

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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Chapter XVIII—Continued.

That evening Arthur Morris called on Jessie. Of her favorable answer to his suit he had not the slightest doubt. He had carefully rehearsed his avowal. After critically reviewing his campaign since quitting Paris he decided that he had made no mistakes.

He made his declaration confidently, but with more of feeling than Jessie thought him capable. "Mr. Morris," she said with an earnestness which almost tricked herself. "I owe a duty to my father which I cannot forego. He is alone and in trouble, and I cannot leave him. You know little of the pride of the Cardens if you imagine that the daughter of General Marshall Carden will give her hand in marriage so long as the shadow of bankruptcy hangs over his name."

Morris again assured Jessie of his absolute confidence in General Carden's financial future, and attempted to secure some conditional promise from her.

"I am willing to wait, don't you know," he said. "I'm sure General Carden will come out all right. Go abroad if you like, but promise to marry me when you return." He gazed longingly at her.

"No, I will promise not to marry within the next two years. Will that satisfy you?"

Morris left Jessie's presence wild with delight over his fancied success.

A few days later General Carden arrived from Boston, and held several conferences with Arthur Morris. One night he greeted Jessie with unusual tenderness. The old proud light was in his eyes. His shoulders were thrown back and his step was elastic. "I am no longer a bankrupt, Jessie, my darling," he said, when they were alone. "I have so disposed of my securities to Mr. Morris that I am able to pay all of my debts and have enough remaining to send you abroad."

Jessie remained behind. Back through the swiftly flying years her fancy wandered to the summer day when, under the tuition of a sturdy farmer lad, she fished for crabs over the side of the bridge.

Did John Burt yet live? Did she yet hold the place in his heart she occupied on that night, when, under the old maples, she rested against his breast and bade him a sad farewell? Would he return? When? The little brook, flowing towards the ocean on the outgoing tide, seemed the sole connecting link between the past and the future.

The clatter of hoofs aroused Jessie from her reverie. She looked up to see Edith coming towards her.

"What attraction has that muddy old creek?" demanded Edith. "Come on, Jessie; uncle Tom has soured the horn for dinner."

On the morrow Edith and Mrs. Bishop went to Boston on a shopping expedition, but they could not persuade Jessie to accompany them. In the afternoon she ordered her horse saddled, and, declining an escort, soon disappeared in a turn of the road. Half an hour later she stopped in front of Peter Burt's farmhouse.

She had not dismounted when the great oaken door swung back and Peter Burt came towards her. There was a kindly gleam in his eye, as with a courtly air, he bowed and greeted her.

"It is thoughtful of you to remember me, my child," he said, as he gave her his hand and helped her to dismount. "Jasper, take care of Miss Carden's horse! We will sit in the shade of the trees; it is cool and pleasant here. How is your father, my child?"

"He is very well," answered Jessie. "Since you saw him he has had financial trouble, but his affairs are in better shape now. He lives in New York."

CHAPTER XX.

General Carden is Puzzled.

"Here are the papers, papa dear. And here are cigars and matches. I found your glasses on the writing desk. You are careless as ever, papa dear. Isn't it nice to have some one who knows just what you wish and where to find it?"

"It is, Jessie, my pet!" And General Carden placed his arm around his daughter's waist, drew her fair face down to his and kissed her fondly. "I shall not let you read all the evening, papa, because I have so many things to tell you," said Jessie, smoothing back the scant gray locks.

They were in the cozy drawing room of Mr. Bishop's New York residence.

"It is remarkable how easily a new concern can establish itself in Wall Street," said General Carden, laying aside his paper and slowly wiping his glasses. Jessie raised her eyes with dutiful interest. "It was not so in the old conservative days. It then took years to establish standing and credit. Now an unknown man can come out from the West and have the Street by the ears in thirty days. For example, take this man Blake, who has established the firm of Blake & Company. He suddenly appeared here from San Francisco and conducted a campaign which swept two old established houses off their feet. His profits were estimated at millions. Since then we have heard of nothing but the doings of James Blake. Here is an article," continued General Carden, picking up a paper, "which gives an account of a conference between this upstart and the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. They say Blake is only twenty-seven years old. Jessie, my dear, it is a great thing to be born fortunate. You were not wise, darling, in your selection of a father." General Carden smiled sadly.

"I've the best and dearest father in the world!" exclaimed Jessie, placing her hand in his. "But I'm not going to let him read the papers any more this evening. Let's forget all about the old stocks and the wonderful Mr. Blake, and talk of those we know. Papa, dear, I wish to ask you a question."

"What is it, my pet? They say that children must not ask questions."

