

JOHN BURT

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CHAPTER FOUR—Continued.

Jim aimed a blow at John's head, which was parried. John swung to the chin, and the next instant Jim clenched and both fell eight feet into the water.

The pool was deep, and it seemed to Jim as if they never would come to the surface. When he did, and had gasped for breath, a pair of strong hands gripped his neck and he went down again. The water sang in his ears, the world grew black around him. Then it suddenly became light. The cool and splendid air filled his nostrils, and a voice sounded in his ears:

"Up, or down you go again."

"Enough! E-e-nough! I'll quit," spluttered Jim Blake, throwing his arms about wildly.

With one hand firmly gripping Jim Blake's collar John Burt swam ashore with the other. It was ten minutes before Blake recovered his breath, then they shook hands with the gravity of trained pugilists.

A week later John met Jim and was told of a flogging he had received from his father, who was notorious as the village drunkard.

Thereupon developed in John Burt and James Blake that strong friendship so frequent between boys of contrasting natures. They seemed to have only two traits in common—both were frank and both generous.

When Jim Blake was seventeen years old, he decided to run away from home. The two boys talked it over many times. To the scanty board in Jim's possession John Burt added thirty-five dollars—all the money he had saved from sums given him at various times by Peter Burt. So, with forty odd dollars in his pocket, and with tears in his handsome eyes, Jim Blake shook hands with John Burt and went out into the world to seek his fortune.



"SAY ENOUGH, OR DOWN YOU GO AGAIN!"

Little did these two boys think, as they parted that October afternoon, that their acts and passions and lives would one day be woven by fate into a web of marvelous workmanship.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Runaway.

Three years elapsed before Jessie Carden returned to the Bishop farm. John Burt was now twenty years old, and had successfully passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. General Carden came with Jessie, delighted with the prospect of a week's rest in the old house.

General Carden was an enthusiastic horseman. Jessie was still unpacking her trunks when her father sent word that the carriage was ready, and that she was to drive with him. A few minutes later they were speeding down the old beach road. They drove for miles along the winding, shaded roads. The breeze came cool and salt from the ocean, and the air was fragrant with the breath of summer.

A bit of the harness had become unbuckled. Handing the reins to Jessie, General Carden stepped to the ground to adjust it. His feet had hardly touched the ground when a growling hunter, a few rods away, discharged a gun. The report was terrifying, and the frightened horses leaped ahead. Jessie was thrown violently backward, the lines slipping from her hands. General Carden sprang for the horses' heads—an instant too late. He caught one glimpse of his daughter's white face as she swept past him. The agony of years was compressed into the succeeding moments.

The frenzied team dashed down the steep grade at appalling speed. At the base of the hill, and almost in front of the Burt farmhouse, was a sharp curve. Then the road skirted the cliffs for a quarter of a mile. Beyond lay a crooked hill, lined with ragged rocks—the most dangerous slope for miles around.

Through the cloud of dust the old soldier saw the team as it passed the old house. A few rods beyond, a man lightly vaulted a fence and darted towards the road. General Carden's eyes were blurred, but he saw a flash of blue and white, as if something had been hurled in front of the maddened team. It clung to the head of the off horse, and was tossed back and forth by the frantic animal. For an instant the figure seemed beneath the hammering hoofs. Could any human being hold fast in such a position.

At the turn in the road the general distinctly saw a man clinging to the horses' bits, brushed by the swaying poles—a pigmy, who dared check the flight of giants. They swerved sharply at the curve. The old horse stumbled, lurched sideways and fell. There was a crash; the sickening sound of splintered wood and clinking steel; then a silence, as the great horses and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

General Carden seized the fate-

ful spot he saw an old man run from the Burt yard and plunge into the wreck. A moment later he saw something in the rescuer's hands. A crumpled blue hat above dark curls showed plain in contrast to the white hair of the aged giant, who handled the little figure as if it were a feather. He laid it gently by the side of the road, and again darted into the twisted mass.

General Carden breathed a silent prayer. He was a few rods away when Jessie moved slowly, lifted her head and sprang to her feet.

