JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaires," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

Cupid had stolen upon her in the night. He had fired an arrow and fled. She felt the delicious tingle of the wound in her heart, and wondered if it was love.

CHAPTER TEN.

Samuel Lemuel Rounds.

"The Roundses don't run much tew ancestry, I reckon; leastwise our end on 'em don't," Sam Rounds had explained to John Burt on one occasion. "Course I've got a lot of ancestors back somewhat, but who'n thunder they are, blamed if I know!"

It is reasonably well established that a Rounds settled in Rehoboth fully one hundred years before Sam was born, but the latter's recollection did not extend back of his father—one Hiram Rounds. The annals of Hiram Rounds and his family can be epitomized in one word—work.

"Dad shorely was er hard worker an' no mistake," explained Sam. "When thar wa'nt no work tew dew on our farm, he'd hire out tew ther neighbors fer fifty er seventy-five cents er day. And at night we'd all shave hoops after supper, working 'til nine an' sometimes ten o'clock. In the winter dad would haul logs tew Newport. He shorely was the championworker 'round Rehoboth. Lots er strong young fellers came up from Attleboro and tried to mow a swath with dad, but he bushed all on 'em."

"Killing himself to live," mused John Burt.

"Wall, I reckon he did—leastwise Doc Reynolds 'lowed so. Dad died when he was forty-eight. He teamed all night, three nights runnin', workin' out the poll-tax fer the neighbors, an' he had er stroke. Doc warned him then tew let up er bit, but dad just somehow couldn't, and he pitched in ergain. He was shinglin' ther roof of ther barn, erbout elevon o'clock one night, an' I guess he had erother stroke. The doctor couldn't exactly

tell whether he had er stroke, er whether he fell off an' broke his neck, er both—enyhow he was dead when they picked him up. I wasn't home at ther time—I was in Fall River workin' in the mills. When us young ones got tew be twelve years old most on us was packed uff an' set tew work in ther cotton mills er in the match factories. Five of my sisters worked in ther cotton mills. Nowadays ther workin' men are talkin' erbout er ten-hour day, an' some on 'em is strikin' fer an' eight-hour day. My sisters an' thousands of other girls used tew work from six o'clock in ther mornin' till nine at night, an' they was mighty glad tew git ther chance. Where air my sisters now? Two on 'em is dead, two married, an' one's in an asylum."

"You never told me how you made your start, Sam," John said, taking advantage of his friend's reminiscent mood.

"Reckon I never would got started if I had tew depend on wages," reflected Sam. "Worked in er shop in Providence fer three years an' saved up er hundred dollars. Then dad died an' left me part of ther old farm. I sold out fer six hundred. Went up ter Vermont and bought some hosses an' brought 'em back an' sold 'em. Then I kept on buyin' an' sellin' 'em. When I had enough money I bought that air strip of land I own now, and I've been thare ever since. I've been down ter New York, lookin' it over, an' have erbout decided ter locate thare. That's er great town, John, an' I knows more erbout hosses than mose on 'em down thataway. What dew ye think erbout it, John?"

Sam looked anxiously into the face of his friend.

"I should go," said John decisively. "There's a fortune waiting for you in New York, Sam. Go, by all means."

This settled it with Sam. A month after the Segregansett sailed away with John Burt, a Providence steamer carried Sam Rounds and fifty carefully selected horses to New York. Since the death of his father Sam had provided for his mother, who lived with him in a well-built house on his Hingham stock farm.

Mrs. Rounds was a faded little woman who had reached her threescore of years. She looked frail, but was seemingly incapable of physical fatigue. She had reared a family of ten children, and for more than forty years had averaged sixteen hours of work a day. Her girlhood was spent in a factory and her honeymoon in a kitchen.

When Sam was able to build a house he declared that it should be his mother's home. He registered a vow that she should do no more work.

The good old lady was astonished and a bit dismayed when she examined the modest house Sam had erected.

"This is a nice place," she said—pride of her son and hereditary caution struggling for mastery. "It must ha' cost a lot of money. I'm afraid you're reckless and extravagant, Samuel. Don't be extravagant, Samuel. It's a besetting sin."

"There ain't no commandment agin it; leastwise I never saw none in the Bible," said Sam, who was a perpetual mystery to his mother. "To my way of thinkin', extravagance is erbout the only thing worth livin' fer. I aims ter be the most extravagant chap ever turned outer Rocky Woods."

The reproving look on his mother's face vanished when Sam threw his strong arms around her and kissed her with a resounding smack. They entered the house, and Sam escorted his mother to a cozy room and told her that it was her own. She looked at the tasteful furniture, the snowy linen, the bright rugs, and the pictures, and tears stood in her eyes.

