

# JOHN BURT

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## CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

General Carden applauded vigorously and demanded an encore. The trio sang several songs, and the old soldier lay back in his arm-chair and let his mind drift back to the hours when the one of whom Jessie was the image lifted her sweet voice in the ballads he loved to hear. At his request they sang "Douglas, Tender and True," "Robin Adair," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," and several old war songs.

Then Jessie proposed a rubber of whist, and in the cut she became the partner of James Blake. Jessie played well and they defeated the general and Edith.

"You don't know what a victory we have won!" declared Jessie, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Papa and Edith think themselves invincible, and this is their first defeat. Let's go to the conservatory. I want to show Mr. Blake those lovely bulbs I sent you from Holland, and leaving Edith and the general to follow, she escorted Blake to the great glass house, with its arched roof and wilderness of palms, ferns and flowers.

"I know this is not much of a treat to you," ventured Jessie. "I had forgotten that you have spent all of your life in California."

"But I have not spent all of my life in California," Blake said. "I lived in California only seven or eight years and had little chance to study flowers. What little knowledge I have of flowers dates back to my boyhood days in New England."

"New England? What part of New England, Mr. Blake?"

"Massachusetts," he answered proudly. "I was born in Boston, less than half a mile from where the tea was thrown overboard. My mother's name was Smith, so I'm a Yankee all over."

time the deceit was his own and not a sacrifice for another.

"Of course I knew John Burt," said Blake reflectively. "Dear old John; I owe him thirty-five dollars. When I ran away from home he gave me every dollar he had, and I've not seen him since. Did you say he had gone to California? Is that so? No, I never saw him there. And you know him? Really, Miss Carden, I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. Ah, here comes Mr. and Mrs. Bishop! I had no idea it was so late."

Mr. Thomas Bishop was introduced, and after a brief conversation, in which Jessie acquainted her uncle with the fact that their guest was formerly from Rocky Woods, Blake excused himself. He accepted an invitation to call again.

"Then we will continue our recollections of Rocky Woods, Miss Carden," he said on leaving.

Instructing his coachman to drive to his apartments, James Blake closed his eyes and attempted to calmly review what had happened. He found it impossible. One emotion held mastery over him—he was in love, madly and defiantly in love with Jessie Carden. He thought of Arthur Morris and hated him. He thought of John Burt and pitied him. Neither should stand in his way.

Could she be engaged to Arthur Morris? Now that he had met Jessie Carden he found himself unconsciously repeating John Burt's indignant declaration: "It is a lie; an infamous lie!" If an engagement did exist, it should be as a barrier to his own progress. But she did not, she could not love Arthur Morris.

Did John Burt love her? Did she love John Burt?

These were the stinging, burning questions which seared his brain, but the clamor of his conscience was

Blake arrived at his office at an unusually early hour on the morning following his introduction to Jessie Carden. He had spent a miserable night. No sleep came to his blood-shot eyes, and for hours he restlessly paced the floor.

"I love her; my God, how I love her, but I also love John!" he exclaimed again and again, as the night hours crawled slowly away. "What shall I do; what can I do? I cannot give her up. By God, I'll not give her up for any man; not even for John Burt! Would John surrender the woman he loved for me? What am I to do? I must decide before I see him. If I tell John she is in New York he will see her inside of twenty-four hours. That will be the end of my hopes. She shall love me! She must love me! I cannot live without her! Oh, why did I ever see her!"

In this unequal contest between loyalty and passion in a weak and self-indulgent nature, passion won the battle, but at a frightful sacrifice. His judgment warned him that he was doomed to defeat, but with the frenzied desperation of a gambler he staked everything—honor, friendship, loyalty, his business career—all on the turn of a card, and dared to meet John Burt with treachery in his heart and a lie on his lips.

Blake knew that John Burt was in his private office, but for the first time in his life he hesitated to enter it. Prosperity had erected no wall of formality between these two. From the day they fought their boyish battle, on the edge of the fishing pool, they had called each other "John" and "Jim." In tacitly accepting John Burt's leadership, Blake recognized in his companion those traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands. By a display of tact which amounted to genius, John Burt had aided James Blake without patronizing him, and had forgiven his repeated mistakes without offending him.

