

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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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, 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?"

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 sounded 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."

The old man made no reply and an interval of silence followed. She felt that his eyes were upon her, not unkindly, but searching, friendly and magnetic. Almost unconsciously she addressed him:

"Have you received any word or heard anything from John, Mr. Burt?"

He paused for a moment as if to weigh his words.

"I have heard from him," he said deliberately. "He is alive and well." "Alive and well!" she exclaimed, her eyes glistening with excitement.

"He is alive and well," repeated Peter Burt. This strange interview took place more than two years before James Blake returned from California, and as has been narrated inadvertently gave to Peter Burt his first verbal information concerning John Burt.

"Listen to me, my child," said Peter Burt, impressively, "and have faith in every word I say to you. John is in a far-off land, and there he shall remain until the time ordained for his return."

"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 Mr. Morris has news. 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?"

DIRTY WATER TROUGHS AND STAGNANT MILK.

Sometimes the milk gets a favor in it that is not relished, but the cow owner is unable to discover the reason for it. Good authorities on cow feeding declare that it is possible for the drinking water to be the cause. Others will dispute this; but in any event it is an open subject, and the water may fairly well be under suspicion. We do know, at least, that water does sometimes contain substances that cause sickness among cows, and whenever a cow is sick her milk gets "off," whether anything passes directly through the cow and into the milk or not. We have published much against cows being allowed to drink dirty and stagnant water, but there is always something more to be said. We have seen old moss-grown watering troughs in the pastures that were never cleaned out from year to year. A wooden trough led back to some rill at the foot of a hill, and this perennial rill furnished water for the cows during all the summer. The water consisted largely of the rain water that had fallen on the land and reached the trough after being laden with much vegetable matter of various kinds. In the trough it lies under the hot sun, while the germs in its slimy food luxuriate and multiply, having for food the vegetable matter that the rill has brought from the hillsides.

Even worse is the stagnant pond, for in it the cows can stand and can thus stir up its muddy depths, which indeed are not generally very deep. The old trough, bad as it is, has one virtue, in that the water is not only always running in, but also running out; and running water is supposed to have some virtue. The old pond does not supply enough water to keep its outlet open after the beginning of summer. Its only supply is the draining of the land with any disease germs the land may have received from any source. If the eggs of tapeworms have been dropped by other animals, as is sometimes the case, they find a ready access into the pond. As the summer heat becomes greater the surface of the pond sinks ever lower and lower, and the cows stand each day further out in the water. The warm water becomes alive with all kinds of water insects, and who shall say that it does not also become alive with vegetable growths, some of which are the organisms that manifest themselves as bovine diseases?

Both the dirty watering trough and the stagnant pond should be eliminated from the pasture. Good, pure water is the only kind that should be given to animals or humans. In these days of cheap windmills, there is no reason why every cow pasture should not have a supply of pure and safe water from some point.

Be Clean.

It has been said that successful dairymen can be summed up in two words, "Be clean." This is overdrawn if just a little, because no matter how clean you keep the milk of a poor dairy cow, it will not be profitable. But as to the quality and flavor of butter, the truth is largely told in the two words given. It is easy enough to cure bad salting, bad coloring and bad working. The great struggle comes in trying to keep the milk, cream and butter clean. This is because dirt is almost universal. It is in the water, on the ground and in the air. It fastens itself to the cow's udder, her sides and her hair. It attaches itself to the hands of the milkmaid and to her clothes. It gets into the milk as soon as it leaves the teats, and often it continues to add itself to the milk during all the processes of handling and of skimming. Dirt in this sense includes many things that ordinarily are not considered dirt, like the smells that arise from turnips, cabbages in the cellar and cooking vegetables and meats in the kitchen. To quarantine against these is a colossal task, too great to be accomplished by the lazy man or the man that does not think. That is why we have a few eminent dairymen and a good many that are failures.

Good Breeding Stock.

Very few men can make money out of hogs if they have poor breeding stock. It may be that here and there a man can raise scrubs and make money out of them, but it has to be under conditions where the feed costs practically nothing. That is not the case with raising swine. With our readers are raising swine. With breeders is strong, and feed has to be purchased often at a very high price. This high-priced feed must be put into an animal that can make the most possible out of it in a short time, and this is the reason why good breeding stock only is safe for the farmer on high-priced land. Then the farmer must have good breeding swine because he wants animals that will give him numerous progeny. It is safe to buy sows from men that make a business of breeding and who consequently feed their animals in a way to give them both strong bone and muscle. Such animals have vitality and tend to produce a large number of pigs rather than the small litters that some are in the habit of bringing forth every year. It is no easy matter to secure the kind of stock a man needs. A good many herds will need to be looked over before the purchases are made. The good animals will cost considerably more than the poor ones, but for the foundation of a herd, the expensive ones are likely to prove the cheapest in the long run.

