

# JOHN BURT

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## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Tell ye what we'll do," said Sam. "How many yards does it take for a dress? Fifteen? All right. We'll give ye sixty cents a yard—cash. What d'ye say, Mr. Farnsworth? Is it a bargain?"

"All right," groaned the merchant. "It leaves me nothing, but I'll do it as a favor. Of course you want some black lace for trimmings?"

"Sure," replied Sam. "Something about twenty-five cents a yard," suggested Mrs. Rounds. She felt like one who, having fallen from grace, decides to go to perdition with flying colors. No one in Rehoboth ever had possessed a black silk gown with lace trimmings.

"Here is something at thirty cents a yard which I can honestly recommend," said Mr. Farnsworth. After inspecting cheaper qualities, on which Mr. Farnsworth fixed higher prices, Mrs. Rounds consented to the purchase of eight yards, though Mr. Farnsworth advised ten.

Sam's crowning triumph was the purchase of a black lace shawl, listed at one hundred and fifty dollars. After ten minutes of dickering with Mr. Farnsworth, Sam succeeded in acquiring that treasure for \$11.25. Like-wise he bought a twenty-five dollar bonnet for three and a half dollars. Handkerchiefs, stockings, petticoats and shoes fell into Sam's hands at ridiculous prices, until his mother, with tears in her eyes, declared that she would not consent to the purchase of another article.

Mr. Farnsworth presented an itemized bill for \$47.27, which Sam paid from a generous roll of greenbacks. On the plea of arranging for expressing the goods to Hingham, Sam met Mr. Farnsworth in his office and gave him a check for the balance of \$445.50. "I swan, I haven't had so much fun in ten years," said Sam, as he shook

since I've been away ter pay for three more dresses like that air one. It's none ter good for ye, an' I want ye to wear it just as if ye wa'n't afraid of it."

Sam's rapidly increasing business kept him away from home much of the time. Mrs. Rounds was busy for a month with her wardrobe. She then knitted socks for Sam, until he had a supply sufficient to last a lifetime. In this crisis of a dearth of work, the wife of a neighbor was taken ill with typhoid fever. There were five small children in the family, and they were too poor to employ a nurse.

An hour after Mrs. Rounds heard the news she had taken charge of the case. Hour after hour and day after day she fought the attacks of the insidious disease. She cooked the meals, soothed the crying children, spoke words of comfort to the distracted husband, performed the household work, and slept at such rare intervals as she could find between her multitudinous duties. The patient was convalescent when Sam returned home. He at once employed a nurse to take his mother's place.

She listened patiently and with a puzzled smile to Sam's rebuking lecture.

"When folks are sick, some one must take care of them, Samuel," she said, when he had ended. "They are poor, and I had nothing else to do. The Bible says you must visit the sick when they're afflicted. You won't let me do any work here in the house, and I must do something."

Mrs. Rounds was the first to learn of sickness or of trouble in any family for miles around, and first to respond. She officiated at childbirths, or with tender fingers closed the eyes of the dead and stitched their shrouds. When children had croup or measles, the neighbors sent, not for the doctor, but for Mrs. Rounds. She found re-

sky and the crests of snow-capped ridges and mountains. This habit of voicing thought develops in those who spend long periods in solitude, and James Blake—once a farmer boy in Hingham, and now a California gold miner and prospector—was no exception to the rule.

"Let's get breakfast, Dog," he said as he entered the cabin. "I told you it was going to snow."

Blake's cabin stood well back from the edge of a cliff half way up the slope of a valley in the Sierra Nevada of Central California.

Scattered along the walls were mining tools, powder kegs, guns, fishing rods, and a miscellaneous assortment of lumber and firewood. A small but strongly constructed cell was used as a storeroom. Haunches of venison, the carcass of a brown bear, and long strings of mountain trout were here securely guarded against the depredations of wandering animals. Bags of flour and oatmeal, some potatoes, sides of bacon, and the remnants of a ham completed the more substantial portion of Blake's larder. He often surveyed his snug storeroom with much satisfaction. Nothing but conflagration or a serious illness could disturb his labors during the long winter season.

Breakfast ended, James Blake lit his pipe and started for the mouth of the tunnel. Though less than an hour had passed since he entered the cabin the snow already had drifted across the path and blocked the door. Those whose knowledge of snowstorms is confined to localities where a foot or two of snow in forty-eight hours is called a "blizzard," and esteemed a meteorological event, have no conception of a snow storm in the Sierras. Near the timber line in the Sierra Nevada there has been recorded a fall of fourteen feet of snow in as many consecutive hours—an inch every five minutes—a swirling, writhing, choking maelstrom of flakes, borne on the wings of a freezing gale.