Blake strolled slowly through the connecting offices and entered the large room reserved for customers. Those who knew the famous operator bowed respectfully. Blake gazed absent-mindedly at a bulletin board containing the early London and Paris quotations. He read them, but they had no meaning. He was thoroughly, abjectly miserable.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked a smooth-cheeked and dapper young man, who had embarked on his first speculative venture by riding the major part of his quarterly allowance.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed his companion. "I should have introduced you. That's James Blake—the famous and only James Blake. Five years ago he didn't have a dollar. Twenty millions in five years is his record? And it hasn't enlarged his hat in the least. He tells a good story, sings a good song, and no man in the club can drink him under the table."

(To be continued.)

## NEVER SEE HEARSE AT NIGHT.

### New York Undertaker Explains Why They Are Not Sent Out.

"Nobody gives us fellows credit for having a large bump of sensitiveness," said a west side undertaker, "but the fact is, we go to a good deal of trouble to safeguard the feelings of the general public. For one thing, we try never to keep our hearses in the street after dark."

"Of course, in the case of afternoon funerals and long distances we cannot avoid getting home late, but even so, we make it a point to get under cover as soon as possible after night-fall. And we do that absolutely out of consideration for the public. By nine people out of ten the sight of a hearse on the street at night is taken as a sure sign of impending death and disaster."

"Even in the daytime a hearse is a gloomy affair, but to run up against one at night is pretty sure to give the most jovial fellow alive a depressing turn. I know how it is myself. Accustomed as I am to handling hearses, I don't like to bump into one unexpectedly at a dark corner."

"Most men in the business feel the same way, therefore we strive to be considerate. That we succeed remarkably well is apparent to anybody who will take the trouble to count the hearses he has seen out at night. These are so few that I'll wager the most confirmed gababout cannot recall more than three or four of them."—New York Times.

### John Wesley's Ideas on "Ailing."

It is pretty generally known that John Wesley, during his unparalleled apostolate of half a century, traveled 250,000 miles and preached 40,000 sermons, but comparatively few are aware of the prodigious amount of literary work he managed to accomplish.

His most curious and eccentric book was entitled "Primitive Physic; or, An Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases." It was published in London by Barr & Co. in the year 1743.

The preface is characteristic of the author. "When man came first out of the hands of the Creator there was no place for physic or the art of healing. But when man rebelled against the Sovereign of heaven and earth the incorruptible frame put on corruption, and the immortal put on immortality."

### Turks Tax the Greeks.

The Porte having issued orders for the collection of license taxes from Greeks in the Turkish dominions, it is feared at Athens that there will be fresh trouble, especially at Smyrna.

### Irish Parliamentary Fund.

The Irish parliamentary fund for the year 1906 amounted to \$62,045.



### Girl's Suspender Costume.

That the simpler the frock the more smartly the child is dressed has become an established fact, but no one of the many charming designs its recognition has called forth is more attractive than this suspender model worn with a spencer waist. As illustrated the dress is made of checked linen, blue and white, with trimming of cotton braid and the waist of white batiste, the collar and cuffs embroidered by hand, but there are many other materials equally suitable. For play time washable fabrics are best of all, but for occasions of less danger to the dress poncee, challie and the like are much used.

The costume consists of waist and dress. The waist is made with front and backs and is simply full with



wide bishop sleeves. The dress combines a straight gathered skirt with snapped suspenders both being attached to a shaped belt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 3 yards 21 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 32 inches wide or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for gumpie and 16 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

### The Up-to-Date Bathing Costume.

The bathing costume has in these days of extravagance achieved rare attractiveness. It is no longer the unsightly garment of heavy blue flannel with several rows of white braid as its only trimming, but is fashioned from mohair that is almost as lustrous and fine as silk, or of fine serge and chevot. Even the bathing costume of silk or satin is no longer a novelty. These silky bathing dresses with braid trimmings or bands of contrasting color, are very attractive, and points in their favor are that they readily shed the water and dry quickly. Black or dark blue is the choice of the conservative taste, but brown and dark red are seen, and the white bathing costume, trimmed with either white or a color is fashionable. Bathing shoes and stockings, the latter matching the color of the costume, are included in the outfit, and the oil silk cap, with its covering of bright-hued silk, or even a cotton bandana, is not only an attractive conceit, but a thoroughly practical one as well.—From an article on Outing Styles in the July Delineator.

