

JOHN BURT
BY FREDERICK
UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Mysterious Incident," "Colonel Morris's Discovery," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

The valet opened the door and John Burt entered.

For a moment Blake did not recognize him. The moustache and beard had disappeared, and the strong rugged lines of John Burt's face were in perfect harmony with the keen, calm and discerning eyes.

"Hello, Jim; what's the matter with you?"

"All right, John, old fellow; m'ight right! Glad to see ye, dear old John! Have a drink, John! Glad to see ye!"

Blake averted and fell into John Burt's arms. His flushed face and heaving breath told their own story without the help of the emptied decanter. Blake weighed two hundred pounds, but John picked him up and laid him on the couch as if he were a child.

"You're knocked out, Jim," he said. "Take a nap, old man, and you'll be all right when you wake up."

With a dull smile on his lips Blake sank into a deep slumber.

The minute that the little clock crawled half its way around the circle before John Burt left the side of his friend. His eyes were fixed on the motionless figure, but his thoughts wandered far away.

Blake groaned and muttered in his sleep. At first his words were incoherent, but as his excitement grew his voice became distinct, and in a higher key he exclaimed:

"This is awful! What shall I do; what shall I do; love her! I love her, and no one shall stand between us, no one, by God! no, not even—!" The sentence ended in a moan and again he sank into quiet slumber.

Pacing up and down the room John stepped on a crumpled newspaper. He



tion, something arose in his throat and choked him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hawkins Makes a Discovery.

John Burt strode into the office of James Blake & Company at an early hour the following Monday morning, and after greeting the round-headed head of the firm was shown to John Burt's room.

"Mighty glad to see you, my boy," his deep voice rumbled as he laid a giant palm on the shoulder of the younger man.

They talked for several minutes on commonplace topics. Mr. Hawkins studied the face of the younger man with a scrutiny which did not escape John Burt's room.

"In your new disguise—or lack of disguise—you strangely remind me of some one," said Mr. Hawkins suddenly. "You told me once, as I remember, that you were born in Massachusetts, didn't you?"

"I did," replied John, "and I also told you that Burton was not my right name. Now, I'm going to tell you who I am, though you must guard my secret for a while yet—4 short while, I hope."

"John Burton is good enough for me," asserted the magnate, grimly. "I know you're all right, and I'll bet a million on it. Don't tell me, my boy, if you run any risk by doing so."

"There is no reason why I should not tell you," said John, after a moment's pause. "Here is an advertisement I received in a San Francisco newspaper. Read it."

John Hawkins adjusted his glasses and read the following:

"To John Burt of Hingham, Mass.—

All rewards offered for your arrest by

"Not another word from your blasphemous mouth, Jack Hawkins!" said Captain Burt.

"You go to hell!" I said, so mad I didn't know what I was saying.

"He gave me a cut on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. It was not heavy, but it made me crazy."

"Go below and pray God to forgive you," he said.

"No more had ever struck me before and I swung at him with my right. I caught him a glancing blow above the eye. He didn't even raise his hands. He hit me on the back of the head, and said, calm as if asking me to pass him the salt."

"I aimed for his chin, but caught him on the neck. It was like striking a brick wall. His arm smashed through my guard, and his fist landed full on my temple. It was a frightful blow and I went sprawling to the deck. Before I could make a struggle he picked me up and hurled me over the rail. As I came up I caught one glimpse of the Segreanessett through the mist, as she heeled to port in the rain."

"The water revived me, and I succeeded in kicking off my boots. I swam in the direction of the shore, but by sheer good luck bumped into a hen-coop, which some one—Captain Burt most likely—had thrown overboard. I floated around on that hencoop until morning, and the boats of the 'Frisco' came ashore and took me off."

"A year later I landed in Hingham, just in time to be in the gold excitement. That's all. If your grandfather had not sailed to the westward in the middle of the Pacific ocean, it's not likely I'd have located the Challenge mine. I forgave him years ago, and you can bet I harbor no grudge against his grandson."

"He has been the one to suffer," said John. "He imagines himself your murderer, and for years has prayed for forgiveness. I expect to go back to him in a few days, and you must get with me."

Then he told John Hawkins the story of his boyhood and of the shooting of Arthur Morris. He told of his love for Jessie Carden, and of his determination to restore to General Carden the fortune filched from him by the elder Morris.

"When last I saw Miss Carden," said John, "she was the helms to a comfortable fortune. I had nothing but health, strength and ambition, but she believed in my future, and some things told me that she would wait for me. I shall see her in a few days, and I wish her to be as proud and independent of my wealth as at that night I left her five years ago. She has been robbed of her birthright, but if my judgment of the value of L. & O. is accurate, it will be restored to the keeping of her father."

"I've no use for you about L. & O.," said John Hawkins, "but first tell me exactly how you stand."

