

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER SIX—Continued.

"Isn't it good to be an American?" asked Jessie, as her hand stole into John's. Just then a full-rigged ship, making from Boston Harbor, spread her sails and stood out past them. Jessie looked at her as Lohengrin might have looked at the swan, and whispered:

"Wasn't it Longfellow who stood here and felt with us:

"My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea;
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me?"

"Yes, Jessie, not only Longfellow but Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing dreamed here," said John. But, Jessie, poetry makes poor feeding. I'm hungry."

"So am I," laughed Jessie. "Come on, I'll race you to the inn!" and she sprang to her saddle before John could assist her.

Picking their way carefully down the steep hill, they reached the hard roadbed. Then Jessie spoke to her horse and dashed ahead. She was a good rider, and though it was a close race, John gallantly conceded defeat.

In the dining-room were many guests from Boston and they united to make a merry party. It was three o'clock when they started again for Nantasket. The five miles they covered at a canter.

As John helped Jessie from her horse at Nantasket some one touched him on the shoulder. John turned.

"Haou de ye dew, John?" exclaimed a strange figure of a man, standing there all grins. "I swan, I'm glad ter see ye up an' round agin! Haou de ye dew, John? Haou air ye?"

"All right, Sam," said John shaking hands.

Sam was the country sport of Rocky Woods, with a fame extending to Cohasset and not wholly unknown in Hingham. It was Saturday, and Sam was in gala attire. He was tall and

this no-account Jones. "It takes a powerful long time ter clean a cistern out proper. Bill an' Gus is down stairs waitin' fer ye. Let's play 'em one game, an' then ye can go home an' pull the old woman up."

"As I said before, it's always dark down in Jones' basement, an' none on 'em took any account on what was goin' on. You know how it rained yesterday mornin'? It started in tew pour 'long 'bout nine o'clock." Sam paused to laugh. "When old man Shaw came out er Jones' basement, the gutters was full of water an' the rain was comin' down in sheets. For three hours it had been rainin' cats an' dogs!"

"Old man Shaw was plumb scared ter death. He ran all the way home. Every time he looked at a gutters-spout he nearly fainted away. He come tew his place an' ran 'round the back way. He looked down the hole an' saw nothin' but water."

"Sallie! Sallie!" he hollered. "The old woman was standin' on top the bottom of the pall, up agin the wall. The water was up tew her chin, but she was mad all over, an' she hadn't lost her voice."

"Ye've come at last, Bill Shaw, have ye?" she said. "You haul me out here quicker'n seat, an' when I gets up I'll scratch yer eyes out! Ye done this on purpose! Ye haul me out, an' I'll fix ye fer this day's work!"

"The old man lowered a rope, an' after a hard tussle hauled her up. The neighbors say she mopped him all over the yard, an' I say it sarved him right."

Sam related several other incidents in the career of the Shaws, and Jessie laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. They bid Sam good-day, and watched him until he disappeared with the famous trotter in a cloud of dust.

After supper they waited for the rising of the full moon. They saw the

was of medium height and stocky build with features of aristocratic mold, but weakened and puffed as from habitual excesses. He had recently attained the notoriety of an unconditional expulsion from Yale. His name had figured in New York prints in an escapade with a foreign actress, but the story was denied and suppressed before it reached the usual climax.

Commencement days were past. One June morning Jessie Carden arrived in Hingham, and was met by Mr. and Mrs. Bishop in the old family carriage. Arthur Morris also chanced to be at the station. As Jessie Carden ran forward and affectionately greeted her relatives, Arthur Morris gazed at her with a scrutiny too close to be condoned as "a well-bred stare." She wore a gray traveling dress, and looked so charming that one might be pardoned for an almost rude admiration.

"Gad, but she's a beauty!" he exclaimed, as Jessie stepped into the carriage. "Thank God there's at least one good-looking girl in the neighborhood! Who the devil is she? Stranger, I suppose, James," he said in a low voice, addressing his tiger, "get in and be ready to take the horses if I tell you."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy solemnly, raising a gloved hand to his hat. Under a strong curb the horses followed the Bishop vehicle.

Delighted to return to the country, Jessie Carden little suspected that her arrival had so aroused the blue blood of the banker millionaire's son. It was a long drive, but at last Arthur Morris saw the carriage turn into the Bishop yard. He drove leisurely past the place till he regained the main road.

On the old bridge spanning the creek he met a young man in a light road wagon. Morris halted his team, and signaled the driver with a wave of his hand.

"I say, who lives in the big house to the south, on this side of the road?"

"Mr. Bishop lives there—Mr. Thomas Bishop," replied John Burt. "Thanks," said Arthur Morris with a short bow. "Any daughters? I'm a new comer in this locality," he explained with a smile meant to be confiding.