"I'm not hurt, papa!" she exclaimed bravely. "I am not hurt a bit. Oh, what has happened?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" He caught Jessie in his arms, gazed fondly into her eyes, and tenderly embraced her.

General Carden turned to the aid of Peter Burt. Tangled in the harness, a horse was plunging and struggling in an attempt to regain his feet. The other horse was dead, and beneath his shoulder was pinned the leg of a young man. Blood was trickling down his face, and he lay in the dust of the road, limp and deathlike. His right hand still grasped the bit; his head was near the hoofs of the frantic animal.

"Hold that horse's head down!" ordered the old man. General Carden threw his weight on the beast's neck. Jessie was hovering near, wringing her hands in pity and excitement.

"When I lift that horse will you drag my boy's leg from under?"

"Yes, sir; oh, hurry, sir!" Crouching down, Peter Burt threw the head of the dead animal across his shoulder. He grasped the trace with one hand and the foreleg with the other. In his prime he had raised twelve hundred pounds, dead weight. With a heave of his massive shoulders he raised the forward part of the horse clean from the ground, and Jes-

sie quickly released the plinoned limb of the motionless young man. The old man gathered the body in his arms, and carried it to a grass plot by the side of the road. He rested his gray head for a moment on the young man's chest, and heard the faint flutter of the heart. In accents which thrilled Jessie Carden he exclaimed:

"He lives! He lives! Praise God, my boy is not dead!" At that moment Jasper appeared and was dispatched for Dr. Randall. General Carden cut the traces, and the unjured horse regained his feet. Mrs. Jasper brought a basin of water, and when General Carden joined the silent group Jessie was washing the dust and blood from the white face and smoothing back the curling locks.

"Why, it's John Burt! It's John Burt, papa!" she exclaimed, tears starting to her beautiful eyes. "Will he die, Mr. Burt? Will he die? Oh, papa, is there nothing we can do?" "He will not die, my child," said the old man in a clear, calm voice. "It is written that he shall live these many years."

Just as Dr. Randall arrived, John regained consciousness and begged a glass of water. Jessie and her father waited anxiously for the physician's verdict. The old man appeared first, and though he spoke not, his radiant face told the story.

"He is badly cut and bruised in several places, but no bones are broken," said Dr. Randall. Jessie clasped her hands for joy. "He will be up and about in a week." Jasper was ready with the Burt family carriage; and, leaving a kindly message for the grandfathers, they returned to the Bishop house. Jessie found that she had a few bruises, but she laughed at her aches, and talked only of the heroism of brave John Burt. The next day she sent him a beautiful bunch of roses, and another each succeeding day until word came from Dr. Randall that the young man was able to sit up and might receive visitors. They drove to the farmhouse and were ushered into the library—John's study-room for seven years.

General Carden advanced and grasped John's hand. "My boy, God bless you! I do not know how to thank you. Jessie, have you nothing to say to the young man who saved your life?" "I never thought," said Jessie, placing her hands in his, "that the boy who taught me how to catch crabs would one day save my life. But you know I always told Miss Maiden that you weren't ruffin', and you see I was right!"

John looked handsome as he lay back in the great arm-chair. "I'm glad I had a chance to be of service to one I had met before," he said, as Jessie took a seat beside him; "though I confess I should not recognize you as the little girl who visited here several years ago. You are a young lady now, and I should hardly dare address you as Jessie, and that's the only name I knew you by in those days."

"I am not yet sixteen, and you can

call me Jessie until I tell you not to. Can't he, papa?"

"I suppose so," said General Carden. "She is a spoiled child, Mr. Burt," turning to the old gentleman, "and I have ceased making rules, lest she should break them."

During the hour which followed, Jessie and John talked of a score of topics, John deftly turning the conversation from the runaway accident.

How dainty, yet how healthy, Jessie looked! The July sun had begun its etching of tan. The slender neck, where the brown tresses protected it, was dazzling, shading away to cheek and brow in blendings of cream, pink and tan, which defied touch of brush or skill of words. The arched eyebrows and the dark silken lashes framed eyes which glowed with the smouldering fires of dawning womanhood. The mouth was not too small, and the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries.

