

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

General Carden applauded vigorously and demanded an encore. The trio sang several songs, and the old soldier lay back in his arm-chair and let his mind drift back to the hours when the one of whom Jessie was the image lifted her sweet voice in the ballads he loved to hear. At his request they sang "Douglas, Tender and True," "Robin Adair," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," and several old war songs.

Then Jessie proposed a rubber of whist, and in the cut she became the partner of James Blake. Jessie played well and they defeated the general and Edith.

"You don't know what a victory we have won!" declared Jessie, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Papa and Edith think themselves invincible, and this is their first defeat. Let's go to the conservatory. I want to show Mr. Blake those lovely bulbs I sent you from Holland," and leaving Edith and the general to follow, she escorted Blake to the great glass house, with its arched roof and wilderness of palms, ferns and flowers.

"I know this is not much of a treat to you," ventured Jessie. "I had forgotten that you have spent all of your life in California."

"But I have not spent all of my life in California," Blake said. "I lived in California only seven or eight years and had little chance to study flowers. What little knowledge I have of flowers dates back to my boyhood days in New England."

"New England? What part of New England, Mr. Blake?"

"Massachusetts," he answered proudly. "I was born in Boston, less than half a mile from where the tea was thrown overboard. My mother's name was Smith, so I'm a Yankee all over."



WITH OLD SCHOOL DIGNITY GENERAL CARDEN PRESENTED JAMES BLAKE.

"So am I," laughed Jessie. "John Hancock once lived in the house where I was born, and Samuel Adams was there many, many times. I'm as much of a Hancock as Edith, though she won't admit it. Don't you like Boston better than San Francisco, Mr. Blake?"

"Really, I remember very little of Boston," replied Blake. "When I was a small boy we moved to Quincy, and from there to a farm near Hingham. That part of my New England life most vivid in my memory clusters round the old farm in Rocky Woods."

"Did you live in Rocky Woods?"

The dark eyes opened wide and Jessie looked wonderingly into Blake's face.

"Why, yes, I lived there for several years. Do you mean to tell me that you ever heard of that desolate patch of rocks, pines, stone fences, huckleberry swamps and cranberry marshes?"

"Certainly I have. Uncle Tom—Mr. Bishop—lived there for a generation, and spends the summers there now. I have often been there. Isn't it strange, Mr. Blake, that both of us are familiar with that out-of-the-way country? Where was your father's farm?"

"It was then known as the old Leonard farm. Do you know where Peter Burt lived—Peter Burt, the old crazy man who used to pray at night from the top of the big rock?"

"Yes," said Jessie softly, with a little catch at her breath as the blood mounted to her cheeks.

James Blake watched her face intently. Both were thinking of John Burt, but with what different emotions! Since the sun had set, a gulf had opened between John Burt and James Blake.

And Jessie Carden? Intuitively she felt that James Blake knew John Burt. In a flash it occurred to her that Blake's business with her father was a subterfuge. Was he the bearer of tidings from John Burt? Perhaps John was dead? If alive, why did he not come himself?

"And you knew John Burt? I remember now that he often spoke of you. He always called you 'Jim' and rarely mentioned your last name. And you ran away from home. Did you ever meet John Burt in California, Mr. Blake?"

James Blake was not deceived by the careless tone in which she asked his question. With grim joy he recalled that John's injunction of secrecy was still in force. He must either mislead Jessie Carden or prove false to his friend; but for the first

time the deceit was his own and not a sacrifice for another.

"Of course I knew John Burt," said Blake reflectively. "Dear old John! I owe him thirty-five dollars. When I ran away from home he gave me every dollar he had, and I've not seen him since. Did you say he had gone to California? Is that so? No, I never saw him there. And you knew him? Really, Miss Carden, I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. Ah, here comes Mr. and Mrs. Bishop! I had no idea it was so late."

Mr. Thomas Bishop was introduced, and after a brief conversation, in which Jessie acquainted her uncle with the fact that their guest was formerly from Rocky Woods, Blake excused himself. He accepted an invitation to call again.

