

# JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

Author of "The Edmond Willoughby," "Colonel Mason's Doctor," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"The hotel furnishes matches," responded Blake, coolly.

"Here's a match," said Kinsley, "Thank you, but I don't want any."

Morris calmly struck a light and, holding the bright new thousand-dollar note a few feet from Blake's head, he lighted it.

"Very clever, Morris," said Blake, replacing his pocketbook. "Must be a new sensation to burn my money? Did you burn your fingers—again—Morris?"

"Don't go too far with me, Blake!" Morris exclaimed. "I'll not stand for it, do you hear? I've lost, and I'm still a gentleman; you've won, and are yet a cad! You've taken my money and won the woman. Keep away from me."

"I didn't seek this interview," said Blake, his face flushed with rising anger. "But since it's to be our last one, I'm going to tell you something. I've not a dollar of my money and am not your rival in any respect. Listen to me, Morris. I'll tell you something that will sober you. Do you remember John Burt? I guess you do. He was the country boy who dragged you out of a chair by the scruff of the neck for insulting a young lady upon whom you had forced your society."

"What of him?" demanded Morris, sullenly. At the mention of John Burt's name the scene, with all its horror, came to him.

"John Burt—what of him?" repeated Morris. "That country lout can come back, or stay away, or go to the devil, for all I care."

"That country lout has come back," said Blake deliberately. "I had the pleasure this afternoon, my dear Morris, of transferring to John Burt the various stocks and bonds which you and your father tendered to James Blake & Company in settlement of your liabilities. Permit me to let you into a deep secret, my dear Morris. John Burt is James Blake & Company."

"I am—nothing. In my foolish way I've attempted to carry out John Burt's instructions. You seemed to stand across his path and he blotted you out. He forced you to dis-



"Like a column pushed from its base he fell."

orge General Carden's fortune. He will wed the woman on whom you have forced your address. Do I make myself plain, Morris?"

Morris gazed at James Blake and for a moment seemed incapable of speech.

"I—I—I think you lie, Blake," he stammered, after a long pause.

Blake raised his eyes and saw John Burt and Mr. Hawkins entering the room. Pausing not a second to weigh the consequences, he grasped Morris by the shoulders and whirled him round.

Morris threw one arm behind him, but Blake, scornful of his opponent, and thinking only of the dramatic climax which offered itself, took no warning.

"Calm yourself, Morris," he said soothingly. "Anger does not become you. I want you to look your best, for here comes our mutual friend, John Burt! Hello, John!"

Blake released his grasp and Morris drew back in a defiant attitude. With careless contempt Blake ignored Morris, and his eyes followed John Burt and Hawkins as they came towards him.

At the call of his name John turned and saw Blake. His face lighted with a smile as he stopped and then walked towards the group.

"The muscles of Morris' face twitched, and a desperate look came to his eyes. With a quick motion his arm came from behind his back and something glittered in his hand.

"Hello, Jim," said John. "Are you on time?"

"Mr. Burt," said Blake, his dark eyes twinkling with devilry, and his voice clear as a bell, "permit me to introduce—"

He turned to Morris with a mocking smile on his lips. He heard the click of metal and saw the flash of polished steel as Morris raised his arm and leveled a revolver at John Burt.

"I bought this for myself! Take it, John Burt," he cried.

His feet before him were out of his mouth. The spectators who stood their ground saw James Blake throw himself forward the moment before a spit of fire came from the muzzle of the weapon. They saw his

you send for her, John?"

"At once," was the answer. "The door opened, and Dr. Hartness and other surgeons entered the room."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A Mysterious God.

"Here's a message for you, Jessie! The man says he will wait for an answer. I'm just dying from curiosity."

Jessie Carden was reading when Edith Hancock rushed into her room. "Too impatient to wait, she leaned over Jessie's shoulder. The note bore letters set in a hotel, and was written in a firm but scrawling hand. It read:

"Miss Jessie Carden, "Mr. James Blake has been seriously wounded by a pistol shot and may not recover. He wishes to see you. If possible, come at once."