"This is too good for me, Samuel," she said, holding his hands and looking fondly into his eyes. "But you must be hungry. I'll change my dress and get dinner. Where's the kitchen, Samuel?"

"Never mind erbout the kitchen," said Sam. "There ain't no kitchen fer you. Dinner's all ready, anyhow. Come on, Ma Rounds. I'll show you the cutest dinin'-room ye ever sot yer eyes on."

It was a pretty dining-room. A broad bay window, framed with morning glories, looked out on a well-kept lawn. The table was decorated with flowers, and the table linen was flawless. To the old farmwife these modest comforts realized her dreams of prodigality.

Sam touched a bell, and a trim, white-aproned maid responded. She placed a tureen in front of the master of the house and moved noiselessly away. Mrs. Rounds gazed searchingly, first at the young woman and then at Sam.

"Seems like old times tew have you offer a blessin'" said Sam, as he served his mother a portion of the savory soup.

"Who is that woman?" she asked.

"Her name is Mrs. Fletcher. She's the housekeeper here. She's a widow lady, an' a mighty good woman."

"Of course you'll let her go now," his mother said, when the housekeeper had served a roast of lamb, a dish of green peas, browned potatoes and some tender cabbage. "I can do the cookin' an' all the work here now. What do you pay her, Samuel?"

"Seven dollars a—a month," said Sam, who preferred the falsehood rather than the confession of the appalling truth that Mrs. Fletcher received that amount per week. "She's an awful good cook, ma."

"Seven dollars a month and her keep," mused Mrs. Rounds. "That would be as much as twelve dollars a month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, Samuel. We can save all that. Let her go at once, Samuel, and I will do the work."

"You'll do nothin', Ma Rounds," said Sam, decidedly. "You've worked night onto fifty years, an' that's enough. Now, I'm go'in ter dew ther work, an' you're goin' ter dew ther playin' an' restin'. Of course you can sew an' boss ther girl an' putter 'round like, but you must keep outer ther kitchen, an' fergit that brooms ever was made. Don't you worry erbout money. I've got enough money ter keep both on us er hundred years, an' I'm goin' ter have more."

Sam took his mother to Boston and superintended the purchase of dress materials, a bonnet, and various articles of apparel. On this occasion he was guilty of a scheme of deception which filled his soul with joy. He was acquainted with Mr. Farnsworth, the merchant, and calling him aside, said:

"I want you tew wait on mother an' me, yerself, Mr. Farnsworth. Mother is the best woman in the world, but she thinks I'm extravagant, an I wouldn't hurt her feelins fer anything. Now, I tell ye what ye can dew. When she picks out a cheap thing, you multiply the price by four er five, an' when ye show her some thin' bang-up an' good enough fer a princess, put the price way down. D'ye understand? An' when we gets through, give me the true bill and show her the other one, an' I'll make it all right fer yer trouble. An' mind ye, I want the best in ther store for Mother Rounds."

The merchant smilingly agreed to this arrangement and entered heartily into the deception. Mrs. Rounds had never been in Boston until that day, although all her life had been spent within an hour's ride from the New England metropolis. Occasional visits to the dry-goods shops of Taunton formed epochs in her life, and she was dazed at the contemplation of the sight before her. The shelves, with their load of fabrics, seemed endless, and she crouched behind a marble column for fear of being in the way of the chattering, laughing throng of shoppers.

"I don't want much, Samuel," she whispered, as Mr. Farnsworth turned to take down a bolt of dress goods. "We must be economical, Samuel. Tell him to show us some ginghams."

"All right, Ma Rounds; watch me beat him down," returned Sam, nudging her gently with his elbow.

"Here is a stylish pattern, Mrs. Rounds," said Mr. Farnsworth, displaying a neat gingham, worth perhaps ten cents a yard.

"How much a yard?" asked Sam.

Mr. Farnsworth gravely consulted the cabalistic price mark.

"The regular price is ninety-five cents a yard, but," lowering his voice and glancing about to make sure he was not overheard, "I will make it to you at eighty cents."

"Eighty cents a yard for gingham!" gasped Mrs. Rounds.

"It is imported goods, Mrs. Rounds," explained Mr. Farnsworth, critically stroking the print. "It wears like silk. We carry no domestic ginghams. Here is one at eighty-five cents and this one is a dollar and ten a yard. That would make you a fine gown, Mrs. Rounds.'

