

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

John accepted the invitation. For moments after Mr. Hawkins had no word was spoken between John and James Blake. Each was with his thoughts, but John broke silence.

"When is Miss Carden expected to return?" he asked, quietly.

"I'll try to find out to-night," said John, looking his partner full in the face. "My head has been so full of things that I've thought of nothing else."

"But I'll know all about it, John, when I meet you and Hawkins at her. Perhaps Jessie—or rather, as Carden—is back now. Who knows? This is your lucky day, old fellow, and all kinds of things may open before midnight. Wouldn't it be great if I went up to the Bishop's and found her there? Of course I couldn't say a word to spoil the surprise you have planned. Well, I must go. Hope I'll have good news of you when I see you later."

Early in the evening Blake rang the bell of the Bishop mansion, and was admitted by General Carden.

"It is a pleasure, General Carden, to tender you this check, which represents your share of the profits. I don't say a word of thanks to me, for I do not deserve any credit. Is Miss Carden at home, and may I see her for a moment?"

"She will be delighted to see you. I will call her."

The general disappeared, and James Blake lay back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the portrait of Jessie Carden.

He heard the faint rustle of a garment and turned to see Jessie Carden. She entered the room. A tender light glowed in her brown eyes, but there was something wistful in the smile; a blending of happiness, restraint and pity. The eyes dropped for a moment as they met his frank gaze, but her voice was clear and

"Sweet as she offered her hand and said: 'You have made this the happiest day of our lives, Mr. Blake. I—'

"Not another word," interrupted James Blake. "You must not thank me. Please don't, Jessie. It's the only favor I ask."

"Why not?"

The parted lips and questioning eyes were eloquent with surprise.

"Because I don't want you to," he said, releasing the little hand.

His heart beat fast as he gazed into her face, but in that moment he gained the final victory, and only the numbing pain of wounded passion remained.

Less than a day had passed since he had resolved to surrender all hope for the love of Jessie Carden. Why had he done so? James Blake could not answer that question. He had not calmly weighed his chances of success against those of failure.

Like a flash it dawned upon him that he could not—that he must not—be disloyal to John Burt. He did not reason it out—it was told to him in that voiceless, wordless language which has no name or key.

"You must not imagine," he said, "that your father is under the slightest obligations to me. On the contrary, our firm is indebted to him. The stock which he held was the key to the situation. Without it we could have done nothing. We have simply been able to verify the general's confidence in its value, and he is the one to be congratulated on the outcome."

"I don't believe a word you say," replied Jessie Carden, laughing. "I'm not so stupid about these Wall street affairs as you imagine. If it had not been for you, Mr. Morris would have defrauded pap out of all his property."

"Speaking of Morris reminds me of something which has often puzzled me," said Blake, changing the subject. "It's about that portrait. The first time I ever met Arthur Morris I saw your portrait in his library room. It has always puzzled me. Some time I'll tell you why."

"My portrait in Mr. Morris' room!" exclaimed Jessie, the color mounting to her cheeks. "Surely you are jesting, Mr. Blake!"

"It was probably a copy, though he told me it was the original," replied Blake. "He said you had it painted by Mr. Berlin, and that you presented it to him. The first time I came here I saw this one and thought it a remarkable coincidence."

These pages—sure proof that certain white fingers had sought them out many, many times.

"It was only a week before he went away," said Jessie, softly, "that these pictures were taken. It was a glorious day in autumn, and our horses had galloped miles and miles. Near the bay shore in Hingham we saw a traveling photographer, and I suggested that we have our pictures taken. We each gave the other one, and I have mine yet. We—"

"And he has his yet," said Blake, a far-off look in his eyes.

"He has! How do you know, Mr. Blake? Have you—"

"Of course he has it. I'll wager dear old John has never parted with that little gift. Excuse my interruption, Jessie; I'm greatly interested."

"You spoke as if you knew," said Jessie, her heart beating wildly. "The last day I saw him he spoke of you. We sailed out to Black Reef and we talked of many things. John said he was going to California, and wondered if you were there and if he would see you. That seems ages ago, but it's only five years. And then we sailed back to the grove and he quarreled with Arthur Morris. You have heard the story. That night we parted, and a thousand times I have heard the hoofs of his horse as he galloped away in the darkness."

She paused, but Blake, with his eyes on the portrait, said nothing.

"When you told me that you were John Burt's friend I liked you," she said, in a voice which thrilled his very being. "You have been all that he said in your favor, and many times more. I would that it were in my power to repay you, Mr. Blake. You have at your command everything which money can furnish, and I and my prayer for your happiness."

He took her hand and impulsively pressed it to his lips.

"You have made me very, very happy," he said, rising to his feet as she tenderly withdrew her hand. "I should like to tell you something which—which—but I must not tell it. Some day you will know me better. Will you promise not to be angry with me, then? Will you promise, Jessie?"

"Angry with you? I am sure I shall never be angry with you."