"Has anything been heard of John Burt? I—I thought perhaps Mr. Morris would know as soon as any one."

General Carden's lips tightened. He pulled nervously at his beard, and the military moustache bristled aggressively.

"Answer me, papa! I have a right to know this."

There was a flash in the tender eyes and a warning curve in the pretty lips. The crimson left her cheek and she looked frankly into her father's face. There is in innocence the bravery of truth and the calm modesty of virtue. General Carden was disarmed.

"Nothing has been heard from Mr. Burt so far as I can learn, Jessie," he said. "Possibly his grandfather may have news. I am reasonably sure Mr. Morris has none. Let us talk of something else, Jessie."

The door opened and Mrs. Bishop entered.

"Here is your evening mail, Marshall," she said, handing her brother a number of letters. "And here is a letter for you, Jessie."

Jessie opened and read a note from Arthur Morris. It congratulated her on a safe return from abroad, and closed by asking permission to call on the first evening which would suit her convenience. The letter lay idly in her hand, and her thoughts were far away when the general uttered an exclamation.

"A most astounding coincidence! Really, this is quite remarkable!" "What has happened, papa?" (To be continued.)

Transformation of a Shabby Man.

A certain New York man whose bank account is so fat that it takes six figures to measure it, used to go around looking reprehensibly shabby. Recently there has been a change in his appearance. Nowadays his attire is really natty and he shaves at least three times a week.

One day the shabby looking man went into J. Pierpont Morgan's office on business connected with a charity. He asked to see Mr. Clarke, who looks after some of the charity affairs in which Mr. Morgan is interested.

"Mr. Clarke is not in now," said one of the clerks. "If you will come tomorrow you may be able to catch him and possibly he will help you a little."

The shabby-looking man thought that closing sentence sounded rather queer.

"Thank you," he said, sarcastically. "You are very kind." "That's all right," replied the clerk. "I've been broke myself." The shabby-looking man saw light. "Oh," he said.

Since then the shabby-looking man has ceased to be shabby.

Raw Eggs a Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is very strengthening. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink. Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its soapy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.



Your Corner

The Latest Styles in Costumes—How to Make an Old-Fashioned Pot Pourri—Suggestions of Value to Housewife.

lavender blossoms, one ounce of bruised cloves, one more ounce of stick cinnamon, another of allspice, one nutmeg coarsely grated, a cupful of ginger root thinly sliced, half an ounce of anise seed, ten grains of Canton musk (finest quality) and finally two ounces oforris root. Mix them well together and place the jar in any suitable corner of the parlor or living room. A few drops of attar of rose or any desired extract of flowers can be added at any time.

The New Handkerchief Kimonas.

Kimonas made from large, square handkerchiefs have taken a new twist this season. Instead of brilliant bandanas and the old-fashioned combinations of dark blue and white, or vivid red and white, the most delicate colorings are seen.

The center of the handkerchief shows delicate pink, blue, green, yellow or lavender, with a dainty border in pale Persian colors or Dresden effects, with the color of the center predominating in the conventional or floral design. Another difference in the style lies in the fact that the points of the handkerchiefs are brought to the neck line and then turned over to form a small, shawl-shaped collar.

Shawls a Fad of Fashion.

Shawls are seen in rather unusual numbers. There are enough of them to suggest a revival of the 1830 and 1850 fashion. The silk shawls are especially attractive, embroidered in self or a contrasting color. Pale salmon pink is embroidered in white; dull rich magenta has a pattern worked in red of a deeper tone. Of course all the usual pinks, pale blues and creams are also strongly in evidence. Pengee color, with stitchery in white or yellow, is pretty and more unusual.

Told in Her Boudoir

Ashes of rose, butter color and palest blues and pinks are seen in profusion.

Big green gooseberries and little white roses combine on some modish millinery.

A silver cross succeeds the jeweled heart so long worn at the end of a frail chain.

Petticoats of wash mohair in ponce color are attractive and serviceable novelties.

Those small brocaded eighteenth century "mules" are attractive footwear for around the house.

All discord in dress is to be avoided.

PONGEE AND LACE.



Coats of pongee with collars and trimming of lace are eminently smart for young girls and are both charming and serviceable, inasmuch as they provide just the warmth needed on a summer day. This one is exceedingly simple but includes an inverted plait at the back which gives addi-

and a costume all in one shade gains immeasurably in style. Ecru lawns and India lmons are substitutes for natural linen bastiate and grass cloth, and mercerized champagne are substitutes for Shantung pongees and the other natural-colored silks now so much in vogue.

Paris Muslin and Lace.