"Let's go somewhere else, Samuel," whispered his mother, positively frightened. "I can buy gingham in Taunton for eight cents a yard."

"Wait a bit," said Sam reassuringly. "What have ye got in silks, Mr. Farnsworth?"

"We have a fine line of silks," replied that gentleman, leading the way to another counter. "I should recommend a heavy black gros grain silk for Mrs. Rounds. We have them at all prices. Here is one at a dollor and a half a yard.

He displayed a silk worth at least three dollars a yard. The old lady looked fondly at the glossy fabric. The temptation was great, but she closed her lips firmly and put Satan behind her.

"Too much," said Sam decisively. "We're not rich ner proud, Mr. Farnsworth. Show us somethin' cheaper."

"Very well. Here is one at a dollar a yard, and here is one which is a bargain." He unrolled a superb, heavy bolt of silk, lustrous black and a delight to the eye. He examined the price mark critically. It told him that the wholesale cost was four dollars a yard and the upset retail figure four dollars and seventy-five cents.

"I can let you have that at eighty cents a yard," he said after a mental calculation.

"Now, ye're gittin' down tew business," Sam declared tentatively. "That's tew much, but it's more like it. What do you think of the goods, Ma Rounds? You'd look like a four-year old in a gown made of that."

"It's very fine—too fine for me, I'm afraid." She was weakening. "And it's cheap, if it's real silk. Is it really and truly silk?" She looked timidly at Mr. Farnsworth, who assured her it was silk beyond a doubt.

(To be continued.)

TURNED THEM ALL DOWN.

Culprit Evidently Not Impressed by Appearance of Lawyers.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw told the following story when he was in New York the other day of the time he was practicing law in Iowa.

One of his townsmen was arraigned for a crime and had no counsel. The Judge explained to him that he was entitled to have counsel assigned to him. He pointed out several attorneys in the courtroom, naming them as he did so, and said:

"Here are Mr. So-and-So and So-and-So, and Mr. Smith is out in the corridor. You can choose any one you want and I will assign him to defend you."

The prisoner slowly looked the lawyers in the courtroom over, one after the other, and then replied:

"If it suits your honor just as well, I'd as soon have the one in the hall."—New York Times.

Wanted Home Industry.

A wealthy Scotch ironmaster called on a country squire and was ushered into the library. He had never seen such a room before, and was much impressed with the handsome cases and the array of well-bound volumes that filled their shelves. The next time he went to Glasgow he made a point of calling at a well-known bookseller's, when the following conversation is reported to have taken place: "I want you to get me a leebrary." "Very well, Mr. ——; I'll be pleased to supply you with books. Can you give me any list of such books as you would like?" "Ye ken mair aboot buiks than I do, so you can choose them yourself." "Then you leave the selection entirely to me? Would you like them bound in Russia or Morocco?" "Russia or Morocco? Can ye no' get them bound in Glasgo?"

SCIENCE and INVENTION

New Ice-Making Machine.

A new ice-making machine constructed entirely of metal, consisting of two parts, very simple and compact, has been introduced in France. One part, heretically closed, contains the mechanism, and the other is the ice producer. The smallest size, which is a foot by a foot and a half, is run by hand or one-eighth horsepower motor, and makes 4.4 pounds of ice an hour. One 40x60 inches, with four horsepower, makes 220 pounds an hour. The principal feature of the machine is that the ice is produced without the aid of any ingredients or preparations of any kind. Whatever requisite is needed for its operation is supplied at the time of its manufacture. Once the machine is delivered it produces ice as long as the metal work used in its construction holds out, and this is of such a character as to last many years.

Handy Liquid Heater.

When a man is at home and wants hot water he goes to the faucet and draws it or else pours it from the kettle on the stove, but the same man striving to get hot water at a hotel or boarding house is another story.

Electricity has done so much for humanity in recent years that it seems impossible there can be many new uses left for it, but still handy articles like this one continue to make their appearance. This arrangement consists of a porcelain tube, having a spiral groove on its surface, in which a platinum wire is wound, the whole being covered by a metallic tube insulated from the wire and finished with a wooden handle and a wire leading to a plug, to be inserted in an incandescent electric lamp socket. It is obvious that when the current is switched into the wire it will pass over the spiral platinum wire and heat it almost to a redness through the resistance it offers, thus warming a pitcher of water in a few

Electricity Warms Water.

minutes by simply inserting the heater in the pitcher. This device can be carried in a small satchel and is always ready for use wherever an incandescent electric lamp can be found.

The inventor is Fernan O. Conill, of Roxbury, Mass.

Negro's Clever Invention.