"SAMUEL L. ROUNDS."

"When the purport of the message dawned upon her, Edith matched the blue Hancock's hand and de-voiced it with straining eyes.

"He may not recover!" she moaned. "He may not recover! Oh, what has happened to him? I am going to him! He shall not die! Hurry, Jessie, hurry!"

Two white-faced girls rushed in upon General Carden. His lips compressed as he read the message.

"This is Morris' work," he said. "Tell the messenger we will come at once."

The hotel entrance was blocked by a mob when the Blakely carriage drew up. The blue helmets of police officers formed a line which marked the edge of a struggling crowd.

"One moment, sir!" ordered an officer holding his baton in front of General Carden. "Make way for the ambulance corps!"

The folding doors of the side entrance opened and four men slowly advanced bearing a stretcher. It contained a motionless man covered with a white cloth. Jessie clung to her father's arm.

With a low cry Edith Hancock sprang forward and raised the cloth. She looked into the dead, staring eyes of Arthur Morris. The doctors paused while she gazed intently at the face. She nervously reached the covering and turned to Jessie and her father.

"It's Arthur Morris! He's dead. Perhaps it is all a mistake about Mr. Blake. Find out, general; find out at once! We'll wait for you here!"

General Carden returned and silently conducted Jessie and Edith to a room on the second floor.

A case of surgical instruments lay on the center table, but the room had no occupant. As they stood hesitatingly by the entrance, the door opened and a tall man with red hair, sharp blue eyes and enormous hands entered. Jessie recognized Sam Rounds.

"Hoon do ye do?" he said softly, advancing with an awkward bow. "Sorry we meet you in such a place, but the doctor goes with the doctor. Jim's badly hurt, but he has a chance—so the doctors say."

"In whispers the four talked of the tragedy Sam had entered the hotel office just before the first shot was fired.

"It all happened so quick I couldn't do a thing," Sam explained. "The second shot fired by Morris just missed—some one else—some one Jim was trying to save."

Through the top of Mr. Hawkins' hat, Morris was dead before he struck the floor."

The door opened and a grave-faced surgeon entered the room.

"Miss Carden may see Mr. Blake for a few minutes," he said.

In the dimly lighted room Jessie Carden saw two figures—one propped up with pillows so that only the head and arms showed against the white linen. The curling black locks fell back from the pale brow, and the handsome face seemed chiseled i-purest marble.

(To be continued.)

Answered the Call.

On the bank of the Mohawk river, between the American and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is blind, of which Our Dumb Animals tells this story:

The horses frequently resort to the bank in the river for pasturage. They ford the stream at a point near the dwelling, and the blind mare usually follows the others. During a recent freshet the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream, then their blind companion followed.

In a few minutes all were struggling in the rapid current and falling to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind mare became separated from the rest and drifted a considerable distance below until she gained a foothold.

Then, discovering the loss of her mates, and realizing her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. One of the animals, upon hearing it, re-entered the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it toward the island, which both reached in safety.

### French Telephone Girls.

It has recently been decided in Paris that the telephone girls is a public official and as such she commands the respect incident to public functionaries. The question came up in a case where a popular actress was prosecuted in the criminal court for having insulted the central girl. While the actress was acquitted, the central girl of the "démouilles de telephone" were closely established.

# Illinois News

Choice items from over the state, specially selected for our readers

## THREE ARE INJURED IN CRASH

Chicago Woman in an Electric Car Wreck at Clintonville.

Three persons were injured at Clintonville, a suburb of Elgin, when a third-rail electric car on the Chicago and Elgin railway, going from Chicago to Elgin, crashed into a heavy laden stone wagon at Main street crossing. The injured were F. H. Chapman, Wheaton, motorists; left leg broken, right arm broken, cut about the head and face, injured internally. Charles Krueger, Elgin, passenger; neck cut about twenty feet, cut about the head and face, possibly injured internally. Mrs. W. M. Hodges, Chicago, who was on the wagon, was struck and carried to a hospital.