"The company is organized with one hundred thousand shares, of a par value of one hundred dollars each," he said, "with bonds to the amount of five millions more. Morris holds thirty-five thousand shares, and that is three thousand less than control, but he imagines that General Carden cannot exercise his option on ten thousand shares. As I wrote you, I've had Blake acquire this option from General Carden, but of course, Morris knows nothing of this. By private purchase and in the open market, our friends have picked up twenty-nine thousand shares."

"Let's see," mused Hawkins. "I have 7,460, you have 29,000 and an option on 10,000. That makes a total of 46,460. You've got 3,541 of control. Go into the market and buy 'em, my boy! You've done a great piece of work; a bigger one than you realize."

(To be continued.)

Good Reason.

"Two little boys and two little girls were playing 'house,' the boys being the papas, of course. All went well until the papas insisted upon coming home to luncheon, although their wives repeatedly told them that they should stay down town in their offices and kill bears until 5 o'clock. The argument finally grew so noisy that ammie came to investigate.

"Boys, why do you come home when the little girls ask you not to. Is it because you are so fond of them you cannot keep away?"

"No," said Tom disgustedly.

"Is it because you wanted another look at your beautiful children?"

"No, ammie, they even more disgust in his tones. 'It's because the girls eat chocolate for lunch and we want some.'"

Reason for Marrying.

They were talking about a friend of hers who had married a bishop stationed in Anchorage, or Timbuktu, or some other heathen land.

"I never could understand why she married him," said the young woman.

"She seemed the last girl on earth to marry a bishop. She cared so much more for having a good time than she did for church work and sewing circles."

"Girls are pretty wise nowadays," said the young man, "and they generally have a good reason for marrying the way they do. A girl friend of mine married a doctor so she could always be well for nothing; and maybe this girl married the bishop so she could be good for nothing."—New York Tribune.

ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache.

Joseph McCauley, of 144 Booth St., Chicago, member of Teasman Lodge, says: "Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so sore that I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. Will come back to me with no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills, but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanly knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Germany Calls Americans On.

A call to a church in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, was made by the pastor of Olivet Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Loyal Y. Graham. Dr. Graham has been spending the summer abroad and in the fall from the American church in Frankfort. He has not yet returned and the congregation that has sat at his feet for thirty-three years is anxious to know whether he will come back to the church.

Warning to Housewives.

The advertising publisher does not know that a reaction occurs in the chemical reaction takes place, the nature of the powder before baking. For this reason, the statement that a baking powder is worthless so far as informing the consumer wants to know in what way the food prepared with a cream of tartar powder is different from any other cream of tartar, just as food prepared with alum is in the case of the high-priced food prepared with these ingredients.

Strange Ending of Horse Which Once Carried Gen. Boulanger.

A column of troops marched past the Alsace colonel in the Place de la Concorde and after playing.

A broken-down old black horse drawing a cart heaped up with vegetables heard the music and saw the soldiers.

In the seat of the cart, half asleep in the blazing sun, was Mme. Lecocq, who had been to the Paris market to buy supplies for her grocery store.

At the sound of the drums and the sight of the red-legged soldiers in the Place de la Concorde the old horse came to life. He pranced and trotted to the head of the marching column, nearly shaking Mme. Lecocq of the seat.

Half way across the square the horse stopped. His harness gave way, and he fell dead with his back broken. Mme. Lecocq was thrown to the ground. The soldiers marched around the wreck and laughed.

In front of the Alsace column, just seventeen years ago, almost to a day, this same black horse nearly upset the government of France. On that day he pranced through the Place de la Concorde carrying on his back Gen. Boulanger, then the idol of the masses, who came within an ace of being another Napoleon. They called him 'the man on horseback.'

The man died an exiled exile in Brussels. The horse lived on in humble oblivion until it died on the scene of its great triumph.

Donkey Good Police Officer.

As a donkey attached to a rickshaw, some cart was patiently awaiting its master outside a public-house at St. Quen, a suburb of Paris, a man left a neighboring shop with a bag and fervently tried to steal past the animal's head. Then the donkey suddenly seized the man by the wrist with his teeth. Howling with pain, the victim let his sack fall to the level of the street.

Firmly the animal held the thief unflinchingly in the efforts of the police. In the end it was in vain, the thief was taken to the station, where he made a full confession.

Consent for French Bank.

It was not easy to persuade the French government to allow the Republic of Cuba to obtain only five days before the Savois sailed from Havre. Had it been refused other nations in regular uniforms would have intervened to help. The uniforms had already been made.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep a stock of hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because DeWitt's contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for the same money? Get DeWitt's Kidney Pills. Requires no cooking.

Redwood Park Is Intact.

The report that California's state park and its giant trees had been destroyed was false. Park Commissioner or Coroner returned to San Francisco: "California Redwood park absolutely intact. Sempervirens and Governor's camps intact."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children.

Be sure the Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams Is on the Box for 30 Years. The Kid You Have Always Bought.

Telegrams by the Million.

The British postal department uses 80,000,000 envelopes yearly for telegrams.

