

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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Chapter XVII.—Continued.

Morris stood a few steps back of Jessie and devoured her with his eyes. He noted the soft folds of her hair, the rounded curves of her neck, and as one spell-bound watched her deft fingers as they glided over the surface of the sketch book.

With a little sigh of disappointment Jessie dropped the folio on her lap. Not in months had she drawn with less skill. What could be the matter? She felt oppressed and under some malign influence. Instinctively she turned and looked squarely into the ardent eyes and eager face of Arthur Morris. With an involuntary cry of surprise, fear and vexation, she sprang to her feet, the sketch book falling to the floor.

"Why, Miss Carden!" exclaimed Morris, with stimulated astonishment. "Really, this is an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to meet you. Permit me—" And he picked up the sketch book, bowed, and extended his hand.

In these brief seconds Jessie had regained her self-possession. "You have surprised me, Mr. Morris," she said quietly, ignoring his proffered hand. "You must be aware that this is not a public reception room. We can talk without disturbing any one in the lobby."

A minute later they were in the comparatively deserted outer hall.

"You have no right to follow me here or to annoy me by your attentions," said Jessie Carden, confronting him with flashing eyes. He fumbled nervously at his watch chain.

"It was purely accidental, I assure you," he stammered.

"Your arrival was announced in the Berlin papers," said Jessie, coldly. "I learned this morning that you bribed my servants, and realized that an interview with you was inevitable, but I did not think you would presume to intrude your presence during my

papa dear, but you must not worry in the least over me. I have money, papa; lots and lots of money. I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my allowance. We shall get along famously."

That evening, in the modest apartments he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. Randolph Morris was his principal creditor, and negotiations were then in progress by which he hoped to transfer his L. & O. stock to Mr. Morris, in consideration of a loan which would enable him to settle with his minor creditors.

"If Mr. Morris refuses to extend this accommodation I shall be in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden. Jessie Carden had listened quietly. Until that day she had given little thought to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind—how shall we live, whereof shall we be fed, clothed and housed? The little room in which they sat looked mean and want-haunted. The faded carpet, the cheap wallpaper, the tawdry decorations, the low and marred ceiling, the wailing of a sick child through the thin partition, the odor of a kitchen, the rumble of traffic over a cobblestone pavement—surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in glaring colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. With that superb insight which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her father was enmeshed in the net which had been set for her. To release him must she be caught in the toils?

The Bishops had purchased a residence in New York, and there was waiting for Jessie a letter from her aunt inviting her to spend April and

"I want to apologize for what I did in Berlin, or rather for coming to Berlin," he began. "I was wrong and I beg your pardon."

"That is not the offence for which you should crave forgiveness," said Jessie Carden. Scorn was in her voice and a warning flash in her eyes. "Your intrusion in Berlin was insolent, but it was in harmony with a greater affront which preceded it, and one of which no gentleman would be guilty, if you have nothing more appropriate to say, leave me, sir!"

"I have; I have!" cried Morris, cowering before her gaze. "Pray be seated, Miss Carden, and—give me a chance!"

"I should not," she said coldly.

"I know the time you mean, Miss Carden." His face flushed a deeper red and he looked at her with appealing eyes. "You mean that affair at the club. I was intoxicated, Miss Carden. It's a hard word, but I'm going to be honest and throw myself on your mercy. I am very, very sorry; really I am, Miss Carden, and I want to be your—your friend."

She longed to spurn his prayers and to ask him to take back the white locks from above her father's brow and remove the stain of disgrace. She realized that the man who had crushed her father was now in her power, and felt that triumphant joy which only a woman can know. But it wounded and tortured her pride to think that Morris dared aspire to her love. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future revenge, and turned to him with a softer light in her eyes.

"I should not forgive you," she said. "When a man who pretends to your position so far forgets himself, he should first obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress the wrongs caused by his offense. Are you prepared to do that, Mr. Morris?"

"I don't exactly understand what you mean, Miss Carden."

"I will make myself plain," said Jessie. "You attempted to murder a young man who resented your insults in a public place, and in the encounter you were injured. For years you have had a standing reward for the arrest of this innocent man. Are you willing to take steps to absolve him? John Burt has been the greater victim of your conduct."

