

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.
 In an alcove, partially formed by a bay window, stood an easel, upholding a large frame. The light struck the canvas in such a way that Blake did not recognize the subject until squarely in front of it.

It was a portrait of Jessie Carden—not the Jessie Carden drawn by the San Francisco artist from the faded tints—but the Jessie Carden of later years, whose face and figure had taken on the perfect grace of womanhood.

Amazed and lost in thought, Blake did not hear Arthur Morris as he approached and stood back of him. He flushed when Morris touched him on the shoulder.

"By Jove! that portrait must have great attraction for you!" laughed Morris. "You've been staring at it five minutes! A box at the opera you cannot tell her name!"

"Done!" said Blake. "That's a portrait of Miss Carden—Miss Jessie Carden, of Boston."

An expression of dumb surprise swept across the face of Arthur Morris. With half-opened mouth and staring eyes he gazed at James Blake.

"Well, I'll be— Well, of all things!" He sank into a chair and laughed feebly. "I say, old fellow, you took me off my feet! How the devil did you guess that name?"

"Nothing wonderful about it!" said Blake, who by this time had perfected his course. "I met Miss Carden years ago, and I at once recognized the portrait."

"You met her? Where?"

"In the country, near Hingham, Massachusetts."

"How? When? By Jove, old fellow, this beats me! What were you doing in Hingham?"

"I lived on a farm near there," replied Blake. Morris leaned forward. "For an instant fear had possession of him. Who was this man who lived

gazed to the dear girl, but the date of the wedding had not been set. "I've told you more'n any man living," half sobbed Morris, as he leaned on James Blake's shoulder.

Tears stood in his inflamed eyes and trickled down his red, blotched cheeks.

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded maudlinly. "You're the bes' frien' I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fel', don't you? I'm sentimental—that's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my bes' man at weddin'—bes' man at my weddin'—won't you?"

He lurched into a chair. The trained and alert Rammohun appeared, deftly undressed him, and solemnly conveyed him to an inner room.

"Poor John!" sighed Blake, a few minutes later, as the Indian servant showed him his room and softly closed the door. "Poor John! Love's a tough proposition, and I'm afraid John's on a dead card! He has waited too long."

CHAPTER XVI.
Bad News.

When Blake arrived in Hingham he felt like a stranger in a foreign land. His parents were dead and his relatives scattered. The village looked smaller than when he was a boy. He felt himself in a living graveyard.

Securing an open carriage and a driver from a livery stable, he rode through the quiet streets and out into the country. "Drive to Thomas Bishop's house," he ordered.

The drawn and dust-covered shutters of the old mansion told their own story. From a passing farmer Blake learned that the Bishops had moved to New York months before. Half an hour later he knocked on Peter Burt's door.

As a boy, Blake stood in awe and

looks familiar. It's Sam Rounds! Stop, driver! Hello, Sam! How are you?"

Seated in a stylish road cart, behind a rangy, high-stepping trotter was one of the companions of Blake's boyhood. Sam checked his horse and, with a puzzled grin, looked into the speaker's face.

"Haou de ye dew?" he drawled, slackening the lines. "Ye face looks fee-millar like, on' yer voice don't sound strange like, either. I believe I know ye! It's Jim Blake! Haou air ye, Jim? Well, well, well! Who'd a think it—wo'd a think it!"

Sam reached it across and shook hands with a vigor which nearly pulled Blake out of his carriage.

"Air ye the Jame's Blake I've been readin' erbout? The one that's been givin' them New York sharps a whir in stocks?" asked Sam.

Blake smiled and nodded his head. "Is that so? Well, well, well! Say I'm plumb glad to hear it! And Sam's smiling face showed it. "Ain't never heard of John Burt, have ye? No? Well, he'll turn up on top some day, an' he'll ye fergit, Sam Rounds al lers said so. Where be ye goin' to, Jim?"

"I'm going back to New York to night," replied Blake. "From there I return to San Francisco, but expect to make New York my home."

"Is that so? I'm livin' in New York now," said Sam, handing Blake his card. "Moved there several years ago. Mother an' I are here on a visit for a few days. I've been doin' fairly middlin' well in New York, Jim. When you write me, be shore an' put 'Hon.' before my name," and Sam laughed until the rocks re-echoed his merriment.

"How is that?" asked Blake, gazing blankly at the card.

"Read what it says," insisted Sam. "I'm alderman of my district, an' have just been re-elected ter a second term. Fact!"

"I congratulate you, Sam," said Blake, heartily.