Japanese Plums.

According to a report of the Ontario station the Japanese plums are proving successful as far north as Georgian Bay. Experts declare that the northern line of the successful growing of Japanese plums runs from northeast to southwest. West of Lake Michigan it begins at about the vicinity of Chicago, slanting in the direction named. This will show why Japanese plums have been so seldom profitable in Northern Illinois.

Adapting Corn Varieties.

We are always learning something new about the corn plant. One thing, new at least to a good many students of the corn plant, is that corn varieties differ so greatly in their characteristics that success or failure with corn depends on the selection of the right varieties for certain fields. It is not unusual to hear of a man declaring that the variety of corn he grows is one of the most profitable in the world and will give most astonishing yields. The fact is that he is growing it on a location that is admirably suited to it. We are now coming to have varieties of corn adapted to uplands and to lowlands. The lowland variety may do very well on the upland in a wet year, but in a dry year proves almost a failure, while the variety adapted to the upland yields well even in bad seasons. At the present time this differentiation is only beginning to be made. During this summer corn growers would do well to watch the behavior of corn on lowlands and uplands. At the present time we have only very meager data by which to figure out what kind of corn a man should select for the bottom lands and what kind for the uplands. Some of our experimenters are only now just beginning to study the corn plant from this standpoint. We have, however, much to hope for from our agricultural colleges in this matter. The students are taking great interest in such matters and are taking up every phase of corn growing. This study of varieties is one that may well engross the attention of some of the brightest minds.

The Potato Bug.

One of the great obstacles to the raising of potatoes has been the potato bug; yet this insect is easily controlled, if the farmer will resort to the use of the arsenical poisons. A good many farmers, however, are afraid to have poison around, knowing that now and then very serious accidents happen as a result of its presence. Such farmers are forced to resort to the old methods of hand-picking. Indeed, such a potato grower as I. B. Terry hand-picks his potato bugs. The most popular course, however, is to use paris green either as dust or as part of a liquid solution. If the bugs are taken as soon as they appear, it will seldom be necessary to treat the entire field. The bugs being killed on the part of the field where they appear, will have no opportunity to extend their labors to other parts. There are many combinations used, but one pound of paris green to 150 gallons of water is enough. When diluted is used one pound of the paris green may be mixed with 50 pounds of air slaked lime and the resulting powder applied by being sifted over the plants with some kind of a box in which are small holes. A good sized pepper box is found serviceable. In such a case it is better to apply the dust while the dew is on the vines.

Green Manure.

Green manure is the name applied to a crop that is grown for the purpose of being turned under. Some of the lands that are exhausted to such an extent that they will not bear good crops of grain yet will be found growing up to some kind of weeds. Some times this weed crop is the best thing that can be grown on the land, if the farmer is smart enough to turn it under. It adds humus to the soil. We have heard of fields that were practically good for nothing, yet were reclaimed by having the weeds plowed under for three or more years. The fact was that the fields were deficient in humus and nitrogen and needed an application of both of these, which they got in the green manures given in the form of the turned under weeds. The best green manure in most parts of the North is the clover plant. But cow peas and soy beans are excellent where they can be grown. All kinds of legumes are very good if turned under, as they always add nitrogen to the soil. Rye and such things are sometimes used, but they add little or nothing to the soil except fiber, which is not taken up by the roots of the growing plants. It may, however, do some good to the soil mechanically.

Tests with Oats.

The Farm Crops Department of the Iowa Agricultural College is making a test on the College farm of 29 of the leading varieties of oats. In addition to the test, Prof. W. H. Olin of this Department, has arranged with Mr. A. E. Cook of the Brookmont Farm, Odebolt, Iowa, for a co-operative test on a large scale of three of the varieties of oats best adapted to Iowa conditions. Six hundred acres have been seeded to oats on the Brookmont Farm for this experiment. One variety has been selected as the best oats for feeding horses and as a heavy yielder. A second variety has been selected to meet the demands for a choice milling oats and samples of the crop will be submitted to the great oat meal combination to be tested for milling. A third variety was selected for good feeding qualities and high yields, it having shown a yield of 102 bushels per acre on a large field. Prof. Olin will make a careful study of the habits of growth of these varieties, their yield and adaptation to Iowa soils; and will report through press bulletins.