"Then we will continue our recollections of Rocky Woods, Miss Carden," he said on leaving.

Instructing his coachman to drive to his apartments, James Blake closed his eyes and attempted to calmly review what had happened. He found it impossible. One emotion held mastery over him—he was in love, madly and defiantly in love with Jessie Carden. He thought of Arthur Morris and hated him. He thought of John Burt and pitied him. Neither should stand in his way.

Could she be engaged to Arthur Morris? Now that he had met Jessie Carden he found himself unconsciously repeating John Burt's indignant declaration: "It is a lie; an infamous lie!" If an engagement did exist, it should be as a barrier to his own ardent progress. But she did not, she could not love Arthur Morris.

Did John Burt love her? Did she love John Burt?

These were the stinging, burning questions which seared his brain, but the clamor of his conscience was

blatant and deafening.

Blake arrived at his office at an unusually early hour on the morning following his introduction to Jessie Carden. He had spent a miserable night. No sleep came to his blood-shot eyes, and for hours he restlessly paced the floor.

"I love her; my God, how I love her, but I also love John!" he exclaimed again and again, as the night hours crawled slowly away. "What shall I do; what can I do? I cannot give her up. By God, I'll not give her up for any man; not even for John Burt! Would John surrender the woman he loved for me? What am I to do? I must decide before I see him. If I tell John she is in New York he will see her inside of twenty-four hours. That will be the end of my hopes. She shall love me! She must love me! I cannot live without her! Oh, why did I ever see her!"

In this unequal contest between loyalty and passion in a weak and self-indulgent nature, passion won the battle, but at a frightful sacrifice. His judgment warned him that he was doomed to defeat, but with the frenzied desperation of a gambler he staked everything—honor, friendship, loyalty, his business career—all on the turn of a card, and dared to meet John Burt with treachery in his heart and a lie on his lips.

Blake knew that John Burt was in his private office, but for the first time in his life he hesitated to enter it. Prosperity had erected no wall of formality between these two. From the day they fought their boyish battle, on the edge of the fishing pool, they had called each other "John" and "Jim." In tacitly accepting John Burt's leadership, Blake recognized in his companion those traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands. By a display of tact which amounted to genius, John Burt had aided James Blake without patronizing him, and had forgiven his repeated mistakes without offending him.

Blake strolled slowly through the connecting offices and entered the large room reserved for customers. Those who knew the famous operator bowed respectfully. Blake gazed absent-mindedly at a bulletin board containing the early London and Paris quotations. He read them, but they had no meaning. He was thoroughly, abjectly miserable.

"Who is that gentleman?" asked a smooth-cheeked and dapper young man, who had embarked on his first speculative venture by risking the major part of his quarterly allowance.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed his companion. "I should have introduced you. That's James Blake—the famous and only James Blake. Five years ago he didn't have a dollar. Twenty millions in five years is his record? And it hasn't enlarged his hat in the least. He tells a good story, sings a good song, and no man in the club can drink him under the table."

(To be continued.)

NEVER SEE HEARSE AT NIGHT.

New York Undertaker Explains Why They Are Not Sent Out.

"Nobody gives us fellows credit for having a large bump of sensitiveness," said a west side undertaker, "but the fact is, we go to a good deal of trouble to safeguard the feelings of the general public. For one thing, we try never to keep our hearses in the street after dark."

"Of course, in the case of afternoon funerals and long distances we cannot avoid getting home late, but even so, we make it a point to get under cover as soon as possible after night-fall. And we do that absolutely out of consideration for the public. By nine people out of ten the sight of a hearse on the street at night is taken as a sure sign of impending death and disaster."

"Even in the daytime a hearse is a gloomy affair, but to run up against one at night is pretty sure to give the most jovial fellow alive a depressing turn. I know how it is myself. Accustomed as I am to handling hearses, I don't like to bump into one unexpectedly at a dark corner."

"Most men in the business feel the same way, therefore we strive to be considerate. That we succeed remarkably well is apparent to anybody who will take the trouble to count the hearses he has seen out at night. These are so few that I'll wager the most confirmed gadabout cannot recall more than three or four of them."