"Sorry ye haven't time tew wait over an' go back with us," Sam said. "But if ye are goin' tew locate in New York, I'll see lots of ye."

"I certainly will look you up when I'm in New York," said Blake. "My regards to your mother, and say I'm sorry I didn't have time to call on her. Are you married, Sam?"

"Nop, but I has hopes," laughed Sam, gathering up the lines. "Good-bye, Jim, good-bye, an' more luck ter ye!"

"Same to you, Sam; good-bye!"

Ten days later James Blake arrived in San Francisco. He drove to John's apartment, and was greeted by him in the old study room. Blake sat where he looked at the portrait of Jessie Carden. His heart sank with in him.

(To be continued.)

DISHES WILL NOT BREAK.
 Belgian Manufacturers Have Circumvented the Careless Servant.

James C. McNally, consul of the United States at Liege, Belgium, has reported the invention by a manufacturer there of dinner plates which servants can idly drop upon the stone floor without breaking, and dishes which make excellent hammers with which to drive nails. Here is the story in his own words: "The Company Du Val-St. Lambert, of Liege, is manufacturing a hardened crystal dish, which in appearance closely resembles fine translucent china of uniform shape and manufacture. The resisting power of this ware is due to a special hardening process and to the quality and nature of the crystal used. It not only successfully resists the usual wear and tear, but is almost proof against breakage."

"A hardened crystal dish can be substituted for a hammer in driving nails into wood, while the same ware can be put into boiling water at a high degree, then plunged into ice water repeatedly, without the least noticeable damage to the dish or plate. The writer has seen plates of the usual form of this hardened ware hurled and go bounding along under the feet of a building without suffering the least damage. This same firm makes glassware of the same corresponding resistance."

Luxuries of Russian Peasant.
 The Russian peasant, even if he bread he eats is black, has a bonne bouche to add to his meal much sought by epicures in the western world—the wild mushrooms which grow thousands upon thousands on the steppes of Russia. At any time a full and savory meal is provided with the addition of sausage and onions; even a mushroom alone often contents them for a meal with their coarse rye bread. The poorest laborer has also a luxurious drink always available from the ever-present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of that beverage, for the best of China's tea is found in Russia, and all classes enjoy its quality and fragrance. Never is the water allowed to stand on the tea over a few moments, so none of the poisonous tannin is extracted, and a delightful, mildly stimulating, straw-colored drink is the result.

Some Customs of Spain.
 Writing of Spanish customs, Israel Zangwill says: "To call one another by our surnames in Spain would be wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. A very grave and reverend senior might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but there would be no harm in that. 'Senior Don' is reserved for letters, and then the honor costs you 5 centimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for, so far from addressing a young lady as Juanita or Isabella, I should have to say 'her excellency.' Here, in our palace, the very waiter has been heard to give the order: 'Fried eggs for Isabella.' And Isabella is a very stylish demotelle."

The man who has only flowers in the garden of his life does not need to build a wall about it.

BESSIE'S FISHING

One morning when spring was in her teens,
 A month to a poet's wishing,
 All tinted in delicate grays and greens,
 Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough-and-tumble delfias,
 With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
 She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
 And her nose tipped vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel, and my books,
 And a hamper of luncheon recesses;
 She with the bait of her comely looks,
 And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down in the shade of a dyke,
 Where the white pond lilies teeter,
 And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
 And she like Simon Peter.

All day I lay in the light of her eyes,
 And dreamily watched and waited,
 But the fish were cunning and wouldn't rise,
 And the batter alone was baited.

So when the time for departure came,
 My bag was as flat as a flounder;
 But Bessie had nearly hooked her game—
 A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.
 —Unidentified.

"FIGURING IT OUT"

BY RUBY DOUGLAS

"I can never thank you, Miss Carrew," began Tom Stanton for the sixth time within half an hour. He stood in front of the big, open fireplace in the Carew sitting room, very wet and disheveled. His overcoat and hat, soaked likewise, hung on the back of a chair before the fire. A pair of skates lay on the floor.

"In only one way, you may," answered Diana, at last.

She spoke as if she had suddenly determined to say something upon which she had been pondering. Each time Stanton had tried to thank her she had artfully turned the conversation into foreign channels and ignored his expressions of gratitude.

"Give me your solemn oath," she continued, "that you will never ask me to marry you, and I am fully thanked for what I have done. Yes, I know that sounds presumptuous, Mr. Stanton, but nowadays persons labor under the delusion that if a girl does some-O some little thing like I did—for a man, that he is in honor bound to ask her to marry him. I won't have it, so promise."

