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JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

John heartily congratulated Blake on his masterly generalship.

"We will talk business to-morrow, Jim," he said. "I am more anxious to hear of other matters. Now, tell me the news. Did you hear of Miss Carden? Is my grandfather alive?"

"Peter Burt is alive and well," said Blake, glad to bring some good tidings.

"Alive and well," repeated John Burt. "May God bless him! That is good news. Go on, Jim."

"Arthur Morris is alive," said Blake, without lifting his eyes.

"The local papers contained that news," observed John, carelessly. "What's the matter, old man? You're pale. Are you ill?"

"I've had news for you, John," he said, desperately. "I may as well tell you and be over with it: Miss Carden's engaged to be married!"

John's lip tightened and a red spot burned on his cheek.

"To whom?"

"To Arthur Morris, John."

John Burt sprang to his feet, hurling the chair backward with a crash. He strode forward, his eyes blazing with fury and his features convulsed with passion.

"It's a lie, Blake—it's a lie, and you know it's a lie!"

He towered above his astonished friend. His fingers were clenched and his lips twitched. Turning abruptly, he walked across the room with his hands pressed over his forehead. For a moment he stood silent, then abruptly turned to Blake with his hands outstretched.

"I beg your pardon, Jim! Forgive me, old man! I didn't know what I was saying. Forgive me, Jim, will you?"

"Certainly, John, but there's nothing to forgive," replied Blake heartily as he grasped his friends hands.

"IT'S A LIE, BLAKE—IT'S A LIE AND YOU KNOW IT'S A LIE!"

Perhaps it is a lie. Let us hope so, John."

For moments no word was spoken. John Burt stood by an opened window, with his back to his friend, and gazed out into the darkness.

"Tell me about it, Jim," he said, breaking the silence.

Blake related the details of his introduction to Arthur Morris and told of the night spent in the latter's apartment. He repeated the conversation as nearly as he could recall it.

John abruptly changed the subject and questioned Blake about his interview with Peter Burt, and smiled quietly woen he related his experience with the old man. He was not displeased that Blake had been forced to reveal his secret.

"I have anticipated his advice about going to New York," said John. "My plans are made, and if you are willing, we will make New York the future headquarters of James Blake & Company, with the San Francisco establishment a branch house. Think it over, Jim, and let me know your decision as soon as possible."

"I've thought it over," said Blake. "I'm ready to go to New York the minute you say so."

"Very well, we'll go this month," said John Burt.

It was long past midnight when Blake drove away and left John Burt to the harrowing society of his thoughts. For hours he sat before the portrait of Jessie Carden. He recalled the day when she had laughingly placed the cherished tintype in his hand. And now she was in Paris, by the grace and under the bounty of Arthur Morris—the one man in all the world he hated.

"It's a lie—an infamous, damnable lie!" he repeated as he paced up and down the room. "It is not so—it shall not be so!"

But the black clouds of doubt again obscured the rift made by vehement hope. What reason had he to doubt the statement made by Morris? Had not Morris wealth, influence, social standing? Was not Jessie under obligations to him?

And what of Jessie? What valid, lasting claim had he on Jessie Carden? A few words spoken under the stress of great excitement, a promise of her friendship and of her prayers—nothing more.

No word from him had come to her during long years. For all she knew he was dead. What right had he to expect that she should play the part of Penelope to a silent, untrothed Ulysses who reused to return from exile?

This suggested a train of bitter conjecture. Why had he not been content with a modest fortune? Why had he devoted years to the amassing of wealth which now mocked his love? Why had he despised the pretensions of Arthur Morris? Why had he failed to take steps to positively ascertain the result of Morris's wound?

The words of Peter Burt came back to him: "It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again!'" Had he fallen seven times? From the hour he left the old man's side until that night, no shade of disappointment had come into his life. Success had followed success and triumph had succeeded triumph. Every prophecy made by Peter Burt had been more than fulfilled.

As he recalled the past he remembered with keen joy the parting words of the old man: "You have the love of a woman I respect. She will wait for you. Do not let the impatience of your love imperil your chances."

The sense of coming victory stole over him as he stood before the portrait and repeated the words: "She will wait for you; she will wait for you." That which is not menaced; that which does not demand the danger and turmoil of a battle, is not worth struggling for.

* * * * * *

Four weeks later John Burt stood on a ferry boat and gazed for the first time on the matchless water front and the ragged but impressive skyline of New York city.

Blake had preceded him, and had installed the permanent headquarters of James Blake & Company. He met John as he stepped from the train. The two old friends greeted each other with unfeigned cordiality. Blake was in high spirits.

"I'm glad you're here, John," he said, as they were seated in a carriage. "I've been in an awful fix for a week or more. What in thunder is my opinion on the new currency bill, John? Ten reporters and a hundred nnanciers have asked me that question, and I have refused to commit myself. What shall I tell them, John?"

"We'll discuss that over dinner," laughed John. He gazed at Blake earnestly, and asked: "Do you know if Miss Carden has returned?"

"I have been unable to ascertain that," said Blake. "I haven't seen—anybody—anybody who would know. I've been awfully busy, John."

"I know you have," returned John in his old, cordial manner. "Have you secured a hut for me, Jim?"

"I have fitted up a dream of an apartment for you, and have ordered your favorite dinner."

The following day John Burt began his New York career.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Foreign Mission.

Before Morris had recovered from his wound Jessie Carden had left for Europe. During his convalescence he was consumed by two passions: First to arrest and punish John Burt, and second to see or hear from Jessie Carden. Yielding to his demands, the elder Morris spent thousands of dollars in a fruitless attempt to locate John Burt.

