

JOHN BURT By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Klipped Millionaire," "Colonel Morris's Doctor," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

John Burt had seated himself at his desk, which he was putting in order. Surprised at this, he saw a statement which he turned quickly. He saw Blake standing by the door. A shaft of sunlight fell full on his face. His hand was on the knob. He stood motionless as if riveted to the floor. There was that in his expression and attitude which challenged John Burt's attention.

Students of psychological phenomena may offer an explanation of the impalpable impression received by John Burt in that moment. His was the dominating mind; Blake's the subjective. By that mysterious telepathy which mocks analysis and scorns description a message passed to John Burt. He yet lacked the cipher to translate it. It dotted no definite warning and sounded none but a vague suspicion, but the vibration, though faint, was discordant.

John Burt glanced at Blake and turned to Sam.

"You surely are mistaken, Sam," he said. "Miss Carden is abroad and will not sail for New York for several days."

"Is that so?" Sam ran his fingers through his red hair and looked puzzled. "That's mighty curious! I've got an eye like a hawk, an' I'd a sworn it was her. I met her once or twice when she was here before, an' thought sure it was her I saw yesterday. Must be wrong, though. Guess his offer an' her indignation an' hold it in absence. Then I asked him who the six others were who'd follow my lead, an' he told me. The seven of 'em, with a majority, of 'A. Pool's Revenge' as a wager!"

"I should say not," declared Sam. "I said two him, says I, 'Mr. Morris, I know all these fellows, an' they are my personal friends, I'm a business gent,' I says, 'havin' been in boss

his heart beat high as Jessie Franky welcomed him.

Under the witchery of her presence, James Blake wondered that he had heeded for a moment to risk life itself to win her. "What was friend ship, love, fame or fortune in the balance with one smile from the woman he had learned so suddenly to love? His whole being thrilled with the knowledge that he felt the first clasp of her hand, and his ears drank in the melody of her voice.

"Papa was saying at dinner that the matter had been a decided turn, and that he thought you would call this evening," said Jessie. "He felt so certain of it that we postponed a party, an' you are to be congratulated, papa, on your intuition."

"I am the one to be congratulated," said Blake, with a smile and a bow. "but I should preface my self-congratulations with an apology for the informality of my call. If Gen. Carden will stand sponsor for my plea that 'business' and 'pleasure' be merged into social inapproprieties, I may hope for forgiveness; and, if forgiven, I warn you that I shall commit the offense again!"

"A delicate flush suffused Jessie's face and brightened the radiance of her eyes.

"You will never become an outcast by such transgressions," she laughed. "I will leave you and papa to your business plottings. Edith is here, and when you have ended your serious affairs perhaps you will join us and we can have music or cards."

Blake's face glowed with a pleasure so formal words could not convey.

"Our business will be ended in a minute," he said. "I know the general has not forgotten the defeat we administered to him the other evening, and as an old soldier I fancy he is eager to wipe out his repulse with a victory."

"He certainly is," asserted Gen. Carden. "I'm so sure of winning tonight that on behalf of Edith I challenge you and Jessie to a rubber of whist, with a box-to-morrow evening of Booth's production of 'A. Pool's Revenge' as a wager!"

"Done!" exclaimed Blake.

"I warn you that papa generally will have something to say at stake," said Jessie. "but I'll do the best I can, and hope for good luck to offset my poor playing."

She excused herself, and Blake and Gen. Carden plunged into stock technicalities.

"I wished you to know the cause of to-day's advance in L. E. ex-plain to me," said Gen. Carden. "For reason you surmise, I am picking up blocks of this stock. It will go higher to-morrow, and then a slump may follow, but you need not worry whether it advances or declines. I have the market under control. From present indications you will be called on to exercise your option inside of ten days."

"I have confidence in your judgment and you can rely on prompt execution of your instructions," said Gen. Carden. "For twenty years I have been identified with Wall Street, and I understand its ethics. In this company you are the general. You will find me a loyal aide."

There was more talk, but since Blake had nothing of importance to disclose, the conference soon ended.