You never hear of any complaint about "Defiance Starch." There are 18 ounces, 19 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Modern warfare is also immensely destructive to military reputations.

DEAF BOY MADE TO HEAR.

Remarkable Cure Said to Have Been Effected by St. Winifred's Well.

Those who believe in the miraculous powers of the waters of St. Winifred's well, near Liverpool, England, claim positive proof of their faith in a cure which is said to have been effected there recently. There had been a great pilgrimage of Liverpool "Hansomers" to the well, and news of the cure was given to the master of the Hansomers' guild, the Rev. Father Fletcher, at the close of a special service. James McNulty, a boy aged 13, lives with his parents at 123 Grafton street, Liverpool. It is stated that he has been deaf from the age of six



St. Winifred's Well, Where Pilgrims Gather to be Healed by its Miraculous Waters.

His mother took some water from the "inner well" and when this was applied to the ears of the boy it is declared he immediately regained his hearing and can now hear the softest whisper.

DIED OF BROKEN HEART.

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Modern warfare is also immensely destructive to military reputations.

Calumet Baking Powder

A wonderful powder of rare merit and unrivaled strength.

THE UNITED STATES WILL BOON KNOCK AT THE DOORS OF CANADA FOR WHEAT.

A Crop of 60,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Will Be the Record of 1904.

The results of the threshing in Western Canada are not yet completed, but from information at hand, it is safe to say that the average per acre will be reasonably high, and a fair estimate will place the total yield of wheat at 60,000,000 bushels. At present prices this will mean a great deal of the farmers nearly \$60,000,000. Then think of the immense yield of oats and barley, and the large herds of cattle, for all of which good prices will be paid.

The following official telegram was sent by Honorable Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada:

"Am now able to state definitely that under conditions of unusual difficulty in Northwest a safe crop of wheat of good quality has been reaped and is now secure from substantial damage. The reports of injury from frost and rust were greatly exaggerated. The wheat of Manitoba and Northwest Territories will aggregate from fifty-five to sixty million bushels. The quantity of wheat is not probably be grown north of where the line was projected; but the real granary of the world lies up to 200 miles north of the Canadian Pacific railway, and the day is not definitely distant when the United States will knock at the doors of Canada for its bread. Railroad men and the statesmen will see it, and arrange their reciprocities while they may do so gracefully. Americans already have awarded prizes to that country showing a degree have taken the American wheat field with them. Despite the fact that for years a little Dakota station on the St. Paul road has made the distinction of being the largest primary grain market in the world, the Dakotas and Minnesota will one day yield their grain to Saskatchewan."

Oil Fuel in Steel Rolling.

Sacramento rolling mills had oil fuel an economical and great advantage in forging. They affirm that they get a much softer heat through the body of the metal, making it much easier to manipulate, or, in other words, the metal absorbs the heat produced from the oil better than that of coal. Coal used for furnace purposes often contains much sulphur and other elements that are detrimental to the iron, and when heated scrap pieces become too near a molten state to absorb these impurities of the coal, resulting in a cast iron of poor quality. When the metal is heated by oil the mills have far better cast iron, 50 per cent more free from seams. This not only reduces the cost of the iron, but also the cost of the metal. Similar conditions obtain in rolling complicated sections from scrap material, such as angle iron, channels, beams, etc. The result is a metal of higher quality, and all of these facts are of great importance in the saving to the company on fuel alone is 70 per cent; yet even in the two first cases the same to produce it was in tonnage, the improvement in the production would be immense.

Cure to Stay Cured.

Wapello, Ia., Oct. 10 (Special).—One of the most remarkable cures ever recorded in Louisa County is that of Mrs. Minnie Hart of this place. Mrs. Hart was in bed for eight months and when she was able to sit up she was so weak that she could not walk across the room. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure Mrs. Hart says:

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after I was in bed for eight months and I know the cure was complete for that was three years ago and I have not been down since. It four years from the time I started taking them I was able to make my garden. Nobody can know how thankful I am to be cured or how much I feel I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

This case again points out how much the general health depends on the kidneys. Cure the kidneys and all ailments of the body and ailments of the suffering the human family is held to will disappear.

More Flexible and Lasting.

Don't take out or blow out; by using Defiance Starch you obtain better results than any other starch, any other brand and one-third more for same money.

Truth is the biggest thing that man may keep.—Geoffrey Chaucer.

Pink's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all ailments of the throat and lungs. Wm. O. Bennett, Yorkville, Ind., Feb. 28, 1904.

Even a single hair cast is shadow. Publicity Bureau.

Too Heavy for Cab Floor.

While six burly Yorkshiremen were driving through the streets of Paris in a cab the floor gave way beneath their weight, and two of them were dragged along and severely cut about the hands and face.

Aged Man Cast Votes.

At Middlebury, Vt., sixteen men whose ages ranged from 80 to 95 appeared at the polls within a few minutes of each other at the last election.

English officialdom is debating the question whether the two theifstir, raiding Masal tribe shall be permitted to exist.

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