

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER XXXIII—Continued.

"You are very good to come at this hour," the sufferer said. "I spoke to you this evening of my dear friend from California. Miss Carden, allow me to present him. God bless you both!"

And thus they met, after the weary flight of years. Tenderly laying Blake back on the pillows, John clasped Jessie's hands and looked in her face.

"John!"

"Jessie!"

"Take her in your arms, John! Don't mind me. She loves—"

His voice died with a whisper, and, with a long-drawn sigh, he closed his eyes.

"He's dying! Call the doctor!" exclaimed Jessie, fear and pity chasing the love light from her eyes.

"Don't send for him, I'm all right now," pleaded Blake, opening his eyes. "Let me lie here and talk to you. The sight of you two is better than all the drugs or instruments. I have something to tell you—Miss Carden."

"You promised not to talk," interrupted John Burt, with a look at Blake which had all the effect of a command.

"Let me say just a word!" he exclaimed. "To see you two together, and to hold your hands in mine after all that has happened, gives me new courage and renewed ambition."

The subdued sound of conversation came from the adjoining room. All of Blake's faculties seemed abnormally acute.

"Is not that Edith's voice?" he asked.

"She is in the other room," said Jessie.

"Let her come in," pleaded Blake. John made a gesture of disapproval.

"I should like to see her, but you know best, I suppose, John," he said.

Dr. Harkness entered the room and signaled to John that the interview must end. Blake gallantly raised Jessie's hand to his lips.

"Good-bye, until I'm better," he said, almost gaily. "You and John have saved my life."

John escorted Jessie to the door, whispered a few words and returned to Blake's side.

"You're a god, John!" said Blake,

he grasped the patriarch's hand. "You dropped me off the Segregansett in the right place and at the right time. Destiny orders all these things, and old destiny and I are chums. I'll tell you all about it, Captain Burt, when we have lots of time."

Linked arm in arm the old captain and his first mate entered the wide door of the Burt farmhouse.

Never had the great oaken table upheld such a dinner. Mrs. Jasper was temporarily supplanted by a chef from Boston. Rare old plate came, for the first time in John's recollection, from mysterious chests stored away in the attic. Those who surrounded the board never will forget the invocation offered by Peter Burt when he blessed the food. The shadows which darkened his life had all been lifted, and the austere cloud passed from his features as fog before a quickening gale.

Glistening in a new coat of paint, the Standish bobbed at the landing when John helped Jessie on board. They had accepted Sam Round's invitation to a clam bake at Churchill's Grove, and Sam asked all his old friends and neighbors. For the first time in the memory of the living generation Peter Burt attended an outing. Under the giant pines he sat with John Hawkins and told and listened to tales of the sea.

The Standish pointed her bow out towards Minor's Light, and picked her way between threatening rocks. Under the shadow of Black Reef John dropped the anchor and watched the line until it became taut as the incoming tide swept them near the rocks. Above his head he could see the spot where he had knelt as a boy and listened to Peter Burt while he prayed to the God who guided the storm. For some minutes no words were spoken.

"Do you remember the last time we were here, Jessie?" he asked.

"Yes, John," without raising her eyes.

"Do you remember what I said to you that day, Jessie?"

"I—I think I do, John." It may have been the reflection of the sun, but a touch of crimson came to her cheeks. "It was a long time ago, John, and perhaps I've forgotten just what you said. Can you repeat it?"

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Burt has devoted his time to the study of statesmanship in its crowded sense. Political honors have crowned upon him. There are thousands who share the confident faith of his loving wife that the highest place in the gift of the people shall some day crown his career.

There are frequent reunions in the old farmhouse or on the spacious lawns surrounding John Burt's residence. Once a year Sam Rounds superintends a clam bake, and John Hawkins always manages to be present. To the latter's inquiries concerning the future Mrs. Rounds, Sam turns a grinning, untroubled face.