The motorist either did not notice the approaching car or thought he could make the crossing. The car was demolished by the force of the collision. Both locomotives were taken to the Sherman hospital at Elgin.

## STATE OFFICERS ARE TO MEET

Program for Inauguration of Deneen Considered.

A meeting of the state officials of Illinois has been called for 10 o'clock next Monday morning in the office of Governor Yates at Springfield, for the purpose of performing arrangements for the inauguration of Governor Elect Deneen and the other elective state officers next January.

While the matter of inaugural ceremonies has been under consideration for some time, nothing has been decided upon as yet, but a program, if it is probable, however, that the ceremonies will be similar to those that have marked the induction into office of other governors of this state.

There will in all probability be a street parade, participated in by military and civic organizations, after which the inauguration ball will be given on the evening following the ceremony. This matter will be left for Mr. Deneen to decide.

## KINMUNDY NATURAL GAS WELL

Twenty-Foot Flame Shoots Up When Ignited.

In sinking a well on the John Holt farm near Kinmundy, at 80 feet a very strong vein of gas was struck. A light being put to it, a flame some 20 feet high was seen.

The gas was ignited and the practice followed, and has continued for four weeks. There are numerous indications of gas west of the town. At the meeting of the city council, it was granted James Lawrence Brown & Co. of St. Louis to lay pipes and maintain a lighting system in Kinmundy. Considerable interest is developing in the gas prospects, and outside parties are investigating.

## Death of Asylum Trustee.

John A. Brown, chairman of the Illinois conference of charities and trustees of the Jacksonville asylum for the blind, died at St. Mary's hospital at Decatur, Ill., where he submitted to a surgical operation. Mr. Brown was 61 years of age and lived in Decatur since 1865. He had practiced law since 1875. He leaves an estate valued at about \$100,000. A widow and two children survive.

## Want Convict for Murder.

The Illinois state board of health is taking extraordinary precautions to exterminate smallpox from the state. A large circular bearing illustrations of the effects of smallpox and calling attention to the fact that vaccination prevents the disease, has been prepared by the board and 8,000 of them have been distributed over the state.

## Woman Kills a Possum.

Mrs. Ella Collins, wife of City Marshal Collins, of Alton, Pa., bagged the largest possum seen this season. Going into the apple orchard, she encountered the animal, which, instead of sneaking in at her heels, snapping its jaws in a ferocious manner. She snuffed in the killing it with a club and fired it home in triumph.

## Fire in "Pantagraph" Plant.

Fire in the basement of the plant of the Pantagraph, the morning news of Bloomington, wrecked the pressroom and power plant. The paper was gotten out at the Bulletin tower at 10 o'clock. The explosion of a kerosene torch started the fire.

## Merchant Is Stabbed.

Victor Dreyfus, a prominent merchant of Nipewent, while on a hunting trip to Poplar Bluff, Mo., was stabbed twice at a country dance. His condition is critical.

## SHOTS TO KILL FOR REVENGE

Twenty-Year-Old Boy Then Defies Citizens for Hours.

After he had shot and probably fatally wounded Conrad Baxman, in the yard of the latter's home at Bartlett, William Polworth, 20 years old, barricaded himself in the home of his mother, a short distance from his victim's place of business. For several hours he defied a score of citizens with a gun and a revolver and it was not until Sheriff Barrett of Cook county had sent fifteen deputy sheriffs to Bartlett that Polworth threw away his weapons and surrendered. Baxman said that several years ago he had informed Polworth's mother of some boyish trick the youth had been implicated in, and that, since that time, Polworth had held a deep hatred for him.

## WABASH WRECK INJURES MANY

Two Passenger Trains Collide Head-On at Bement.

Two passenger trains on the Wabash railroad came together in a head-on collision in Bement, and about twenty-five persons were injured, but it is believed none of them was seriously hurt. Both locomotives were wrecked and the baggage car on each train was teleported.

## HOLDS G. A. R. RECORD.

Thomas G. Lawler, who was nominated for the thirty-eighth time as a member of the Grand Lodge of the G. A. R. of Rockford, holds the record for the longest service as a member of the order.