Every woman of taste likes to be the possessor of dainty underwear, well made and carefully fitted. This very simple little corset cover is shaped on admirable lines and combines perfect smoothness at the back



Design by May Mantou.

with becoming fullness over the bust and can be made so readily and easily as to commend it to every seeker after desirable garments. As shown the material is Paris muslin with trimming of lace, but any of the materials in use for underwear can be substituted and trimming can be either lace or embroidery. To make the corset cover for a woman of medium size will be required 1 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide.

To Wash an Eiderdown Quilt.

Preface the washing by mending any little holes in the sateen. Then prepare a suds with warm water and boiled soap, and in this plunge the quilt. Squeeze with the hands till the water becomes dirty, then place in fresh suds and repeat the process till clean. Rinse out the soap in as many changes of water as necessary; squeeze out the water, shake the quilt, and hang out to dry. When dry, shake it till it is quite soft and full. On no account use a mangle or the quilt will be utterly flat looking.



Raisins for fruit cake are much improved by cooking. Let them soak slowly and then simmer until the skin is tender.

If silver is washed every week in warm suds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia the polish can be preserved for a long time.

If unable to secure the indented and perforated round enameled ware to fit in the bottom of saucepans to prevent food sticking to the pans or burning, keep a wire discloth to set in the bottom of the kettle.

For washing tan, brown or linen color hay water is good. You make it by pouring boiling water over hay.

When bread is baked the loaves should never be set flat on the table or shelf, but should be set on end, one loaf against another, and wrapped closely round with a clean cloth. This makes the crusts tender by keeping in the steam.

Lace on Hats.

Point d'esprit and the old-fashioned blonde lace is fashioned into Marie Antoinette hats, a fall of lace coming well over the edge of the brim and a garland of small flowers encircling the crown, with a deep fall of lace in the back. A dainty hat of fine white chip has a brim of tucked lawn and a frill of fine embroidery hanging down from the brim in the back, and it has two pink satin ribbons running in and out of the embroidery and forming rosettes.

Old Fashioned Pot Pourri.

A genuine old-fashioned pot pourri is made as follows: Pack half a peck of fragrant rose leaves in a bowl in layers with salt, using a small handful of fine salt to three of rose leaves. Let them stand in this way for five days, turning them twice daily. This should be done thoroughly. At the end of this time add three ounces of powdered allspice and one ounce of stick cinnamon.

Let them rest again for about a week longer, stirring as before once each day. Now put them into the permanent pot pourri jar, mixing them first with half a pound of dried

tional fullness and provides becoming folds. The sleeves are full and ample and the coat can be worn open or closed, made with or without the collar. The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 5 1/4 yards 21, 2 3/4 yards 44 or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.



Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morhart were in Guide Rock the first of the

my pet. And Mr. Morris has given me a position in his bank with a chance to work into a partnership.

"Oh, that's splendid!" exclaimed Jessie. "Are you sure you will not be disappointed? Is it all arranged beyond any doubt?"

"Here is the check," said General Carden, with some surprise. "Why do you ask, Jessie?"

"Because I wish to go to Paris as soon as possible," was the answer. "I am just crazy to take up my painting and music. And now I can go, can't I, papa?"

"Certainly, my pet." Arthur Morris called that evening, and vainly attempted to persuade her to spend the summer in Hingham, and postpone her trip abroad until autumn. He bade her an effusive farewell, and Jessie gave a happy sigh of relief when the train rolled out from the station.

CHAPTER XIX.

Two Strange Interviews.

It was delightful to be again in the old-fashioned country house overlooking the ocean. Jessie confessed to Edith Hancock that her anxiety to return to Paris was assumed.

"I would be perfectly happy in this dear old place all summer—were it not for one discord," she said to Edith as they galloped along the beach the first evening after their arrival in Hingham. "Yonder is a suggestion of what is driving me to a foreign land."

Jessie pointed with her riding whip at the red-tiled roof of the Morris mansion, seen several miles away through a cleft in the hills.

"Do you mean that you are flying from Arthur Morris?" Edith's dark eyes opened wide.

"I do. I prefer the society of strangers abroad rather than to tolerate his occasional presence here," answered Jessie, biting her lip in vexation.

They cantered in silence until they came to the old bridge where Jessie first met John Burt. There she reined in her bay.

"We'll let the horses rest here a moment," she said. "I always liked this spot. Isn't the view charming across the level of the marsh to the rocks and the dark fringe of pines beyond?"

"It's much better at the top of the hill," insisted Edith, and wondered what Jessie could find to admire in the prosaic surroundings. "Come on, Jessie," and she touched her roan with the whip.

any for a visit with his parents. S. Marsh is in St. Louis, this week in Exposition and convention, and members were received into the congregational church Sunday morning.

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