And this was the being he had saved from mutilation against the cruel rocks! As he looked at her, heard the rippling music of her voice and felt the subtle inspiration of her presence, the thought came that there was something selfish in his joy and pride.

What was it? Is love selfish?

CHAPTER SIX.

Summer Days.

John Burt sprang into his saddle with an ease that showed complete recovery from the runaway accident, and cantered to Jessie Carden's side. They waved their hands gaily to Mrs. Bishop, and galloped away under the arching maples that formed an avenue before the old mansion. It was John's fourth visit since Jessie's arrival, and his suggestion of a ride to Hull had been smilingly accepted.

An hour later they stood on the heights above Point Allerton. Below, the wide crescent of Nantasket Beach swung to the south and east; within it "crawled the wrinkled sea." Every foot of ground was hallowed by history and legend. From that point their ancestors watched the Chesapeake as she sailed proudly out to fight the Shannon; there they had wept when they learned that the brave Lawrence had gone to his death shouting encouragement to his crew.

Thence Captain John Smith first sighted the harbor. The red warriors of King Philip camped where they stood. A short distance away the Mary and John had anchored with her freight of pioneers. A mile to the north stood Boston Light, and they pictured Lord Howe's fleet sailing past it, swelling disdainfully out to sea.

(To be continued.)

GAVE UP HER MEAL TICKET.

Comical Mistake Made by Woman in New York Theater.

At a recent matinee in a New York theater a middle-aged woman bought a single ticket for the gallery, and mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, says the New York Times. She handed to the ticket taker at the gallery entrance a check of the size and shape of the gallery tickets, which gave no coupons attached. He dropped it into the box, and the little woman hurried to find a good seat.

The first act had been on but a little while when the woman hurried, almost out of breath, to the ticket taker and cried: "Let me have my ticket, please!" "What?" "The ticket I gave you. Let me have it again!"

"But it's in the box, locked up," replied the man, coldly. "Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" the little woman wailed.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, growing very slightly sympathetic. "I gave you the wrong ticket," she said, weeping. "Here—here's yours." And she drew from her handbag the ticket that should have been taken up.

"But what was the other one?" demanded the man in astonishment. "It was my meal ticket," she sobbed, "and I can't eat."

The little woman would not go back to her seat until she had been assured by the man that she should have her meal ticket, which she afterward recovered.

Gen. Wheeler and Peaches.

A Michigan officer in the Spanish war had a negro attendant whose ideas of military discipline were strict. Owing especially to the thieving proclivities of some of the Cuban hangers-on, he was under strict command not to let anything go from the officers' quarters without a personal order from him.

One evening, as the officer and Gen. Wheeler met some distance from the camp the general said, with a smack of his lips: "I hear, sir, that you received some very fine branded peaches from home."

"Yes, General, they're prime, and I'm going to send you some. Meantime you had better stop at my tent on the way in and have my man give you a can."

When the officer reached his quarters he was approached by his attendant with an elaborate salute, who said:

"Did you tell dat Gen'l Wheelah, sah, dat he could eat heah, sah, and proon a can ob dem brandied peaches, sah?"

"Yes; of course, you gave them to him?"

"No, sah; I knows my duties, sah. I done telt Gen'l Wheelah dat all men look alike to me, sah, an' if he didn't hab no ordah he couldn't hab no peaches, sah, less he oba-come me by powah of superiah numbers, sah."

"Why, you black rascal, what did he say?"

"He jes' grin and bo' it, sah."

Traveling Together.

"Where's that dude hunter?"

"Oh, he left me to go after a bear."

"When's he coming back?"

"Whenever the bear does."

Not a Shopper.

She—She's very mannish, isn't she?

He—Yes, indeed. She can't force her way through a crowd at all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STORY OF A SONG.

Circumstances Under Which the "Three Fishers" Was Written.

Charles Kingsley wrote the "Three Fishers" as a result of the many sad sights he had seen at Clovelly. One day of horror in particular lived in his memory, a day as he described it, "when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the water spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles, in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone a single dawn saw upward of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage." These scenes lived ever in his mind.

But the "Three Fishers" was written as a result of one of the strangest incidents in the stormy career of the preacher-author. In 1851 he preached a sermon in a London church on "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man." At its close the vicar rose and denounced him. Bishop Blomfield forbade Kingsley to preach again in his diocese, until, having read the sermon and seen its author, he withdrew the edict. The same night upon which he delivered his discourse Kingsley went to his home weary. There had nearly been a riot in the church. Sick at heart, he retired to his study. When he reappeared he handed to his family his immortal song; "as though it were the outcome of it all," as his wife said.

HIS WAY TO OUTWIT THE DEVIL.

Preacher's Opinion on Prepared and Extemporaneous Sermons.

Apropos of the question of the best way to prepare a sermon Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the great English evangelist, is credited with having told the following story to a class of Bible students at the McCormick Seminary:

"An aspiring young curate once asked an old preacher if it were better to write out a sermon or to preach extemporaneously. The venerable clergyman, who was noted for his rambling discourses, replied: 'My son, never write out your sermon, for the devil will be sure to look over your shoulder and get warning beforehand. Now, when I preach the devil himself could not tell what I am going to say.'"

This remark was almost as sophisticated as that of the old dandy Dr. Thomas used to tell about, who was asked to explain the difference between a preacher and an exhorter. "A preacher," said the son of Ham, "has to stick to his text, but the exhorter can branch."

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in La Nature by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.—Montreal Herald.

Not Guilty.

"A friend of mine keeps a hotel out in Ohio," said Representative Beidler, "and the last time I saw him he had a tale of hard luck that made me pause and consider."

"He had a good hotel, and to cinch this idea with his patrons he put up a sign, 'A week's board free if you can beat this hotel at a dollar a day.'"

A chap came along and staid for two days. Then he left by way of the window without paying his bill. He was captured in the next town, brought back and placed on trial before the justice of the peace.

"The justice heard the case, and decided that the man was not guilty, as he had certainly beaten the hotel for two days' entertainment. Then he shooed the man out of town, and went around to the hotel and collected the week's board for himself."—New York World.

Agreed With the Doctor.

A new variation of a good old story is making the rounds of the British papers. It runs like this:

The coroner had directed the jury to find a verdict of *felo-dese*.

"Well, chaps, said the foreman of the jury, when they had retired to consider the verdict, 'it appears to me that this 'ere chap shot 'isself with a gun, after shootin' another chap with a gun, but Dr. Jones, the coroner, who we all know and 'ighly respect, 'e says that this 'ere chap fell in the sea. Well, it ain't for the likes of us to go arguin' the point with the doctor, for 'e knows more about it than we do. So, I propose we find a verdict of found drowned'—and they did."

Adds to Already Generous Gift.

Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the First Congregational church of Jersey City, announces that Joseph Millbank, the New York banker and broker, who last summer gave \$100,000 for the erection of a parish building to be known as the people's palace, had added \$50,000 to the gift.

Mexican Filibuster Dead.

Dr. J. C. C. Hill, who died recently at Monterey, Mex., went into Mexico from the United States more than fifty years ago with an invading filibuster expedition. He had held before his death important offices under President Diaz.

JEST NUTS

A Fair Offer.

"Tommy," said the economical mother to the boy with the loose tooth, "I'll give you ten cents if you'll let me pull that tooth."

The boy thought it over and then went to his bank.

"The fun of doin' that is worth more'n ten cents," he said. "I'll give you fifteen if you'll let me pull one of yours."

How He Looked at It.

"Yes," said the author, "I got seven letters complimenting me on that one short story."

"That must have made you feel proud."

"It didn't."

"What did it do?"

"Why, it only made me feel that I didn't get enough for it when I sold it."

REVERSED.



He—Whe nhe proposed he throw himself at her feet.
She—And now that they're married she throws bric-a-brac at his head.

The Joke Stays, Umbrella Goes.

"Sir!" exclaimed the injured party, "you stuck your umbrella in my eye."

"Oh, no," replied the cheerful defender, "you are mistaken."

"Mistaken?" demanded the frate man. "You idiot! I know when my eye is hurt, I guess."

"Doubtless," replied the cheerful chap, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend to-day!"

