravished the strong face nor robbed the massive figure of its strength. He advanced to the center of the room, his eyes fixed searchingly on the face of his wisitor.

> "What have yest to say to me, Blake? Be seated, sir." Blake took a seat in an antique

rocker and shifted his legs uneasily. 'Where is John?"

"John-John-I don't-"Do not lie to me, Blake. Tell me what you know of my grandson."

"He is in California, sir!" exclaimed James Blake. When these words to be confounded with the Spaniards were uttered he felt a. sensation of is most lucidly learned from their relief which was positively exhibarating. "He is alive and well! John is rich, Mr. Burt! He is a millionaire many times over!"

A grave smile lighted the features of Peter Burt. He closed his eyes and lay back in the chair,

"Go on; tell me about it," he said,

#### For an hour or more the head of the firm of James Blake & Company recited the history of John Burt's calcited the history of John Burt's c reer in California, and the result of OF MOST KIDNEY DISEASES. the recent speculative campaign in New York. Once in a while the old man asked a question, but he made no comment until the narrative was

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as the people.

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would cure them. Pe-ru-na Removes the Cause of the

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from the kidneys. Catarrh is the cause of kidney difficulty. Remove the cause and you remove the effect. With unerring accuracy Peruna goes right to the spot. The kidneys are soon doing their work with perfect regularity. Thousands of Testimonials.

Captain James L. Dempsey

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doses taken after undue exposure prevents illness.

found great relief from Peruna. It has cured

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stored men suffering from Indigestion and rheu-

matism, and I am fully persuaded that it is an

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of weather I contracted a severe cold from time to

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"I am now like a new man, am in splendid health

and give all praise to Peruna."-A. C. Swanson,

and recommend it." JAMES L. DEMPSEY

St., Council Eluffs, Ia., as follows:

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## Statesmen of Value.

Of an eminent English statesman who was a very dull speaker Lord Ashbourne once told this story: "He was making a very dull speech one evening when I remarked to a member of the cabinet on the dreariness of the performance. 'He is an admirable man,' was the reply. 'I wish we had him.' 'What would you do with him? 'Do with him? Send him to rived in San Francisco. He drove to Ireland, of course. He would disperse John's apartment, and was greeted by asy unlawful assembly in five minhim in the old study room. Blake sat utes."

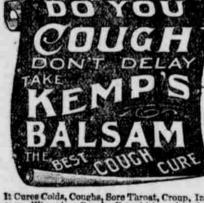
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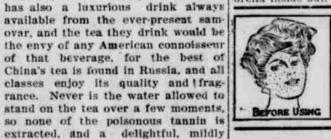


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