"Mr. Bishop has no daughter," said John, proud to give information on a subject so dear to him. "The young lady in their carriage was probably Miss Carden. She spends the summer seasons with them. She's expected to-day from Boston."

"Carden? Carden?" repeated Morris, as if the matter were merely of passing moment. "I fancy I've heard of her people."

"Her father is a Boston banker." "Ah, yes; I know. Lovely old place—that of the Bishops—isn't it? Fine old gables, and an air of age—Pilgrim Fathers, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Think I'll try to induce the governor to buy it. Lovely day! Delighted to have met you, Mr.—Mr. Brown. Git up, you brute!" and the tandem was lashed past John Burt.

That evening after dinner Arthur Morris found his father in the library. For some time both smoked in silence.

"I say, governor," said Arthur, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, "do you know any Cardens in Boston?"

"I know Marshall Carden, the banker," growled the millionaire. "What about him?"

"Oh, nothing much," rejoined the son carelessly. "What's he worth?"

"He's worth more than he'll be again," said Randolph Morris grimly. "He's in L. & O. stock up to his neck. If you knew as much about stocks as you do about trousers, that would mean something to you—but it doesn't. Carden is supposed to be worth half a million. When he gets through with L. & O. some one else will have the money and he'll have experience. What do you want to know about Carden? Has he a daughter?" The old man looked sharply at Arthur Morris.

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A TRIFLE PREMATURE

THE HON. CHARLES A. TOWNE'S DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Would Have His Party Commit Itself to Many Strange Reforms—Constitutional Amendments and Some Platitudes to Fill In.

The Hon. Charles Arnette Towne, whose Democracy is by Silver Republicanism out of Republicanism, has written a platform for the St. Louis convention. Any sketch of this sort should be received kindly, but Mr. Towne's proposal that the Democratic party guarantee ultimate statehood or independence to "colonies or dependencies" of the United States seems decidedly premature. He speaks of the "anomalous relation" of such dependencies to the government. The "relation" of Alaska is "anomalous," but nobody is excited about it. The Democrats have tried "reasserting the verity of the Declaration of Independence," as Mr. Towne says. The less they have to say about that smashed scarecrow of "imperialism" the better for them. "Independence" for the Philippines is out of the question, for the present at any rate. As for "ultimate" statehood, that is too far off. Americans are able to wait for the ultimate. The immediate is their business.

What principles marked "immediate" has Mr. Towne? Revision of the tariff on a revenue basis. All right, if the Democratic protectionists are not too numerous. "Economy in public expenditures, honesty in administration." Ancient and fishlike; every party is for economy and honesty, on paper.

Mr. Towne would declare "against every form of special privilege and monopoly existing either by virtue, or

moved only by a usefifish desire to restore its prestige, which it has lost partly through a combination of circumstances over which it had no control, but principally through the inability of those responsible for its welfare to agree upon a line of policy which would recommend it to the kindly consideration of the people.

There is not, to be sure, much of a chance for the Democratic party at present. The immediate outlook for Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy is dark. But the work of upbuilding might be commenced. Nobody can tell what may happen four years hence, and, if not then, eight years hence or twelve years hence.

But what do we find? Discard everywhere. Democrats in New England saying mean things about Arthur Pue Gorman, Democrats in the West uttering inexcusable things about Grover Cleveland, Democrats in Indiana forming factions on the sides of William Randolph Hearst and Thomas Taggart Democrats in Chicago calling the Hon. Carter H. Harrison a "little speckled breeches ingrate, traitor and outcast." Democrats everywhere denouncing other Democrats as no Republicans would denounce them even in the heat of a campaign.

It seems next to impossible for any of the many really great men in the Democratic party to escape the fury of the factionists. It matters not whether he comes from the North, the South, the East or the West, the moment the name of a natural leader is mentioned for the highest office within the gift of the American people, his party associates, who ought to be throwing bouquets, begin to hurl abuse at him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MERELY CROAKERS.

Men Who Predict All Sorts of Calamities as the Result of the Tariff.

Nobody will take seriously the hysterical calamity croak of Congressman

TORPEDED!



by permission, of the laws." The patent laws, for example?

Having reasserted the verity of the Declaration, Mr. Towne proceeds to reassert and repair the Constitution: "We should pledge ourselves to respect the limitations of the Constitution and to restore the co-ordinate dignity of the Congress in our system."

"We should declare in favor of constitutional amendments authorizing the direct election of United States senators and the enactment of an income tax."

