

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

## CHAPTER TWO—Continued.

Prince growled. John looked up the road.

"There's someone coming," he said. Jessie turned and saw Miss Malden approaching. She looked at her muddy feet, her bedraggled hat and her splattered blouse and skirt.

"I'll get an awful scolding," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. Then for the first time she scrutinized John Burt. She noted that he was well dressed; that he was not barefooted, like most farmer boys, and that he was handsome and self-possessed.

"Do you belong to the raffraff?" asked Jessie, lowering her voice so that the approaching governess should not hear her.

"Never heard of it," replied John Burt in a puzzled smile. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "but my papa don't allow me to associate with the raffraff, and I forgot until just now to ask you if you are a raffraff."

A look of pain came to the honest face of the boy. Before he could speak Jessie turned to meet Miss Malden.

"Why, Jessie Carden, what have you been doing?" With a cry of dismay the governess dropped an armful of flowers and surveyed the wreck of the sailor suit.

Jessie looked penitent indeed as she gazed at the muddy shoes and the torn stockings; but contrition is a feeble flame in the heart of a child.

"Never mind the old clothes, Govie," she said. "Watch me catch a crab! I can do it just splendid!"

"Jessie, lay that pole down and come away with me," said Miss Malden sternly. "How dare you play with a strange boy! What would your father say? Come with me at



"DO YOU BELONG TO THE RAFFRAFF?"

once!" She gathered up the flowers and took Jessie by the hand.

"Good-by, e, Prince! Good-by, John Burt!" Jessie waved her hand gaily at her fishing companion as Miss Malden turned into the path leading through the woods.

"He was real nice, and you're awful good, Govie, not to scold him!" were the words that reached John Burt as he carried his basket of crabs to the wagon.

## CHAPTER THREE.

### John Burt's Boyhood.

For two hundred years the Burt house had withstood the blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer. Time had worked upon the rough exterior until it seemed like a huge rectangular rock, weather-worn and storm beaten. The small plateau on which it stood sloped northward to the sea. Rugged rocks to the west stood as a wall, frowning at the quiet beauties of salt marsh and cedar swamp below. To the south were patches of meadow wrested from wood and rock by generations of toil. Through this fairer section a brook wandered between banks festooned with watercress. Old settlers knew the locality by the name of Rocky Woods.

When Hezekiah Burt died, Peter Burt inherited the hold homestead in Rocky Woods. He was a young giant with the shoulders of a Hercules. At the age of thirty he took to wife the fairest maiden of the surrounding country, and to them a son was born and christened Robert Burns Burt. A year later the mother sickened and died. The grief of Peter Burt was terrible as his strength. For a year he remained a prisoner in his house; then returned to work, and for two years labored with the energy of a demon. His second marriage followed. He led to the altar the daughter of a poor farmer, and of this prosaic union seven children were born.

After fifteen years of work and sorrow the patient wife folded her tired hands closed her weary eyes and sank into that sleep which awakens not to toil. If Peter Burt loved his second wife, he never told her so. If he loved her children, his expression of affection took a peculiar form. He made no secret of his favoritism for Robert Burns Burt, the only child of his first wife.

Robert was a boy of twelve when any father would be proud. At whom he was sent to school in Hingham. At nineteen he entered Harvard, graduating in four years with honors. After two more years devoted to a law

course, he began practice in Boston, and his success was instantaneous.

For ten years after the death of his wife, Peter Burt conducted the farm of his forefathers. One after another of his sons and daughters, as they became of age, left the old home, never to return. One night after supper Peter Burt informed the remaining children that he was going to sea. He had bought an interest in a whaling vessel, and would sail from New Bedford in a week. To Sarah—the eldest of the children—he gave three hundred dollars, together with instructions concerning the management of the farm. He did not know how long he would be gone—it might be a year or it might be five. With some tenderness he kissed the weeping orphans, and tramped down the road in the direction of Hingham.

Five years later the Segregansett dropped anchor at New Bedford. None of the crew that went on with her returned. Peter Burt sold the cargo, paid off his men, disposed of his interest in the ship, and on the following day walked into the Burt farmhouse. He was greeted affectionately by his son Joseph, who for a year had lived alone in the old house. A week later the boy was sent to school in Boston, and Peter Burt began his solitary occupancy of the ancestral home.