Now that she had extracted her promise Diana chatted on merrily with Stanton, and long before he was dry enough to go out of doors she had learned why she had never seen him before.

He had only the night before come to Cedar Rapids and, in wandering about to get his bearings in the town before taking up his duties with his firm, had come upon the Little Slough. He had secured some skates at a nearby shop and—Diana knew the rest.

In due time he came to call. Only one subject was tabooed when they were together, and that was the skating accident and the promise.

"Diana," said Tom one night—he had called her Diana for some time.

"Never mind, only give me your promise. It was mere luck that I happened to be in the window of my room and saw you go in. I know the air, 'vies in the slough, living so near. Your promise!" she said interrogatively.

"Is that quite fair?" he asked. "Suppose—"

"No, I won't! I would never, never marry a man who thought I had saved his life even if it were years and years afterwards. I should always feel that he asked me out of gratitude."

"But I won't feel that way," said Stanton, honestly feeling it might be true, but smiling down at the look of despair she gave him.

"There you are, this very minute," she argued, "before you have known me an hour, already contemplating it. O please promise!"

Diana was so earnest that Stanton stopped smiling and turned his other side to the fire before answering.

"I'll promise on the condition that you will permit me to continue our acquaintance—if I may come to see you and learn to be friends. I could not thank you in a lifetime for what you have done, so we will let that pass. It was brave and—"

He was going to say sweet, but refrained wisely. Neither did he tell her he had the wet belt and tie which she



"I did not promise to refrain from telling you I love you, and I do! I love you better than anything in life, and if you can't figure out some way out of my difficulty, I shall be sorry your were in your window that morning. I shall, Diana!" He tried to take her hands and to force her to look at him.

"Tom Stanton, don't you dare!" she said, laughing at his seriousness. "You are dangerously near breaking your promise, and I won't pull you out if you go over the brink as I did on the ice."

Almost a year after Diana had extracted her promise from Stanton she came into the room where he was waiting for her and sat down beside him on the couch.

"Have you a pencil and paper, Tom?" she asked. "I want you to figure something for me." She moved close to him.

"But first, Tom, are you quite, quite sure that you love me—that you would have loved me anyway? No—" she said, repelling his attempt to take her hands. "Tell me."

"Yes, positively sure, Diana," he said, earnestly. "Are you going to release me?"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "I just wanted to be sure; I would never release you from that promise."

Silence fell between them for a moment. He was thinking of how many times within the year she had raised his hopes, only to dash them to the ground again. And yet he loved her.

"Now put down the figures I tell you," she said, after a minute, "and don't ask questions. One."

He put a figure one on the paper.

"Beside it a nine," said Diana. He did it.

"Naught! Four!" said Diana, excitedly.

"Very well," said Tom.

"Now divide it by four," she said.

"For hundred and seventy-six," he read, when he finished. "Well, what of it?" He was mystified beyond expression.

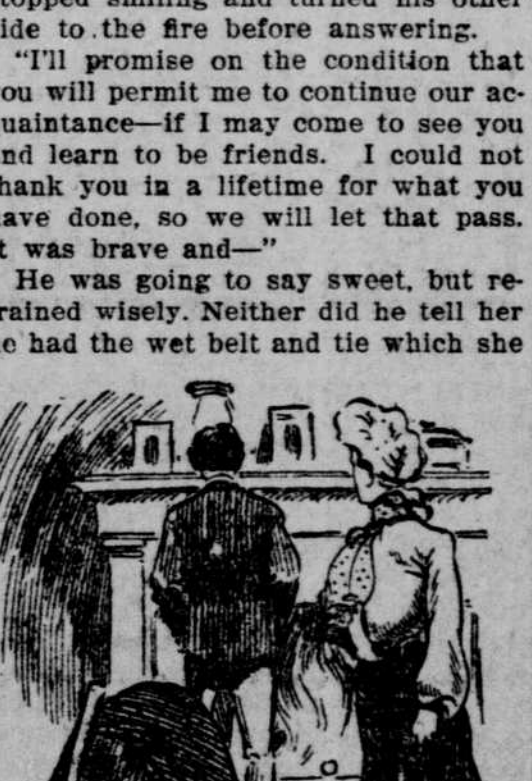
"Is it all figured out?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And can't you see that 1904 is divisible by four and that it's leap year, and—O, Tom, I love you so. Won't you marry me? Please do," she cried.