"That is your promise?"

"That is my promise."

He laughed gaily as she repeated the words, but his lips quivered and his eyes glistened suspiciously. In

a moment he was the careless, happy Blake, chatting lightly on trivial subjects.

"I must keep an engagement," he said, looking at his watch. "A friend of mine is here from California, and I'm to take dinner with him. He's a royal good fellow, rich, handsome, cultivated, and—everything which a good fellow should be. I'd like to introduce him. May I call with him to-morrow evening?"

"Any friend of yours is welcome, especially a paragon with such bewitching attractions," laughed Jessie. "Good-bye, until to-morrow evening."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Through the Heart.

It lacked several minutes of the hour fixed for dinner when Blake strolled through the hotel safe and thence into the lobby. The babble of voices, the gesticulations and the nervous energy which pervaded the atmosphere were not in harmony with Blake's feelings.

"Jessie was afraid I was going to say something to-night, and so she told me that she loved John," he mused, throwing away a half-smoked cigar. "Dear old John! Lucky old John! Hello, what's the row? That sounds like Morris! I suppose he's drunk. If he had a spark of decency he'd be with his father. Here he comes!"

Morris pushed his way through the crowd and was followed by young Kingsley. Not until he was within a few feet of Blake did he recognize his rival. Though anxious to avoid a meeting, Blake scorned to retreat or to turn his back.

Morris stopped squarely in front of him. His lips parted with a sneer and his fingers toyed with a small walking stick. Blake leaned carelessly against a marble column, his eyes fixed on the man who confronted him. Had Blake been in a Western mining camp his fingers would have reached for the feel of a gun, but in a metropolitan hotel he had no sense of danger. The incident was trivial, but disagreeable.

"Lend me a thousand, Blake," demanded Morris.

A whisper passed around the room and many turned to watch these two men, whose names had filled the public prints of the day.

"Certainly," said Blake, a strange smile lighting up his handsome face. "Is a thousand enough, Morris?"

Blake took a wallet from his inner pocket and handed Morris a bill.

"And a match," ordered Morris, advancing a step nearer.

Ice Made in Open Air.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw; on the straw board, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a wonderful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls.

Should the straw get wet, it becomes more matted and compact, and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold, and retards freezing.—Pearson's Weekly.

Indians of Jewish Strain.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie had an idea that the Indians of the far Northwest were partly Jewish in origin. From Lake Athabasca in 1794 he set out at the head of an expedition "in a birch-bark canoe, 25 feet long, 4½ feet beam and 26 inches hold, with 3,000 pounds of baggage and provision and a crew of nine French Canadians." He reached the Pacific coast and returned. The aborigines he met were "for the most part possessed of strongly religious instincts," said he in his report. "With regard to their origin all we are prepared to state, after a careful survey of their languages, manners and customs, is that they are undoubtedly of a mixed origin; come from the North-northwest and had commerce in their early history, perhaps, through intermarriage with people of Jewish persuasion or origin."

Had Fun With the Umpire.

William Hayes acted as umpire at a ball game near Washington, Pa., last Sunday, and his decisions did not seem to give unmixed satisfaction. Toward the close of the game he gave one decision which evidently gave great pain to the players on both sides. Half a dozen of them seized and carried him to a near-by river and tossed him in. Umpire Hayes scrambled out in a hurry, whereupon the indignant athletes threw him back and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. Then they rolled him on a beer keg until he recovered, when they volunteered the information that he was not cut out for an umpire. On reflection Mr. Hayes is prepared to agree with this idea. However, he means to sue a dozen of his assailants.

German Empress Studies Medicine.

One of the most studious queens in Europe is the German empress, who cares very little indeed for pomp and ceremony. Her majesty's favorite study is medicine and she has instructed herself so well in the art of healing that she is regarded as quite an efficient adviser in cases of ordinary illness.



Three-Quarter Coat.

Fitted coats in severe tailor style are among the features shown for the coming season and are eminently smart as well as becoming to the greater number of womankind. This one allows a choice of three-quarter or arm length and can be made as



part of a costume or as a separate wrap as may be preferred. In the case of the model the material is wood brown cloth with bands of the same stitched with corticelli silk as a finish, but the list of available materials is almost limitless and the bands can be of the same or of contrasting cloth or silk as may be desired.

The coat is made with fronts, backs, sidebacks and double under-arm zores, the side-front and side-back seams being continued to the shoulders, so making long and graceful lines. The sleeves are in regulation style with slight fullness at the shoulders which gives the broad effect that is the latest edict of fashion.

The quantity of material required for the medium sizes is 5½ yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 44 inches wide or 3½ yards 52 inches wide for three-quarter length; 4½ yards 27 inches wide, 3 yards 44 inches wide or 2½ yards 52 inches wide for arm length.

For the Garden Party.