It was such a storm that Blake faced when he opened the cabin door and plunged through the drifts into the tunnel.

"This is an old snifter, isn't it, Dog?" he exclaimed as he stood in the mouth of the shaft and shook the snow from his blouse.

Blake lit a lantern and wormed his way into the dismal hole. A few minutes later he was hard at work, pausing now and then to examine the rock with eager eyes. He had been toiling for three hours or more when the dog's sniffing attracted his notice. As he turned, the animal raised his head, barked sharply, and growled in a peculiar manner.

"What's the matter, Dog?" said Blake, patting his friend. "What a cursed shame the creature can't talk! What's up, old boy? Seen a bear. Don't bother with him—let him alone. Go away, Dog, I'm busy," and Blake returned to his task.

Leaning back against the wall of the tunnel, with his paws hanging in a most doleful fashion, the dog sounded a long-drawn wail, so pitiful in its intensity that Blake dropped his pick and gazed at the animal in amazement mixed with terror. The animal sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the leg of Blake's trousers, pulling gently but firmly, growling and whining.

"This is a new freak!" muttered Blake, grabbing the lantern. "Something has happened. Perhaps the hut's afire."

He moved quickly towards the mouth of the tunnel. The dog gave a joyful bark, and led the way. Blake reached the open air, and floundered through the drifts until the cabin was visible through the blinding snow. The dog went past it, and howled dismally when his master paused. Rushing into the hut, Blake secured a long rope, one end of which he tied to the leg of a bench near the door. Paying out the coil he dashed sturdily forward.

(To be continued.)

## JAPANESE ARE TRUE POETS.

Chicago Club Woman Recalls Some of Their Characteristics.

An observant Chicago club woman who recently returned from Japan tells the following interesting characteristics of the "little brown man":

"He is always a student and always a poet. The sight of an almond tree in full bloom will cause him to pour forth his admiration in poetry, which he writes on streamers of rice paper and attaches to the limbs of the beautiful pink flowering tree. Such a tree may in a few days become the shrine of hundreds of devotees, each inspired by the sight to a high pitch of poetic fervor, which vents itself in the form of more poems, so that before the almond season is over a whole orchard is often a fluttering mass of poetical tributes to the beauties of flora.

"I have known a hard working Japanese to save a whole year in order to take his family on a trip to the mountains to hear and study the music of a distant waterfall."

## Equal to the Situation.

Leonard D. Baldwin of ex-Attorney General Griggs' law firm told the other day of an Irishman who was taken by his priest in an intoxicated condition to a cemetery and propped up against a gravestone. The priest had a lot of the Irishman's friends come to the cemetery dressed in winding sheets to scare him. The friends watched, while one of them went behind the gravestone and poured enough cold water on the Irishman's face to wake him up. The Irishman looked around him. He saw the tombs, the tombstones and the figures in winding sheets. "Shay, you fellers," he said, "ye've been here longer than Oi have. Whar kia Oi git a drink?"



## For the Hands.

Always rinse your hands in cold water after having had them in water which is more than blood warm. During cold or windy weather it is best always to have some preparation handy, that it may be applied whenever the hands have been wet. Powdered starch is very healing to most skins; it is easily applied, not at all expensive, and does not prevent one from going about one's household, even the cooking if the hands are perfectly free from everything. Tie a little in a thin rag and keep a box near the wash basin. When the hands begin to get sore, rub the starch well in while they are still moist.

## Girl's Tucked Coat.

Simple, loose-fitting coats suit young girls far better than any other sort. This one is laid in full length tucks at front and back, that give becoming long lines, and above the elbows of the sleeves, so providing full-



4710 Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years.

ness below that point. The model is made of royal blue cheviot stitched with corticelli silk and combined with collar and cuffs of velvet, but all seasonable cloaking materials are appropriate.

The coat is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, the back being left plain or finished with the strap as preferred. At the neck is a flat turn-over collar the points of which meet at the center, but the coat is closed in double-breasted style. The sleeves are full and ample, gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (12 years) is 4½ yards 21 inches wide, 4¼ yards 27 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 4710 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

## The Lace Scarf Hat.

The wide scarf of lace or chiffon were as much in evidence on Easter hats as the lace and lawn fichu will be on mid-summer gowns.