Question of Speed.

The general farmer has little or no interest in the trotting horse except in so far as he may be used to cross on slower horses to give their progeny enough speed to make them useful as carriage horses. The farmer cannot afford to waste his time trying to develop trotters. The trotting horse is not a farm horse, as his great speed can be of no use except as a means of gambling. Who wants to drive a carriage horse at the rate of a mile in two minutes? What we do want in horses for the farm is the speed that appears in the walking gait. If our fair managers wanted to really improve the speed of farm horses they could establish catosts in walking.

AGRICULTURE

Sunshine, fragrance, everywhere:
Tender green of fluttering leaves above;
And the heart of maiden fair
Raised in silent, tender prayer.
As she consecrates her life to love.

Half in hope and half in fear,
Love, to give, is such a mighty thing.
While her voice is calm and clear,
Through her smile there gleams a tear
As the vow is sealed with wedding ring.

Roses kiss the altar rail,
Where she kneels with strangely beating heart.
Under rippling bridal veil
Tremble lips that dare not fail
In the sacred, "Until death do part."

SUGAR IN SOUP—THEN LIES.

Quick Wit Enables Man to Crawl Out of Dilemma.

There had been a glorious game of golf, followed by a jolly dinner at the clubhouse.

Sometimes it is not the correct thing to tell even a truthful story with real names, hence it happens that it was the Joneses who gave the spread and the person that happened in was Smith.

Smith is really a man of parts, wealthy, intelligent and genial, and usually known "what's what," but he is not given to swab affairs and is not dressy, withal.

A business call had taken Smith to the clubhouse and Jones, seeing him, called him to the table after the others had begun. Soon as he was seated, being preoccupied by salutations from other persons at the table that he knew, he was absentmindedly sweetening the cup at his elbow, when Mrs. Jones, hoping to make the matter quite plain to this plain man, said shrilly:

"Ah—Mr. Smith—er—that is the soup."

"Yes, thank you," Smith nonchalantly replied, "Yes'm, I understand. But I always sweeten by bouillon," with the slightest emphasis on "bouillon." But Smith was at that moment a prevaricator, to put it mildly. He really thought the cup was tea and probably never tasted sweetened bouillon in his life.

DISINFECTED UNIFORMS.

Japanese Surgeon Recommends Use of Clean Fighting Garb.

Dr. Wada, staff surgeon in the Japanese navy, who was in charge of the provisional field hospital in Chemulpo, to which the seriously wounded Russian sailors were taken, already has drawn one medical lesson from the war. He attended a number of Russian sailors wounded on the Varieg, and says:

"The experience has emphasized one thing, which I am going to write to my government about. In many cases the fragments of shells had carried with them pieces of clothing which often caused suppuration of the wounds before they could be extracted. To avoid that, as far as possible, I am going to propose that it be made a rule in our navy that every man when a fight is expected shall have his body well washed and his clothes disinfected."

"Happily it is a rule with our men, in the army as well as in the navy, always to go to battle in their newest and cleanest uniforms. This is not for any sanitary consideration, but it works the right way all the same. We Japanese used to say that as we always fight like gentlemen, we also die like gentlemen, and dressed like gentlemen."

PURE BLOOD—GOOD HEALTH.

No Disease Exists Where There is Good Blood.

Keep your vitality above the negative condition, and you will never know disease of any kind. No disease can exist where there is an abundance of pure blood. To get the necessary amount eat nutritious food; to circulate it perfectly take proper exercise; to purify it get fresh air and sunlight. If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained it is impossible to catch cold. Cold water baths taken every day will do much toward producing the former; proper food and exercise the latter. Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilly feeling. Heed it at once or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply and keep the mouth closed.

If you are so situated that you can do neither, as in a church, lecture room or street car, breathe deeply.

Old-Time Stories.

