

# JOHN BURT

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## Chapter XVII.—Continued.

Morris stood a few steps back of Jessie and devoured her with his eyes. He noted the soft folds of her hair, the rounded curves of her neck, and as one spell-bound watched her deft fingers as they glided over the surface of the sketch book.

With a little sigh of disappointment Jessie dropped the folio on her lap. Not in months had she drawn with less skill. What could be the matter? She felt oppressed and under some malign influence. Instinctively she turned and looked squarely into the ardent eyes and eager face of Arthur Morris. With an involuntary cry of surprise, fear and vexation, she sprang to her feet, the sketch book falling to the floor.

"Why, Miss Carden!" exclaimed Morris, with stimulated astonishment. "Really, this is an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to meet you. Permit me—" And he picked up the sketch book, bowed, and extended his hand.

In these brief seconds Jessie had regained her self-possession. "You have surprised me, Mr. Morris," she said quietly, ignoring his proffered hand. "You must be aware that this is not a public reception room. We can talk without disturbing any one in the lobby."

A minute later they were in the comparatively deserted outer hall.

"You have no right to follow me here or to annoy me by your attentions," said Jessie Carden, confronting him with flashing eyes. He fumbled nervously at his watch charm.

"It was purely accidental, I assure you," he stammered.

"Your arrival was announced in the Berlin papers," said Jessie, coldly. "I learned this morning that you bribed my servants, and realized that an interview with you was inevitable, but I did not think you would presume to intrude your presence during my

accommodation. I shall be in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden. Jessie Carden had listened quietly. Until that day she had given little thought to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind—how shall we live, wherewith shall we be fed, clothed and housed? The little room in which they sat looked mean and want-haunted. The faded carpet, the cheap wallpaper, the tawdry decorations, the low and marred ceiling, the walling of a sick child through the thin partition, the odor of a kitchen, the rumble of traffic over a cobblestone pavement—surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in glaring colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. With that superb insight which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her father was enmeshed in the net which had been set for her. To release him she must be caught in the toils!

The Bishops had purchased a residence in New York, and there was waiting for Jessie a letter from her aunt inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be their guest in Hingham during the summer.

General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declared that her place was with him, and would not listen to his arguments.

"I have changed my mind about aunt Helen's invitation," she said, later in the evening. "I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least. I believe I can sell some of my sketches and paintings there, and—and—well, I think it best to go."

"You are a wise little girl, Jessie,"

crushed her father was now in her power, and felt that triumphant joy which only a woman can know. But it wounded and tortured her pride to think that Morris dared aspire to her love. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future revenge, and turned to him with a softer light in her eyes. "I should not forgive you," she said. "When a man who pretends to your position so far forgets himself, he should first obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress the wrongs caused by his offense. Are you prepared to do that, Mr. Morris?"

"I don't exactly understand what you mean, Miss Carden."

"I will make myself plain," said Jessie. "You attempted to murder a young man who resented your insults in a public place, and in the counter you were injured. For years you have had a standing reward for the arrest of this innocent man. Are you willing to take steps to absolve him? John Burt has been the greater victim of your conduct."

"But my dear Miss Carden, I haven't the slightest notion of where he is, don't you know?" said Morris with a puzzled expression. "Pon my word, I don't. We had a beastly row in which I got shot, and all the fellows who were with me say I started it, and that the pistol went off in my own hand. I assure you that I don't remember a thing about it. The governor offered the reward. I can get him to withdraw it, and put a notice in the papers promising that no prosecution shall be made. I'll do anything you say, Miss Carden."

"Publicly announce the withdrawal of the reward and state that he will not be prosecuted," said Jessie, as if the matter was merely one of abstract justice. "And if you are confident that I shall not again be embarrassed by your indiscretions I will try to overlook the past."

"You are very good!" he exclaimed, effusively. "It's more than I deserve, but you will not regret it, Miss Carden. My governor and yours are mixed up in business, and it's a beastly shame, don't you know, that we should be at odds. By the way, I'm awfully sorry about the general's financial troubles. Hope he pulls out of them all right, and think he will. I'm trying now to make a deal which will help him out. And you're not angry with me now, are you, Miss Carden? Let's shake hands and call it square!"

Morris extended a clammy hand, and Jessie, with an inward shudder, permitted him to clasp hers for a moment.

The summer season was at hand, and Jessie was looking forward with pleasure to a sojourn in Hingham. Arthur Morris had been devoted, in his attentions, and Jessie felt a thrilling wickedness at the tacit encouragement she had given him.

(To be continued.)

## A GOLD-LINED DEATH VALLEY.

### Philippine Waste, Guarded by Death-Dealing Gases.

There is a Death Valley in the Philippines as well as in the United States. It is situated in the island of Mindano and although for many years it has been known to contain large quantities of gold the treasure has been lying unclaimed because of the refusal of the natives to go after it. At last this famed and feared valley has been compelled to give up the rich treasure which for ages it has successfully guarded by its pall of death-dealing gases. This valley, which true to its name, has dealt death to many a venturesome searcher for the precious metal, is located in the mountain fastnesses of the island and according to the theories of the scientists it is the crater of what was once a great and violent volcano. Volcanic gases of a most poisonous nature still rise from the depths of the valley and hang over it like a pall, never passing away, and many natives who have attempted to go down into the valley from the mountains say that never before has any man ventured into its unknown depths returned to tell of its secrets. The distance across the valley is only a few miles, but the bottom of it is constantly concealed from view by the dense cloud of poisonous vapor overhanging it.

### EARLY LESSON IN THRIFT.

#### Brooklyn Men Even Take Their Babies to Bank.

The other day a man entered a Brooklyn bank carrying in one hand a deposit book and closely clasped in his other arm was a baby that was perhaps ten or twelve months old. The age may not be exact, but at any rate the young one was old enough to sit up and look around, as if it was consciously taking in the sights and sounds of a new world.

Going up to one of those projecting shelves which are placed against the walls in some banks for the convenience of patrons who prefer to stand up while writing, the man placed the baby on the sloping surface, and as a precaution against sliding off, which it showed every indication of doing, the man put a brake against the threatened movement of the mass of baby draperies by placing his arm in front of the baby.

Then he proceeded to fill out a deposit check, and when that was accomplished he again took the baby in his arm, and going up to the teller's window, handed in his book, and when the entry had been made he received the book again, and placing it in his pocket, walked out of the bank, the baby still staring everybody out of countenance with the utmost coolness.

### Children Still.

We seek no more a daily prize.  
We are not overjoyed  
So changed the luster of the skies,  
So faint and few the gleams.  
Yet comes the day when others play,  
That forgotten thrill,  
And are we dull and old to-day,  
Or only children still?

We loved the battle once, but now  
We're not overjoyed  
There's wisdom on the weary brow,  
And in our hearts the cold  
Yet in the light of eager eyes  
We lose the wintry chill,  
And still we gladden at to-day,  
But simple children still.

The visions of our glorious youth  
Have faded long ago;  
We hope no more to find the truth,  
And shout we "we are to know."  
Not easy to scale the viewless height,  
But there's a purple hill,  
And still we gladden at to-day,  
And climb as children still.

How much of all the good we planned  
Is perfect or begun?  
Who watched the lifting of God's hand,  
And thought we were to know?  
But when the children whom we love  
The good we missed fulfill,  
Thank God our hearts prevail to prove  
The hearts of children still.

—Hugh Macnaughton, in London Saturday Review.

### France and Old-Age Pensions.

The British consul at Calais tells, in his annual report, of an effort to deal with old-age pensions. Twenty-three years ago M. Chatelus formed a society, the rules of membership being a monthly payment of a franc, all the funds to be invested, and at the end of twenty years the interest on capital to be equally divided among members, and in each succeeding year those who had been members for twenty years to receive their equal share of this interest. The present rate of pension is £14 8s. per year. The membership now stands at 347,951, with a capital of over a million and a half pounds.—London Answers.

### Brotherly Criticism.

Zoltan Doehme, Mme. Nordica's husband, has an amusing way of putting things. On one occasion he was speaking of the vocalization of the well-known singer Van Dyck, and professional leniency vanished in the critical sarcasm: "With most tenors, they sing along a false note," an' you say, 'Oh!' [Mr. Doehme frowned and winced.] But with Mr. Van Dyck he sing along, an' sing along, an' once in a while he strike a true note, an' you say, 'Oh!' And Mr. Doehme's smile of pleased surprise calmed forth a round of laughter.

### Denounces Khaki Uniforms.

Mayor Jameson said in the British parliament the other day that the current resort to khaki uniforms was a "senseless craze." Because the Boers wore khaki and slouch hats the whole army was slapped into similar costume. If the Zulus had beaten it, the army would have gone about in feathers and paint. Three streaks of paint and an ostrich feather would have been the uniform of a field marshal.

### Vicar and Workman.

The vicar of a colliery district in Leicestershire, England, has just accomplished the remarkable feat of restoring, mainly by his own manual labor, his dilapidated church. Since February, 1901, the vicar has labored as a workman all the week and preached to his people on the Sundays. He has worked at the church almost alone, the only assistance being a few days by one man.

### China Not Overcrowded.

A recent census of China shows that that country, crowded with "teeming millions," has a population of 103 to the square mile. Belgium has 220 to the square mile. Great Britain 130, and France 105.



## Your Corner

Latest Ideas in Fashionable Garments—Recipes Both New and Approved—Delicious Way to Prepare Strawberries.



The plain and dotted silks have applications and incrustations and emplacements of lace and embroidery, and some of the newest show fancy patterns cut from plaids and applied to the plain silks, and vice versa.

But no matter what the style of the parasol, it must have a long shaft handle to proclaim it this season's style.

## Told in Her Boudoir

Snake plumes are exquisite in mauve.

Maline choux are still important neck fixings.

Bright green silk hosiery is among the novelties.

Embroidered net is set into some silk stockings.

Cuffs are anything from straight bands to platings.

Carnations are coming into prominence in millinery.

Crush belts of gold thread are charming for the white frock.

A jeweled net for the hair is charming with a picture dress.

To be smartly dressed one cannot escape this rule of much lace trimming.

Applique flowers cut from colored taffeta on a gown of white voile or muslin.

A charming summer accessory is the scarf of painted mousseline de soie.

When kid shoes have been wet and become hardened, clean them at once and rub with castor oil.

### A Useful Hint.

When roses or other artificial flowers fade, the economical girl paints them with her water colors. The muslin of which they are composed takes paint readily, and a little patience will rejuvenate an apparently passe hat decoration.

In tinting the flowers, make the petals deeper in shade in toward the base and leave the edges pale.

It is surprising how fresh the flowers will look after being recolored, and they will hold the water colors much longer than they do their original coloring.

### Crystal Strawberries.

Here is a delicious way to prepare strawberries, to be served with ice cream at a luncheon: Select large, perfect berries and brush gently with a soft brush to remove any sand. Have ready some fondant made as for French candy and melt it over hot water. Take up a berry at a time, pull off the hull, dip it into the melted fondant, and when entirely coated replace the hull. Lay on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator. Do not prepare long before they are needed, as they quickly draw syrup. Serve in small timbale or paper cases, two or three in each.

### Wedding Gowns.

White satin is no longer inevitable for a bridal gown, but has been exchanged for even lovelier materials, foamy chiffon, silvered gauze or softest silk muslin and lace. Veils of the latter have been superseded by tulle, while even that favored flower of many generations, the orange blossom, is noticeable by its absence, myrtle or white heather taking its place. White heather is looked upon as a wonderfully lucky flower, but like the four-leaved shamrock, its scarcity created its good fortune. Now it is said to be cunningly bleached in order that the supply may cover the demand.—Exchange.

### FIGURED NET AND LACE.



No material of the season is more fashionable or more attractive than net in its many varieties. This very charming waist is made of the sort known as repouse, in cream color combined with a yoke of white mousseline overlaid by bias bands of silk and moccasins of lace, the trimming being little lace ruffles. As illustrated the waist is made with long sleeves that include deep cuffs but those of the elbow sort, shown in the small

cut, can be substituted whenever preferred. The blouse itself is full and soft below the yoke which is plain and cut in a deep, becoming point at front and back. At the waist is a crushed belt of messaline satin, also cream in tone, and the net is made over silk and cotton mousseline which is soft and pretty while of moderate cost. The quantity of material required for a woman of medium size is 3½ yards 21, 3 yards 27 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide.



study hours. You take an unfair advantage of an accidental acquaintance. That acquaintance was terminated last summer by your acts and conduct, and I have no desire to renew it. You have had the education and opportunities of a gentleman, and must respect my wishes."

She turned and entered the gallery. Morris stood as if riveted to the floor—dazed, ashen-faced and speechless. Obeying a wild impulse, he rushed after her, but halted at the door. With a smothered oath he retraced his steps, and hailing his coachman, drove through Unter der Linden.

For the second time in his life the fact had been forced upon him that there were ambitions beyond the reach of his money. The thought envenomed him. Again he made a vow that Jessie Carden should be his. His heavy lips parted in a sullen smile as he pictured her surrender. The longer it was delayed the sweeter would be his triumph.

The morning train for Paris had Arthur Morris for a passenger. It was months before he returned to New York to become a junior partner in the firm of Randolph Morris & Company.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### Diplomacy.

After an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home-coming. She had bidden her instructors and friends adieu, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a cablegram from General Carden, requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed.

After a stormy voyage, the liner steamed into Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms. At first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn, and the dark hair and beard had turned to silver-gray.

"You will be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"There can be no very sad news, papa dear, so long as you are alive," said Jessie. With a woman's intuition she guessed the truth.

"I am ruined, Jessie! My bank has failed, and my fortune is swept away. That is not all. Our old home is in the hands of creditors and I am a bankrupt—a bankrupt at the age of fifty."

Jessie smiled bravely through her tears.

"I am distressed on your account, papa dear, but you must not worry in the least over me. I have money, papa; lots and lots of money. I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my allowance. We shall get along famously."