Shortly before Peter Burt's return, Robert had married, and the old man was delighted when the young couple made a visit to the old farm. The following year John Burt was born, and Peter Burt journeyed to Boston to witness the christening.

Two years later Robert Burns Burt and his wife were instantly killed in a railroad accident. The train crashed through a bridge. It was winter, and bitterly cold. Of the fifteen passengers in the car occupied by Robert

Burt, but one escaped. A child, two years old, was found warmly wrapped in its traveling blanket, uninjured, on a cake of ice, a few minutes after the car plunged beneath the water. It was John Burt.

In the opinion of his neighbors, Peter Burt was crazy from the hour the news came to him. Strange stories were whispered concerning Captain Burt, as he was then called. Belated travelers along the lonely road saw lights burning through all hours of the night. They heard the old man talking or praying in a loud voice.

Upon the death of Robert, Peter Burt went to Boston and buried his dead. With tearless eyes he saw the pride of his old age lowered into the grave. Robert Burns Burt was a careful lawyer, and his will covered every contingency. It appointed his father executor of his small estate, and entrusted him with the care of his son. Peter Burt placed the boy in the keeping of a competent nurse, and returned to his farm.

Save for the occasional smoke from the chimney, there was no sign that Peter Burt existed throughout the three months that followed. His son Joseph called at the house, but was not admitted.

At the end of this period the old man emerged and was seen in Hingham. For the first time in years he spoke to his neighbors, who noticed that his hair was as driven snow, and that his face shone with a strange light. In the calm manner of one controlled by an unalterable conviction, he stated that he had made his peace with God, and was inspired by Him. He had received the gift of prophecy and of understanding.

When John Burt was seven years old his grandfather brought him to the old farmhouse. With the boy came his nurse and her husband, William Jasper, the latter charged with the duties of hired man. Thus John Burt began his life on the farm.

When John had mastered his letters and primer he was sent to school in Hingham, taking the regular course for five years. Then a private tutor came from Boston. Five days in the week the boy studied under this young man's direction, and made rapid progress. With his stern old face lighted with joy and pride, Peter Burt would listen to the recitations.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

### James Blake.

John Burt was fourteen years old when he first met James Blake. The

elder Blake had purchased the old Leonard farm, and so had become the nearest neighbor of Peter Burt. There were several children in the Blake family, but this narrative has concern only with James, the eldest, a boy of John Burt's age.

The two farms were separated by a creek, which, at a place called the Willows, widened to a pool, famed as a fishing and swimming place. One June morning John was seated on a log spanning the narrow neck of this reach of water. He had landed a bass, when the cracking of twigs and the swaying of the underbrush on the farther side of the creek attracted his attention.

A moment later a boy emerged from the thicket. He surveyed John with an expression more of contempt than of surprise. The newcomer was a tall, well-formed lad, straight as an arrow, quick and graceful in his movements. He also carried a rod, which he rested against the log; and for a few seconds he calmly gazed at John Burt.

"Hello!" answered John Burt. "Fishing?"

"No; swimming," replied John. "Think you're smart, don't ye?" responded the strange boy as he baited his hook. "Crazy Burt's boy, ain't ye? No objection to my fishin', have you?"

There was a taunting sarcasm in his voice, and defiance in his air. Without waiting for reply he cast his line into the water.

"You can fish as long as you please on your own side of the creek," said John sullenly. For half an hour no word was spoken. John caught four bass during that time, while Jim hooked only eel grass. Then he cast his line across the pool, dropping it a few feet from John's line.

John Burt's face flushed angrily. "Keep on your own side!" he commanded.

"I'll fish where I darn please! This isn't your creek!" retorted Jim Blake with a defiant grin. "If it is, what are you going to do about it?"

As he spoke John brought his hook near the surface, and by a sudden twist "snagged" Jim Blake's line. With a jerk he whipped the rod from his opponent's hand. Young Blake was furious. John calmly towed the rod across the pool, unsnarled the lines, and threw the rod on the bank. Obeying a boy's first instinct, Jim looked for a stone, but found none. Then he jumped for the log. Dropping his rod, John Burt also sprang forward, and they met in the center of the bridge.