And if taking her in his arms and holding her as if he would never let her go again was giving a positive answer, Diana's leap year proposal was accepted.—Ruby Douglas, in Boston Globe.

A Disguised Insect.
 A well-known naturalist tells of an insect in Nicaragua so completely disguised as a leaf that a whole host of the ants who prey upon it actually ran across it without recognizing it as their food. Mr. Slater noted in South America another insect—one of the Membracidae—which not only mimicked the leaf-cutting ant for its own protection, but, like its model, carried in its jaws a fragment of leaf about the size of a sixpence.



"Don't—don't dare to say it!" he knotted together. He would keep that always.

"Very well, now promise," she said, extending her hand.

He took it in his. "I promise, Miss Carew, never to ask you to marry me out of gratitude," he said.

"No, no, no!" she cried, hopelessly, and taking her hand abruptly from him. "Promise never, under any circumstances, to ask me to marry you."

He hesitated while he looked earnestly into her eyes. And because he saw a troubled, eager expectancy in her expression he took her hand again and said, "I promise." But he was right in the moment; the words had left his lips.



Black and White Check Suit.
 Light gray taffeta silk makes a lovely afternoon dress for cool days in summer.

If you cannot buy the embroidered pattern dress perhaps you can have one embroidered for you just as handsomely. There is one advantage about that—it gives you a chance for an original design.

The waist has a deep girde and above it a heavy padded design of the embroidery, which is studded with palest pink corals. A chain of these beads is worn around the neck.

A large black chip hat with pink roses and a handsome lace veil worn with it make a very stunning costume.

Flowered silks, muslins and nets are very popular, and what material could be prettier for a dainty evening gown? This particular dress is of soft white silk spotted with tiny rosebuds. The soft lace and folds around the neck are held in front by one large silk rose. Simplicity is the feature of this gown.

Elegance in Mantles.
 Very elegant fichu mantles are made of silk, trimmed with ruffles and frills of lace or knitted chiffon. Some are trimmed with feathers. They have stole ends in front and are fastened with jeweled clasps. Young girls will affect Spencers and Marie Antoinette fichus of embroidered white muslin. The Rejane mantle is of gathered silk, trimmed with double ruffles and bias folds of silk. If opens V-shaped at the neck and has long rounded stole ends in front. There are endless varieties of capelets and tiny shawl capes, empire fichus and such like frivolities, but the fact remains that the best coats are the tight-fitting and the Carrick.

Girls' Coat.
 Loose coats are the smartest of all smart things for little girls and are shown in a variety of attractive materials and colors. This one includes an inverted plait at the back, which always is becoming, and allows a choice of round or square collar. Cloth, cheviot, silk, linen and pique all are worn, with collars of the material or contrasting with it as preferred.

Gray Taffeta Gown.
 A pretty summer suit is of yellow and green changeable silk. It has no trimming but a small V of lace at the neck. The waist and sleeves are full. A fichu collar is tied in front with bows of ribbon the same shade as the gown. The skirt is simply full and ruffled.

A large shepherdess shaped hat with a cluster of shaded green plumes completes the costume in the prevailing fashion.

Again there is the black and white check, and is it not just as pretty and useful as any material could be for a suitable summer suit? The jacket, with its long scalloped shoulder yoke and full short sleeves, is very smart.

White broadcloth and little black velvet straps and gold buttons trim it in a wide band around the edge.

French "Powder Rag."
 French women apply powder to their faces in such a way that it is never noticeable or blotchy-looking. They abhor the powder puff, and use instead a piece of chamolis leather. This is dipped in the powder and passed over the forehead and temples (avoiding the eyebrows), then over the nose and upper lip and next over the chin and about the mouth, leaving the cheeks and parts under the eyes untouched. After the powder has thus been applied, a clean piece of wash-leather is passed over the face to smooth down the powder and rub it in. Attention must then be paid to the eyebrows, and if any powder has fallen on them it must be removed with a small brush.



About Salads.
 Nothing is more decorative on the table than a bit of salad served in the heart of some lettuce leaves, in lemon or orange cups, cabbage leaves or scooped out onions, cucumbers, tomatoes, beets, turnips or peppers. Celery salad, plain or mixed with apples or nuts or a plain lettuce salad, is served always with game.

Potato salad is perhaps the most popular for the home table, and nothing seems to take the place of a nice chicken salad for social affairs.

Every housewife who wants the factor of a satisfactory life to abide in her family will seek to include a salad in at least one menu each day. A leaf salad, dress or lettuce, should be served with a heavy dinner.