That evening, in the modest apartments he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. Randolph Morris was his principal creditor, and negotiations were then in progress by which he hoped to transfer his L. & O. stock to Mr. Morris, in consideration of a loan which would enable him to settle with his minor creditors.

"If Mr. Morris refuses to extend this

said General Carden. "I shall be in New York nearly as much as in Boston, and you will be much happier there."

A week later Jessie was fondly greeted by her aunt, Thomas Bishop belonged to an old New York family, and was proud to introduce his beautiful niece to the exclusive society circles in which the Bishops had been welcomed.

It was at the Cregier reception that she again met Arthur Morris. For a moment Morris was unable to speak, and gazed at her blankly, first at Jessie and then at Mrs. Cregier.

"Really, why, really—why—why, don't you know, Mrs. Cregier, Miss Carden and I have met before!" he exclaimed. "In fact—why, in fact we are old acquaintances; are we not, Miss Carden?"

"I recall having met Mr. Morris," said Jessie, addressing her hostess. "It was a trying moment for Jessie Carden. Before her stood the man she hated. Why had fate cast him as a reptile ever crawling across her path? She longed to crush the serpent's head with her tiny heel, yet she knew that the snake had cunning; she knew that her father was caught in his coils. Never until that moment did she realize the damning power of money, or sound the depths of a woman's hatred.

"May I say something to you, Miss Carden?" ventured Morris. "I've wished to talk to you for a long time, or rather to write something, but—but—let's get out of this crush so I can explain myself."

"I do not care to listen to you, sir." "I beg of you, hear me for a moment!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie turned haughtily from him.

"Since you seem determined to create a scene in which I am to be involved, I prefer the less conspicuous disgrace of listening to you," she said, bitterly. "Here is a quiet corner. What have you to say to me, sir?"

"I want to apologize for what I did in Berlin, or rather for coming to Berlin," he began. "I was wrong and I beg your pardon."

"That is not the offence for which you should crave forgiveness," said Jessie Carden. Scorn was in her voice and a warning flash in her eyes. "Your intrusion in Berlin was insolent, but it was in harmony with a greater affront which preceded it, and one of which no gentleman would be guilty. If you have nothing more appropriate to say, leave me, sir!"

"I have, I have!" cried Morris, cowering before her gaze. "Pray be seated, Miss Carden, and—and give me a chance."

"I should not," she said coldly. "I know the time you mean, Miss Carden." His face flushed a deeper red and he looked at her with appealing eyes. "You mean that affair at the clambake. I was intoxicated, Miss Carden. It's a hard word, but I'm going to be honest and throw myself on your mercy. I am very, very sorry; really I am, Miss Carden, and I want to be your—your friend."

She looked to spurn his prayers and to ask him to take back the white locks from above her father's brow and remove the stain of disgrace. She realized that the man who had

## NOT WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR.

### Irishman Had Reasoned Well, But He Was Wrong.

A farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the farm for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at the farm who would enlighten him.

At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing which would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mooley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head, and concluded it was that he had been sent for.

Procuring a rope, he fastened the cow to the rear end of his vehicle and exultantly drove back to the woods.

"What in Sam Hill have you there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for a cant hook to use in moving the logs; what have you brought that cow for?"

"Be jabbers, boss, devil another thing could I see around the barn that can't hook but this."—Star of Hope.

### Domestic Economy.

"I'll have to have some more money, John," said the young matron, displaying an empty pocketbook.

"Money again, Nellie—so soon? Why, I gave you your housekeeping allowance only yesterday. What have you done with it?"

"I have saved it, John," was the response, but she saw by his puzzled expression that John needed further enlightenment.

"Don't you remember, dear, that the last number of 'The Mothers' Adviser' said: 'Purchase a ten-cent bank, and when you receive a dime in change put it in the bank, and you will soon have a snug little amount saved toward the baby's trousseau, and will never miss the money saved in this way?' You agreed with me, dear, that this was a good plan to save money for baby."

"Yesterday every bit of change I got was in ten-cent pieces, and of course they all went into the bank."

### Made His Own Answer.

William H. Crane, before his departure for Europe told the following: "In submitting a story to a certain magazine a disappointed literary aspirant requested that in the event of his manuscript being found unavailable he be favored with the reason. In a week the manuscript was returned, and on the customary printed slip accompanying it was written:

"Dear Sir—The superscription to your MS. seems to us to best express our reasons for refusal. Resp. yours, "THE EDITOR."

"Opening the manuscript to the title page, the puzzled aspirant read his own handwriting: "His Own Great Sin." And 4,800 words."—New York Times.

### Chance for Man With Brains.

Cash for brains is still the cry. The Queensland government find that the prickly pear, a kind of cactus, has proved so vigorous a weed that \$25,000 has been offered for a acre means of eradicating it.