

Shortly after getting the political bee in his bonnet the average man gets it in the neck.

I am here in the world to serve and to uplift of others and not myself.—Dr. Horton.

**THE BEST OF SALES**  
On Gray Packets. **LETTER, CHICK FARMER,**  
sent for **Dr. J. M. HALL, ROCK GROVE, IOWA.**

Conscience doesn't make cowards of literary romancers.

A man knows less after marriage than a woman does before.

**Rheumatism's Killing Pain.**  
Left in quick order after taking 10 doses of Dr. Skirvin's Rheumatic Cure, in tablet form. 25 doses 25c. postpaid. **WIS. DRUG CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (W. N. U.)**

To withstand evil is quite as necessary as to do good.—Mrs. Crank.

The gain of love is lost by the love of gain.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES** cost but 10 cents per package.

Holliness is the reaching after rather than the arriving at perfection.

Lots of people come to grief by meeting trouble half-way.

Smokers find Lewis' "Single Binder" straight cigar better quality than most the brands. **Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.**

You may reap what you sow—not something else—but that.—F. W. Robertson.

If all women who look back were turned into salt pillars the streets would be full of statues.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take **Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.** All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

No fountain is so small but heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—Hawthorne.

Fish may be all right as brain food if a man isn't born a fool to start with.

**When You Buy Starch** buy **Defiance** and get the best, 15 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

**Things to Remember.**

"My boy," said a man of the state of Texas to his son, who was starting out for a career in an eastern city; "my boy, let me tell you something which may help you. You get up there, and you may see a heap of people who have got more money than you have; a heap of people who have got more brains than you have, and more success. Some of them may even be better looking than you are. Don't you worry about that, and don't you be scared of anybody. Whenever you meet a man who allows he's your superior, you just look at him and say to yourself, 'After all, you're just folks!' You want to remember for yourself, too, that you're just folks. My boy, after you have lived as long as I have and have knocked around the world, you will come to see that that's all any one of us—folks."

**A Suggestive Name.**

Jake, the colored servant of Lionel Barrymore, has quite a flock of children, all of them with Biblical names, and their father is very religious, and a great student of the bible. A boy was added to the family not long ago, and Jake confessed himself puzzled as to a name for him. "You see," he explained, "we've 'bout 'sauted all dem characters—such as David an' Amos an' Solomon. De woman suggests Balaam, but I see calculatin' on Hallow, as de book suggests it for itself. 'Hallowed be Thy name,' sah. I reckon we'll leave it dah, sah."

**DOCTOR DID IT.**

**Put on 36 Pounds by Food.**

Feed a physician back to health and he gains an experience that he can use to benefit others. For this reason Grape-Nuts food is daily recommended to patients by hundreds of physicians who have cured themselves of stomach trouble. One doctor says: "Although a physician and trying to aid and assist my fellow beings to enjoy good health it must be admitted I formerly did not enjoy the best of health myself. In January, 1899, I only weighed 119 pounds. At this time I was living in the Ohio Valley and began to think I had about seen my best days. One day about 3 years ago I had an opportunity to try Grape-Nuts food for my breakfast. I liked it so well that I ate three teaspoons three times a day and have regularly used it up to the present time, and I now weigh 155, a gain of 36 pounds and enjoy the best of health."

"Not only has Grape-Nuts made this wonderful change in me, but through it I have helped my friends, relatives and patients. The sustaining power of this food is simply wonderful."

"I have one patient who is a section hand on the C. & O. R. R., who eats nothing in the morning but four tablespoons of Grape-Nuts and yet does his very hard work up to lunch time and enjoys the best of health and strength."

"I could name a great many cases like this and I still prescribe Grape-Nuts in my practice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask any physician about the scientific principles on which Grape-Nuts food is made. He'll tell you the principles are perfect.

Then a 19 days' trial proves that the principles are carried out in the food ("all the good of the grains so treated that anyone can digest it all") Shown in renewed physical strength and brain energy.

"There's a reason."  
Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

# JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**  
Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.

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## CHAPTER TWO—Continued.

Prince growled. John looked up the road.

"There's someone coming," he said. Jessie turned and saw Miss Malden approaching. She looked at her muddy feet, her bedraggled hat and her splattered blouse and skirt.

"I'll get an awful scolding," she said, half to herself and half to the boy. Then for the first time she scrutinized John Burt. She noted that he was well dressed; that he was not barefooted, like most farmer boys, and that he was handsome and self-possessed.

"Do you belong to the riffraff?" asked Jessie, lowering her voice so that the approaching governess should not hear her.

