

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, I—"

"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

extending his hand, "but any friend of my grandson's is welcome to such hospitality as a Burt can offer."

"Aye, aye, sir; Captain Burt: My name's Hawkins—John Hawkins, and I'm coming ashore," said the gentleman, stepping from the carriage.

Peter Burt grasped him by the shoulders and stared into his face.

"Jack Hawkins! Jack Hawkins, of the Segregansett! The dead has come to life, and God is good to his servant! Forgive me, Hawkins, as He has forgiven me!"

"Nothing to forgive, Captain Burt!" exclaimed John Hawkins, heartily, as 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 clambake 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 ruled 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?"

An arm reached out and the little hand was firmly clasped.

"I told you that I loved you, Jessie," he said. The imprisoned hand made no attempt to escape. "I told you that that love was my inspiration; that no woman on earth should share it;—sunshine or rain, happiness or sorrow—that my ambition was to see you showered with all the blessings God can grant to a good woman; I said that if a day came when I had a right to ask your love in return that I should do so, making no claim on our old friendship. And then you said something, Jessie—do you remember what you said, darling?"

"I said that I wanted you to love me, but not to speak of it again—until I said you could," said Jessie, lifting her laughing eyes. "You can say it again—if you wish to, John."

Two soft arms were around his neck and two sweet lips met his.

"You knew I would wait for you, John, didn't you?"

John Burt's modest mansion stands on the crest of the hill which slopes down to the old farmhouse. It commands a superb view of the crescent sweep of ocean beach, and also of the more quiet beauties of Hingham bay. Verdant terraces and winding paths and roads come to the edge of the yard surrounding the old homestead, but no gardener's hand has been permitted to touch the quaint surround-

ings, sacred to the ancestral founder of the house of Burt.

In the long summer days Jessie's children play about Peter Burt's knees. Nearly five score years have passed over his head. His shoulders are bent, and the voice falters at times, but his eyes preserve the spark of their wonted fires.

Watched and cared for by those who love him, he calmly awaits the coming of the reaper, into whose garner long since have been gathered the atoms of his generation.

A few miles away another mansion fronts the ocean. James Blake and his fair Edith have been blessed with two children and with each other's love. A roguish boy bears the name of John, and a dainty little miss responds to the name of Jessie. James Blake is now in fact as well as in name the head of the great firm so conspicuous in this narrative. In a thousand ways he has merited the confidence reposed in him by John Burt. Generous as yet, almost to a fault, he has acquired with responsibility that breadth of view and poise of judgment which found its highest expression in the man who made his success possible.

Retiring from active business when most men are making a start, John Burt has devoted his time to the study of statesmanship in its purest sense. Political honors have crowded 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 clambake, 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' with her. Well," raising a glass of sparkling cider, "here's God bless all good people, an' happy days tew all of ye!"

(The End.)

HARD WORK TO KILL BEAR.

North Carolina Men Evidently Not the Marksmen Their Fathers Were

Some of the citizens of the Ashland 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.

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 500 cows daily, keeps about forty Shire blood 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.

Lind Resembles Lincoln.

Representative John Lind of Minnesota, who has twice been governor of that state and has been nominated for justice of the Supreme Court, is said to bear a marked resemblance to Lincoln. In fact, he seems a perfect double of the martyred President; even the expression of his face is similar, as well as its contour. He is extremely tall and gaunt and has a shambling gait.

The Woman of It.

She—I had a splendid half hour's chat with young Simpkins last evening. He—Indeed! Why, everybody says he is stupid and never says anything. She—True; but he's an excellent listener.



Short Circular Capes in Style.

Short circular capes are all the fashion right now. Those most in vogue for late August days and early autumn weather are of coarse lace; any lace like Cluny, Brugge or point Venise is in favor. The capes vary in length. Sometimes they fall just to the shoulders, other reach to the bust line, and still others touch the waist.

In ecru or dyed to match the color of the gown they will be the most fashionable during the early fall. The smart girl is sure to contrive many novel ways of adding to the charm of her cape. She may fasten it down the front with big, artistic-looking buttons, or it may have the effect of being tied together with many smart-looking little black satin bows. If she wishes to more decidedly change its effect she will slip satin messaline or velvet ribbons through the meshes of the lace at either side of the front.