—New York Times.

John Wesley's Ideas on "Ailing."

It is pretty generally known that John Wesley, during his unparalleled apostolate of half a century, traveled 250,000 miles and preached 40,000 sermons, but comparatively few are aware of the prodigious amount of literary work he managed to accomplish. His most curious and eccentric book was entitled "Primitive Physic; or, An Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases." It was published in London by Barr & Co. in the year 1743.

The preface is characteristic of the author. "When man came first out of the hands of the Creator there was no place for physic or the art of healing. But when man rebelled against the Sovereign of heaven and earth the incurable frame put on corruption, and the immortal put on immortality."

Turks Tax the Greeks.

The Porte having issued orders for the collection of license taxes from Greeks in the Turkish dominions, it is feared at Athens that there will be fresh trouble, especially at Smyrna.

Irish Parliamentary Fund.

The Irish parliamentary fund for the year 1896 amounted to \$63,945.



Lingerie Hats.

The lingerie hats of exquisite batiste or null or fine Swiss embroideries and Valenciennes lace are lovelier than ever this season, and innumerable changes are rung upon combinations of lace and flowers. Nets plain or dotted with large chenille wafers are shirred and plaited into airy, broadrimmed shapes and trimmed with flowers and soft silk scarfs.

Shaded straws and straws of countless new weaves are shown. Linen hats inset with lace and picturesque in shape are among the new offerings as well as more severe linen models for outing and mourning wear.

Garden bunches and flower wreaths divide the honors and there are many flowers and bud fringes which are used profusely. Cockades, choux, rosettes, mercury wings, cupid wings and quills are called into service for the sailor hats.



Making starch with soapy water is the best way to produce a gloss and prevent the iron from sticking.

The best way to mash potatoes is to rub them through a wire sieve; you can then be sure there are no lumps left.

Never put table linen into soap-suds until the stains have been removed by pouring boiling water through the linen.

When making a pudding don't forget to make a plait in the cloth at the top of your basin, so as to allow the pudding room to swell.

When boiling green vegetables, add a piece of sugar to the water; it is quite harmless, and preserves the color as well as soda would.

Before using a lamp wick soak it in strong vinegar, then dry it thoroughly, and it will burn brightly and without any unpleasant smoke or smell.

Ink spilled on the carpet may be taken up without leaving a stain if dry salt be applied immediately. As the salt becomes discolored brush it off and apply more. Wet slightly. Continue till the ink has disappeared.

Tucked Sailor Blouse.

The sailor blouse is ever in demand. It may vary in detail, but essentially is always the comfortable favorite that is so indispensable. This one is novel, inasmuch as it includes fronts box plaited and tucked for their entire length and sleeves that are tucked above the elbows while they form full puffs below, and is made of pale blue linen with collar of white and shield and trimming of embroidery, but is quite as well suited to a long list of fabrics. For yachting and similar sports it is admirable made of light weight serge or mohair while all the many linen and cotton fabrics are much to be desired for the cotton gowns.

The waist is made with fronts and back and is finished at the neck with a big sailor collar. The back is plain, but the fronts are laid in a box plait at each edge with three tucks at each side and beneath the box plaits the closing is made. The sleeves are in one piece each, tucked at their upper portions and gathered into straight cuffs. The shield and stock collar are separate and arranged un-



der the waist, being buttoned into place beneath the sailor collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 3/4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards 27 inches wide or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 5/8 yards of all over embroidery and 2 yards of applique to make as illustrated.

Strawberry Baskets.

Cream 1/4 cup butter, add gradually 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg slightly beaten, 2 1/2 ounces flour and 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla.

Bake, shape and fill with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, and with strawberries. Serve at once.

When the ingredients are mixed, roll out very thin and cut with a round cutter about four inches in diameter. As soon as taken from the oven and while yet warm, roll two sides up so as to form a sort of boat,

Tucked Sailor Blouse an Indispensable Adjunct to the Wardrobe—Smart Box Eton Adapted for Girl's Figures—Some Approved Recipes.

and set them close together in a dish, to hold them in that shape until they are cool and hardened, then prepare the filling by cutting the strawberries, sweeten with powdered sugar and mix with thick whipped cream. Fill the baskets, and place a whole strawberry on either end. Do not fill the baskets until time to serve, as the cream softens the pastry, if allowed to stand, and the baskets lose their shape.