"Never heard of it," replied John Burt in a puzzled smile. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Jessie; "but my papa don't allow me to associate with the riffraff, and I forgot until just now to ask you if you are a riffraff."

A look of pain came to the honest face of the boy. Before he could speak Jessie turned to meet Miss Malden.

"Why, Jessie Carden, what have you been doing?" With a cry of dismay the governess dropped an armful of flowers and surveyed the wreck of the sailor suit.

Jessie looked penitent indeed as she gazed at the muddy shoes and the torn stockings; but contrition is a feeble flame in the heart of a child.

"Never mind the old clothes, Govie," she said. "Watch me catch a crab! I can do it just splendid!"

"Jessie, lay that pole down and come away with me," said Miss Malden sternly. "How dare you play with a strange boy? What would your father say? Come with me at once!"

She gathered up the flowers and took Jessie by the hand.

"Good-bye, Prince! Good-bye, John Burt!" Jessie waved her hand gaily at her fishing companion as Miss Malden turned into the path leading through the woods.

"He was real nice, and you're awful good, Govie, not to scold him!" were the words that reached John Burt as he carried his basket of crabs to the wagon.

CHAPTER THREE.

John Burt's Boyhood.

For two hundred years the Burt house had withstood the blasts of winter and the withering heat of summer. Time had worked upon the rough exterior until it seemed like a huge rectangular rock, weather-worn and storm-beaten. The small plateau on which it stood sloped northward to the sea. Rugged rocks to the west stood on a wall, frowning at the quiet beauties of salt marsh and cedar swamp below. To the south were patches of meadow wrested from wood and rock by generations of toil. Through this fairer section a brook wandered between banks festooned with watercress. Old settlers knew the locality by the name of Rocky Woods.

When Ezekiah Burt died, Peter Burt inherited the hold homestead in Rocky Woods. He was a young giant with the shoulders of a Hercules. At the age of thirty he took to wife the fairest maiden of the surrounding country, and to them a son was born and christened Robert Burns Burt. A year later the mother sickened and died. The grief of Peter Burt was terrible as his strength. For a year he remained a prisoner in his house; then returned to work, and for two years labored with the energy of a demon. His second marriage followed. He led to the altar the daughter of a poor farmer, and of this prosaic union seven children were born.

After fifteen years of work and sorrow the patient wife folded her tired hands closed her weary eyes and sank into that sleep which awakens not to toil. If Peter Burt loved his second wife, he never told her so. If he loved her children, his expression of affection took a peculiar form. He made no secret of his favoritism for Robert Burns Burt, the only child of his first wife.

Robert was a boy of whom any father would be proud. At twelve he was sent to school in Hingham. At nineteen he entered Harvard, graduating in four years with honors. After two more years devoted to a law

course, he began practice in Boston, and his success was instantaneous.

For ten years after the death of his wife, Peter Burt conducted the farm of his forefathers. One after another of his sons and daughters, as they became of age, left the old home, never to return. One night after supper Peter Burt informed the remaining children that he was going to sea. He had bought an interest in a whaling vessel, and would sail from New Bedford in a week. To Sarah—the eldest of the children—he gave three hundred dollars, together with instructions concerning the management of the farm. He did not know how long he would be gone—it might be a year or it might be five. With some tenderness he kissed the weeping orphans, and tramped down the road in the direction of Hingham.

Five years later the Segregansett dropped anchor at New Bedford. None of the crew that went on with her returned. Peter Burt sold the cargo, paid off his men, disposed of his interest in the ship, and on the following day walked into the Burt farmhouse. He was greeted affectionately by his son Joseph, who for a year had lived alone in the old house. A week later the boy was sent to school in Boston, and Peter Burt began his solitary occupancy of the ancestral home.

Shortly before Peter Burt's return, Robert had married, and the old man was delighted when the young couple made a visit to the old farm. The following year John Burt was born, and Peter Burt journeyed to Boston to witness the christening.

Two years later Robert Burns Burt and his wife were instantly killed in a railroad accident. The train crashed through a bridge. It was winter, and bitterly cold. Of the fifteen passengers in the car occupied by Robert

elder Blake had purchased the old Leonard farm, and so had become the nearest neighbor of Peter Burt. There were several children in the Blake family, but this narrative has concern only with James, the eldest, a boy of John Burt's age.

The two farms were separated by a creek, which, at a place called the Willows, widened to a pool, famed as a fishing and swimming place. One June morning John was seated on a log spanning the narrow neck of this reach of water. He had landed a bass, when the cracking of twigs and the swaying of the underbrush on the farther side of the creek attracted his attention.

