

# JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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

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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:

"Say 'enough' or down you go again!"

"Enough! Ee-enough! 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 four 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.

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, bruised by the swaying pole—a pigmy who dared check the flight of giants. They swerved sharply at the curve. The off horse stumbled, lurched sideways and fell. There was a crash; the sickening sound of splintered wood and clinking steel; then a silence, as the dust lifted and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

As General Carden neared the fatal 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, 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 pinioned 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!" or

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 Malden that you weren't ruffian, 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. 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 sallied 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.

#### 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



## Your Corner



Topics of Interest to Our Feminine Readers—Patterns and Descriptions of the Latest Fashions—Lavender Sachet Easily Made—Cape with Hood for the Baby.

## Informal Talks

### Lavender Sachets.

Lavender is one of the cleanest, sweetest perfumes in existence, and sachet bags filled with its flowers give to clothes closet or linen press a delicious, refined, old-fashioned fragrance. It is a romantic odor. It is romance, sentiment crystallized—if an odor can be said to be a crystallization of anything. It never satiates or cloy, and it never goes out of fashion, because it never comes into fashion. Half a pound of dried lavender flowers, half an ounce each of extract of musk and simple benzoin and one-fourth of an ounce of oil of lavender make a delicious filling for a sachet for use with bed linen.

### Child's Coat.

Long coats that cover the frocks are the most becoming of all styles for little girls. This one is peculiarly charming and includes the fashionable shirtings that give the broad effect with the fancy shaped collar that can be used or omitted as preferred. The model is made of pastel blue broadcloth, trimmed with fancy braid and ornamented and stitched with corticelli silk, but there are many other materials equally appropriate.

The coat consists of the yoke, the fronts and the back which are shirred and joined thereto. The sleeves are full, shirred at their upper portions and joined to shallow caps, and are finished with shaped cuffs that harmonize with the collar.

The quantity of material required for medium size (8 years) is 4 3/4 yards 21 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, and with 4 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 4675 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6, 8 and 10 years of age.



4675 Child's Coat, 4 to 10 yrs.

A paint brush makes a good swab for greasing cake tins. Of course the butter applied must be melted.

If the bread knife is not new bread can be cut as easily as old. But, if you would not spoil your knife, do not make it too hot.

One reason that an omelet is so often a failure is the use of too many eggs. The more eggs the more difficult the matter of turning and folding. Four eggs are all that should ever be used at one time.

Always keep your celery roots and dry them. They are good for seasoning soups and sauces.

Instead of ricing the potatoes directly into the serving dish, mash them first and season, and then rice them ready for the table.

Rugs that have a tendency to curl may be straightened by sewing hair-cloth or buckram to the corner or on the under side.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy clean it with liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high luster to the glass.

Old stockings cut down the seams make splendid cloths for polishing furniture, and they make up into soft iron holders also.

Asbestos cloth should be kept on hand to use as a pad under the hot platter, small squares should be put as interlining for iron holders, and a piece should be used on the ironing board to save the sheet.

In making down pillows the inside of the lining should be gone over with an iron rubbed well with beeswax each time it is put on the cloth, and this will prevent the down working through the cloth.

Flat irons should be washed once a week and kept in a clean, dry place; wax should be used frequently when ironing and the irons should not be allowed to become red hot or they will never again retain heat.

## Pretty Things to Wear

The old-fashioned ruche is pretty at the neck and throat.

High girdles are shown on street and house costumes.

Black zibeline, with fiber braid, makes a stylish blouse.

Fancy buttons of bone or horn in color to match the coat are worn.

A touch of gold in the decoration of an all-black gown is effective.

Cuffs and collars in bands of bright embroidery make a plain shirt waist look smart.

The close-fitting turban, the toque and the round hat shape are accepted models for general wear.

An exceptionally smart example of military mode: a costume or army blue serge trimmed with black braid and brass buttons.

The New Bulgarian Embroidery.

The new Bulgarian embroidery will be still more popular as the season advances. It is done on heavy linen in all colors. A favorite combination is red and blue. The embroidery is done with a heavy linen floss, which is washable.

An attractive Bulgarian centerpiece of ecru linen had a scalloped edge, buttonhole stitched with red linen. A border of pointsettias around the edge was also worked with the red. Dresser scarfs, table and couch spreads, portieres and all sorts of house furnish-



"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 prowling 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 a 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

dered 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 Jessie quickly released the pinioned 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 uninjured horse regained his feet. Mrs. Jasper brought a basin of water, and when General Carden joined the silent group Jessie was washing the dirt 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 grand sire, 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



### COREAN CREPE AND LACE.

Or one many novel materials shown none is more attractive than Korean crepe, which is soft yet durable, and can be readily cleaned, as is commonly the case with Oriental silks. This pretty waist shows the fabric in white with trimming of heavy cream lace and is adapted to both the odd waist and the gown. The narrow plaits are eminently fashionable and

the epaulettes, formed by joining two strips of the lace, give the broad and drooping line that has become general. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 3 3/4 yards of material 21 or 27 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3 1/4 yards of lace 2 1/2 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4662, sizes 32 to 40, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

ings are made of denims or linens and worked with the Bulgarian embroidery. It ought to be especially suitable for decoration of the summer cottage.