### Effective White Costume.

Nothing after all looks so pretty and fresh on a young girl as a white frock, even though white is not favored by Dame Fashion for grown-ups. White belongs to youth and sets it off as no color can.

The simple little frock in our sketch is of dotted Swiss, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. A deep flounce with a heading an inch and a half deep finishes the skirt, and a simple ruffle encircles the blouse waist, forming a berth.

Alternate rows of gathering and insertion fit the shoulders snugly, giving the long shouldered effect so much used nowadays.

Figured lawn is prettily made up into a gown for the little girl of 5 or 6 years. Hemstitched white linen is used for the deep collar, cuffs and belt.

### My Lady's China.

In Holland the good old custom still obtains among housewives of washing the china and silver after breakfast and tea with their own fair hands. This they do in the presence of the family and any guests who may be there, and the fashion has lately been revived in some American houses, partly because it gives a touch of homely simplicity and partly because a lady's gentle handling is needed if the delicate china and glass are to be preserved for any length of time.

### New Pique and Linen Collar.

The girl who clings to tailored effects even in summer will be pleased with some new pique and linen turnover collars fresh from English shops. They are as deep as the ordinary linen collar and open in front. At intervals, around the entire collar and about midway between its two edges, are slits or broad eyelets, finished in buttonhole stitching. Through these slits a Windsor tie to match the cos-

tume, or for wear with white linen gowns a black or red tie is run and fastened in a big bow in the front.

### Shirtwaist Hats.

A favorite millinery shape for shirtwaist wear is still the big circular hat, somewhat on the exaggerated sailor shape, with flat brim and round crown of average height. For wear with the shirtwaist suit of taffeta a hat of this shape in fine white chip braid, with a broad ruche or box plaiting of taffeta to match the gown around the crown, is distinctly modish. Indeed, no matter what the dress, a pleated ruche of its fabric makes the smartest adornment just now for the shirtwaist hat.

### Fashionable Collars.

The very newest turn-over collar shows the tendency of all things in dress to be dainty and feminine this season. In place of a linen turnover the bewitching summer girl wears a turn-over collar of accordion-plaited white mull edged with a narrow band of butter-color lace. Narrow accordion-plaited cuffs of the same material give the finishing soft touch to the sleeves of her frock. The frills turn back over the sleeve, not falling over the hand.—July Woman's Home Companion.

### Coffee Ice Cream.

A novel coffee cream is much enjoyed by those who like the flavor. To make it, scald one cup of strong coffee with one and one-half cups of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, and when slightly thickened, remove from the fire and cool. Add one pint of cream, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, and freeze. Serve with an orange syrup for a sauce, with candied orange peel shredded in it. The orange syrup may be procured at a good soda fountain.

### Fried Cucumbers.

Peel three good-sized cucumbers, slice them half an inch thick and lay in cold salted water for an hour, then remove and dry on a towel. Place a large frying pan containing lard drippings half an inch deep over the fire. When the fat begins to smoke put in the cucumber slices—just enough of them to cover the bottom of the pan, dust with pepper and fry quickly on both sides. Serve when quite hot. These are delicious with toast.

### Modifying Electric Light Glare.

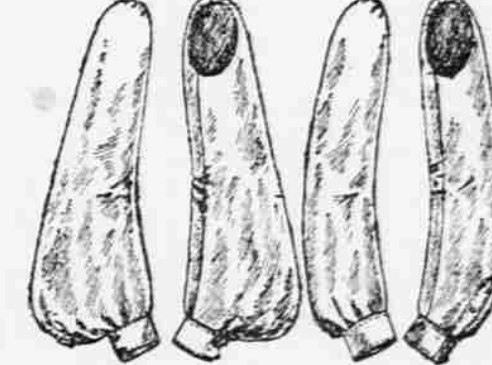
The old objection to electric lights in the living room, because of their injury to the eyesight, has been entirely removed by the invention of a peculiar opaque shade, which throws the light down, instead of radiating it in every direction. These electrolites for reading purposes come in a variety of shapes, and are especially pretty when finished with bead or glass fringe.

