JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

CHAPTER ONE.

The Prophet's Prayer.

"Kneel, John. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray!"

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset.

The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the old man's scant white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested implacable tenacity of purpose, not halting at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane-swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, securely tucked into copper-toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock.

"It's awful wet, granddad. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind

"KNEEL, JOHN! TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, LAD. LET US PRAY!"

voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to heaven, and prayed to the God who rides on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its faint light went out as it clattered along the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency.

In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country. An ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at his side and left an impress years did not efface. Amid the crash of waters, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his dripping arms stretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming emancipation of the slaves, and exulted in the victory to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a tender plea for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the heir," the old man declared, "not of my worldly possessions, which are nothing in Thine eyes, but of those gifts and that power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The old man arose and shook the water from his hair. The prophet had gone, the New England farmer stood in his place. The resonant voice which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed:

"Where's the lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our necks trying to get back without it."

John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Holding it high over his head, the old man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed-strewn and surf-lashed beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside him.

"You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

CHAPTER TWO.

Jessie Carden.

"I don't care to pick flowers! I want to stay right where I am. Let me stay and watch for one of those thingumbobs in the water. Please, Govie!"

Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone long. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!"

Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farm-house. So many things had happened that the memory of the Carden mansion in Boston had become a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker; and to them had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop-pole which had fallen from a passing wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie thrashed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole caught her cap, and it fell into the creek, where the tide swept it under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!"

Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?"

Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say? Boy, get me my cap!"

The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his teeth and whistled shrilly. A large Newfoundland dog came towards him, leaping in huge bounds.

"Hey, Prince, go get it!" He pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy.

Prince soon reached the cap, and, holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar, and after a struggle hauled him to solid ground. Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue in canine self-satisfaction.

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were welling in her eyes. With a little sigh of relief she noted that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a roguish glance addressed her unknown companion.

"What is your name?" she asked, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt."

"My name is Jessie Carden," said the young lady as she crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen so neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things down there in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek. "Oh, how I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John Burt, as he climbed into the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with keen interest. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the floundering crab. The little beady eyes glittered, the claws clashed helplessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnarled the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it."

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

"The line kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. Be careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net and floundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Wasn't he big?"

"Go on; try again," said John good-naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

(To be continued.)

DESERVED TO WIN BRIDE.

How Hindoo Lover Secured the Maiden of His Choice.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a necklet or thali. At the wedding of a daughter of a leading native Moulmein there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her and, before any one suspected what his object was, pulled out a thali from his pocket and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course there was a hubbub and parental lamentations over this dramatic episode, but so great is the veneration for the thali among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned therefore repaired to the Marriamme temple, where the act was ratified, and the maid who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

Where Gun Barrels Are Made.

The Damascus gun barrel is manufactured only at Nessovaux, near Liege, Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. Every barrel must, under the law, successfully withstand the government test before it is admitted for sale. The gun barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes, and are delivered to the merchants, who combine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that the United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold $273,000 worth to the United States last year.

Japan's Population.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

TROUSSEAU A THING OF ENVY.

Wonderful Costumes in the Possession of Mme. Wong.

Where is the American heiress who can boast a trousseau of 200 costumes, in which every stitch has a poetic and symbolic significance? A wardrobe of this kind is the possession of Mme. Wong, the wife of the vice-commissioner from China to the St. Louis world's fair. These wonderful dresses were unpacked the other day at the Wong residence in St. Louis. No two of the gowns are alike and many of them are woven in an entire piece. The exquisite workmanship on the robes is beyond the power of description. All are embroidered in so delicate a fashion that an artist's brush could not have delineated them more perfectly. Each flower and emblem worked on the gown of a Chinese woman of rank signifies some beautiful sentiment. A robe embroidered with plum blossoms speaks the poetry of lie. The phoenix, with its outstretched wings, denotes wedded happiness. To the uninitiated eye this wealth of embroidery is the perfection of the artist's skill, but to the Chinese husband each sprig and blossom, bird and butterfly, carries its own message of love.

DUTIES OF "ELBOW MEN."

Prompt Presiding Officers of the House and Senate.

Mr. Frye likes his duties as presiding officer of the senate, but he likes them much better when his "elbow man" is present. Both the presiding officers of congress have "elbow men," who are experts in handling the details of legislative proceedings. It takes years of experience to be able in an undertone to coach a presiding officer intelligently so that he can speed the senate or the house in its work. Chief Clerk Henry M. Rose, the senate "elbow man," went away last week to Michigan, and Mr. Frye undertook to go it alone. After having narrowly escaped parliamentary tangles and steered clear of several troublesome matters about the disposition of papers, he is now glad to have a mentor again within call.