Respect the limitations of the Constitution by changing it. "Restore the co-ordinate dignity of the Congress"—whatever that means—by making the senate a six-year house. Mr. Towne wants to "restore the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson," which were not precisely the same, we believe. At any rate, Washington and Jefferson were for representative government according to the Constitution, a form not direct and popular enough for Mr. Towne.

It would seem a little more Democratic to propose that the several States should levy an income tax, if they choose, but Mr. Towne's Democracy is liberal and composite.

Surely there must be plenty of Democrats who are willing to stick to the constitution instead of trying to plaster it with amendments.

DEMOCRATS IN A SNARL.

Internal Dissensions Wreck What Little Hope They Have.

It is really too bad that the national leaders of the national Democratic party cannot come together, save in the way of head end or rear end collisions.

For more than forty years the yearnings of all true friends of the country for an intelligent and energetic Opposition have been disappointed, if we except the two brief periods in which Grover Cleveland was apparently the leader of the Democracy. Even in these periods, however, the natural leaders of the party of Jefferson and Jackson were divided, and when Mr. Cleveland retired from the Presidency for the last time at least one-half of those who should have expressed regret made no effort to conceal their satisfaction.

The country would be glad to see the natural leaders of one of our great parties come together like brothers,

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.

The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies to each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks out from a ten cent, 16-ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.—Chamford.

It's funny how much more extravagant it seems to take your own sister to a 25-cent lecture than an old school chum to a champagne dinner.—New York Press.

A year of matrimony often gives poor little Cupid a bade case of painter's colic. But even poor Matrimony may not be as bad as painted.

Women who wish they could swear wonder why men laugh at them.

The frontispiece of the April St. Nicholas is a half-tone reproduction from a Copley print of "Dorothy," as winsome a little lass as ever sat for her picture. The original portrait was by Lydia Field Emmett. Temple Bailey's stories always please young readers, and "The General's Easter Box" is reasonable and cheery, well worth the second reading it is sure to have. Anne McQueen's "A Work of Art" is a quaint story of a quaint little maiden of long ago, a tale good enough to be true. Every girl and boy, of whatever age, will be intensely interested in the two Robinson Crusoe articles, "The Author of 'Robinson Crusoe,'" by W. B. Northrop, and "Robinson Crusoe's Island Two Hundred Years Later," by Francis Arnold Collins.

Some people seem always sure they are right and then do the other thing.

Am I in favor of expansion? Everything that grows expands. See how the State Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company of South Omaha has grown.

Jan. 1, 1896 we had.....	\$ 59,215.00
" " 1897 we had.....	428,850.00
" " 1898 we had.....	2,636,165.00
" " 1899 we had.....	4,221,375.00
" " 1900 we had.....	7,528,973.00
" " 1901 we had.....	10,480,483.00
" " 1902 we had.....	13,541,267.00
" " 1903 we had.....	16,412,863.00
" " 1904 we had.....	18,416,388.32

Don't you think you would like to belong to a live Company like this? Write the Secretary, B. R. Stauffer, South Omaha, Nebr.

There is no merit in sacrifice devoid of service.

The brilliant manner in which the publishers of Everybody's Magazine have handled the subject of the St. Louis exposition affords a clew to the success of the publication. The April number opens with an article on "The Greatest World's Fair," and the two men most able to do the subject justice have treated it. David R. Francis president of the exposition company, furnishes the text, and Vernon Howe Bailey, the distinguished young artist, has done the illustrations. One is told and shown in the most interesting way just what to expect at St. Louis in May, and the prospect is amazing.

Lessons are for our learning rather than our liking.

For \$1.65 Money Order. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., mail postpaid 15 trees, consisting of Apricots, Apples, Crabs, Cherries, Plums, Peaches and Pears, just the thing for a city or country garden, including the great Bismark Apple, all hardy Wisconsin stock, are sent you free upon receipt of \$1.65. AND FOR 16c AND THIS NOTICE.

you get sufficient seed of Celery, Carrot, Cabbage, Onion, Lettuce, Radish and Flower Seeds to furnish bushels of choice flowers and lots of vegetables for a big family, together with our great plant and seed catalog. (W. N. U.)

A little vim in religion is worth a lot of vision.

Try One Package.

If "Defiance Starch" does not please you, return it to your dealer. If it does you get one-third more for the same money. It will give you satisfaction, and will not stick to the iron.

No good is found in a difficulty by the man who crawls around it.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Kindness is born of our sense of kinship to all.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. C. Buxton, 322 Third Ave., N. Y., Allencapitol, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.

Heart keeping is the secret of happy housekeeping.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

The hypersensitive are apt to be wholly selfish.