(To be continued.)

### Spool Building.

There is nothing more interesting for an ingenious boy or girl. Given a lot of spools and a ball of florists' wire, so much can be done that it is impossible to give a detailed description. To collect spools is a much easier job than the old-fashioned practice of collecting buttons. Old buttons are sometimes valuable in piecing out a set, but empty spools are usually thrown away. A person of enterprise can always collect them, and the smallest and most insignificant is not to be despised. A coming architect can plan a house, and the builder of a suspension bridge can string his spools securely on wire and produce a complete and steady structure. Strong little laborers may be made of them, if there is solid wood for the table part; the spools may be used for the legs and supports. A trash basket may be made of them, strung one on top of the other, with a wooden bottom, and lined with gay cretonne. The smaller spools make pretty picture frames, especially if painted white or green. They may be used in a hundred ornamental ways, they may be collected from a dozen different sources, and they are sure to provide amusement for innumerable rainy days.

### A Luxurious Bed.

An Indian potentate recently ordered from Paris a bed which will rival the rajah's bed in the Arabian Nights. It is of satinwood, richly carved, and ornamented with silver plates in repousse work, adorned with bouquets of roses, pink and corn, the rajah's coat of arms being placed at the head. At each corner stands a statue of a girl one French, one Greek, one Spanish and one Italian. Each is tinted according to the complexion of her race, and wears a suitable headdress, either black, blond, chestnut or auburn.

These maidens have movable eyes, and their only ornament is a gold bracelet round one arm, which waves over the sleeper's head either a fan or a yak's tail fly flapper. The further enjoyment is heightened by an ingenious arrangement in the mattress, which, as soon as any one lies down, plays a selection of Gounod's airs.—Ohio State Journal.

### Steepest of Mountains.

Mount McKinley is known to be the steepest of all the great mountains of the world, and it is unlike most other great peaks from the fact that arctic conditions begin at its very base. The prospective conqueror of this immense uplift must pick his path over broken stones, icy slopes, sharp cliffs and an average slope of 45 degrees for at least 14,000 feet.

### Dogs That Smoke Pipes.

These two dogs, Dewey and Ruth, are the pets of a Minneapolis man. Their skill at balancing pipes between their teeth is but one of the many clever tricks they have learned. In justice it should be said that the pipes are never lighted, but the dogs enjoy them, all the same, and anybody who tries to interfere with the after-dinner smoke must watch for a fight.

## An Easter Hymn.

Awake, thou wintry earth—  
Fling off thy sadness.  
Pale vernal flowers, laugh forth  
Your ancient gladness.  
Christ is risen!

Wave, winds, your blossoms all—  
Greet death's dead!  
Ye weeping funeral trees,  
Lift up your heads!  
Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green!  
It is light; let's go!  
Where our loved ones rest  
In hope below!  
Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new!  
Full of spring and light!  
Wintry heart, why wearst the hue  
Of sleep and night?  
Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,  
Leave thy worldly loves;  
Begin the better life  
With God above!  
Christ is risen!

—Thomas Blackburn.



## Agnes' Easter Offering

We were a large family. Everybody in Washington boarded in those days. I think, except the President, the Cabinet and our foreign ministers, who felt it necessary and possible "to keep up establishments."

Our landlady, Mrs. Robert Livingston, was the widow of "Robert of Linnithgow," the fine old English Livingstons who, as knights, followed William of Normandy across the Channel, and in 1674 founded estates in our country. A direct descendant from chancellors and barons! Stately old New York aristocrats, we called our landlady's little daughter, "Lady Agnes." When she honored us with a cup of tea from Great-Grandfather Livingston's silver teapot, an inheritance from Robert the First and stamped with the family crest, we called her "Our Lady of the Manor House."

But that was long ago.

In those distressing days of civil war everybody came to the capital. Her old home on the Hudson sold, her property gone, Mrs. Livingston was persuaded by New York friends to come to Washington, take a large house and make a home for them. Senators and members, attaches and clerks, easily found delightful rooms for the winter. Families came to enjoy the mild air and the roses and jasmine as they bloomed over our windows.