School in the Country.

The little country schoolhouse—you
Remember it; of course you do!
Within the angle snugly set,
Where two long yellow highways met,
And saplings planted here and there
About the yard, and boxed with care
As if to typify, in turn,
The youngsters caught and caged to learn.

Around the rolling pastures spread,
With woodland patches garlanded,
From which the breezes gladly bore
Sly invitations to the door.
Across the sills the bees' soft hum
Was mingled with the muttered sum,
And from their covert in the vale
In plantive pleading piped the quail.

With basket and with pail equipped,
Clear-eyed, tan-cheeked and berry-lipped,
Athwart the pastures, down the road,
They trudged to learning's poor abode;
The pink sunbonnet, broad-brimmed straw;
The bare brown feet that knew no law
Of fashion's last; the bundled forms
That laughed aloud at cold and storms.

What tales the scarred desks might relate
Of triumphs gained with book and slate!
What lore the clapboards loose possess
Of feats at noontime and recess!
And doomed how oft the panes to see,
Back up the road, and o'er the lea,
Haste boy and girl, new worlds to find,
The little schoolhouse left behind.

O little country school! In vain
May critics hold you in disdain.
The greatest lessons that you taught
Were not by chalk and pencil wrought.
As open your door on fields and sky,
So, likewise just as wide and high,
You opened to the eyes of youth
The principles of love and truth.

Youth's Companion.

A Colored Hibernian.

"Private" John Allen says that an old darky preacher in Mississippi was recently approached by a deacon in the church, who desired to gain the reverend gentleman's consent to his daughter's marriage with him, the deacon.

"I doan' know 'bout dis," said the preacher, dubiously. "You ain't sech a young man, deacon. I ain't shore dat you kin support mah chile!"

The deacon bridled. "Dere won't be no trouble 'bout dat, sah!" he asserted, warmly. "I kin suppoht her all right!"

The minister reflected for a moment. "Has you ever seen my Chloe eat?" he finally asked.

"I has, sah!" came from the suitor.

"But, sah!" exclaimed the old preacher, impressively, "has you eber seen her eat when nobody was a-watchin' her?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Rush Lights on Dinner Tables.

Fashionable hostesses are wearying of the brilliant electric bulbs and are going so far to the other extreme that even the homely and old-fashioned rush light is coming back in favor. Fitted into cunningly devised standards of silver or glass and with tinted silk shades, these lights are a decided attraction to a diner table. Besides being ornamental they shed a soft and most becoming glow on pretty faces and handsome jewels. It is said by a London paper that the Princess of Wales prefers rush lights to any other, and has a collection that is worth many thousands of dollars.

A Hint.

"Something bothering you, Miss Weaver?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Ragmore. It's only a trifle, of course, but our lives are made up of trifles, you know. Mamma and Aunt Miriam have been giving me such a lot of nice linen lately, and I was just wondering how I would have it marked."

"Why not with your name?"

"Yes, of course. B-but if I wanted to change it?"

"But you don't want to change it, do you?"

"Oh, Mr. Ragmore, this is so sudden!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR WOMAN'S EYE

Brown Still Favored.

Brown is, without doubt, to be greatly in favor as the season advances. It has held its own pretty well all through the winter. It shows up several of the novelties, such as the heavy macrame lace. A brown velvet or brown beaver hat, trimmed with feathers, of the tint of the ostrich, is difficult to beat.

For present wear, brown chiffon velvet is much in evidence. It makes beautiful blouses, all elaborately trimmed with lace and applique, somewhat Celtic in their design. A big button, as large as a silver dollar, finds a place on the front of many bodices, and if there is a touch of gold, red and green enamel, brown goes with it extremely well.

But for indoor wear brown cloth gowns, with elaborate white blouses, are being worn. Brown chiffon frillings, which accord so well with fur, and are generally bordered with tiny ruchings, are introduced to droop from muffs and from the open sleeves of fur jackets.

One of the New Linen Suitings.

Shirt waist gowns appear to gain in favor with each incoming season and will be much worn in all the new and suitable fabrics. This one is admirable in every way and is made of fecked linen, green and white, simply stitched and held by big pearl buttons. At the neck is a stock with white ties and the cuffs are white bits of embroidery in pale green. The waist, tucked at the front and plain

4325 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 bust.
4529 Nine Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

at the back, is both becoming and smart while the plain flared skirt holds its place and is in the height of style in spite of the many full models. The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for waist 4 yards 27, 3¼ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide; for skirt 6¼ yards 27 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of waist, No. 4325, sizes 32 to 42, or of skirt No. 4529, sizes 22 to 32, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents each.