At the neck the ribbons are tied in rosettes, and then again a bit further down.—September Woman's Home Companion.

Misses' Tourist Coat.

The tourist coat has taken a firm hold on popular fancy and will be much worn during the coming season by young girls as well as by grown women. This one is peculiarly desirable and suits the general wrap and the costume equally well, but, in the case of the model, is made of dark blue cheviot trimmed with braid and stitched with corticelli silk and

Midget Furniture.

For the nursery there is midget furniture, of a kind that delights the hearts of the children, not doll furniture, but furniture of just the right sort for the use of children; comfortable easy chairs about one-third the size of those in mother's room, covered with pretty cretonne; a small sofa and a little box couch, covered to match, says the Ohio State Journal.

The little toilet table is draped with the cretonne, and there are hangings of it at the door. A small white writing desk and table, with a white chair of corresponding size, have a place in one corner of the room and on the desk, are slate and pencil and an alphabet game. The cretonne box couch makes an excellent receptacle for toys when they are not in use.

Excellent Pear Dessert.

Cook one-half cup of rice twenty minutes in plenty of boiling salted water. Drain and put in the double boiler, with a half cup of rich milk. Cook until the rice is soft and the milk absorbed. Sweeten lightly and season with a few drops of vanilla. Two teaspoonsful of preserved ginger juice and a few drops of lemon juice. Turn into a mold to cool. Drain a quart of stewed pears free from juice, fill their centers with preserved ginger chopped fine and moistened with a teaspoonful of orange juice. Turn the rice into a low glass dish, arrange the pears about it, and garnish with ginger and whipped cream.

For Afternoon Wear.

Full waists made with deep pointed yokes are exceedingly becoming to girlish figures and are much liked for the waists of afternoon wear. This one is made of rose-colored wool batiste, the yoke being of finely tucked silk, with a design of bias banding forming loops in which medallions of lace are set, and round the lower edge of the yoke is a frill which matches the waist and which is stitched and trimmed with an embroidered band. To make the waist

Jellied Salmon.

Those who are most interested in the more substantial courses at the table will be glad to try the jellied salmon, which makes a most appetizing as well as a tasteful luncheon dish, or one to be served at a Sunday evening supper. It is easily made. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine as usual, and mix it with a can of salmon and three-quarters of a cup of salad dressing. Set it away to harden. This is but one of many similar dishes which any skillful cook may devise.

Fancy Covert Coats.

Let the covert coat approach monotony a variety of finishings is introduced into its making. Full sleeves have been introduced, and now some of the short jackets have full backs held in at the waist with a short strap. Others have wide stitched bands curved around over the shoulders half way to the back, forming a cape effect. Slot seams, braiding, appliques and ruffings are all introduced, lending the erstwhile simple covert jacket a most festive aspect.

New Form of Entertainment.

At a luncheon a short time ago a new form of entertainment was provided by the guests themselves. The hostess asked each one to come in some way representing her fad; then the guests were supplied with pencils and cards and the one who guessed the greatest number of hobbies suggested received a prize. One girl, who wished to show that she was fond of music, had fastened to her dress a picture of a crying kitten with a bandaged head—mice-suck.

Pineapple and Orange.

Cut the top from a pineapple and carefully remove the inside, so that the shell may not be broken. Cut the pulp into bits, mix it with the pulp of three ripe oranges, also cut very small, and liberally sweeten the mixture. Smooth off the bottom of the pineapple shell so that it will stand upright, refill with the fruit pulp, and set in the ice for three hours.

Mixed Catchup.

Take equal quantities of green tomatoes, white onions and cabbage; grind in a sausage mill. Sprinkle with salt, turn into a bag and hang up to drain all night. Put in a jar with one ounce each of white mustard seed, powdered mace, ground cloves and allspice; chop two pods of red pepper and add. Cover with strong, cold vinegar.

Whole Canned Tomatoes.

Immerse the tomatoes in boiling water and slip off the skins. Into a large kettle of boiling water put just enough tomatoes to fill a jar. Cover and steam for eight minutes, then pack into a hot jar, fill to overflowing with the boiling water and seal.

Fish Padding.