### Ingenuous Luncheon Place Cards.

Some place cards at a recent luncheon contained each a conundrum and a small pen-and-ink sketch. The picture gave a hint of the answer to the conundrum. One card, for instance, had on it the picture of a cake and the question "Why is the letter K like flour?" The answer was "Because you cannot make cake without it." Any riddle book will furnish the questions, and a little thinking will suggest subjects for the sketches.

### Shirt Waist Sleeves.

Shirt waist sleeves vary from season to season as do those of waists of more elaborate sorts, and often, if they can be made up to date the entire waist seems new and fresh. These very excellent models include the two favorite ones of the season, the bishop with full puffs at the wrists and the plain one in shirt style. Both are finished with straight cuffs and both



sleeves are opened at the back.

Each sleeve is made in one piece and each is gathered at both upper and lower edges. The opening in the bishop model is simply under faced but that in the short sleeve is finished with an overlap in regulation style.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for bishop sleeves, 1 3/4 yards 21 or 36 inches wide or 3/4 yards 44 inches wide; for plain sleeves, 1 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 3/4 yards 36 inches wide or 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

### Saving Scorched Preserves.

An old housekeeper who has been the victim in her day of almost every kind of accident that can happen to a housekeeper says that whenever a kettle of jam or preserves is scorched set it immediately in a pan of cold water to restore the flavor.



### Refused to Listen.

"Pardon me, sir," began the feminine victim of hard luck, who was forced to solicit alms, as she approached the crusty old bachelor's desk, "but I am a poor lone widow, and—"

"You may as well break it off right there," interrupted the heartless o. b. "I can't use any leap-year proposals in my business."

### No, He Wasn't Henpecked.



Mr. Scrapper—Maria, I—I—Mrs. Scrapper—Take that, you brute, and don't let me ever hear you say that you are henpecked again.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A Different Kind.

Johnny—What does conscience mean? Teacher—It is something inside of you that tells you when you have done wrong.

Johnny—Ma said I didn't have no conscience. But I know I had. Only, when I felt that way the other day, doctor said it was green apples.—Brooklyn Life.

### One Man's Grief.

Smithkins—I met Enpeck downtown to-day. He told me his wife had left him last week.

Mrs. Smithkins—Poor man! I suppose he's all broke up over it, isn't he?

Smithkins—I guess so. When I congratulated him he insisted on opening a small bottle.

### Cause and Effect.

Wife—John, do you know that you swore in your sleep last night?

Husband—Did I? It must have been when I had that horrid dream.

Wife—What did you dream? Husband—I dreamt I was smoking one of those cigars you gave me on my birthday.

### His Method.

"Don't you know that it doesn't do the least good to apply abusive epithets to a political opponent?"

"Of course," answered Senator Sorough, "it doesn't do any good. But it assures your constituents that you are trying to do something to earn your salary."—Washington Star.

### She Was O. K.



Mr. Knox (3 a. m.)—My dearsh-hic-don't be hic-cross. I've had a hard tug of it.

Mrs. Knox—I should think it would be a hard tug to carry the load you've got.

### Too Sanguine.

Edna—And after our marriage I am going to keep a cook.

Belle—You are too reckless, my dear.

Edna—Reckless? Belle—Yes. You should say you are going to try to keep a cook.

### Practice Makes Perfect.

Shoe Clerk—I'm afraid you can't get these shoes on, madam. Suppose you try a size larger.

Mrs. O'Riley—Never do yer mind, young man. O'll be able t' git thim on after O' wear thim a tolm or two.

### Plausible Theory.

Myer—Who was it that originated the saying "the unexpected always happens?"

Gyer—Don't know. Some fellow connected with the weather bureau, I imagine.