The Dainty Woman's Corset.

The dainty woman realizes that her corset is the most important article of her apparel, and when she removes her good one, she airs it, then lays it away in a scented silk or satin corset bag, which is often hand embroidered, with the monogram of the owner.

Some of the newest corsets are in dainty colors made entirely of satin ribbon about one and one-half inches wide, laced together firmly. The hose supporters are made of the same ribbon, and are hand painted or embroidered.

Gold corset hooks and stays are desirable possessions, if one can afford them, as they do not rust and will last a lifetime. They come in fourteen karat gold, both in hooks for the front of the corset to keep the skirts in position, and to give the long-waisted effect, and also in hooks for the front.

Aprons Useful and Artistic.

One of the season's innovations is the apron. It is dainty, beruffled and picturesque, and is to be worn both ornamentally and for use. But even the useful ones are so pretty and becoming as to make every girl feel industrious. They come in coarse linens, holland and crash and are trimmed with bands of a contrasting color or braid. Make them with ruffles running over the sleeve tops and a poke shaped belt of some soft material, perhaps percale.

One that is stinking and becoming to a brunette is of turkey red. It has the advantage, too, of not soiling so easily as lighter colored materials.

The woman who does her own housework will find the artist apron a good one and very comfortable to work in. It is usually made of striped or checked gingham.

The dainty little sewing aprons are made of some pretty colored or flowered muslin, cut in squares or circles, with very full frills all round and tiny pockets set on. The prettiest ones can be made from large handkerchiefs.

Costumes for Young Girls.

Street costumes worn by girls are cut on the same lines as those worn by their mothers. The blousing Eton jacket, completed by a girdle-like belt, is much in evidence. Black broadcloth is much affected by very young women this season, but it is usually enlivened by lines or pipings of color. Red and blue seem to be the favorite shades for this purpose. Entire white cloth costumes are also favorites. A pretty white cloth suit has a skirt laid in plaits. The bodice takes the form of a plaited bolero, the plaits held under the belt in the back but loose in the front. There is a round collar making revers down the front of lace.

Big Polka Dots.

Fashion always goes to extremes, so, of course, the new polka dots are as large as "a quarter," and some of them are the size of a half dollar. They are not so ugly as one would imagine when made up.

A boudoir jacket was made of a cream satin, which had red panne satin polka dots about the size of a twenty-five cent piece. It was made kimona style, in handkerchief effect, and was striking with its red panne satin bands which matched the polka dot perfectly.

The shop windows already show gray satin materials with black polka dots and gray, with navy blue and red dots.

Large Black Hats Popular.

All very young women are affecting large black hats, and large hats are always exceedingly becoming to youthful beauties. They are either built on very severe lines or they are a mass of flowing plumes, or their outlines are softened by bunches of tips. An extremely attractive hat has a straight brim in the front and on one side, and at the left side it is turned up abruptly and caught with a rosette of black velvet. Another model of rough black felt is turned up on the left side and held there with a parrot's breast and head.

Pretty Luncheon Gown.

Very pretty for luncheon wear is a waist of point de genre lace and the pastel pink skirt worn with it. The blouse is inset with teneriffe wheels and is in white. There is a soft veiling of chiffon beneath the lace and the white silk lining fits snugly. The sleeve is made with a double wrist puff of plisse chiffon, the lace oversleeve flaring widely above the puff. The skirt is of pastel pink mohair, the very deep flounce being shirred with tucks to a deep hip yoke.

Good Copies of Nature.

Pin cushions are to be seen in some of the stores which rival the flowers in a garden. There are poppies, huge roses, immense daisies, and geraniums which are made of silk tissue and used to cover the entire top of a work basket cover.

Handkerchief cases are made in the same manner. They are well padded and sacheted, with a huge blossom on top of the fold.

Novelties in Veils.

The new veil is a gauzy chiffon affair, which shades from light to dark colors. Pastel shades are very popular, as are also the reds and violets. This veil may be purchased by the yard, or be bought already hemstitched for use. It is worn hanging from the back of the hat in yard lengths, one end caught over the left shoulder.

The Modern Craze for Jewels.

There was never such a craze for jewels for decorative purposes as there is at the present time. Not only are gowns ornamented with corals, turquoises and stones of all sorts, but such dress accessories as fans, slippers and collars are beautified by jewels. Even fancy work is made attractive by applying jewels profusely to get good color effects.

"Auto" Coat for Children.

Mothers will appreciate the little leather automobile coats which are shown for children who enjoy such outings with their parents. Leather caps to match the coats are also sold in all children's furnishing shops.

Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out all blanks in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago. Pattern will be mailed promptly.

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Town .....

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