Blake was triumphantly satisfied with his progress. He rightly interpreted Gen. Carden's suggestion of a theater party as a tacit permission to pay his addresses to Jessie Carden. Later in the evening, through a casual remark by Miss Hancock, he learned that they had declined a theater invitation from Arthur Morris. He no longer had the slightest fear of Morris. He felt sure of the consent and even the support of Gen. Carden in his suit for the hand of his daughter.

The whist game was closely contested, out as Jessie had predicted the general and Edith won a hard-fought victory, and Blake and Gen. Carden played the evening following.

(To be continued.)



know him the moment he spoke. "Wood's has turned out the great firm of James Blake & Company! I want to congratulate both of you. Are ye all through work? Let's go over to where we can have something in honor of this momentous occasion. Come on, boys, it's my treat!"

"Many thanks for your invitation, Sam, and I'd like to accept it, but it's hardly safe," said John. "In a few weeks I hope to enjoy your hospitality and to extend mine, but until that time I am 'John Barton,' and you don't know me. Sit down, Sam, we wish to discuss a business matter, or perhaps more accurately speaking, a political one. Jim, send one of the clerks out for a magnum, and we'll drink Sam's health here. I'm still an exile, Sam. Until an hour ago Jim was the only man in New York who was acquainted with me. But I'm flying away prison bars, and you can help me, Sam."

"I can help you," echoed Sam. "You just call on me for anything except murder—an' I might manage that."

Blake had been singularly quiet, but he joined in a toast which followed, and left the room to order the proposed refreshment.

"Jim ain't lookin' well," said Sam, sympathetically. "I look a little peaked, don't you think so, John?"

"I noticed that this morning and told him so," John replied. "He has been under a severe strain for weeks, and possibly the change of climate doesn't agree with him. I'm going to send him into the country for a few there. He is a desperate fellow, but no reason why he shouldn't have it. Jim and I have been through many hard fought engagements to gether, but as I have a decisive victory in sight, I don't know Arthur Morris," he asked abruptly.

"You bet I do; but he don't know me except as 'German Samuel L. Brouder' who's aye ask John?"

Blake returned and took a seat near Sam.

"Our firm is interested in the ordinances submitted to your Board, by the terms of which new and amended franchises are proposed for the Cosgan John. I have studied the record of the proceedings, and find that you spoke and voted against these bills when originally proposed and passed. Do you mind telling me, Sam, what you know of this matter? Can you do so without violating your trust?"

"You bet I can, an' I know a lot," declared Sam. "I'm comin' over to tell Jim, anyhow, an' I reckon I know what you are after. There's no use of

tradin' an' in the commission business I'll live, an' perhaps this game is right in my line. Suppose I contract, says I, 'to deliver all these seven votes,' says 'for the lump sum of eighty thousand dollars, forty per cent, down in cash an' the balance paid over when the bills is passed.' Morris thought a while an' said 'I told him I'd think about it a lot an' let him know in a few days.'

Sam paused and looked keenly first at John Burt and then at Blake.

"I hope you don't think, John," he said, "that I'd any idea of takin' his offer. I—"

"I certainly do not," said John. "I simply assumed that Morris has done the one thing I would have him do. That is a rare piece of good fortune, Jim, isn't it?"

"It's great luck," declared Blake, with genuine enthusiasm. "Under the stimulus of Sam's disclosures he forgot Jessie for the moment, and again took his position side by side with John Burt."

"I reckon I know what few dew," asserted Sam. "I'm tew see these six aldermen that Morris needs, an' then I'm goin' tew meet him an' make my report. If it's all right he's tew pay me thirty-two thousand dollars in cash an' put the balance up with some man that I name. There's three, an' I hope you dew that Morris couldn't buy if he offered each of 'em the whole lump sum, an' I can handle the others."

"That is all right so far as it goes," interrupted John Burt. "Morris is shrewd enough to demand positive pledges before paying over any such amount of money. You should have your aldermanic friends sign and execute written promises to support these bills, and keep certified copies of the same. These agreements will not be binding, legally or morally. I will consult my attorneys in this matter and let you know the best methods of procedure."

"All right, John; anything you say goes with me," laughed Sam. "When shall I drop in again?"

"Early to-morrow morning," replied John. "Send word to Judge Wilson, Jim, that I shall call on him this evening."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On Thin Ice.