### Fancy Blouse.

Blouses of all sorts are greatly in vogue and make an important feature of the latest styles. This one is adapted to a wide range of materials and to almost numberless combinations, but is shown in checked black and white silk, with trimmings of black velvet and white cloth bands that are stitched with corticelli silk, and is combined with a chemisette and under-sleeves of cream lace.

Both fronts and back are tucked, the former at the extreme outer edge of the shoulders, so giving the broad effect and concealing the arms-eye seams, the latter to give a box plaited effect at the center. The sleeves are novel and graceful and are finished with narrow bands of black velvet ribbon.

The blouse is made over a fitted lining which is closed at the center front. On this lining are arranged the chemisette, the back and the fronts and the closing is made invisibly beneath the band. The sleeves are snug above the elbows with deep box plaited frills below which fall gracefully over the big puffs beneath.

The quantity of material required for medium size is 3 3/4 yards 21 inches wide or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 1/4 yards of all-over lace, 3/4 yards of black velvet and 3/4 yards of cloth for bands.

The pattern 4676 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Cape With Hood for Baby.

A most economical wrap for a child, from its first day to several years old, is a cape with hood, made of a good quality French flannel, writes a correspondent. The hood is lined with white China silk, and cape lined with thick canton flannel, the woolly side out. I have had one for two babies, and it is now as good as new. The color is a deep sky blue, with white stripes. The cost of mine was \$1.50, including China silk, but not canton flannel. I used a five-year size, military cape pattern, which can be taken in a little more a the neck.

Blouse Eton.

Short coats are to be noted on the greater number of advance models and are exceedingly chic and attractive. This stylish little Eton is made in blouse style and can either be rolled open to form revers or closed as shown in the small sketch. Also it allows a choice between the drop shoulders and the regulation arm-holes. The model is made of tan colored chevrot with revers of brown and white braid in which are threads of gold. At the waist is a crushed belt of the velvet and the sleeves are finished with frills of lace.

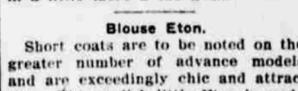
The Eton consists of fronts and back, both of which are tucked for their entire length. The lower edge is slightly full and is joined to a navy row belt over which the crushed belt is arranged, the fronts being finished free as far as the first tucks to form the pointed revers. The sleeves are cut in one piece each, are tucked above the elbows, full below and are finished with flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for medium size is 4 1/2 yards 21 inches wide 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yards of velvet, 3/4 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

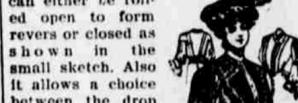
The pattern 4674 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The shells of pineapple cheeses make pretty dishes for the serving of cheese dishes, such as cheese fondu.

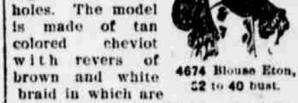
Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out all blanks in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to E. E. Harrison & Co., 63 Plymouth Place, Chicago. Pattern will be mailed promptly.



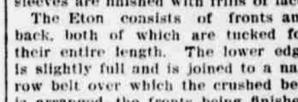
4674 Blouse Eton, 32 to 40 bust.



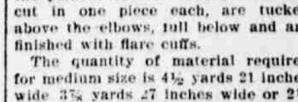
4676 Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.



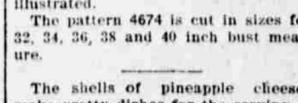
4675 Child's Coat, 4 to 10 yrs.



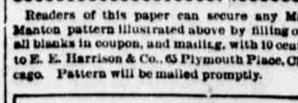
4674 Blouse Eton, 32 to 40 bust.



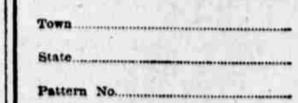
4676 Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.



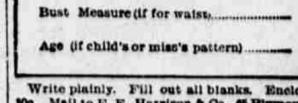
4675 Child's Coat, 4 to 10 yrs.



4676 Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.



4675 Child's Coat, 4 to 10 yrs.



4676 Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Waist Measure (if for skirt) \_\_\_\_\_  
Bust Measure (if for waist) \_\_\_\_\_  
Age (if child's or miss's pattern) \_\_\_\_\_

Write plainly. Fill out all blanks. Enclose 10c. Mail to E. E. Harrison & Co., 63 Plymouth Place, Chicago.