"But my dear Miss Carden, I haven't the slightest notion of where he is, don't you know," said Morris with a puzzled expression. "Pon my word, I don't. We had a beastly row in which I got shot, and all the fellows who were with me say I started it, and that the pistol went off in my own hand. I assure you that I don't remember a thing about it. The governor offered the reward. I can get him to withdraw it, and put a notice in the papers promising that no prosecution shall be made. I'll do anything you say, Miss Carden."

"Publicly announce the withdrawal of the reward and state that he will not be prosecuted," said Jessie, as if the matter was merely one of abstract justice. "And if you are confident that I shall not again be embarrassed by your indiscretions I will try to overlook the past."

"You are very good!" he exclaimed, effusively. "It's more than I deserve, but you will not regret it, Miss Carden. My governor and yours are mixed up in business, and it's a beastly shame, don't you know, that we should be at odds. By the way, I'm awfully sorry about the general's financial troubles. Hope he pulls out of them all right, and think he will. I'm trying now to make a deal which will help him out. And you're not angry with me now, are you, Miss Carden? Let's shake hands and call it square?"

Morris extended a clammy hand, and Jessie, with an inward shudder, permitted him to clasp her's for a moment.

The summer season was at hand, and Jessie was looking forward with pleasure to a sojourn in Hingham. Arthur Morris had been devoted in his attentions, and Jessie felt a thrilling wickedness at the tacit encouragement she had given him.

(To be continued.)



Your Corner



Latest Ideas in Fashionable Garments:
—Recipes Both New and Approved
—Delicious Way to Prepare Strawberries.

lace which fashions the frivolous looking lace coat, and are much beruched and beruffled with the same chiffon.

The plain and dotted silks have appliques and incrustations and emplacements of lace and embroidery, and some of the newest show fancy patterns cut from plaids and applied to the plain silks, and vice versa.

But no matter what the style of the parasol, it must have a long shaft handle to proclaim it this season's style.

Told in Her Boudoir

Snake plumes are exquisite in mauve.

Malline choux are still important neck flings.

Bright green silk hosiery is among the novelties.

Embroidered net is set into some silk stockings.

Cuffs are anything from straight bands to plaitings.

Carnations are coming into prominence in millinery.

Crush belts of gold thread are charming for the white frock.

A jeweled net for the hair is charming with a picture dress.

To be smartly dressed one cannot escape this rule of much lace trimming.

Applique flowers cut from colored taffeta on a gown of white voile or muslin.

A charming summer accessory is the scarf of painted mousseline de soie.

When kid shoes have been wet and become hardened, clean them at once and rub with castor oil.

A Useful Hint.
When roses or other artificial flowers fade, the economical girl paints them with her water colors. The muslin of which they are composed takes paint readily, and a little patience will rejuvenate an apparently passe hat decoration.

In tinting the flowers, make the petals deeper in shade in toward the base and leave the edges paler.

It is surprising how fresh the flowers will look after being recolored, and they will hold the water colors much longer than they do their original coloring.

Tea Biscuit Recipe.
Two teaspoonfuls flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix together and sift. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and add it to two-thirds cupful of cold milk; flatten dough with hands and cut with biscuit cutter; bake in hot oven until a delicate brown—about fifteen minutes. This is a very good recipe when one is in a hurry, and one that cannot fail to turn out well.

Crystal Strawberries.
Here is a delicious way to prepare strawberries, to be served with ice cream at a luncheon: Select large, perfect berries and brush gently with

a soft brush to remove any sand. Have ready some fondant made as to French candy and melt it over hot water. Take up a berry at a time, pull off the hull, dip it into the melted fondant, and when entirely coated replace the hull. Lay on oiled paper and chill in the refrigerator. Do not prepare long before they are needed, as they quickly draw syrup. Serve in small timbale or paper cases, two or three in each.

