

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

Copyright, 1902, by FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS. All rights reserved. Copyright, 1902, by A. J. DEUEL BIDDLE.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

In an alcove, partially formed by a bay window, stood an easel, upholding 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 Carden—not 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 womanhood.

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

"By Jove! that portrait must have great attraction for you!" laughed Morris. "You've been staring 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 laughed 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 Miss Carden years ago, and I at once recognized the portrait."

"You met her? Where?"

"In the country, near Hingham, Massachusetts."

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

"I lived on a farm near there," replied Blake. Morris leaned forward.

For an instant fear had possession of him. Who was this man who lived

her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed 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 salaried position 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 engaged 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 cheeks.

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded maudlinly. "You're the best friend I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fellow, don't you? I'm sentimental—that's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my best man at wedding—best man at my wedding—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 has waited too long."

CHAPTER XVI.

Bad News.

When Blake arrived in Hingham he felt like a stranger in a foreign land. His parents were dead and his relatives scattered. The village look-

For an hour or more the head of the firm of James Blake & Company recited the history of John Burt's career in California, and the result of 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 ended.

"Your heart dominates your judgment, but that is a trait and not a fault," he said, as he arose and offered 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 field of work is in New York city."

Peter Burt stood in the doorway and watched until the carriage disappeared beyond the old graveyard.

"I'm glad that's ended!" said Blake to himself. "I wonder what I told the old man? Everything, I guess. I'm nearing a crisis, am I? 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! Hello, Sam! How are you?"

Seated in a stylish road cart, behind a rangy, high-stepping trotter was one of the companions of Blake's boyhood. Sam checked his horse and, with a puzzled grin, looked into the speaker's face.

"Haou de ye dew?" he drawled, slackening the lines. "Yer face looks familiar 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, well! Who'd a think it—who'd a think it?"

Sam reached across and shook hands with a vigor which nearly pulled Blake out of his carriage.

"Air ye the James Blake I've been readin' 'erbout? The one that's been givin' them New York sharps a whirl in stocks?" asked Sam.

Blake smiled and nodded his head.

"Is that so? Well, well, well! Say, I'm plumb glad to hear it! Sam's smiling face showed it. "Ain't never heard of John Burt, have ye? No? Well, he'll turn up on top some day, an' don't ye forget, Sam Rounds alters said so. Where be ye goin' to, Jim?"

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

"Is that so? I'm livin' in New York now," said Sam, handing Blake his card. "Moved there several years ago. Mother an' I are here on a visit for a few days. I've been doin' 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 his merriment.

"How is that?" asked Blake, gazing blankly at the card.

"Read what it says," insisted Sam. "I'm alderman of my district, an' have just been re-elected yet a second term. Fact!"

"I congratulate you, Sam," said Blake, heartily.

"Sorry ye haven't time tew wait over an' go back with us," Sam said. "But if ye are goin' tew locate in New York, I'll see lots of ye."

"I certainly will look you up when I'm in New York," said Blake. "My regards to your mother, and say I'm sorry I didn't have time to call on her. Are you married, Sam?"

"Nop, but I has hopes," laughed Sam, gathering up the lines. "Good-bye, Jim, good-bye, an' more luck ter ye!"

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

Ten days later James Blake arrived in San Francisco. He drove to John's apartment, and was greeted by him in the old study room. Blake sat where he looked at the portrait of Jessie Carden. His heart sank within him.

(To be continued.)

Luxuries of Russian Peasant.

The Russian peasant, even if the bread he eats is black, has a bonne bouche to add to his meal much sought by epicures in the western world—the wild mushrooms which grow thousands upon thousands on 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 laborer has also a luxurious drink always available from the ever-present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of that beverage, for the best of China's tea is found in Russia, and all classes enjoy its quality and fragrance. Never is the water allowed to stand on the tea over a few moments, so none of the poisonous tannin is extracted, and a delightful, mildly stimulating, straw-colored drink is the result.

Some Customs of Spain. Writing of Spanish customs, Israel Zangwill says: "To call one another by our surnames in Spain would be wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. A very grave and reverend senior might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but even he were better addressed by his Christian name, preceded by 'Don.' 'Senor Don' is reserved for letters, and then the honor costs you 5 centimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for, so far from addressing a young lady as Juanita or Isabella, I should have to say 'her excellency.' Here, in our palace, the very water has been heard to give the order: 'Fried eggs for Isabella.' And Isabella is a very stylish demoiselle."

Writing of Spanish customs, Israel Zangwill says: "To call one another by our surnames in Spain would be wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. A very grave and reverend senior might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but even he were better addressed by his Christian name, preceded by 'Don.' 'Senor Don' is reserved for letters, and then the honor costs you 5 centimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for, so far from addressing a young lady as Juanita or Isabella, I should have to say 'her excellency.' Here, in our palace, the very water has been heard to give the order: 'Fried eggs for Isabella.' And Isabella is a very stylish demoiselle."

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, as Blake paused.

CATARRH IS THE CAUSE OF MOST KIDNEY DISEASES.

PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH.