"No man in Rocky Woods is a bachelor until he is way past sixty," Sam declares, "an' I'm spry yet as a colt in clover. Sometimes Ma Rounds is a bit doubtful about my matrimonial chances, but I has hopes; I still has hopes. Edith, may I help you to some more of them clams? Jessie, please pass young Master Burt's plate; it's empty already. How that boy grows! He's coming up like sparrowgrass after a rain."

Mrs. Rounds bustles around, her eyes bright with the joy of being busy.

"You set down, Ma Rounds," commands Sam in a hopeless tone. "You set right down and let us young folks wait on the table. I can't break her of workin', John; I swan, I just can't do nothin' for her. Well," raising a glass of sparkling cider, "here's God bless all good people, an' happy days till all ye'!"

(The End.)

**HARD WORK TO KILL BEAR.**

North Carolina Men Evidently Not the Marksmen Their Fathers Were.

Some of the citizens of the Ashtand section had a novel experience in killing a big black bear recently. He was discovered passing across the bottoms of the Bushnell plantation about noon, by Alfred Jones, a colored tenant on the place, who notified all the farmers in the neighborhood. A number of men came with their dogs and their guns and proceeded to locate the beast.

The dogs soon struck the track and several of the hunters got within close range at 2 o'clock. Five or six loads were fired into him before he had apparently noticed any onslaught.

Firing continued for several hours with slight effect, and several fierce fights between the dogs and the bear occurred, but he apparently made no effort to attack any of the hunters. Late in the afternoon, after considerable dodging in a thick swamp, he climbed a large tree. Several shots were fired at him from below, and he went out on a limb which was so small it broke under his weight.

When he fell to the ground Mr. Ed Harrill was at very close range and got a good aim at a point just below the heart, which ended the conflict. Mr. Summers, who sent for his wagon, carried the bear to the nearest scales and found that he weighed 267 pounds.—Charlotte Observer.

**Where Racing Manners Win.**

Manners are becoming more and more important to the success of harness horses that are expected to race in good company and make any sort of a showing. The overzealous trotter or pacer will take so much out of himself in scoring that a horse of less speed than he himself possesses will beat him handily before the race is ended. The horse that cannot be placed at the will of his driver after the word is given will not win any race worth talking about. Neither will the horse of opposite temperament—the sort that must be "referred" and rallied from start to finish. The winning trotter must have ambition enough to beat the other horses in the race, speed enough to meet them on equal terms in that particular, and the willingness to let his driver decide when the brush for the front shall be made. That sort of horse is a rare bird, and when you find one and expect him to win three or four races in a row you must add to his other good qualities those of being a good shipper, a first-class feeder and the ability to stand a week of track and water every week.—Los Angeles Times.

**Joseph on "Joe" Chamberlain.**

Joseph Chamberlain's list of jokes includes this one on himself:

On one occasion he was invited to Liverpool to make a speech. It was to be a great celebration. The mayor, who was to preside at the meeting, had arranged a fine dinner for the guest of honor. A distinguished assembly surrounded the table, and at the right of the host sat Mr. Chamberlain. For a couple of hours the company chatted over their food, and finally the coffee was served. It was at this juncture that the mayor leaned over and whispered to Mr. Chamberlain:

"Your excellency, shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a while longer, or had we better have your speech?"—New York Times.

**World's Largest Monolith.**

London Engineering Illustrates and describes the largest monolith yet built. Two of these structures form the foundations for the roundheads at the entrance of the new Midland Railway Company's harbor at Heysham, in Morcombe bay. The roundheads are three hundred feet apart, and only a short distance removed from the main channel formed by Heysham lake. They are built on monoliths, which constituted one of the most interesting features of the works, for, being fifty feet in diameter, they were the largest constructed in connection with harbor works.