The Millinery of Summer.

The large and the small hat are in equal favor this season. For semi-dress occasions the small or medium-sized turban or sailor is perhaps in better taste, but the vogue of the wide drooping shoulders in costumes and wraps will undoubtedly make the picture hat more popular than ever.

The blending of delicate pink and blue is a feature of many hats, and in the association not only of small flowers but of ribbons as well is this discernible. Green also is a favored color, and for the hat to complete a green toilette or to be worn with a black or dark blue or a natural-colored pongee or Shantung gown, it is a most attractive shade. Green trimmings—plumes, aigrettes, breasts and ribbon velvet—provide this smart touch when the hat is black, blue, ecru or white. Brown and green is another popular combination.

No form of dainty lingerie hat made in simple "baby" shape out of the finest lace or embroidery, with a large bow of ribbon as its only trimming. These hats have a girlish effect, and to be successful they should be worn only by the youthful and with dainty frocks.—From The Delineator for July.

Told in Her Boudoir

Fancy stocks are much simpler than last year.

Turnovers of finest linen are decidedly dainty.

Boas of any sort are not very much in evidence.

A new heavy pongee has an almost shaggy surface.

A favorite braid for voile gowns is the bright-surfaced hercules.

Wreaths of daintiest small flowers done in velvet, especially delicately pale blue forget-me-nots, trim hats.

The latest development of the lace frill is the employment of fine lace dyed to match the shade of the gown. Chiffon is also largely used for sleeve frills.

The fashionable decolletage line is somewhat higher this season, for, although the corsage is cut lower, it is finished with a dainty tucker of mousseline de sole, chiffon or net.

Pelerine collars slightly draped in front and finishing to a point, leaving the throat free, will be much worn this summer. Another effective collar yoke is a yoke and bertha in one, fitting closely on the shoulders and then falling with a full flare.

Separate Yoke and Collar.

The new plan of the yoke and collar being separate from the rest of the gown is an excellent one, as it permits of their being easily laun-

A HANDSOME BLOUSE.



dered without the entire waist having to be ripped apart, as is generally the case. In the simpler styles of gown this is most desirable, but it is also carried out in the more elaborate ones, and for the same reason that the laundering of any lace or embroidery is a difficult task unless the entire waist is cleaned at the same time. In many such respects fashion becomes more and more practical as time goes on; one reason, however, being that absolute cleanliness and perfection of detail are required in any garment that is to be considered at all smart.

Smartest Facing for Hats.

By all odds the smartest facing for hats to be worn with tailored dresses is that built from narrow lingerie frills. A facing of net is cut to fit the hat, then covered with innumerable ruffles of narrow lace, either gathered or accordion-pleated. Valenciennes lace lends itself best to this sort of facing, and if a vest, collar and half sleeves of lace edged flouncing are worn with the linen suit, the harmonious effect with the hat is very good.

Misses' Box Eton.

Box Etons are essentially smart and suit girlish figures to perfection. This one is adapted alike to the suit and



the general wrap and to a variety of materials but, as shown, is made of natural colored pongee banded with stitched silk and matches the skirt. The wide sleeves are graceful in the extreme and allow of wearing over back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The wide sleeves are cut in one piece each and are laid in box plaits that are extended to cover the shoulder seams. A shaped band finishes the neck and the full ones of the season's waists without danger of rumpling, while the extended box plaits give the drooping line so essential to present styles.

The Eton is made with fronts and front edges and both the lower edge and those of the sleeves are faced to correspond.

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

card, the deep fall below the vest and those in the sleeves being of cream Lierre lace. To make the blouse for a woman of medium size will be required 4 1/4 yards of material 21, 4 yards 27 or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yards of tucking for yoke, 5/8 yards of all-over lace for cuffs and 3 yards of lace for frills.