Samuel R. Sprecher, Junior Beadle Court Angelina, 322 I. O. O. F., 205 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal., writes:

"I came here a few years ago suffering with catarrh of the kidneys, in search of health. I thought the climate would cure me, but found I was mistaken. But what the climate could not do Peruna could and did do. Seven weeks' trial convinced me that I had the right medicine, and I was then a well man. I know of at least twenty friends and members of the lodge to which I belong who have been cured of catarrh, bladder and kidney trouble through the use of Peruna, and it has a host of friends in this city."

SAMUEL R. SPECHER.

Captain James L. Dempsey, Captain 2nd Precinct Troy Police Force, writes from 198 Ferry St., Troy, N. Y., as follows:

"From my personal experience with Peruna I am satisfied it is a very fine remedy for catarrhal affections, whether of the head, lungs, stomach or pelvic organs. It cures colds quickly, and a few doses taken after undue exposure prevents illness."

"Some of the patrolmen under me have also found great relief from Peruna. It has cured chronic cases of kidney and bladder troubles, restored men suffering from indigestion and rheumatism, and I am fully persuaded that it is an honest, reliable medicine, hence I fully endorse and recommend it."

JAMES L. DEMPSEY

Officer A. C. Swanson writes from 607 Harrison St., Council Bluffs, Ia., as follows:

"As my duties compelled me to be out in all kinds of weather I contracted a severe cold from time to time, which settled in the kidneys, causing severe pains and trouble in the pelvic organs."

"I am now like a new man, am in splendid health and give all praise to Peruna."

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.

A. C. Swanson.



"THIS IS A PORTRAIT OF JESSIE CARDEN—MISS JESSIE CARDEN, OF BOSTON—SAID BLAKE."

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

"From the time I was thirteen until I ran away from home," Blake continued, with nonchalance and confident 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—must look him up when I go to Rocky Woods."

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

"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 man?"

"Not at all—not at all! Rammohun; brandy and two bottles of soda," ordered Morris, mopping his forehead.

"By Jove! this is remarkable! You speak of a friend of yours—John—who 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 Burt?"

"Confound it, man, the shot me!" exclaimed Morris, springing to his feet and pacing up and down the room. "He shot me, I tell you, and all but put me out for good! And he did it on account of the girl whose portrait you'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 tavern and shot me through the left lung. Laid me up for three months. That old desperado of a grandfather 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 parroted sparingly of the brandy, but Morris fed his aroused hate and recollection with the fiery fluid.

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

her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed 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 salaried position 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 engaged 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 cheeks.

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded maudlinly. "You're the best friend I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fellow, don't you? I'm sentimental—that's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my best man at wedding—best man at my wedding—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 has waited too long."

Catarrh of the Kidneys a Common Disease—Kidney Trouble Often Fails to Be Regarded as Catarrh by Physicians.

Catarrh of the kidneys is very common indeed. It is a pity this fact is not better known to the physicians as well as the people.

People have kidney disease. They take some diuretic, hoping to get better. They never once think of catarrh. Kidney disease and catarrh are seldom associated in the minds of the people, and, alas, it is not very often associated in the minds of the physicians. Too few physicians recognize catarrh of the kidneys. They doctor for something else. They try this remedy and that

remedy. The trouble may be catarrh all the time. A few bottles of Peruna would cure them.

Pe-ru-na Removes the Cause of the Kidney Trouble.

Peruna strikes at the very centre of the difficulty, by eradicating the catarrh 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.

Thousands of testimonials from people who have had kidney disease which had gone beyond the control of the physician are received by Dr. Hartman every year, giving Peruna the whole praise for marvelous cures.

Pe-ru-na Cures Kidney Disease.

Peruna cures kidney disease. The reason it cures kidney disease is because it cures catarrh. Catarrh of the kidneys is the cause of most kidney disease. Peruna cures catarrh wherever it happens to be located. It rarely fails.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

Wiggle-Stick

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE

Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10c. and equals 20c. worth of any other bluing

ROSEBUD RESERVATION MAPS.

Largest complete map published. Copy of Peruna's proclamation. Send 2c. to W. H. FINE, Mgr. The Rosebud Land Co., Bonesteel, S. D.

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. Per Cake, Postpaid.

Sample cake and pamphlet on care of the skin for 2c. stamp to cover postage.

LYPTOZONE CHEMICAL CO., 1360 8th Ave., New York.

BEFORE USING

AFTER USING

"THE KATY FAIR SPECIAL"

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.

T^O 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 quaint 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 Northwest on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write to me, "Katy," St. Louis.

"THE KATY FLYER"

Another Fast Train Leaves St. Louis Daily at 5:32 P. M.

To Hold the Boys in Shoes and keep them well shod, buy the best line made.

"DEFIANCE"

Shoes for Boys and Girls wear for keeps.

Ask your dealer for them. Booklet free.

SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO., CHICAGO

THE NORTHWESTERN LINE

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 acres of land 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.

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

Thompson's Eye Water

Trusses Elastic Stockings, Etc., 3001 Spring Garden, Catalog FREE.

Flavell, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 25-190

When answering Ads. please mention this paper

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURED WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS

Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use to time, hold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION