

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER SEVEN—Continued.
"Yes, he has, and she's a beauty," he replied, with the air of one giving an expert opinion.

"Well, you keep away from her!" said the old man gruffly. "Let her alone. She'll never have a dollar. Carden's ruined right now, but he doesn't know it. I do. What about this daughter?" he demanded, pausing in front of Arthur. "Is she stopping around here?"

"She is spending the summer at Bishop's—a farmhouse about five miles from here," replied the son. "Say, governor, you must write to Carden and say you've learned that his daughter is here, and that you and your family will be delighted to meet her socially, and will try to make her stay in the country agreeable."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," roared Randolph Morris. He stormed and fumed for a while, and then wrote the letter, as his son knew he would from the beginning.

"There it is!" he said as he handed the envelope to Arthur. "For God's sake, don't marry the girl!"

Arthur Morris leaned back in the chair and laughed.

"I have never spoken to her, governor," he said, putting the letter in his pocket. "and I certainly don't contemplate matrimony."

Jessie was greatly excited when a letter came from her father notifying her of the invitation which had been received and accepted. The general considered the incident a gratifying recognition of his increasing importance as a financier. Jessie knew little of the business prestige such recognition entailed, but was delighted with the opportunity to meet the famous Morris, and in despair over the gown she should wear.

The day after she received the note from her father John Burt called, and they took their first horseback ride of the summer. They galloped for miles

thing that happened for miles about—John heard of the party, and drank deep of the lover's first cup of suspicion, bitter with the wormwood of jealousy. He decided to call on Jessie and learn his fate. His heart leaped when Jessie came forward to meet him. There was tenderness in her eyes and welcome in the clasp of the warm little hand which nestled for an instant in his.

"Saddle my horse, John; let's ride!" she said.

Delighted, John obeyed, and set himself stolidly to enjoy her presence as they galloped along the beach.

"Have you an engagement for Saturday?" asked Jessie.

"I have none. Can I do anything?" asked John eagerly.

"I have cousins who live near the beach twelve miles south of here," said Jessie. "I want to spend a day with them. Do you think you could endure the company of three foolish girls all day, John?"

"I could enjoy the company of one wise little girl forever," said John, with a fervor which astounded him when the words were uttered. A blush suffused Jessie's cheek, but her drooping eyes expressed no rebuke. "I—shall be delighted to be your escort," stammered John, far more confused than the subject of his ardent compliment. "When will you be ready, Jessie?"

"You may call at 8 o'clock, if you will," said Jessie, without raising her eyes.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the Morris trap stopped in front of the Bishop farmhouse. Morris was looking his best. His eye was clear, and his smooth, plump face was ruddy.

"Present my compliments to Miss Carden," he said, offering his card.

"Miss Carden is not at home," replied the maid. "Will you come in, sir?"

Two weeks passed, during which the rich New Yorker was a frequent visitor at the Bishop farmhouse. One evening John called when Arthur Morris was present, and Jessie introduced them. Arthur treated him with that airy tolerance which success grants to its vanquisher.

"By the way, Mr. Burt," said Arthur Morris, as he carelessly rolled a cigarette, "Miss Carden has accepted my invitation to attend to-morrow's clambake near Cohasset. I must accompany a party of New York friends who will spend the night on my yacht, and attend the bake. We must start early, so I can't offer to escort Miss Carden. If I may presume on your acquaintance with her, I shall ask you to drive her to the grove, where I will meet you with my friends."

"I shall be more than pleased if Miss Carden will accept my escort," said John.

"Certainly, I will," laughed Jessie. Arthur Morris remained a few minutes longer; then he bade Jessie adieu, shook hands with John Burt, and rode away.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

The Tragedy.

Churchill's Grove was famous for its clambakes, and when John and Jessie drove into it the scene was one to delight the heart of a loyal New Englander.

The cool, salt breeze from the ocean, the aroma from fir and pine, and the odor from simmering clam and seaweed formed a trinity ambrosial enough to make an Apicius of an anchorite.

For an hour or more they walked along the hard, smooth sand, crunching the shells under their feet; the song of the sea in their ears, and its cool breath on their cheeks. Then the great gong sounded the signal for dinner and they turned to the grove.

"Mr. Morris must have been delayed," observed Jessie as she glanced once more toward the harbor. "Come on; we won't wait for him."

They had a merry time over dinner. As they came out from the grove they saw the Voltairs at anchor, her upper works glistening in the sunshine. Her launch, crowded with passengers, was just leaving.

(To be continued.)

FISH SHAPED LIKE HAM BAGS.

Jersey Visitor Spies an Old Acquaintance in the Aquarium.

"Ah, I see you have some ham bag fish here," said a Jerseyman who was looking along the tanks in the aquarium, as he paused in front of one containing two fine adult specimens of the creature known hereabouts as the orange filefish.

There are a few common fish that have not a variety of names, and the Jerseyman's name for the orange filefish is rather appropriate. The fish has somewhat the outline as well as the color of the yellow bags in which smoked hams were once put up.

The two specimens in the aquarium are the survivors out of four taken in Gravesend bay in June last. One of them is yellow all over, the other is brown in color over three-quarters of the surface of its body and of a bright light yellow over the remainder.

The orange filefish is homely in shape and as thin-bodied as an ordinary flatfish, but unlike the flatfish in this respect, which swims flatwise, the filefish swims with its body edge-wise in the water and commonly carrying its head more or less down. Sometimes when not swimming it drops its head so far that the fish seems to be standing on its head in the water.

Odd in shape as it is and odd in action, and withal bright colored, it is a very striking creature, and the two specimens of it here are among the most attractive of the aquarium's exhibits.

These two orange filefishes are the first that have ever been carried here through the winter, making a record for the species in captivity.—New York Sun.

Japanese Government.

It is now quite well established that the Japanese government continued for over 2,500 years exactly the same in form as that of the Mahometan caliph and of modern Rome. The chiefs of religion among the Japanese have been the chiefs of the kingdom much longer than in any other nation. The succession of the pontiff kings may be traced with certainty for more than 780 years before our era.

The ecclesiastical emperor was called "Dairi," a name now used by the people for the royal residence of the mikado or for the court itself. Until recently the mikado was regarded as too sacred to be called by his right name. After the overthrow of the pontiff the dairi was kept in honorable confinement by the mikado and treated with the utmost respect, for the people revered him as if he were an idol.—New York Press.

The Restoration of Galveston.

Galveston was destroyed by storm on Sept. 8, 1900. It was almost completely wiped out. There was no insurance. Eight thousand bodies—one-seventh of the population—were under the ruins. In forty-five days the city was entirely cleared, and almost all of the wharfing had been permanently rebuilt. The commerce of the port for the next succeeding month—October—was greater than that in any previous October in the history of Galveston shipping. In Galveston solidity was not sacrificed to speed. The people were simply keyed up to the exigency. Baltimore could and would have moved at the same rate if it had got started on the momentum generated by a great calamity. Every day of delay, every unnecessary word of discussion, magnifies our disaster and diminishes our opportunity.—Baltimore News.

Defensa Cancer.

The peculiarity of cancer among diseases is that it consists in the rebellion and malignant behavior of certain parts of the body itself, not in the attacks of foreign enemies. Cancer, in fact, is a state of civil war in the body, a reign of terror produced by outbreaks of murderous fury on the part of revolutionists at one or more localities.



Your Corner



Pretty Waist That May Be Made in Two Combinations—Simple and Convenient Overalls for Youth—Some Beautiful Products of the Art of the Enameler.

the ends of which have emerald, blue and gilt stones dangling from them.

This offers a suggestion to the girl who wishes to mount her favorite flower and wear it for a girdle. Real or artificial pansies mounted in this manner would make a stunning girdle.



When sprinkling clothes use hot water. It damps clothes more evenly than cold.

Keep nickel silver bright by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in spirits of ammonia.

Ermine and other white furs are easily cleaned by rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in dry flour. It is well to first dry the flour in the oven, taking care not to brown it, and to use it while still hot.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first. To iron the edges first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily. Test the iron carefully before using it. A piece of rag should be at hand for this purpose.

Misses' Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists and shirt waist gowns grow more popular with each incoming season and are shown in almost limitless variety of material.

This pretty and stylish waist is adapted both to the gown and to wear with the odd skirt and to the entire range of fashionable fabrics.

The model, however, is made of pale blue mercerized chambray, 4688 Misses' Blouse or Shirt Waist, is worn with belt and tie of blue ribbon. The plain back with the tucked fronts are much liked, and the sleeves are the favorite ones that are snug above and full below the elbows.

The waist consists of fronts and back, the former being tucked at the shoulders and finished with a regulation box plait. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 4685 is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

Dainty Centerpieces.

For those clever with the brush the latest table centers should appeal to some purpose, for now that spring is here the loveliest and most appropriate to the season are made of finest clearest muslin, hand painted, with trails of blossom in faint tints.

In favor, too, are billow centers of chiffon, also hand painted, and these, in softest green, with posies of violets or sprays of lily-of-the-valley arranged upon them, look simply lovely. Silver bowls filled with spring flowers never look better than in a soft setting, such as chiffon or muslin, or some of the silver-shoft gossamers now sold for the purpose of table decoration.

Set in Champagne Tones.

A smart set—hat stole and parasol—for summer use is shown in champagne tones. The hat is woven of hair braid, and the brim is covered with loose tea rose leaves. The body of the chiffon stole is cross shirred, and there are two accordion pleated ruffles. The parasol is also of accordion pleated chiffon, and has a cluster of tea roses fastened at the head.

To Wash Velvet.

Not every owner of a velvet gown is aware that velvet stands washing. Have ready a warm, soapy lather, immerse the velvet garment in it and gently rub until the dirt disappears. After rinsing, press as dry as possible and iron damp on wrong side.

Flower Parasols.

A bewitching fad of the coming season will be the floral parasols. The foundation of these dainty creations will be chiffons, mousselines, lberities and other gauzy materials. These plain foundations, however, will be trimmed and in some instances entirely covered with artificial flowers.

A daisy parasol, for instance, will be made of green liberty silk, and will have a bow knot design of white daisies on it, with a border of the same. The parasol point will also have a mass of the daisies tied with green gauzy ribbon to match the parasol proper.

An orchid parasol will have a violet chiffon foundation, and it will be simply massed with these exquisite velvety blossoms, from the wooden tip to the slender ivory handle.

Violets, pansies, carnations and all the floral favorites will figure prominently in this new fad, but, of course, such a parasol can only be carried on very dressy occasions.

A Hint to the Clever Needlewoman.

The new fishnet, Arab-tinted curtains, show mercerized applique ornamentation, which gives a stained-glass effect to the curtains when the light gleams through them. They furnish a suggestion to the clever needlewoman. Why should she not decorate fishnet with applique work of her own designing and obtain much more artistic results and at one-quarter the cost.

The Peacock Girdle.

In spite of the superstition in reference to peacock feathers, they are to be seen on various dress accessories. One of the most exclusive girdles shown, for instance, has sixteen peacock feathers in a glass case and joined together with long gold links. These glass cases, which are about the size of a dollar, have a narrow frame of gold about them. The firdle is finished in front with a gold chain fringe.

No combination is more fashionable than white with corn.

This stylish waist shows the ecru in repress lace, the white in cream crepe, and is charmingly attractive. When liked, the sleeves can be made in elbow length and the yoke quite separate, so making the waist with both high and low neck and rendering it easily convertible. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 27, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards of all-over lace.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4660, sizes 32 to 40, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Something Needed.

"We are about to put a new piano on the market that we are sure will fill a long-felt want," said the manufacturer.

"What will you call it?"

"We shall call it the Cozy Flat Piano."

"Why?"

"Because it's about twice as high as an ordinary piano, but only about half its thickness; just right for a cozy flat."

Graphio Description.

Little Margie had been to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted, and this is how she explained the proceedings:

"The man grabbed hold with a pair of big tongs and pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."—Exchange.

Not a Litterateur.

"Is he a litterateur?"

"Oh, dear, no. Why, he's able to tell the stuff he writes."

Hard Thoughts.

Teacher—I whipped you for your own good; I really did. Now, tell me what you think about it?

Bobby—If I told you what I think you'd give me another licking.

Quite the Thing.

Editor—I'm surprised that Nuritch didn't want any notice in our society column about his going to Europe.

Reporter—Well, you see, he wants to give the impression that he's so well now that his going to Europe shouldn't excite any comment at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Poor Mrs. Woodby.

"So you're little Willie Woodby?" said the new minister after Sunday school. "I called to see your mother yesterday, but unfortunately, she was not at home."

"Oh, yes, she was," replied the boy. "But I guess she took you for the instalment man. You look somethin' like him."

A Foolish Move.

"You seem nervous and restless this morning," said Merchant.

"Yes," replied his partner. "I asked Burroughs to drop in to-day and pay me what he owes me."

"Ah! And you're afraid he won't come?"

"I'm afraid he will come and borrow more."

Hopeless.

Lenders—See here! How about that \$10 you owe me? You promised to mail it to me last Friday.

Spenders—Well, I'll tell you. I started to raise it but then I remembered that even if I did scrape it together I didn't have a stamp. So I couldn't send it.

Jumped the Bill.

"At what hotel did you put up when you were in that town?" asked a casual acquaintance.

"None," replied the deadbeat. "Didn't stop at a hotel, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I stopped at one, but I didn't put up."

Didn't Need Help.

Dusty—I want work.

Proprietor—What can you do?

Dusty—Nothin'.

Proprietor—Oh! I do that myself.

Then He Kicked.

Glass Eater—The midget said he wanted everything small. The smallest bed, the smallest cups and the smallest chair.

Wild Man—What is he kicking about now?

Glass Eater—The manager gave him the smallest salary.

Not in the Same Line.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."

"Oh, are you in the line, too?"

"No; we make gunpowder."—Youth.

On the Bathing Beach.

"Judging by Eve's costume," said thoughtfully, "the Garden of Eden must have been the original seaside resort."



"WELL, YOU KEEP AWAY FROM HER!"

along the hard sand of the seashore, and dismounted to rest and talk beneath the shade of pleasant trees.

Jessie told him of the letter from her father, and with some pride talked of the invitation from Randolph Morris. John looked at the slip of paper in Jessie's hand, and it appeared like a wedge about to separate them. And why should it not? What right had he to aspire to the love of Jessie Carden, the daughter of a rich man; beautiful beyond any woman he had ever seen? The fear, which oftentimes became a certainty that Jessie would pass beyond his reach, was the haunting terror of his dreams by day or night.

She had everything—youth, health, beauty, wealth and position. He had youth and health—so had the average farm laborer.

"Let's climb Strawberry Hill and watch the sunset," suggested Jessie.

John helped Jessie up the steep, winding path, and they stood on the crest of the hill. The broad Atlantic lay to the east, and the island-dotted bay glowed in the colors of a glorious sunset. At the horizon was a mass of clouds; above burned a bar of red—the red of blood. To the zenith were spread the gorgeous tints with which the setting sun tinsed the closing curtains of night. Delicate greens toned through the shades of orange into rich amethyst, and against this background of lacework of clouds flouted the thousand gradations of the spectrum. But the bar of red above the sun cloud dominated. It was reflected in the water of the bay, shimmering in the rubescent glow.

They stood silent for minutes under the spell of nature's grandest spectacle. The sun dipped lower until its arc touched the line of the cloud. Sharp as a knife, the black bank slowly obscured the face of the sun, until a red hemisphere, weird and unreal, glowered and quivered in the western sky.

Jessie Carden's reception in the Morris mansion opened her to a new and an attractive world. Accustomed from childhood to the comforts and luxuries of comparative wealth, she was awed by the magnificent sensuousness of the millionaire's palace, and by the pomp and splendor of its decorations and fittings. Nevertheless, without attempting to analyze or justify her feelings, Jessie was not favorably impressed with Arthur Morris. There is a psychological barrier between vice and virtue; an instinct which places Innocence on guard. The young man's personality was of slight importance at the moment, but Jessie did not like him—why, she neither knew nor cared. She tactfully eluded his further attentions, and spent the remainder of the afternoon with his sisters.

Three days later Arthur Morris called at the Bishop house and found Jessie at home. They chatted for an hour or more, and he secured her consent to be one of a coaching party on the next Saturday. Had it not been for his presence, she would have enjoyed the expedition thoroughly.

More than a week had passed. From Sam Rounds—who knew of every-

thing that happened for miles about—John heard of the party, and drank deep of the lover's first cup of suspicion, bitter with the wormwood of jealousy. He decided to call on Jessie and learn his fate. His heart leaped when Jessie came forward to meet him. There was tenderness in her eyes and welcome in the clasp of the warm little hand which nestled for an instant in his.

"Saddle my horse, John; let's ride!" she said.

Delighted, John obeyed, and set himself stolidly to enjoy her presence as they galloped along the beach.

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"I have none. Can I do anything?" asked John eagerly.

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