### Reason Why.

"But you Americans," protested the Englishman, "have no ancestors to whom you can point with pride."

"Well, that is our misfortune rather than our fault," replied the American girl. "Most of our ancestors came from England, you know."



WITH OLD SCHOOL DIGNITY GENERAL CARDEN PRESENTED JAMES BLAKE.

"So am I," laughed Jessie. "John Hancock once lived in the house where I was born, and Samuel Adams was there many, many times. I'm as much of a Hancock as Edith, though she won't admit it. Don't you like Boston better than San Francisco, Mr. Blake?"

"Really, I remember very little of Boston," replied Blake. "When I was a small boy we moved to Quincy, and from there to a farm near Hingham. That part of my New England life most vivid in my memory clusters round the old farm in Rocky Woods."

"Did you live in Rocky Woods?" The dark eyes opened wide and Jessie looked wondrously into Blake's face.

"Why, yes, I lived there for several years. Do you mean to tell me that you ever heard of that desolate patch of rocks, pines, stone fences, huckleberry swamps and cranberry marshes?"

"Certainly I have. Uncle Tom—Mr. Bishop—lived there for a generation, and spends the summers there now. I have often been there. Isn't it strange, Mr. Blake, that both of us are familiar with that out-of-the-way country? Where was your father's farm?"

"It was then known as the old Leonard farm. Do you know where Peter Burt lived—Peter Burt, the old crazy man who used to pray at night from the top of the big rock?"

"Yes," said Jessie softly, with a little catch at her breath as the blood mounted to her cheeks.

James Blake watched her face intently. Both were thinking of John Burt, but with what different emotions! Since the sun had set, a gulf had opened between John Burt and James Blake.

And Jessie Carden? Intuitively she felt that James Blake knew John Burt. In a flash it occurred to her that Blake's business with her father was a subterfuge. Was he the bearer of tidings from John Burt? Perhaps John was dead? If alive, why did he not come himself?

"And you knew John Burt! I remember now that he often spoke of you. He always called you 'Jim' and rarely mentioned your last name. And you ran away from home. Did you ever meet John Burt in California, Mr. Blake?"

James Blake was not deceived by the careless tone in which she asked this question. With grim joy he reflected that John's injunction for secrecy was still in force. He must either mislead Jessie Carden or prove false to his friend; but for the first

drowned in the louder din of his passion. He had not yet reached a point where, with calm selfishness he could voice the brutal aphorism of moral and physical desperadoes: "All is fair in love and war." He was eager to clear himself of self-accused disloyalty to John Burt, and he clutched at any defense which would serve as possible justification or extenuation.

John Burt was his friend, the founder of his fortunes; the loyal, trustful comrade to whom he owed all he was or could hope to be. Blake knew this, and yet, with the truth confronting him and pleading for justice, the sophistical arguments and evasions of the vaulting passion came readily to his lips.

"How do I know John loves her?" he pleaded. "He has not told me so. He has sent her no word. He could have done so easy enough. She does not know if he be dead or alive. Is that the way for a lover to act? If John has lost her it is his own fault. Perhaps he gave her up long ago. Honestly, I believe his hate for Morris is more to him than his affection for Jessie Carden."

Thus quibbled James Blake. Awakened love loosens a million eloquent tongues to plead for self, and palsies the voice which should speak for others. The love of a man for a woman is the sublimation of his egoism; his unconscious exaltation of desire.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Unreasoning Passion.

In all the vast world only two persons knew that such a man as John Burt lived—James Blake and Peter Burt.

John Burt owned stock in thousands of miles of railroads. He was an investor in other great enterprises and activities. An army of men worked under his direction, and the stock market rose and fell at the pressure of his unseen hand. For years he had rebelled at the fate which had made him a recluse, which denied him the fellowship and confidence of his peers. He felt a keen joy over the knowledge that the day was approaching when he could assume his true place in the world of vast affairs.

But of earth's countless millions there was one above all others to whom he wished to tell his secret. He impatiently awaited the time when he could look into Jessie Carden's face and read the verdict in her eyes. Were years of patient waiting and working to be rewarded or unrequited?