

A glass famine is reported. Great suffering among the goats and the ostriches.

Perhaps the farmers are buying automobiles so that they can scorch after the scorched.

An arena for bull fights is being built at Cannes. After the bulls are killed there, will they be canned?

At least that big South African diamond ought to be exhibited all over the world before it is cut up.

In Tibet when a pupil fails in his lessons they flog the teacher. Say! Isn't there some sense in that?

The Yaqui Indians of Mexico are doing their best to take their proper place among international problems.

A Louisville minister swallowed a steel drill and even the X-ray can't find a trace of it. What a digestion!

Prof. Craig says that civilization is over 9,000 years old. And mighty small for its age it sees sometimes, too.

We will soon know whether J. P. Morgan or "Pat" Sheedy will get that \$4,000,000 diamond just found near Pretoria.

"Is there any redeeming feature about a red nose?" asks the Denver Post. Well, as a danger signal to the bibulous it has its uses.

Americans eat more sugar than any other people on earth. It is no wonder, therefore, that they do the most scolding at the sugar trust.

King Edward has quit wearing a white vest. This will, of course, mean a dead loss of \$4 or \$5 to the American who has just bought one.

Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent English physician, thinks "genius is some sort of neurosis." Perhaps that accounts for its eccentricities.

The coast of Borneo has more mosquitoes to the square inch than any other place in the world. Doubtless this accounts for Borneo's crop of wild men.

The Springfield, Mass., Republican refers to Alfred Austin's sonnet on Shakespeare as "Alfred Austin's Best." Sounds like an advertisement of ham.

The Sultan of Turkey is trying to borrow money from German bankers. He must think the Germans have been too busy to read about Cassie Chadwick.

The young lady who wants to know "how a girl ought to salute the American flag" probably wouldn't displease the color-bearer if she should throw kisses at it.

The schedule of Mrs. Chadwick's debts indicates that most of her dupes have decided to "chuck the whole business" and mark it up to profit and loss.

Owing to circumstances over which he has no control, J. Pierpont Morgan will not be able to add the sun spot to his large and magnificent collection of curiosities.

If Mrs. Chadwick could only get to a bank, she could easily prove that a rich relative several years ago gave her the 3,022-carat diamond just discovered near Pretoria.

According to a Philadelphia tobaccoist, his best cigars are sold for \$5 apiece. They are not the kind that Gov. Pennypacker hands out to newspaper reporters when they call.

The naval cadets can't quite agree with the president that the fear of militarism is a baseless alarm when they remember that very few of the West Point football players quit school this year.

Lack of proper food or an insufficient amount of food may be one of the causes of truancy, but many a gray head can recall how he played hookey on a full and perfectly satisfied stomach.

A boy died in a New York school-room after being taunted on his failure to pass an examination. The doctor said the lad had a weak heart. And it may be added that his taunters had weak heads.

The four sovereigns of England, Austria, Germany and Italy draw \$13,000,000 per year in the way of salaries. That is to say four kings take the table stakes in Europe. Much the same way in this country.

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER ONE.

The Prophet's Prayer.

"Kneel, John. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray!"

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset.

The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the old man's scant white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested implacable tenacity of purpose, not halting at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane-swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, securely tucked into copper-toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock. "It's awful wet, granddad. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind

Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The old man arose and shook the water from his hair. The prophet had gone, the New England farmer stood in his place. The resonant voice which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed: "Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it."

John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Holding it high over his head, the old man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed-strewn and surf-lashed beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside him.

"You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

CHAPTER TWO.

Jessie Carden.

"I don't care to pick flowers! I want to stay right where I am. Let me stay and watch for one of those thingumbobs in the water. Please, Govie!"

Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone long. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!"

Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farm-house. So many things had



"KNEEL, JOHN! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, LAD. LET US PRAY!"

voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to heaven, and prayed to the God who rides on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its faint light went out as it clattered along the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency.