Misses' Blouse Waist.
 Blouse waists with deep yokes that are cut well over the shoulders are among the latest and smartest shown and are peculiarly well suited to young girls. This one is made of white mercerized madras trimmed with bands of embroidery and is unlined, but pretty, simple silks and thin wools are correct as well as cotton and linen materials and the fitted lining can be used whenever desirable. The wide tucks are both fashionable and becoming, and the shoulder straps serve to emphasize the broad drooping line.

Stylish Taffetas.
 For the gay and social affairs of afternoon and evening the supple satins and taffetas are pronouncedly high style. They are well called mousseline satin and taffetas, for they are so fine, light and pliable. The new satins are much used for evening gowns, while the taffetas are employed for both day and evening gowns, according to the color and the pattern.

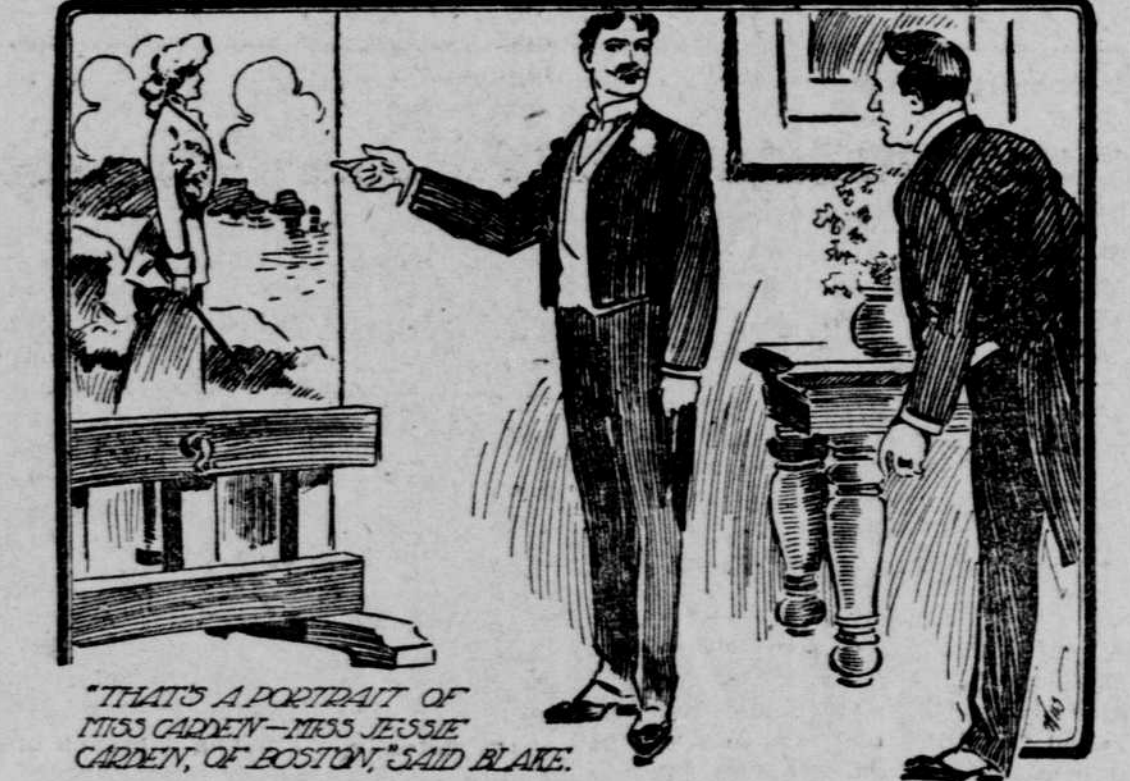
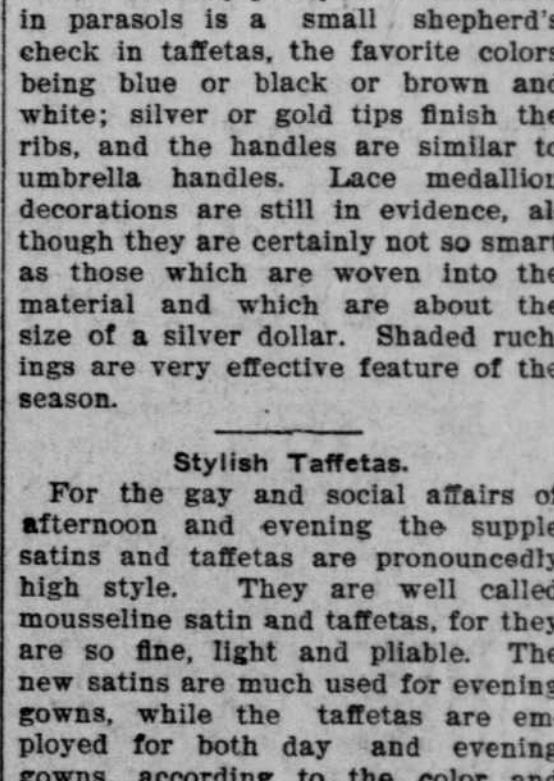
Pretty Parasol.
 An extremely pretty idea introduced in parasols is a small shepherd's check in taffetas, the favorite colors being blue or black or brown and white; silver or gold tips finish the ribs, and the handles are similar to umbrella handles. Lace medallion decorations are still in evidence, although they are certainly not so smart as those which are woven into the material and which are about the size of a silver dollar. Shaded ruchings are very effective feature of the season.