Thus we were a large family, and a merry one.

"Lady Agnes" was twenty-two, and engaged to Major Wood, whose New York regiment had for two years been in the thick of the fight, but was now for a few months stationed at Fairfax Court House, Virginia.

Next Sunday would be Easter! Already our children had packed their baskets with dozens of eggs, blue, scarlet and gold, for the egg-rolling on the president's grounds Easter Monday.

And we were to have a wedding in our family! On Easter Sunday! Lady Agnes and the Major were to make a home for some months in Virginia. With right royal good will we were to make this wedding the gladdest and gayest of all times. After years of peril, separation and anxiety, the good had come, and what so beautiful as Easter Sunday.

Saturday our big house was a floral garden. Senators and members supplied roses, lilies and jasmine from the Congressional gardens. Palms, azaleas and pale acacias from the great palm houses. Boys and girls searched over April Rock Creek woods for wild flowers and the little scarlet partridge berries adorned our tables.



Lady Agnes.

Nothing could be too beautiful for Lady Agnes. The ceremony was to be at the close of the vesper service in old St. John's church. Already the chancel was stately with palms and lilies, while against the soft gray wall and over the open Bible hung a large white cross of lilies and white violets. Only a few touches remained for tomorrow.

"Lady Agnes and our Major forever!" sang the young people as we sat in the bright young Saturday evening. Never a gladder, merrier evening together.

"A telegram for Major Wood."

"Oh, that's nothing. Another box of flowers," laughed the girls. "The

whole regiment will be sending Agnes telegrams yet to-night."

"What did you say?"

No voice could have spoken another word after looking into the blanched face of the Major as he quietly read aloud from a slip of paper:

"Be ready to march southward at 9 to-morrow morning. Report at F. C. House.

"GENERAL—, in Command."

As Agnes looked into his eyes a great wave of color swept over her face, then went back, leaving it white as snow; hopeless pain whitened her lips as she folded both small hands over his arm and said:

"Come—we will talk—it—over."

The silence of death fell upon us as we listened to their steps on the stairs and the door was shut.

Then we all talked at once, like the uproar of a battle or the turn of the tide in a storm.

"They must be married. We'll have the wedding now or at daylight."

"Just see our gorgeous decorations!"

"Darling little Agnes! It will break her heart!"

"Horrid old war!"

"Yes, yes," said Senator W., "we must not postpone the marriage—and off to the war! Oh, God!"

The Major went to a telegraph office. Agnes begged to be alone, "just a few moments—to think."

We sat about in idle groups. The clock struck eleven. Members from a late session strolled in, "just to see if everything was quite ready."

"Sit down, boys! The speaker will now call the house to order!"

"Oh, here comes the bride!" "No, father," said Dolly, "no bride! Dread-



Quietly read aloud.

ful! I'm just going to throw my beautiful Easter hat into the fire. No wedding! Such a waste of lovely things, too!"

Dolly's father remarked dryly: "Daughter, suppose you put your hat in the missionary box to-morrow?"

"What shall we do to-morrow? It'll take us all day to comfort Agnes," said Tom.

"No, it won't, Tom," a clear, sweet voice said. "You are all cordially invited to be present at the marriage of—of—" "Hear! hear!" shouts and cheers filled the room, and the "invitation" was never finished.

"Good! Hurrah for old Bob Livingston and his plucky little ancestor," irreverently spoke the member from Illinois.

"Now, that's just right sensible, too." One old Senator forgot all circumspection and lifted Lady Agnes off the carpet and kissed her four times.

At daylight we were dressed in our Sunday best. Even Dolly's hat was beautiful by the early dawn. We gathered at the stairway to greet the fair, sweet bride, in her white bridal gown with lilies fastening her long veil and Easter lilies in her hands. For a moment we choked and looked and felt like a lot of creeping children, as the big, handsome lover held her in his arms, so still—so long—with the pretty head on his breast, and her soft veil over him, and kissed her reverently and put her in the carriage without a word.