Embarrassing.

A superintendent of a Sunday school relates the following true incident: The title of the lesson was, "The rich young man," and the golden text, "One thing thou lackest."

A lady teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and, looking earnestly in the teacher's face, the child unblushingly told her, "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."

Working Up to It.

Tom—I called on Miss Eisberg yesterday.

Dick—What! That Boston girl? Goodness! I shouldn't think it would be any pleasure to call on her; she's so frigid.

Tom—Well, I do it occasionally because it makes me feel so good to say "hello" to her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Busy Season.

Kind Lady—Why didn't you learn a trade when you were young?

Plodding Pete—Cause I'm er geologist by profession, ma'am.

Kind Lady—And don't you work at it?

Plodding Pete—Only when de judge sends me to de rock pile, ma'am.

What He Is Giving Up.

"Are you giving up anything during Lent?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"All my change every Sunday morning to help the children make their Sunday school pledges good."

A Suggestion.

Clerk (at the telephone)—What's the matter, sir?

Employer—Why, if you can holler that loud into the telephone you might as well go out into the street and holler over at the man.—Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Compromise.

"What have you to say?" asked the irate Mrs. Jaggs, as the other half of the combine stumbled up the stairs at 2 a. m.

"M'dear," answered Jaggs, "I (hic) won't say nothin' if you (hic) won't."

Something to Produce.

"I wonder if they produce hay in the arctic fields?" said the hall-room boarder.

"I don't know whether they call it hay or not," replied the cheerful idler, "but it's something the Eskimos."

Other Side of It.

"When women get their rights," said Miss Stromgland, "there will be less foolish love-making."

"That's all right," responded Mr. Masherton, "there won't be a girl left worth spooning over."

Why She Objected.

"I suppose, my dear," said old Moneybags, "that you object to my using tobacco because it is a poison."

"Yes," replied his young wife; "because it is—er—such a slow poison."

It All Depends.

"They tell me," said the youth, "that men who work live longest. Do you believe it?"

"Well," replied the sage, "it depends a good deal on who they try to work."

Slight Mistake.

Shopper (in department store)—"Isn't it rather early to have those mosquito nets on sale?"

Saleslady—Beg pardon, but those are boarding-house blankets.

A Great Composer.

"It was a mistake to ask that man if he thought America would ever produce a great composer. I am afraid you hurt his feelings."

"I don't see why," responded the musical young woman.

"He is the inventor of a soothing syrup."

A Bright Outlook.

"Will you father give his consent?" asked the lover.

"Well, if father won't mother will," replied the girl. "They never agree on anything so we're sure to get the consent of one, and that is enough."

Safety Appliance.

Husband—Why did you want a speaking tube from the dining-room to the kitchen?

Wife—So I can give the cook orders without having her throw dishes at me.

Sympathetic.

Si Outcast—"Tew bad erbout Corn-tassel losin' his wife, wasn't it?"

Hi Harix—"Gosh, yes! And after him havin' ter winter her, tew."

The Exception.

She—Do you believe it is true that all the world loves a lover?

He—No; not since I had an interview with your father.

The Queer Part.

"He's got the queerest way of drinkin' his coffee," said the Chicagoan.

"Out of his saucer, I suppose," remarked Gotham.

"Of course, but I say he does it in a queer way. He holds his thumb underneath and his four fingers on the top of the rim."—Philadelphia Press

His Curiosity.

"Does your wife work hard?"

"Well, she seems to, but I've always been curious to know what she does when I'm not home."

"Why?"

"Because when I am home she dusts every blamed room that I get comfortable in, and I can't think what there is left to keep her busy."

Constancy.

Mrs. Nutting—You don't care for me any longer; you only married me for my money.

Mr. Nutting—Don't talk nonsense. My love has never wavered for an instant; I think just as much of your money as ever I did.—Boston Transcript.

Forced Upon Him.

Cronnick—He's one of the most stupid bores I ever met.

Jenks—And yet he has accumulated money. Fortune seems to have knocked at his door.

Cronnick—I don't believe it. She must have broken right in.—Exchange.

Knowledge Coming.