A negro of St. Joseph, Mo., announces that he has solved the problem of producing heat and power without combustion. Charles S. L. Baker is the inventor's name. He has a hot water heater in operation, having worked for twenty-three years to complete it.

By means of friction heat is conveyed into an air or water chamber whence the hot air, hot water, or steam is conveyed, by means of ordinary pipes and radiators, to the place where it is to be used.

There are two complete systems, one of hot water radiation and the other of steam radiation, now connected with this one heater, and the heater can be instantly changed from a hot water boiler to a steam boiler. With the water in the boiler and the entire hot water heating plant cold, it is possible to heat radiators in less than one-half the time that hot water radiators can be heated by any other known process.

With the water in the boiler and all the steam radiators cold, it is possible to heat steam radiators and show ten pounds pressure on the steam gauge in less than one-half the time that it can be done by any other process.

After the steam gauge begins to show pressure the steam pressure rises at the rate of a pound a minute. This is a remarkable performance. After the steam has reached the desired pressure its further rise is automatically prevented.

This heater may be used for producing heat or power. The same heater may be used for either low pressure or high pressure steam. The limitations which apply to ordinary steam boilers are not applicable to the friction heater.

Durability of Liquid Air.

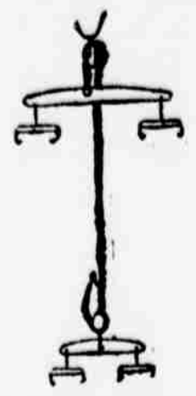
An experiment for the purpose of testing the durability of liquid air has been made between Berlin and Geneva. One morning two quarts of liquid air were delivered to the railroad at Berlin, packed in a manner specially adapted for this purpose, for transportation to Geneva. The shipment arrived in Geneva in five days, and after an additional delay of half a day it was delivered to the chemical laboratory of the University of Geneva. The glass vessel in which the liquid air was sent still contained one-fourth of a quart thereof, which was at once experimented with.

The man who thinks a half a dozen wives an easy proposition must be deaf to the wail of the mother-in-law.

FOR FOUR HORSE TANDEM.

Simple Arrangement to Equalize Work of Teams.

The accompanying illustration represents a very simple form of equalizer for two teams one before the other. Attached to the load is a pulley through which the chain works, a team of two horses being attached to each end of the chain. The front doubletree is provided with a ring in the center, to which the chain is attached. On the end of the chain is a



grab hook, by means of which the front team may be hitched long or short as desired.

Cover-Crop Question.

S. S.—What cover crop should I sow in my orchard? I cannot sow it until Sept. 1, or thereabouts. How does rye compare with vetch as a green manure? Is vetch difficult to cure for fodder?

If you cannot sow vetch until Sept. 1, I do not think it would be as useful a cover plant as rye. It would germinate, but the growth possibly during the limited period between that time and cold weather would be comparatively slight. It would, under ordinary circumstances, continue its growth promptly in spring, but still I question whether it would be as desirable to use it. If, however, you could sow the vetch as early as the first of August, you would have a cover crop worth while; and in this cover you would secure much more valuable fertilizing material than in the rye. The rye will add humus, but as a nitrogen-collector, it is not to be rated with vetch. Vetch hay is rather hard to handle. Like clover it cures slowly, and is almost impossible to cure when the weather conditions are unfavorable. I would suggest that you try a small patch next year as an experiment. This will be the best way to answer the question on your own ground.—J. C.

Building Concrete Horse Stable.

Westerner—Would concrete be suitable for building a horse stable 50 feet by 25 feet, and 12 feet high? How thick should the walls be? How should the foundation be laid and what quantity of Portland cement would be required?

Cement, concrete would be very suitable for the walls of such a stable as desired. It would require 50 barrels of Portland cement for the walls if small stones are used as fillers.

One part of Portland cement to seven parts of clean gravel, in size from a grain of wheat to a hen's egg should be thoroughly mixed dry, and then mixed with water until it resembles moist earth. By taking it up in the hand it should pack, but not leave any moisture on the hand.

The foundation trench should be below frost and 20 inches wide. Fill in with concrete two or three inches deep, and then put in all the stone that can be got in one layer deep, and ram the concrete around them till the trench is filled. The footing should extend four inches on each side of the wall.

Electric Lighting From Stream.

A stream of water flows through a flume three feet wide and varying in depth from one to four inches. The fall is three feet, and it could be increased to four. The outlet is about 100 feet from the buildings. What horse power could be developed, and would it furnish electric lights for the buildings of an ordinary farm?