Blake found a ready excuse to call on Gen. Carden. The pronounced action of the L. E. O. served as a pretext for an evening visit to the Bishop residence. Blake was greeted by the old

A Mild Question That Sounded.

In one of the earlier cars of a train under the witchery of her presence, James Blake wondered that he had heeded for a moment to risk life itself to win her. "What was friendship, love, fame or fortune in the balance with one smile from the woman he had learned so suddenly to love? His whole being thrilled with the knowledge that he felt the first clasp of her hand, and his ears drank in the melody of her voice.

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(To be continued.)

Lesson for Women.

Jersey Shore, Pa., Sept. 28 (Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills" have done for me what I had almost given up. I was in the studio with him and Edith. Edith has some brushes and paint all her own, and she is very fond of playing artist. One day a visitor called at the studio and Edith eagerly showed him one of the pictures.

"Did you paint this?" asked the visitor, in surprise.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Are you sure you painted it all yourself?"

"No—no—not all! Papa helped me a little," admitted Edith, reluctantly.

"But he used my brushes!" the little girl hastened to add.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA.

It is the best and most reliable for infants and children.

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Victory.

"They say there was a big battle raging in the East yesterday," said Pottinger Pete. "I wonder who won it."

"We did, by two columns," replied the Westerner. "We had a four-column account of it and our miserable contemporary only had two."

In Lieu of Wages.

Boy—"What wages will I get, doctor, if I come to you?"

Doctor—"Wages? You'll get my services free. What more would you have?"

Boy—"But, doctor, I am never ill."

Doctor—"Oh, but you will be; I'll see to that."

HE WAS AFTER MORE.

Overworked Man Carried Out Slow to the Last.

Two brothers, both active, young business men of this city, went lately to visit an uncle, a short, stout, light-hearted man of 60, who owns a farm up state. They found him looking jaded and tired. Wanting to impress upon his nephews with his agility, he declared he could stack hay as fast as they could pitch it. The nephews accepted the challenge, threw off their coats and when he had mounted the rack, fork in hand, work commenced.

The boys lifted large forksful rapidly, and it went well while the body of the rack was being filled. But when the load began to settle above and beyond the stakes and it became necessary to place each forkful in the proper place for binding the mass below things became a little mixed up on top of the load. Still their uncle yelled out at the top of his voice:

"More hay! More hay! Drag it, boys, you don't keep me half busy!"

The boys tossed the hay up faster, and the old man's puffing as he struggled to keep his head above the food could be plainly heard. At length, what with his struggling and his choking and his being blinded under the thick cloud of dust, he fell from the top of the load side on upon the ground and the old man with it.

"Uncle Sam, what are you doing here for?" asked one of the nephews.

"Down here for," gasped the old man, struggling up from the choking, blinding pile, "shy, consarn ye lazy, good for nothing picture, I've come down after more hay!"—New York Press.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

RICH MEN WERE WARY.

Card Sharper Disgusted Over Failure of Efforts to Fleece Them.

At the bank's reception in New York they told this story about James Stillman, president of the National City bank. He was on his way home from Europe not long ago, and was common with some other magnates was pestered by gamblers who wanted him to play cards. One morning as Mr. Stillman was in close conversation with H. McK. Twombly, the most daring member of the gang of card sharps pushed his way to them and renewed his importunities. Turning upon him that steel-like glance they know so well at the National City bank, Mr. Stillman said quietly: "Look here, now, I have repeatedly told you that I do not wish to play and do not intend to play. Do you see that taffrail? You get away from me, sir, or I'll throw you overboard." At the gambler drew off sullenly, he was heard to remark: "This is the cheapest bunch of millionaires I ever struck on the Atlantic."

HONORED BY ODD FELLOWS.



L. S. CONWAY

E. S. Conway, the newly elected deputy grand sire of the Odd Fellows' fraternity, is a resident of Oak Park, Illinois. He was selected on the second ballot at the convention in St. Francisco, Cal. by a vote of almost two to one over J. L. Nolan of Tennessee. Mr. Conway will have charge of the greater part of the work of the order, and this made the fight for the position a spirited one.

THOUGHT PRINCE WAS WATER.

Embarrassing Mistake Made by Southern Millionaire.