Pretty Pincushion.
 A pretty pincushion that a girl can make for herself, or for a gift, is a circular affair of violet colored silk or satin, heavily sacheted with orris powder. Around this are sewed millinery violets, arranged in such a way that the cushion is almost hidden away in the blossoms. The stems are tied as if in a bouquet at the back.

Newspapers for Cleaning.
 Washing and dusting can be avoided by using old newspapers for cleaning. They are excellent for window polishers, first rate for scouring tinware with, and are as good as a brush for polishing a stove. A good pad of newspapers should be kept at hand for wiping up grease or water spilt on the gas or coal cooking stove.

Gilt Gallon for Hats.
 Gilt Gallon will be among the most widely used trimming for this spring's walking hats. The gallon is such as is frequently used for belts, and is quite wide, usually from three to six inches. It is figured and very elaborate in design. Green or silver gilt is one of the prettiest combinations.



"THAT'S A PORTRAIT OF MISS CARDEN—MISS JESSIE CARDEN, OF BOSTON," SAID BLAKE.

on a farm near Hingham, and who was once acquainted with Jessie Carden? Was he John Burt?

"From the time I was thirteen until I ran away from home," Blake continued, with nonchalance and confident mendacity, "I lived on a farm about three miles from the old Bishop mansion. Miss Carden used to visit there in the summer seasons and I saw her frequently. The last time I saw her she cantered past our house with a friend of mine. That reminds me—I dear old John—I must look him up when I go to Rocky Woods."

Blake threw back his head and reflectively exhaled a wreath of cigar smoke.

"Does this explain the mystery? I don't see anything wonderful about it except that you have her portrait, and that is probably easily explained. I'm not prying into your affairs, old man!"

"Not at all—not at all! Rammohun, brandy and two bottles of soda," ordered Morris, mopping his forehead. "By Jove, this is remarkable! You speak of a friend of yours—John, you call him—what was his last name?"

"Burt."

"Where is he now?" Morris leaned eagerly forward, his face gray and his lower lip twitching.

"Sure, I don't know! He was with his grandfather on the old Burt farm in Rocky Woods when I left Massachusetts. Why? Do you know John Burt?"

"Confound it, man, he shot me!" exclaimed Morris, springing to his feet and pacing up and down the room. "He shot me, I tell you, and all but put me out for good! And he did it on account of the girl whose portrait you're admiring. The blasted cad was crazy jealous over Miss Carden, who had been so foolish as to tolerate his company. He picked a quarrel with me in a tavern and shot me through the left lung. Laid me up for three months. That old desperado of a grandfather of his nearly killed two officers and aided him to escape. He has not been heard of since."

Blake piled Morris with questions. The latter took large draughts of brandy and recited the successive chapters which led to the tragedy. Except that he made himself the hero of the tale, his account agreed with that told by John Burt. Blake par-took sparingly of the brandy, but Morris fed his aroused hate and recollection with the fiery fluid.

According to Morris he was madly in love with Jessie Carden from the moment he saw her. Before he recovered from his wound she was sent aboard by Gen. Carden to complete her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed in business, his private fortune being wiped out in the crash. Jessie came back from Europe and remained a year with the Bishops. Arthur had induced his father to place Gen. Carden in a salaried position with the Morris bank in New York, and he persuaded Gen. Carden to accept a loan sufficient to defray Jessie's expenses in a second trip abroad. She was in Paris, but had completed her studies, and would return in a few weeks. He was en-

gaged to the dear girl, but the date of the wedding had not been set. "I've told you more'n any man living," half sobbed Morris, as he leaned on James Blake's shoulder.

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