"HAOU DE YE DEW, JOHN? HAOU AIR YE?"

awkward. His large, good-natured mouth, wide open, displayed rows of white teeth; his small blue eyes twinkled shrewdly, and his ears stood clear of a mass of red hair.

John glanced at Jessie and the laughter in her eyes was a sufficient hint.

"Miss Carden, let me present Mr. Rounds, a schoolmate and neighbor."

Sam doffed his cap with a sweeping bow.

"Delighted ter meet ye, Miss Carden," he exclaimed, with a sincerity which did not belie his words. He extended a huge hand. "Have often seen ye ridin' by and heard all 'bout that air rumerway. I swan, that was a mighty ticklish shave fer ye, Miss Carden. Tell ye what let's do! Let's have some sody water an' ice cream. It's my treat to-day! Sold a boss this mornin' an' made forty-two dollars clean profit on him. I'm great on hosses, Miss Carden. John, here, runs ter books an' studyin' an' all that. But, as I say, my strong holt is hosses. They say we all has our little weaknesses—present company, of course, expected. Let's go an' git that sody an' ice cream." And Sam led the way to a pavilion and impressively ordered the suggested refreshments.

Jessie engaged Sam in conversation, laughing merrily at his odd remarks and stories. He pointed to an old farmer who drove past in a rickety wagon.

"There goes old man Shaw," said Sam. "He lives down the road from our house, an' he's a great character. Yesterday mornin' Mrs. Shaw told the old man the cistern ought to be cleaned out. It hadn't rained for so long that the water was all gone, and she 'lowed it was a good chance tew clean it out. Old man Shaw 'lowed she was right, but said his rheumatics was so all-fired had it wouldn't dew fer him tew go down intew no damp place like a cistern; so he lowered the old woman an' sent her down a pail of water an' some soap an' a scrubbin' brush."

"I'll go down tew the postoffice an' see if there's a letter, an' then come back and pull ye out," he hollered down the openin'. She said, "All right, an' went tew work. Old man Shaw went tew the postoffice, asked fer a letter, an' of course, there warn't none. He started back, an' was just passin' the cobbler's place, when he met Jones."

"Where ye goin'?" he asked old man Shaw.

"The old woman's cleanin' the cistern, an' I've got tew go home an' haul her out," says Shaw.

"She ain't got it done yet," says

stately orb of night break above the ocean's rim and blend its white light with the pink afterglow of sunset. Bathed in her flood, they turned their horses homeward, riding through a shadowed and shimmering fairyland. The gnarled and wind-wrenched apple trees were etched in lines of weird beauty against the sky. The rugged stone walls were softened, and faded away into dreamy perspectives.

In the years which followed, how the scenes and incidents of that summer came back to John Burt! Under many skies he recalled the happy hours spent with Jessie Carden. Again he drifted with her in a boat, floating at will of breeze and tide, her hand trailing in the water, and the murmur of her voice in his ears. Again they walked down the wooded path, while the black of the night stood like a wall in front of them, and Jessie clutched at his arm when an owl sounded his solemn cry.

Jessie was going to Vassar, and John had passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. He found that he could study much better under the shade of the Bishop trees than in any other spot, and Jessie held the text-books while he recited. The weeks glided by like a dream.

One day in autumn he stood by her side on the station platform in Hingham. As the train rumbled in, something rose to his throat and a film stole over his eyes.

"Good-by, John!"

"Good-by, Jessie!"

The train glided out from the station; a little hand fluttered a lace handkerchief from a window; a sun-burned pair waved in reply. Jessie had gone back to Boston.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Arthur Morris.

When Randolph Morris had amassed a couple of millions in New York banking and stock manipulation, he decided to establish a New England country place in keeping with his wealth and station. He selected a site near Hingham, overlooking Massachusetts bay, with a distant view of the ocean. For years workmen were busy with the great stone mansion. Terraces, verdant in turf, gave beauty to the surrounding rocks now softened with vines. Stables, conservatories, and lodges lent new distinction to the landscape.

The eldest of the Morris children was Arthur, the heir to the bulk of the Morris fortunes. His age was twenty-four, and his experience in certain matters that of a man of forty. He

Advisers of the Czars.

The great czars of Russia, somebody said, when they want a man, go out into the street and find one. It is another way of saying that the czar's ministers spring from nowhere. It is almost true. Russia has had an empress who began life as a peasant and married a Swedish dragoon, and it was an Armenian who all but destroyed the autocracy of the czars and set Russia among the progressive nations.

Sergius De Witte, descendant of a Dutchman, started at a wayside railway station on a career which has brought him almost at the head of the state. So, too, with the man who today holds the key of all the mysteries of the great Russian war machine, Alexei Nicholaievitch Kuropatkin began life as a subaltern.—London Answers.