This question cannot be answered without knowing the velocity of the stream, or else the volume of the flow in a given time. Supposing that the velocity is 10 feet per second, and the average depth 2 inches, and the fall 4 feet, the stream would develop about 2 horse power, which would light about twenty incandescent lights. Unless the velocity of the stream is nearly that assumed above, it would not be worth while trying to make use of it in the way suggested by the correspondent.

Weasels Killing Hens.

The only plan I think is to try and catch the weasels which are killing your hens in a trail-trap. These animals are extremely difficult to catch in an ordinary baited trap, because they always kill their food and suck the blood. If the animals have got into the way of frequenting your poultry yard, they probably have some favorite run which you can find. Set your trap in this, first putting on a pair of gloves which have not been much used while handling the trap, so as to leave no odor of the hands. Put the trap in the run and cover it over with two boards nailed together so as to make a covered way which will prevent chickens or dogs getting caught. The reason that gloves or some other covering to the hands is necessary is the great powers for detecting the odor of the human hand possessed by these animals. The proverb that you cannot catch a weasel asleep refers to the difficulty of catching them.—J. F.

ACTOR FEARED A MIX-UP.

Japanese Valet and Russian Wolfhound Not a Good Combination.

William H. Crane, the actor, has as many friends in Washington as an Ohio politician.

The lawmakers have never forgotten his favorite play of some seasons ago, and he is always called Crane recently "Senator." Mr. played in Washington, and was royally received at the White House, the Capitol and the clubs. While at one of the latter a gentleman who had enjoyed the actor's performance remarked:

"Well, Crane, I want to make you a present. I'm going to give you a dog."

"What breed?" asked the actor.

"A Russian wolfhound," was the reply.

"Sorry," said Mr. Crane, "but I can't accept a Russian wolfhound."

"Why?" asked the friend in surprise.

"I have a Japanese valet," answered the actor, "and as for myself, I'm neutral."—New York Times.

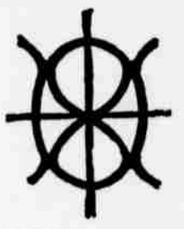
Found Gold in a Hen Coop.

Two boys, W. O. and C. P. Danielson of Medford, Ore., in March, 1894, while cleaning out an old chicken house for a family by the name of Roberts, found buried under the surface $7,000 in coin. The Roberts family claimed the money and the boys turned it over to them. Afterwards the boys brought a suit in court to recover the money, on the ground that they had found it and were entitled to it, as against all the world, except the owner. The Roberts family claimed that one of their number had buried the money there, and that in fact the money was not lost. The case is now before the supreme court of Oregon as to who is entitled to the money. The interesting information was developed at the trial that the Roberts family gave to each of the boys five cents, and expressed the hope that the Lord would bless them.

An Illuminating Crab.

One of the marine curiosities fished some time ago from the bottom of the Indian ocean was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light, similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity emitted by the common glow-worm. The crab was captured in the daytime and placed in a large tank containing specimens of fish, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was pitchy darkness, the crab lit up the tank so that the other creatures in it could be plainly seen.

Whole Alphabet Here.



In this ingenious monogram every letter of the alphabet can be made out.

Small Claims Paid by Government.

There have been several 1-cent claims against the United States government. One was by the Southern Pacific, which submitted a bill of $5.28 for hauling government freight. It was a bond-aided road, only part of its bills against the government being paid in cash, the rest going to the railroad's credit on the bonds. In this case its credit was $5.28 and its cash 1 cent. Another government obligation of a single cent was in favor of a chemical company, which, for some unexplained reason, agreed in a public competition to supply 16,892 pounds of ethyl ether for 1 cent. The offer was accepted. There were nine signatures, one that of a rear-admiral, on the paper, relating to the establishment of this claim and the warrant for payment had to be signed by several persons.

A Long Sleep.

An agricultural laborer in Russia is reported to have slept for seven months. He "dropped off" while at work in the fields, was carried home, and remained slumbering for the period mentioned, watched from time to time by physicians. Curiously enough, he lost so little flesh that no attempt was made to feed him. When he awoke he was as weak as an infant, but after a fortnight's nursing was strong enough to return to his work.

Depew's Dinner Invitation.

Chauncey M. Depew was accosted by a beggar who had "seen better days." The man wanted five cents. The senator shook his head and passed on. But the man followed him.

"Please give me five cents; I've had no dinner," he persisted.

"Neither have I," replied the senator shortly.

"Very well, then," said the fellow, suddenly assuming an air of patronage, "make it ten, and we'll dine together."—New York Times.