**Scientific English Farming.**

At Faringdon, Berkshire, farming has been raised to a science. Mr. George Adams, of the royal prize farm, Wadley house, farms some 4,000 acres, of which about half is arable and half pasture. He employs from 200 to 250 laborers, milks 600 cows daily, keeps about forty Shire brood mares, a score of breeding sows, and from 3,000 to 4,000 laying hens, grows about 1,000 acres of grain, besides attending to other multifarious items in the ordinary course of farm practice. About 1,000 acres of meadow hay are harvested annually. All the work, cutting, carrying and rickling, is done by piecework.—Tid-Bits.

## A Wish.

I wish I were my lady's veil,  
Softly to lie against her cheek,  
Where dimples play at hide and seek  
And rosy blushes flush and pale.

I'm sure that I should never fall  
To feel a charm when she would speak;  
I'm sure her glances would prevail  
And draw me closer to her cheek.

If wishes were of some avail,  
But pshaw, were they only vain and weak,  
An idle dream—a childish freak—  
And yet, and yet, the thoughts assail—  
I wish I were my lady's veil.  
—Chicago Chronicle.

# The Bishop's Impromptu

BY E. E. GARNETT

"Whatever possessed you," said Miss Cordelia, "to quarrel with her?"

"I didn't. It was she who quarreled with me."

"Don't be an Adam."

Bert ignored the case of Adam. "If I could see her alone," he said gently—"alone accidentally."

"Accidentally, of course. That's where I come in?"

"Why not?"

"Because I am on her side."

"But so—radiantly—am I. Always on her side."

"I see. And I don't see any hope for you."

"Then I'm sorry to be a nuisance, Miss Cordelia, but," settling himself like a rock, "I must stay until she comes. She comes often, doesn't she?"

Miss Cordelia began to laugh.

"Why," she asked, "don't you write to her?"

"I want to be sure that she cares before—well, one doesn't like to be a hound for nothing."

"And how will you be made sure?"

"Oh, the minute I see her."

"And then—?" Miss Cordelia leaned toward him with her own eyes twinkling.

"Then I'll kidnap her," cried Bert, and sprang to his feet. "If she cares, Miss Cordelia, upon my soul—I'll kidnap her."

"Oh, how young and silly," said Miss Cordelia, and sighed.

"Listen. It's quite sensible," Bert explained joyously. "The engagement was talked about you know; every one discovered it."

"Yes," Miss Cordelia assented and smiled.

"Now the break is being talked about. And Nixie, poor little girl, hates the whole business."

"It's quite likely," Miss Cordelia put in drily, "that she especially hates the talk going on about you and that little flirt Nellie Carl."

"That isn't my fault, anyway," with conviction, "this plan will make everything right."

"Oh, indeed," repeated Miss Cordelia.

Bert gave her a nod. "It's great," he cried, and made for the door. "I'll see the bishop."

"Mercy on us!" protested Miss Cordelia; but he only paused to make a brief request.

"Miss Cordelia—"

"Oh, you silly boy."

"Ask her to wear white."

"I dare say."

"I'll tell her the rest myself."

"And when," laughed Miss Cordelia, "is she to wear white?"

"To-night, of course. You wouldn't have me live through another day like this?"

Miss Cordelia surrendered. "Come to dinner," she told him. "Come early—and we'll see."

"It's great," said Bert, and was off. Miss Cordelia began to feel a little fluttered. She got Nixie on the telephone. Would Nixie come to dinner? Nixie would be delighted to come.

"And I wish," called Miss Cordelia next, "that you'd wear white, dear. I—I like you in white."

"It's very fortunate that I've a new white silk," said Nixie.

Miss Cordelia chuckled. "Come early," she added. "Be sure to come early, and Nixie—"

"Yes."

"There's quite a snow beginning. Wear that pretty warm cloak of yours, the long, fur-lined one, with the hood. We're all going to a—little impromptu at the Bishop's, and come back to supper," and then she fled out of hearing.

Nixie dressed as desired and came early.

They went down and found Mr. Jordan waiting. There was a white rosette in his coat and he was rather white himself, but a kind of smoldering fire was in his eyes.