Ingredients—One-half pound cooked fish, ¼ pound cooked potato, 1 ounce butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful milk, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Method—Remove the fat and skin from the fish, and break the fish into small flakes; rub the potato through a wire sieve; mix it with the fish,

add pepper and salt; melt the butter in a saucepan, add the fish mixture to it, mix well together; add the egg (well beaten), the milk and parsley; pour the mixture into a buttered mould or pie dish, cover with crumbs, bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes, turn out on to a dish-paper, garnish with parsley and lemon, and serve.

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ARE NOT FOR SALE

NEW ENGLAND FARMS HELD FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS.

Old Owners Keep Them for Burial Sites for Children Who Went Away—One Man's Pathetic Reason for Keeping His Land.

"All the farms in New England are not in the market," said a man whose business tends to speculation in farm property. "Some are being held by the old people as a matter of sentiment."

"In one of my recent trips down in Maine I stopped at a farmhouse that was erected more than sixty years ago. The owner did not know it, but I had gone all over his land and had taken a fancy to it. He and his housekeeper were the sole occupants of the house at the time of my visit."

"We were on the veranda one evening, when I broached the subject of buying his farm. He said it was not for sale at any price. I suggested as diplomatically as I could that he would not need the place much longer, and that with the money I proposed to pay him he could pass the remainder of his days in peace and independence."

"I knew that he had a boy in New York who was doing well, and who would never return to the old farm. I mentioned this as an inducement to make the trade. He shook his head the more determinedly."

"That's the reason," he said, "that I don't want to sell. If it was not for that boy I might be tempted to let the old place go. But it's this way:—"

"He was born here. He went to school not more than three miles from here. He knows every path in the woods. He has played all over this ground as far as your eyes can see."

"Just across the field over there is the family burying ground. His mother and brother and sister are all there, side by side. I guess you're right when you say he will not want to come back. He's got to be quite a city man, and I never expect to see him come back here to live. Perhaps 'tain't natural that he should."

"I ain't never asked him to come back, and I don't think that I ever shall. But some of these days when he gets along where I am now, maybe he'll get tired. Of course, he'll have his own home in the city by that time, where he can hit down and take it easy. I hope so."

"But after that it may be some consolation to him to know that he will be sent back here. That's why the farm ain't for sale."

"And his refusal to sell is the refusal of many others in the old state. They are holding on their places for the sake of their children who have gone away, but who, they are sure, will be sent back if they do not come of their own volition. That is why the old farms in New England are not for sale."—New York Sun.

Idyll of the Ballroom. She dropped this rosebud half an hour ago, gliding through that witching waltz of Strauss. I saved it from destruction dire below. The pious feet of Phillips and his spouse. Tell me, sweet rose, before your petals fall, Does my love know I love her best of all?

Another waltz! And, as I feared, again! That chattering noodle, Briggs, her vis-à-vis. He's rich, though rather passe, and its plain. He loves her—that the very blind could see.

How graciously she listens to his drawl! Ah, can she know I love her best of all? I never told her how her winsome face Comes to my thoughts unbid the whole day through.

I never asked her if there is a place In her young heart where I'm remembered, too. Yet, watching her, I lean against the wall And tell my soul I love her best of all.

Now halts the music for a little grace; And seated, see, she gathers daintily Her gown's gray folds aside to make a place— A place for Briggs! By Jove, she beckons!

My queen, I come! Now, let what may befall me! I know she knows I love her best of all. The soft, still dawn steals up the whitening sky. The lights are out, the music dumb and dead;

Beneath the stars together, she and I. An hour ago—what was it then, we said? Strange gladness thrills my heart, as I recall Her whispered words: "I love you best of all!"

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Passing of the Pen. "The typewriter has destroyed the golden future that we foresaw for our business," said a manufacturer of pens. "If the typewriter's field of usefulness keeps on enlarging there will scarcely be any need for pens fifty years hence."

"The man sighed. "When I entered the pen trade in my boyhood it seemed," he said, "that this, above all trades, was the one destined to spread. In my dreams I saw the whole world, educated at last, writing with pens of my make. Then the typewriter came. I sneered at it in the beginning. I called it a toy. But to-day it will do everything a pen will do. It will make out bills and checks, address envelopes of every shape, make entries in all sorts of books. We penmakers are beginning to suffer from the typewriter's advent. We are shutting down. We are laying off hands. It is easy to see that the day will come when pens will only be used for polite correspondence and for the signature."—Baltimore Herald.

German Empress is Studious. One