Wedding Gowns.
White satin is no longer inevitable for a bridal gown, but has been exchanged for even lovelier materials, foamy chiffon, silvered gauze or softest silk muslin and lace. Veils of the latter have been superseded by tulle, while even that favored flower of many generations, the orange blossom, is noticeable by its absence, myrtle or white heather taking its place. White heather is looked upon as a wonderfully lucky flower, but like the four-leaved shamrock, its scarcity created its good fortune. Now it is said to be cunningly bleached in order that the supply may cover the demand.—Exchange.

Corset Covers.
Dainty corset covers that are well fitting and made for the individual are always far more attractive than any other sort. This one is both pretty and simple and can be made from any one of the materials used for under-



Design by May Manton. wear but is shown in linen batiste, which is always satisfactory, both from the standpoint of comfort and that of endurance, and is trimmed with German Valenciennes lace with bits of fine embroidery between the tucks which are worked by hand onto the material. The combination of lace with this fine work is one of the latest whims of fashion and is always charming. The corset cover is made with fronts and back, the narrow tucks being arranged in groups and attached to the waist line only, so allowing comfortable flare over the hips. The quantity of material required for a woman of medium size is 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide with 3 yards of lace edging and 1 1/2 yards of binding.



SHE SPRANG TO HER FEET THE SKETCHBOOK FALLING TO THE FLOOR.

study hours. You take an unfair advantage of an accidental acquaintance. That acquaintance was terminated last summer by your acts and conduct, and I have no desire to renew it. You have had the education and opportunities of a gentleman, and must respect my wishes."

She turned and entered the gallery. Morris stood as if riveted to the floor—dazed, ash-faced and speechless. Obeying a wild impulse, he rushed after her, but halted at the door. With a smothered oath he retraced his steps, and halting his coachman, drove through Unter der Linden.

For the second time in his life the fact had been forced upon him that there were ambitions beyond the reach of his money. The thought envenomed him. Again he made a vow that Jessie Carden should be his. His heavy lips parted in a sullen smile as he pictured her surrender. The longer it was delayed the sweeter would be his triumph.

The morning train for Paris had Arthur Morris for a passenger. It was months before he returned to New York to become a junior partner in the firm of Randolph Morris & Company.

May with them in the metropolis, and to be their guest in Hingham during the summer.

General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declared that her place was with him, and would not listen to his arguments.

"I have changed my mind about aunt Helen's invitation," she said, later in the evening. "I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least. I believe I can sell some of my sketches and paintings there, and—and—well, I think it best to go."

"You are a wise little girl, Jessie," said General Carden. "I shall be in New York nearly as much as in Boston, and you will be much happier there."

A week later Jessie was fondly greeted by her aunt. Thomas Bishop belonged to an old New York family, and was proud to introduce his beautiful niece to the exclusive society circles in which the Bishops had been welcomed.

It was at the Cregier reception that she again met Arthur Morris. For a moment Morris was unable to speak, and gazed at her blankly, first at Jessie and then at Mrs. Cregier.

"Really—why, really—why—why, don't you know, Mrs. Cregier, Miss Carden and I have met before!" he exclaimed. "In fact—why, in fact are old acquaintances; are we not, Miss Carden?"

"I recall having met Mr. Morris," said Jessie, addressing her hostess.

It was a trying moment for Jessie Carden. Before her stood the man she hated. Why had fate cast him as a reptile ever crawling across her path? She longed to crush the serpent's head with her tiny heel, yet she knew that the snake had cunning; she knew that her father was caught in his coils. Never until that moment did she realize the damning power of money, or sound the depths of a woman's hatred.

"May I say something to you, Miss Carden?" ventured Morris. "I've wished to talk to you for a long time, or rather to write something, but—but—let's get out of this crush so I can explain myself."

"I do not care to listen to you, sir."

"I beg of you, hear me for a moment!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie turned haughtily from him.

"Since you seem determined to create a scene in which I am to be involved, I prefer the less conspicuous disgrace of listening to you," she said, bitterly. "Here is a quiet corner. What have you to say to me, sir?"

NOT WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR.
Irishman Had Reasoned Well, But He Was Wrong.
A farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the farm for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at the farm who would enlighten him.