In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country. An ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at his side and left an impress years did not efface. Amid the crash of waters, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his dripping arms stretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming emancipation of the slaves, and exulted in the victory to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a tender plea for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the heir," the old man declared, "not of my worldly possessions, which are nothing in Thine eyes, but of those gifts and that power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John

happened that the memory of the Carden mansion in Boston had become a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker; and to them had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop-pole which had fallen from a passing wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie thrashed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole caught her cap, and it fell into the creek, where the tide swept it under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!" Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy or seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?" Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say? Boy, get me my cap!"

The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly. A large Newfoundland dog came

towards him, leaping in huge bounds. "Hey, Prince, go get it!" He pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy. Prince soon reached the cap, and, holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar, and after a struggle hauled him to solid ground. Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue in canine self-satisfaction.

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were welling in her eyes. With a little sigh of relief she noted that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a roguish glance addressed her unknown companion.

"What is your name?" she asked, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt."

"My name is Jessie Carden," said the young lady as she crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen, so neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things down there in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek. "Oh, how I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John Burt, as he climbed into the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with keen interest. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the floundering crab. The little beady eyes glittered, the claws clashed helplessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnarled the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it."

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

"The line kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. Be careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net and floundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Wasn't he big?"

"Go on; try again," said John good-naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

(To be continued.)

Japan's Population.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

PEPYS AT AN EXECUTION.

Punishment of Malefactors in England in Year 1663.

In the early days of public executions, it was no uncommon thing for the condemned man to be hanged on the scene of the crime, or even at his home. Mr. Pepys attended such a spectacle on Jan. 21, 1663, for we read the following entry in his diary:

"Up, and after sending my wife to my Aunt Wright's to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change, and, seeing people flock in the city, I inquired and found that Turner was not yet hanged; so I went among them to Leadenhall street, at the end of Lyme street, near where the robbery was done, and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got, for a shilling, to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done, he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely looking man he was, and kept his countenance to the end. I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12 or 14,000 people in the street."

Sanitary Sermons.

Once a year the archbishop of Tuam preaches a sermon on health and cleanliness. The national board of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has issued a sanitary sermon as a pamphlet which sells at a penny; it will, it is believed, do much good.

Cured Her Diabetes.

Halo, Ind., Feb. 27th.—(Special).—If what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease, as so many physicians say, then Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Disease. For Mrs. L. C. Bowers of this place has proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

"I had Diabetes," Mrs. Bowers says, "my teeth all became loose and part of them came out. I passed a great deal of water with such burning sensations I could hardly bear it. I lost about 40 pounds in weight. I used many medicines and doctored with two local doctors but never got any better till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me so completely that in three years I have had no return of the disease. I am a well woman now, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease. Cure your Backache with them and you will never have Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Rheumatism.

Heat from Alcohol.

Alcohol is one of the great heat producers, and if it might be manufactured and sold untaxed would be an available source of heat in steam plants. One pound of alcohol is as valuable as a pound of coal for fuel, and its burning for fuel is a much simpler process, involving the minimum of waste.

CUTICURA GROWS HAIR.

Scalp Cleared of Dandruff and Hair Restored by One Box of Cuticura and One Cake of Cuticura Soap.

A. W. Taft of Independence, Va., writing under date of Sept. 15, 1904, says: "I have had falling hair and dandruff for twelve years and could get nothing to help me. Finally I bought one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and they cleared my scalp of the dandruff and stopped the hair falling. Now my hair is growing as well as ever. I am highly pleased with Cuticura Soap as a toilet soap. (Signed) A. W. Taft, Independence, Va."

Irish Inscription.

In the old churchyard at Kilkeel, Ireland, is a tombstone with the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of Thomas Nichols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived he would have been buried here."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

To Clean Furs.

Furs can be cleaned by rubbing them with bran.

TEA

Did you ever lose any money on Schilling's Best anything?

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it.

First United States Mint. The first United States mint was established in 1792.