Gov. Warfield of Maryland was tendered a reception in St. Louis, while visiting the fair. Among other guests was a millionaire salt mine owner from Louisiana and a Cingaleser prince. The southerner desired to order some ice cream for a Baltimore belle who was of Gov. Warfield's party and looked around for a waiter. His eye fell on the oriental potentate, whom he took for a waiter and directed to bring the desired dainty. The prince, however, was game, saw the assistance of a waiter secured the delicacies and presented them to the Baltimore belle with all the grace of a cultured man of Ceylon's Isle. The salt merchant's embarrassment was almost painful when he realized the situation, but apologies followed and the prince laughed as heartily as any of the guests.

DON CARLOS IN DANGER.



A would-be assassin recently fired two shots at Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne. His aim was bad and Don Carlos was unharmed.

WON BY DISPLAY OF WEALTH.

Wretched Husband Gives Long List of Demands.

Charles H. Fox, a well-known Philadelphia florist much patronized by society, who is suing George L. Sipps, a wealthy builder, for alienation of his wife's affections, has filed a list of ways in which she sips down money while out with Mrs. Fox, wearing numerous fine and expensive suits of clothing; sporting many magnificent diamonds; by freely opening choice varieties of wines, including champagne; by supplying Mrs. Fox with many expensive and elegant gowns; by taking Mrs. Fox with him to all the pleasure resorts in the city; by running a boat and rowing; by purchasing many laces, furs and furbelows for Mrs. Fox; by the large tips he gave waiters in cafes while accompanying Mrs. Fox; by hitting her with a club; and allowing them to stand by the hour, regardless of expense.

Health

Calumet makes light, digestible wholesome food.

Economy

Only one heaping teaspoonful is needed for one quart of flour.

Baby's Diagnosis.

Seated on a bench in Central Park, a nurse girl was gently moving to and fro a perambulator in which was a baby of about fifteen months. At the other end of the bench was a man whose prominent lower jaw was adorned with a luxuriant beard which gave the impression of a lion to which pains were given and which were several minutes the baby regarded the man, and especially the whiskers, with grave attention, while he looked at her with an air of lofty condescension. At length a hostile smile overpread the little one's features. Then, with her blue eyes still turned to the whiskers, and kicking up her feet in an ecstasy of delight, she gurgled:

"How-wow! How-wow!"

A wave of cold mistused the man's face above the whiskers, and he hitched uneasily in his seat. It was an awkward situation, and to relieve it the nurse girl patted the baby and said:

"No, dearie, that isn't a dorgie." The man remained to hear no more.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.

It is unusual that a single institution in a city of 6,000 people will overshadow in importance every other interest, but such is the case with the Department of Education of the City of Baltimore. It is the largest and most endowed institution of its kind in the United States.

Dr. Still's school enrolls over 700 students yearly and each student is required to attend four terms of school before completing the course of study. There are over 2,000 graduates and they are practicing in every state and territory of the Union. About two-thirds of the states have passed special laws legalizing the science.

This school teaches every branch taught in medical colleges except "drugs" and osteopathy, and for that, too. So thorough is the teaching in anatomy that over one hundred human bodies are dissected yearly by the students.

At the infirmary, patients from every form of disease are constantly under treatment. For the past several years almost every train coming to Baltimore has benefited by the science of osteopathy. The method of cure is safe and has been tried for years in connection with the practice department of the school and the students are successful. Hundreds of the worthy poor, who are unable to pay for treatment, are treated every afternoon by the senior students free of charge.

Blissful Ignorance.

Growells (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter, are these mutton or pork chops?

Waiter—Can't you tell by de taste?

Growells—No.

Waiter—Den wit do youse care which dey is, huh?

World's Fair Visitors.

Persons attending the great Exposition in Philadelphia should not overlook the Fair and in a safe brick building. How to get the most of the science has been made a modern book, within four minutes of the time of purchase. Hundreds of the worthy poor, who are unable to pay for treatment, are treated every afternoon by the senior students free of charge.

The Ideal

"Madame, will you officiate at our church fair?"

"Dear me, I never did a dishonest thing in my life."—Life.

Madame President Dressmaker

urges us ladies to make their belts longer and their waists smaller. At last we have heard the worst."

Sensible Housekeepers

will have DeWitt's starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

A New York chophouse manager

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