With remarkable unanimity the

## ONE OF THE NEW SILK ETONS.



Etons of silk, braid trimmed, are among the novel features of the season, and are charming worn over the fashionable skirts. This one is made of black taffeta with revers of heavy ecru lace, trimming of silk braid and ruffles of fine net top lace at the wrists. The jacket itself is plain, but the sleeves are laid in box plaits

Short Descriptions of the Prevailing Modes—Kitchen and Household Hints—Medicinal Bath for the Nervous and Sleepless—Silk Tailor-Made Gowns.

weather prophets and the dressmakers and milliners are preparing for an old-fashioned summer, one of such long-continued and intense spells of quivering heat such as visited the country in "old times."

Consequently the modistes press on your attention traveling suits with unlined skirts and often unlined jackets, so that even this skeleton coat can be laid aside if necessary to get relief with the cool lawn or pongee shirt waist or blouse which is worn beneath.



The simplest frock is girdled. Brussels net is particularly adaptable to the present flounced fashions. Quaint straw bonnets of almost the old "cottage" shape come for children.

Have one or two fine lace guimpes to wear with low muslin and lawn gowns.

There's a new present to give—a set of jeweled clasps to draw the e-ton jacket together.

Laces, all-overs and trimmings of all kinds are to be picked up now at unwonted bargains.

Coarse lace will again be much used on summer gowns, judging from the advance models.

Linen dusters are revived; the new kind are smartly made and finished with fancy buttons.

The buckle feature is one that can be obtained upon hats and gowns. Buckles will be used in a variety of ways.

Those long ties of white net which wind around the neck tie in a soft bow in front, launder well and are becoming.

Wreaths and bands of tiny flowers find their way into all sorts of turns and twists on hats. A high side flare with a deep indentation having a spray of roses imbedded is not an uncommon form of trimming.



Whisky or brandy used as a lotion may prevent bed sores. For commencing sores use white of egg rubbed up with alum.

The hands can be cleansed better with warm water than with cold, but they should always be rinsed afterward with cold water, as this keeps them in a better condition.

A famous lotion of colonial days, known as "Morning Dew," consisted of one ounce of rosewater, half an ounce of glycerin, half a teaspoonful of borax and three drops of benzoin. The quantities may be multiplied, if



a greater amount is needed. The lotion is applied to the chapped face, made rough from wind or exposure, with a bit of old linen.

If you suffer from too high color, give up during a period of one month all meat other than fresh fish and poultry. Do not take oatmeal, stout, wines, spirits or strong condiments. Greenstuffs and milk may be indulged in freely.

## Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists long ago came to be numbered among the must-haves. Whatever else the wardrobe may lack they are certain to be found. This season they are, if possible, more tempting than ever before and are shown in most alluring variety. The model shown is new and smart and is suited alike to washable and to silk and wool waists, but in the case of the original is made of ecru batiste piped with brown and trimmed with little pearl buttons.

The waist is made with fronts and back that are fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams and over



4711 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

which the yoke is applied, the extensions over the shoulders giving the long and drooping line that is so greatly in vogue. The tucks at the back are arranged to give the becoming tapering lines to the figure while those of the front and sleeves extend for a part of their length only and provide fulness below. The cuffs make a novel feature and are shaped to match the yoke.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5¼ yards 21 inches wide, 4¾ yards 27 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 4711 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

## Splendid Medicinal Bath.

Here is a simple and available recipe—a medicinal bath for the nervously worn and those who cannot sleep at night. It was the prescription of an old physician. Take of sea salt four ounces, spirits of ammonia two ounces, of pure alcohol eight ounces and sufficient hot water to make a full quart of the liquid. Dissolve the sea salt in the hot water and let stand until cool. Pour into the alcohol the spirits of ammonia and camphor. Add the salt water, shake well and bottle for use. With a soft sponge dipped in this mixture wet over the surface of the whole body. Rub vigorously until the skin glows. When nervous or "blue" or wakeful do not omit this bath. The rest and refreshing that follow will amply repay the effort required to prepare it.