A moment later a boy emerged from the thicket. He surveyed John with an expression more of contempt than of surprise. The new comer was a tall, well-formed lad, straight as an arrow, quick and graceful in his movements. He also carried a rod, which he rested against the log; and for a few seconds he calmly gazed at John Burt.

"Hello!" answered John Burt. "Fishing?"

"No; swimming," replied John. "Think you're smart, don't ye?" responded the strange boy as he baited his hook. "Crazy Burt's boy, ain't ye? No objection to my fishin', have you?"

There was a taunting sarcasm in his voice, and defiance in his air. Without waiting for reply he cast his line into the water.

"You can fish as long as you please on your own side of the creek," said John sullenly. For half an hour no word was spoken. John caught four bass during that time, while Jim hooked only eel grass. Then he cast his line across the pool, dropping it a few feet from John's line.

John Burt's face flushed angrily. "Keep on your own side!" he commanded.

"I'll fish where I darn please! This isn't your creek!" retorted Jim Blake with a defiant grin. "If it is, what are you going to do about it?"

As he spoke John brought his hook near the surface, and by a sudden twist "snagged" Jim Blake's line. With a jerk he whipped the rod from his opponent's hand. Young Blake was furious. John calmly towed the rod across the pool, unsnarled the lines, and threw the rod on the bank.

Obeying a boy's first instinct, Jim looked for a stone, but found none. Then he jumped for the log. Dropping his rod, John Burt also sprang forward, and they met in the center of the bridge.

(To be continued.)

Spool Building.

There is nothing more interesting for an ingenious boy or girl. Given a lot of spools and a ball of florist's wire, so much can be done that it is impossible to give a detailed description. To collect spools is a much easier job than the old-fashioned practice of collecting buttons. Old buttons are sometimes valuable in piecing out a set, but empty spools are usually thrown away. A person of enterprise can always collect them, and the smallest and most insignificant is not to be despised. A coming architect can plan a house, and the builder of a suspension bridge can string his spools securely on wire and produce a complete and steady structure. Strong little taboretts may be made of them, if there is solid wood for the table part; the spools may be used for the legs and supports. A trash basket may be made of them, strung one on top of the other, with a wooden bottom, and lined with gay cretonne. The smaller spools make pretty picture frames, especially if painted white or green. They may be used in a hundred ornamental ways, they may be collected from a dozen different sources, and they are sure to provide amusement for innumerable rainy days.

A Luxurious Bed.

An Indian potentate recently ordered from Paris a bed which will rival the rajah's bed in the Arabian Nights. It is of satinwood, richly carved, and ornamented with silver plates in repoussé work, adorned with bouquets of roses, pink and corn. The rajah's coat of arms being placed at the head. At each corner stands a statue of a girl one French, one Greek, one Spanish and one Italian. Each is tinted according to the complexion of her race, and wears a suitable headdress, either black, blond, chestnut or auburn.

These maidens have movable eyes, and their only ornament is a gold bracelet round one arm, which waves over the sleeper's head either a fan or a yak's tail fly flapper. The further enjoyment is heightened by an ingenious arrangement in the mattress, which, as soon as any one lies down, plays a selection of Gounod's airs.—Ohio State Journal.

Steepest of Mountains.

Mount McKinley is known to be the steepest of all the great mountains of the world, and it is unlike most other great peaks from the fact that arctic conditions begin at its very base. The prospective conqueror of this immense uplift must pick his path over broken stones, icy slopes, sharp cliffs and an average slope of 45 degrees for at least 14,000 feet.

Dogs That Smoke Pipes.

These two dogs, Dewey and Ruth, are the pets of a Minneapolis man. Their skill at balancing pipes between their teeth is but one of the many clever tricks they have learned. In justice it should be said that the pipes are never lighted, but the dogs enjoy them, all the same, and anybody who tries to interfere with the after-dinner smoke must watch for a fight.

CHAPTER FOUR.

James Blake.

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Fashionable Morning Gown.

Tasteful morning gowns are luxuries and necessities in one and should be included in every wardrobe. This one is adapted to a wide range of materials, but is shown in pale blue challie figured with black and white, and trimmed with white bands piped with blue. The wide sleeves and the round neck make features of the season, but a stock collar can be added



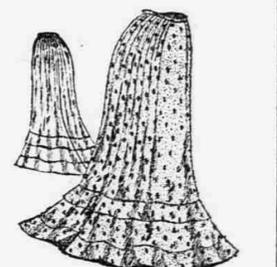
4287 Home Gown, 32 to 42 bust.

whenever desired, and the sleeves can be gathered into straight cuffs as shown in the back view. The tucked fronts provide looseness without undue fullness and the half-fitted back is always becoming. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 yards 27 or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4287, sizes 32 to 42, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

### Circular Skirt.

Full skirts, that are confined over the hips, yet take soft and graceful folds below, make the latest shown and can be relied upon as the favorites of the coming season. This one is circular and is arranged in small tucks at the upper portion that give a yoke effect, but is left plain at the front, so avoiding unbecoming fullness. The model is made of tan-colored foulard figured with brown and white, and is trimmed with folds of the material stitched with corticelli silk, but all the fashionable clinging materials



4665 Circular Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

are admirable and trimming can be applique of any sort, little bias frills of the material or anything that may be preferred.