"Will you show Nixie my new orchids?" suggested Miss Cordelia. "I must stay here to receive the other guests. And, Bert, tell her about the impromptu—the Bishop's impromptu."

Mr. Jordan bowed. Nixie led out with a graceful nonchalance.

They at once forgot the new orchids though a whole end of the conservatory was a cascade with their weird, rainbow bloom. A light swung over them—not an aggressive light. In the darkness outside they could see the soft fluttering of the snow against the glass.

After a silent time Nixie pouted.

Hoar's Grim Humor.

An aged Baltimorean, a classmate of Senator Hoar at Harvard, was talking about the distinguished statesman.

"One day, when Senator Hoar's health had just begun to be feeble," he said, "he and I fell into a discussion of our various aches and weaknesses."

"The spectacle of two old men complaining together in this way had its humorous side, and Senator Hoar was always quick to see humor. Interrupting me in a description of a chronic rheumatic trouble, he said:

"Howard, you and I, going on like this, remind me of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Tyrrelly. They both, in their old age, were feeble, but they both put the best foot forward; they carried themselves as well as we do. One day, though, meeting somewhere, they began to recout their ills and in firmities. While they were talking, a younger man joined them; thereupon they changed the subject at once, and in explanation of the change Lord Chesterfield said, smiling quietly:

"Tyrrelly and I have been dead these two years, sir, but we don't choose to have it known."

Getting the Money's Worth.

Mrs. Lane was young and inexperienced, but certain principles of economy had been instilled into her from childhood. She knew that since one could send ten words in a telegram for 25 cents and any smaller number cost the same amount, it was an obvious waste of money to send less than the ten.

She had also been taught by her eminently practical husband that in sending a telegram one should "keep to the matter in hand," and avoid all confusion of words. On the occasion of Mr. Lane's first absence from home, he sent a telegram from Chicago, saying, "Are you all right? Answer. Blank Hotel, Chicago."

Mrs. Lane knew she must be wise, economical and speedy, for Mr. Lane was making a flying trip, and had told her he could not plan on his whereabouts long enough ahead to have a letter sent. She spent a few moments in agitated thought, and then proudly wrote the following message:

"Yes. Yes. Yes. I am very well indeed, thank you.—YOUTH'S Companion."

God's Greatest Gift.

God pity those who know not touch of hands—  
Who dwell from all their fellows far apart,  
Who, isolated in unpeopled lands,  
Know not a friend's communion, heart to heart!

But pity these—ah, pity these the more—  
Who of the populous town a desert make,  
Pen in a solitude upon whose shore  
The tides of sweet compassion never break!

These are the dread Saharas we enclose  
About our lives when love we put away;  
Amid life's roses, not a scent of rose;  
Amid the blossoming, nothing but decay.

But if 'tis love we search for, knowledge comes,  
And love that passeth knowledge—God is there!  
Who seek the love of hearts find in their homes  
Peace at the threshold, angels on the stair.  
—Munsey's Magazine.

Had High Opinion of Carleton.

Will Carleton while traveling recently in a stagecoach among the Green mountains is said to have fallen into a literary conversation with a prosperous farmer. In the course of conversation the farmer, who had no suspicion of the author's identity, quoted from Mr. Carleton's poems to illustrate some points he was trying to make. "Oh, that's from Carleton!" said the poet, "and I never have been in the habit of believing half he said." The farmer eyed him a moment somewhat contemptuously. "Well, stranger," he retorted slowly, "I don't know you nor I don't want to be uncivil, but if you ever know half as much as Will Carleton does you'll know twice as much as you do now."

Little Alfred's Squealer.

Emma and Alfred, 4 and 5 years old, respectively, had been kept in doors several days because of slight colds, the boy, who was the more affected, being in bed. They had been looking forward to a visit from their Aunt Judith, a favorite with both. The door bell rang and a visitor was announced down stairs. It proved to be a neighbor. When she had gone, little Emma, half crying, said:

"I wish '