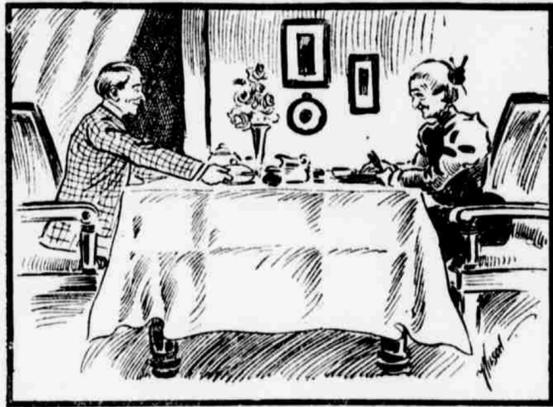
A good polish for stoves is made of one teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with the stove polish. The brilliance that this polish will give to a stove will last for a long time.

To test the heat of frying fat put in a piece of bread, and if it browns while one counts sixty the fat is hot enough for raw materials. If it browns while you count forty, it is right for food prepared from cooked meat or fish, such as coquettes. Use plenty of fat, and always strain it before putting it away.

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.

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., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago.



"SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES 'EVE HAVE YOU OFFER A BLESSIN'."

hands with Mr. Farnsworth and thanked him. "I reckon Ma Rounds will be the best dressed old lady between Boston an' New York. Good-day, Mr. Farnsworth, an' good luck ter you."

## CHAPTER XI.

### Sam's New York Triumphs.

Ignoring his mother's protest, Sam employed a dressmaker and for two weeks Mrs. Rounds found pleasure in assisting the seamstress with her work. Sam had acquainted the latter with his secret and she agreed to protect it. But his precautions were in vain.

Like other crimes less difficult to condone, this one was destined to be revealed. The preacher's wife called on Mrs. Rounds, and since they had become very friendly, was shown the new gown and the black lace shawl. Whatever of envy arose in that good woman's breast was lost in surprise when Mrs. Rounds innocently mentioned the price she had paid for the silk.

"Sixty-five cents a yard for that silk!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear Mrs. Rounds, you surely must be jesting. I had a dress like that when I was married, and it cost six dollars a yard. And that lace at thirty cents. It surely cost five dollars a yard, and perhaps more. That beautiful shawl must have cost more than a hundred dollars. I understand now," she continued in some confusion. "Your son intended to surprise you. It was very good of him and very clumsy in me to reveal his secret."

When the visitor had departed Mrs. Rounds looked with awe at the garments spread out before her. A familiar step sounded in the hallway, and Sam entered, his homely face rosy with a smile.

"I'm back again," he said, fondly embracing his mother. "Admirin' yer new gown, eh? Go an' put it on, an' yer bonnet an' shawl. I want ter see how ye looks, dressed up as er real lady."

She held his hands and looked up, tears trickling down her faded cheeks. "You—you told me an awful story, Samuel," she faltered, "but—but I don't think you meant to do wrong, and—and I'll pray for you. You are very good to me, Samuel, if you did break one of the commandments."

"That didn't break no commandment," said Sam with a contrite grin. "It only kinder bent it er little. Don't ye worry about ter cost of them clothes. I've made enough money

taxation in sewing for any one who would accept her services.

Sam made several successful ventures in the New York horse market and decided to locate there. He bought a cozy house on the East Side, fronting a small park, and installed his mother as mistress of the establishment. His business prospered. Having firmly established his position as a shipper and dealer in horses, he turned his attention to the commission business. Taking advantage of a shortage in the cranberry crop, he bought a large part of the available supply and cleared thousands of dollars in consequence of his sagacity. He then embarked in the produce and commission business on a large scale and scored another success.

At the age of thirty-five, having amassed a competency, Sam Rounds determined to improve what he termed his "book education." Four winter terms in the Rehoboth public school gave him all of which he could boast in the way of erudition. He therefore began a course of study in a night school, which he attended four evenings in the week. He joined a debating society, and became a member of various social and political organizations in his district.

The corruption of the local politicians precipitated a revolt against the party in power, and the voters of Sam's district held a meeting for the purpose of nominating an alderman to stand against an incumbent who had betrayed his trust. Sam's name was proposed with cheers. He was nominated by acclamation and escorted to the platform.

"If honesty is good policy in business, as they say it is," he declared, "it should be a good thing in politics. Those who know me know that I'm not a politician, and those that don't know me will mighty soon find it out. The only promise I can make is that if I am elected—and I calculate to be—is that I would no sooner think of cheating my neighbors as an alderman, than I would of cheating them in selling potatoes or cabbages."

Samuel Lemuel Rounds was triumphantly elected alderman by the largest majority ever cast for a candidate in his district.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Lost in the Snow.

"Looks like more snow!" At the sound of his master's voice a shepherd dog raised his head inquiringly, and followed the gaze of the speaker as he studied the leaden