Garden party gowns require something very picturesque in the way of hats, and among the most fashionable styles now worn are the Dolly Varden and the ever beautiful Gainsborough—two very opposite styles, but both having a very great deal to commend them. The Dolly Varden hat looks best as an accompaniment to a simple white muslin or chiffon gown. For instance, such a one as that Diane that I admired so much at a garden party on Saturday afternoon. The pretty white chiffon dress, with many frills, was distinctly in 1830 style, with its long sash ends and soft belt of pale blue ribbon, and the Dolly Varden hat was a veritable inspiration, with its full frilled brim of white chiffon and crown of closely-massed pale pink roses. Gainsborough's hats look best always in black—gathered tulle is altogether admirable—and a long, sweeping ostrich plume gives an air of dignity and picturesqueness to an elaborate costume.—Exchange.



Sour milk removes ink stains. White china washes like a handkerchief.

If pongee be sanely made it washes like linen.

To make cut glass glisten and sparkle it should be sprinkled with sawdust and then rubbed with chamomile.

Delicate colored silks should never be laid away in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper often draws out the color.

Grease marks can be removed from books by sponging the soiled leaf with benzine, placing it between two sheets of blotting paper and passing a hot iron over it.

Thin slices of brown or gluten bread lightly buttered and then spread with cream cheese make delicious sandwiches to serve with lettuce and tomato salad.

Some Beauty Don'ts.

Don't neglect the daily bath if you want a radiant complexion.

Don't be afraid of friction for the face; freshness is prolonged by the tepid bath in which bragg has been stirred, followed by long friction. This keeps the blood at the surface.

Don't bathe the face and hands in hard water. Soften it with a little powdered borax or a handful of oatmeal. The excess of lime in hard water neutralizes the oil in the skin pores and thus hardens the cuticle. Try always to get rain water for the

beached and it is said that fur effects will be in the background.

Girl's Apron With Fancy Collar.

Pretty aprons are always in demand and are as attractive as they are serviceable. This one is peculiarly graceful and can be worn over the frock or over the guimpe alone, as may be preferred. As illustrated, the material is white lawn with fancy stitching and frill of embroidery, but all materials in vogue for aprons are equally correct. For afternoon and school wear nothing is prettier than white lawn, but for the hours of harder usage, chambray, gingham and the like are often preferred and are far more durable.

The apron is made with full front and backs which are gathered at their



upper edges and joined to a shallow yoke over which the fancy yoke-collar is arranged. The closing is made invisibly at the center back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 2½ yards 36 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of embroidery.

Most Popular Colors.

The three modish colors this season are undoubtedly brown, blue and mauve, and though, as always in summer, white is very much worn, it is really astonishing to note how various shades of brown are daily increasing in fashionable favor. Pale blue is more enchanting than ever in the thin, transparent fabrics now in vogue, and gowns of this lovely color seem to be mostly accompanied by pale blue chip or fancy straw hats, trimmed with white lace and a pale pink rose or two, and a long stole of white marabout or ostrich feather or lace. Of white lace stoles, to be worn with a pale blue gown, undoubtedly the most chic is one edged with palest pink banksia roses, arranged in applique. Mauve is the favorite color of several royal ladies, and they, loyally taking their cue from those in high places, have set the great seal of fashion upon this delightful color, which is so particularly becoming to fair women; and for real dainty, delicate beauty commend me to a mauve gown with a white toque or hat, and a white stole to correspond.

Simple Skin Food.

A simple food for the skin is made thus: One tablespoonful of pure olive oil, one-half teaspoonful of rose water, beaten to a cream. Rub the food into the skin until entirely absorbed. This food can be used at any time. If at night before retiring wash the skin with warm water and pure castile soap; then rub ointment on, always rubbing upward; if applied during the day, after rubbing food well into the skin, apply drop chalk. This food removes and prevents wrinkles, softens the skin and keeps it from chafing.



Very dainty ready-made stocks come by the yard.

Marabout feather toles will appear with the cool weather.

In some instances a fold of velvet is more becoming than a ruche.

Crushed velvet and velveteen belts are among the novelties for autumn.

Vells shaded, vells embroidered and vells of all sorts are plying in favor.

Not to be smartly dressed when traveling is one of the unpardonable sartorial sins.

Many a dazzling frock has just the right note added by a pair of long black silk gloves.

Some good combinations are salmon and gray, navy and hyacinth blue and coral and brown.

Zibelines for fall are closely

SILK WITH BATISTE.



FANCY TUCKED BLOUSE 4003.

Soft, thin silks make charming blouses for all seasons and are much in vogue. This very attractive model combines white lousine with a yoke and cuffs of embroidered batiste edged with lace applique, and is charming; but the model suits many combinations and materials. The oddly shaped

yoke and the deep cuffs make specially noteworthy features, and the design can be utilized both for the gown and the odd blouse. To make the waist for a woman of medium size will be required 4 yards of material 21, 3½ yards 27 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of yoking material 18 inches wide.