## RELI HUNTERS FORBIDDEN TO DIG AT HISTORIC SITE IN PEORIA.

Relic hunters and curiosity seekers have been stopped from searching at Water and Liberty streets along the Illinois river at Peoria for the ruins of old Fort Clark, built nearly 100 years ago. The police have found it necessary to forbid the practice of spading on the properties of the Rock Island railroad and electric companies and the relic hunters are disappointed.

## Shot Kills a Bystander.

As a result of a quarrel in a negro restaurant in Carbondale, Albert Ridley, who was standing outside on the sidewalk, taking no part in the quarrel, was shot and instantly killed by O. Holman, who had already wounded his opponent, Charles Elder. The tragedy closed an argument of several hours. Holman and Elder had quarreled over a colored woman and Holman attempted to defend himself, falling, secured a gun and fired three shots. One shot pierced Elder's arm, another went into the mark and the third killed Ridley. Holman escaped.

## Construct Sewer System.

The work of construction of the new sewer system of Centralia continues, regardless of the supreme court decision that the law allowing improvements to be made without a petition of the property owners was illegal. In order to be safe the board of local improvements immediately circulated petitions, easily securing the necessary number of signatures of the property owners, and will re-pass the ordinance and get a new confirmation of the act.

## New Factory Town.

Rumors of a big land deal being on at Rockton were confirmed by the announcement of W. K. Keeler of Rockton that he had secured options on about 1,900 acres of farm land throughout the Milwaukee road in the buyer and is thought to intend to start a factory center there. Good prices were paid, ranging from \$200 to \$300 an acre.

## Governor Appoints Two.

Gov. Yates has announced the re-appointment of W. K. Keeler of Rockton, Edgar county, as trustee of the eastern normal school at Charles. G. F. W. Froehlich was appointed public administrator of Henderson county.

## Negro Driven From Sterling.

Eugene Watson, colored, was notified to either leave the city of Sterling or suffer the consequences, and departed for Chicago. He was given protection from the whites over night in the city jail.



THOMAS G. LAWLER

continuous service as the head of a post, as well for the number of terms. Thirty-three of his yearly terms have been consecutive.

## Run Down by Engine.

Fred Graul, aged 23, a prominent young farmer of Mascoutah township, was run down by a Louisville & Nashville freight engine at Mascoutah. Graul was attempting to drive across the railroad tracks, and did not see the train until too late to stop, although a number of witnesses called to him to look out. The engine struck his wagon in the center and demolished it. The horses escaped injured, but young Graul was thrown 50 feet from the track. He sustained several badly fractured ribs, and it is feared internal injuries.

## Clayworkers Appeal for Aid.

At the expiration of the state conference of the Illinois Bricklayers' unions in Champaign the conference was asked by the clayworkers' union to adopt a resolution pledging the cooperation of the bricklayers in an effort to secure favorable action by the legislature in regard to the new sewer system enabling investigations in clays by the University of Illinois.

## Higgins Is Indicted.

Richard Higgins, who was arrested charged with the murder of Mrs. Nellie Thomason of Lacon early in October, was indicted by the grand jury of Peoria. Higgins has been at liberty on bonds of \$15,000, was re-arrested immediately and renewed his fight for a new trial. He is innocent, he insists the trial will show he is innocent.

## Champion Corn Husker.

Oscar LeGrange is the champion corn husker of Princeton. Mr. LeGrange husked and cribbed 127 bushels in ten hours, leaving two mounds of husks for the loads. Some of the Gibson county corn this year will average 100 bushels per acre.

## Finds the Route Will.

The discovery of the lost will of Mrs. Mary Rouse and her son, Harry G. Rouse, given thousands of dollars to Peoria charities. The will was discovered by Mrs. W. T. Irwin, the widow of Harry G. Rouse, in an old trunk in the street of her home. The will was \$1,500 for a public drinking fountain, to serve as a memorial for Mrs. Rouse, 49,000 to the Peoria Home Society, and \$500 is to be expended for a memorial to the Cede-nt in the National Temple of the W. C. T. U. in Chicago.

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