Recently published reminiscences left by Mme. de Creguy, who lived before and during the French revolution, give some queer pictures of high life in France in the eighteenth century. She tells, for example, the tragic fate of a small dog belonging to the Comtesse de Blot: "Attached to the chapel of the Palais Royal was a

Italy 230,622
Austria-Hungary 206,011
Russia 156,093
Scandinavia 77,647
Countries not specified 64,000
Germany 40,036
Ireland 35,810
Great Britain 13,037
Japan 1898
France 1898
Switzerland 3,983



In 1903 the relative proportions of emigrants coming to the United States from the various European countries were distributed in this manner.

very big fat abbe of an inferior order, who was never received on terms of equality save on New Year's day. This man called to wish Mme. de Blot the compliments of the season, and sat down on a folding chair that she had the goodness to offer him. He fancied on sitting down that he felt a slight resisting movement, and, feeling with his hand, found he had sat down upon a little dog. Being certain that the mischief was already done, he determined that his wisest policy was to make an end of it, and, pressing down firmly with all the weight of his heavy person, he effectually killed the little animal. The tail was sticking out, so he twisted it up, and, cautiously wriggling about, he gradually got the body into one of his big pockets and carried it off. Mme. de Blot never knew what was her dog's fate."

Chinese Send Money Home.

According to a recent British consular report the most valuable export of Swatow, one of the Chinese ports under the treaty of Tientsin, is the Swatow emigrant. The adverse financial balance of the port is more than adjusted by the remittance of the natives who have gone to British and Dutch Indian colonies and Siam. It is estimated that no less than \$30,000,000 is annually remitted by them. In addition to these remittances a sum of probably not less than \$2,000,000 in cash and notes is brought back each year by returning emigrants.

Bloodless Surgery.

The statistics of ninety-four operations for the bloodless replacement of congenitally dislocated hips performed by Dr. Lorenz and himself are reported by Dr. Ridlon of Chicago. In but ten cases does the anatomical replacement seem to be perfect; in sixty-one cases there are "good results," and seventeen were "complete failures." The others are still in splints, and, therefore, have not yet been radiographed.

Divorces Show an Increase.

It is estimated that our courts issued 70,000 divorces during the past year. Divorce is growing at something like the rate of six per cent per year.



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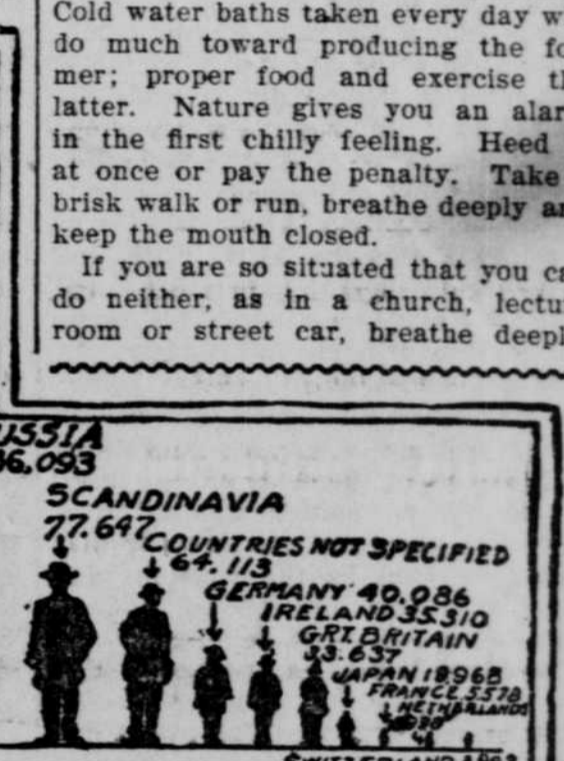
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"I AM A BANKRUPT!—A BANKRUPT AT FIFTY!"

"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 galked along the beach the first evening after their arrival in Hingham. "Yonder is a suggestion of what is driving me to a foreign land."

Seek not to call him away from fields not yet harvested. I am four-score and more years old, yet shall I live long after his return, and he and his shall be the joy of my closing days. Youth is impatient, but it is powerless to check God's plans. Do you believe what I have told you, my child?"

"I do," answered Jessie Carden, and her voice and the confident look in her eyes added emphasis to her declaration.

Peter Burt abruptly changed the subject, nor did he return to it. For nearly three hours they talked on various topics, and never once did Peter Burt lead the conversation in a direction not entertaining to his fair young visitor. Not until the great rock to the west of the house threw its long shadow over them did Jessie look at her watch. With an exclamation of surprise she arose to go.

"You have made this afternoon a very happy one for me, my child," he said, as he lifted her to the saddle. He bowed his gray head and raised his powerful arms.

"May God bless and keep you, my daughter."

Jessie rode home in the fading sunlight, a great joy in her heart. "He is alive and well!" she repeated, time and time again.

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