At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing which would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mooley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head, and concluded it was that he had been sent for.

Procuring a rope, he fastened the cow to the rear end of his vehicle and exultantly drove back to the woods.

"What in Sam Hill have you there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for a cant hook to use in moving the logs; what have you brought that cow for?"

"Be jabbers, boss, divil another thing could I see around the barn that cant hook but this."—Star of Hope.

Chance for Man With Brains.
Cash for brains is still the cry. The Queensland government find that the prickly pear, a kind of cactus, has proved so vigorous a weed that \$25,000 has been offered for a sure means of eradicating it.



Design by May Manton. medium size is, for waist, 4 1/2 yards, 21, 3 1/2 yards 27 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard of all-over lace; for bolero 1 1/2 yards 21 or 27 or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt 1 1/2 yards 21, 11 yards 27 or 6 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

Bringing Skirts Up to Date.
The woman who has a good cloth skirt of light weight, such as voile, etamine or nun's veiling, left from last summer can bring it up to the mark of prevailing fashions by the dexterous adjustment of taffeta or peau de soie trimmings.

If she is a tall woman and desires a yoke effect she can build the yoke from alternate strips of the cloth and taffeta. If panel effects are desired, the stitched bands of silk can be so laid as to simulate panels.

But the great point of divergence between last season's skirt and this year's lies in the vent. Last year the vent was fastened by well-hidden hooks and eyes. This year it is completely covered by a box-plaited effect.

To secure this effect in the made-over skirt, lay on a box pleat of the same silk used in trimming, narrow at the waist line and flaring slightly toward the hem of the skirt. This is fastened tight to the skirt, and cannot be detected from the same effect in cloth. Nor does it give a botched or made-over effect to the garment, because of the general prevalence of silk trimmings in every imaginable

Informal Talks

Finger marks on varnished furniture are removed by rubbing them with a piece of rag dipped in sweet oil. Afterward polish with a dry cloth.

An ever ready glue pot is a most useful piece of property. It is prepared by putting naphtha in a wide-mouthed bottle and dissolving shellac in it.

When nailing into hardwood, the nails are apt to bend. To prevent this dip the point of each nail into oil, lard or other grease before hammering them in.

It will be found a good plan to keep peas, beans, rice, barley, coffee and, in fact, all "dry groceries" in glass jars. By this means a moment's glance will acquaint the housewife with the necessity for replenishing her stores.

New Ideas in Sunshades.
Then the parasols which shade these dainty creations of the milliner's art. In the morning, as already hinted, the linen parasol matches the linen gown; and there are the colored coachings, both in plain and plaids, for various occasions.

With the fluffy fluffery hat there is worn an equally fluffery parasol, and these are frequently covered with the

FIGURED NET AND LACE.



No material of the season is more fashionable or more attractive than net in its many varieties. This very charming waist is made of the sort known as repouse, in cream color combined with a yoke of white mousseline overlaid by bias bands of silk and medallions of lace, the trimming being little lace ruffles. As illustrated the waist is made with long sleeves that include deep cuffs but those of the elbow sort shown in the small cut, can be substituted whenever preferred. The blouse itself is full and soft below the yoke which is plain and cut in a deep, becoming point at front and back. At the waist is a crushed belt of messaline satin, also cream in tone, and the net is made over silk and cotton mousseline which is soft and pretty while of moderate cost. The quantity of material required for a woman of medium size is 3 1/2 yards, 21, 3 yards 27 or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Diplomacy.
After an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home-coming. She had bidden her instructors and friends adieu, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a cablegram from General Carden, requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed.

After a stormy voyage, the liner steamed into Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms. At first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn, and the dark hair and beard had turned to silver-gray.

"You may be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"There can be no very sad news, papa dear, so long as you are alive," said Jessie. With a woman's intuition she guessed the truth.

"I am ruined, Jessie! My bank has failed, and my fortune is swept away. That is not all. Our old home is in the hands of creditors and I am a bankrupt—a bankrupt at the age of fifty."

Jessie smiled bravely through her tears.

"I am distressed on your account,

What have you to say to me, sir?"