Morris had no difficulty in obtaining from General Carden the continental address of his daughter. She was studying in Berlin, and Arthur Morris wrote a long letter informing her of his complete recovery. He calmly ignored the events which led to the shooting, and seemed to have forgotten the rebuff he had received at her hands. The letter read as if their last meeting had been under the shadow of the maples on the Bishop lawn.

Morris waited a month for an answer to this letter and then wrote a second one, which was returned unopened. In a towering passion he went to his father and unbosomed the story of his treatment.

"You told me once that old Carden would go broke on L. & O.," he declared, pacing up and down the room. "I didn't pay much attention to what you said at the time, but I know all about it now. I've been looking over your books, governor. You've got him long on a rotten stock. Go ahead and squeeze him! You can do it. Put the screws to him! Then when he comes whining around for mercy we'll see what Miss Independence Jessie will do! I'll bet she'll answer my letters then! I'll make her pay for this some day. You've got to do something, governor!"

"If you think I'm going to run my banking and Wall Street business so as to promote your correspondence with a doll-faced girl, you——"

"She's not a doll-faced girl!" declared Morris, turning fiercely on his father.

"Well, she's a girl, and they're all alike," growled Randolph Morris. "The prettier they are the more trouble they raise. I thought you told me you wasn't going to marry her. You're an ass."

The old banker lay back wearily in his chair and regarded his son and heir with an expression of deep disgust.

"I'll marry her if I want to," said Morris, doggedly. "I suppose I've got to marry somebody and she's as good as any one. What the devil has old Carden's money got to do about it? When he loses it you get it, and when you die I get it, and if she marries me she quits even. It's the only chance she's got. Go ahead and squeeze him, governor!"

"You talk like a fool," said the fond parent. "You know a lot about stocks, don't you? I couldn't bear L. & O. now if I tried, and wouldn't if I could. I'm interested in other stocks besides L. & O. If you're bound to marryy, why don't you marry Thompson's daughter. He'll die in a year and leave her four millions."

"I don't want her," said Morris loftily. "You need not worry about my matrimonial alliances. Let me have five thousand dollars. I'm going to Europe."

Randolph Morris stormed and fumed and then wrote a check for the amount demanded.

Six weeks later Arthur Morris was in Berlin. He had perfected his plans, and after securing apartments in Leipziger Strasse set about their execution.

He was to shrewd to announce his arrival by a letter to Jessie, having good reason to suspect that it would meet the same reception as had the others. He retained a capable valet and commissioned him to obtain information concerning Miss Carden's daily and weekly routine.

It rained the following day and Morris' valet brought word that Miss Carden would not venture out in the storm. His master was pleased to learn that Miss Carden was in the habit of going out alone, and that if the weather permitted, she proposed to visit Count Raczynski's gallery on the morrow.

The famous Raczynski gallery is on the Exercierplatz, outside the Bradenburg gate, and contains a splendid collection of modern German paintings. The day dawned bright and warm after the storm, and Morris was in fine spirits when he stepped into his carriage and rode down the avenue. He entered the gallery and roamed through the halls to make sure Jessie had not arrived. He then stood near the entrance and waited.

His patience was rewarded. He recognized Jessie as she crossed the street. She was alone, and Morris stepped into the dark of the vestibule and followed when she entered the main hall. Jessie carried a sketch book under her arm, and took a seat opposite one of Schinkel's masterworks. Opening the book, she proceeded to work on an unfinished sketch.

(To be continued.)

Conan Doyle a Rapid Worker.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a remarkably quick worker, most of whose time seems to be given up to the healthy enjoyment of life. He seems, however, to be able economically, to combine work with play. For instance, one may see him engaged in a vigorous game of cricket or golf in the early afternoon, and the game may be followed by a brisk country walk with a friend. Returning from the walk the novelist will say to the friend: "We dine at eight o'clock; perhaps you would like to take a stroll round the garden before dressing, while I go upstairs," and he retires, presumably to enjoy a rest. After dinner he may make some such quiet remark as this to his friend: "By the way, a rather happy idea occurred to me during our walk this afternoon." Hereupon he gives the outline of a very ingenious plot. "What a capital idea for a short story," exclaims his friend. "So I thought," remarks the novelist. "Well, you will do it?" "Oh, I've done it," comes the author's calm reply. "I wrote the story while you were walking in the garden."

Carlyle's Sarcasm.

Carlyle once wrote to a neighbor of his in London: "We have the misfortune to be people of weak health in this house; bad sleepers in particular, and exceedingly sensible in the night hours to disturbances from sound. On your premises for some time past there is a cock, by no means particularly loud or discordant, whose crowing would of course be indifferent or insignificant to persons of sound health and nerves; but, alas, it often enough keeps us unwillingly awake here, and on the whole gives a degree of annoyance which, except to the unhealthy, is not easily conceivable. If you would have the goodness to remove that small animal or in any way render him inaudible from midnight to breakfast time such charity would work a notable relief to certain persons here and be thankfully acknowledged by them as an act of good neighborship."

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The advance sale of the Entirely New Cynic's Calendar shows a keen demand for this little volume of Revised Wisdom. The publishers, Messrs. Paul Elder and Company, report that the first printing of ten thousand copies was oversold at the first announcement and that a second printing of twenty thousand additional was ordered before publication day. The edition will soon be ready for distribution.

Prof. Starr expects to find a race of hitherto unknown white men in the mountains in China. It may be noted in passing that the professor has achieved a reputation for generally finding what he goes after.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

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