Both skirt and folds are circular and the latter are shaped to fit smoothly over the foundation, which can be tucked at the upper edge as illustrated or arranged in gathers as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 10 yards 21 inches wide, 8 yards 27 inches wide, or 5 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 4665 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

### Tasteful Toilet Accessory.

Tasteful little toilet accessories that are decorative as well as useful can be made of pretty napkin rings in China or Japanese bronze, or those ornamental wooden kind often offered for little more than the traditional song. The inside of the ring is fitted with smooth strip of cardboard and well filled with curled hair and then made into pincushion rounded at the top, after which it is covered with some bit of pretty silk or satin. The entire cushion is slipped within the ring, which is ornamental and practical, inasmuch as it stands firmly upon the dressing table and holds the various pins required in making a toilet.

The cover for a China napkin may be of white satin, the top decoration a spider's web in gilt thread. The Japanese bronze ring looks exceedingly well when covered with a small figure

of Oriental silk, while the wooden one fills an ample need in satin or silk of the prevailing scheme of the room.

### For the Dinner Table.

Among dining table ornamentations the brown art linen of fine quality has been converted into an additional decoration for the center. This artistic round is of more than ordinary size, is either scalloped, fringed or left plain with a hemstitch, as preferred. The embroidery is one of gay colorings, either in an Oriental design or a rich pointed pattern in which the blended many pastel shades. They can make it of whatever tint of linen desired, from a delicate tan to a dark brown, the needlework making the feature either in flower effect, a conventional plan, or bunches of blossoms and field grasses. These center pieces look well on a bare table or with a cloth of solid color, besides being an adornment for the table lamp.

### To Clean Velvet.

Stains may frequently be removed by scraping pipeclay over the marks in the velvet, and then brushing the powder off lightly with a stiff brush. This will restore the bloom and raise the pile as well. Also, to raise the pile when much crushed, make an iron hot, cover it with a damp cloth and hold the velvet, lining side, over it. The operation cannot be undertaken alone, for while the velvet is being drawn over the hot iron the pile should be whisked with a soft brush. As it is the damp heat which benefits the pile, holding it, lining side, over a basin of boiling steaming water is also effective.

### Popular Picture Hat.

A large white chip picture hat, with a flare front brim, is decorated with a wreath of small, half-open rosebuds in white and pale pink. Rose foliage, in which the leaves are scarcely larger than maidenhair fern, trims the under brim. Pale blue ribbon velvet is arranged around the upper side of the brim and a large loop bow of the same is on the under side at the left back.

### Oddities in Short Coats.

A good many little short coats of the bolero order have short basques and, despite its being rather an old fashion, some of them still pouch over back and front. Such trifles as these are entirely matters where the individual figure should be considered, and no hard and fast rule can be laid down. Some women always look best with a pouched bodice, whereas it shortens some types.

### Spotted Fabrics in Favor.

A great many spotted fabrics are used, crepe de chine and chiffon being spotted with chenille. These will be a feature of the spring modes. For some time past we have seen white crepe de chine spotted with black; now we have it in a variety of colors. Softer materials will take the place of spotted taffetas.

### Pattern Gowns Will Be the Rage.

Pattern gowns will be all the rage this summer. They are already shown in the shops arrayed in boxes, tied daintily with ribbons, and with cuffs and collars to match. Some also show insertions and applique laces, with a fringe of white linen thread.

### Trimming for Velvet Gown.

An exceedingly smart black velvet gown is trimmed with white satin revers, collar and cuffs, all braided with fine round, silver cord, while a wide band of the same adorns the skirt some twelve inches from the bottom.

### A Fad for Next Summer.

It will be quite the fad this coming summer to wear half length lace coats over the street and house gown, in order to obtain a graceful effect. They come in black and cream. The latter are often dyed to match the gown.

### High Collars Again.

Collars are again worn very high, and are boned at the back and sides. It is pleasing to see this neatness about the neck after the floppiness we have put up with for so long.

Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out blank in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to 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.