Slowly we walked up the aisle to the delicious, tender music of the organ notes. The birds sang outside the open windows; the sun rose up from the east as if

The clouds of night were broken,  
Let joyful anthems swell.  
The Major looked as though his story of pain and separation, the perils of battle, the terrors of death, must be told in the one grand Easter prayer to-day, with his darling kneeling close beside him, with the stone of the sepulcher "rolled away" by angels!

He is risen, wondrous story!  
Christ our dear Lord is risen to-day.  
The light of victory shone in their faces. Unto Him did they commit their lives as they responded to the beautiful marriage service.

Agnes rested her long-stemmed lilies across their clasped hands. She bent lower her bright head with a grace beyond her knowledge and seemed the loveliest Easter flower of all. The sunshine fell across her hair through the stained window, and the beautiful face of the Master, with John leaning on His breast at the supper, as it looked down from the wonderful painting, gleamed with light.

Agnes smiled at the white cross and the sweet violets, then knelt in prayer, serene and strong. Their words fell soft and clear, and their greetings were full of joy to us.

We followed them down the aisle and out of the church, an impromptu choir, all singing Agnes' own song:

Bright Easter skies!  
Fair Easter skies!  
Our Lord is risen!  
We too—shall rise,  
Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet  
And strew the path of Jesus' feet.

—Margaret Spencer in Chicago American.

The life that does no good is guilty of much harm.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## We Lead in Divorces.

The population of the United States has for forty years been about twelve times that of Canada; and the number of divorces in the United States in that time has been 10,000 times the number of Canada.

## THE WABASH RAILROAD.

Special rates on sale daily to all Winter resorts of the South. Half fare round trip plus \$2.00 on first and third Tuesdays each month to many points South.

The only line with its own station at main entrance of World's Fair grounds. The Wabash runs on its own rails from Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines, St. Louis and Chicago to Toledo, Detroit, Niagara Falls and Buffalo with through connections beyond.

All agents can route you via the Wabash. For World's Fair descriptive matter and all information address, Harry E. Moores, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Nebr.

## A Friendly Estimate.

"She has illumined the night of my life," sighs the poet, who is descending upon the beauties of his fiancée to her school chum.

"I'm sure I have often noticed it, but I never would have hinted that she is moon-faced," replied the friend in a puring voice.

But the poet was wandering mentally and wondering whether "high brow" and "eyebrow" would make a smooth rhyme.—Judge.

Who does the best, his circumstances allows, does well, acts nobly.—Young.

Disappointment is not a sufficient reason for discouragement.

Any old room in a hotel is good enough for a bridal chamber. The occupants never look at the furniture anyway.

Am I in favor of expansion? Everything that grows expands. See how the State Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company of South Omaha has grown.

Jan. 1, 1896 we had.....	\$ 50,215.00
" " " 1897 we had.....	438,850.00
" " " 1898 we had.....	2,696,165.00
" " " 1899 we had.....	4,224,375.00
" " " 1900 we had.....	7,538,973.00
" " " 1901 we had.....	10,480,483.00
" " " 1902 we had.....	13,541,367.00
" " " 1903 we had.....	16,413,869.00
" " " 1904 we had.....	18,416,388.33

Don't you think you would like to belong to a live Company like this! Write the Secretary, B. R. Stouffer, South Omaha, Nebr.

Small talk often results in big scandals.

The fear of being found is often mistaken for the prickings of conscience.

All Up to Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

A man seldom forgets a favor he does another.

It's a case of minority rule in a house where there's a baby.

**Salzer's Home Builder Corn.**  
So named because 50 acres produced 80 heavily that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind., 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 229 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1904.

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.
210 bu. Salzer's New Nat. Oats—per A.
80 bu. Salzer Speltz & Macaroni Wheat.
1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.
14 tons of rich Billon Doll. Grass hay.
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—acre.
160,000 lbs. Tossin, the fodder wonder.
64,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.
Now such yields you can have. Mr. Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's seeds.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c. in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

About the time love lets up on a man rheumatism takes a fall out of him.

What we have to rain is not one battle, but a weary life's campaign.—Patmore.

## Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

The span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness.—A. de Vere.