

JOHN BURT

By **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**

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CHAPTER EIGHT—Continued.

When the launch approached, Arthur Morris was seen in the bow. There were several richly dressed young women in the party. John Burt saw at a glance that Morris and some of his companions were under the influence of liquor. Jessie guessed as much, and her suspicions became a certainty when Morris stepped unsteadily to the landing and came toward her, a vacant smile mantling his face.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Carden," he said, his voice husky and his body very erect, but wavering. "A thousand pardons! Detention unavoidable, assure you—unavoidable detention, assure you!" "Sall right, though; 'sall right now. Allow me, Miss Carden," and he stepped forward to offer his arm. John Burt remained by Jessie's side.

"Do not dare to speak to me, sir!" cried Jessie, shame and anger driving the crimson to her face. "Don't let him come near me, John!" she exclaimed, clinging to Burt's stalwart arm.

"Stand back, Morris!" said John in a low, clear tone, a glitter in his dark gray eyes. "You are in no condition, sir, to meet Miss Carden."

The flashily-dressed throng of guests was grouped behind Arthur Morris. One of the young women grasped Arthur Morris by the lapel of the coat.

"Come on, you fool!" she said with a vindictive little laugh. "Don't you see you're not wanted?" She turned him half round and Kingsley grabbed him by the arm.

"Come along, commodore," said that young blood. "You are in the wrong pew, commodore! Cheer up, sad sea dog; we may be happy yet!" And with laughter and taunts the guests of the Voltaire led the yacht's befuddled owner along the pier into the grove.

John, as soon as ye can!" whispered Sam. John hung back defiantly. "Come on, John, Jessie's waitin' fer ye!"

At the sound of Jessie's name a wave of agony swept over John Burt. With a glance at the motionless form of Morris, he turned and followed Sam Rounds. No hand was raised to stop him. The witnesses of the tragedy, held in a spell, had eyes for naught but its victim.

Jessie ran forward to meet him, her face white with fear. "Oh, what has happened, John? What has happened?" Her voice trembled and her lips parted with a vague terror. "Are you shot? Are you hurt, John? Oh, tell me, John!"

"I'm not hurt, darling," said John, looking into the uplifted eyes. "Something has happened, and we must leave at once. I will tell you about it on the way home."

By a stern effort John Burt mastered his emotions and calmly told Jessie what had happened. He said no word of the shameful insults in which her name had been bandied in a public drinking place. He explained that a quarrel had arisen, during which Morris had been shot with his own weapon. Jessie listened breathlessly. It had grown so dark that John could not see her face, but there was a tremor in her voice when she asked: "Will he die, John?"

"I fear so," replied John. "It might have been imagination, but he thought that Jessie shuddered and drew away from him. They heard the rapid beat of hoofs behind them and she clutched his arm."

Out of the darkness a horse, madly ridden, dashed forward, and was pulled back on his haunches by the side of the carriage. A face peered in—the homely but welcome face of Sam Rounds.

"Drive on as fast as ye can, John," gasped Sam. "I've thrown 'em off the scent. I ran the Standish out into the bay, set 'er tiller an' let 'er go, an' come back an' told 'em you had given 'em the slip that way. Pretty slick, eh? You bet none o' them dudes can get the best of Sam Rounds! Git up!"

Sam gave the horses a cut of the whip which sent them dashing down the road. A few minutes later they reached the Bishop farmhouse. Sam held the excited horses while John helped Jessie to alight.

"Jump on my horse and git!" said Sam in a whisper.

John drew Jessie to the shadow of a maple and held her hands in his. "Jessie, I am innocent, but the world will hold me responsible for the death of that blackguard. Sweetheart, I had dreamed of bridging the gulf between us. I had faith that some lucky star would smile on my ambitions; that my youth and health would one day make me worthy of the grandest gift God gives to man—the love of the woman he worships! That hope is not dead, but it has gone far from me. I must endure either imprisonment and disgrace at home or exile abroad. I can face, either, Jessie, if I have the support of your friendship, and the knowledge that you hold me guiltless. Can you give me them, sweetheart?"

"Both, John," said Jessie, softly. "I—shall pray for your success. Go now, John! Take Sam's advice and mine. Good-bye, dear!" There were tears in the sweet voice.

"Will you kiss me, Jessie?" (To be continued.)

A Bright Boy.

Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Trust, used to live in the Illinois town of Wheaton.

"One day in Wheaton," Judge Gary said recently, "I took dinner with a clergyman and his family. The clergyman had an eight-year-old son called Joe, and Joe was a very bright boy."

"Look here, Joe," I said during the course of the dinner, "I have a question to ask you about your father."

"Joe looked gravely at me."

"All right; I'll answer your question," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want to know if your father doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes."

"Yes, I think he does," said Joe, "but the second time he always hollers in different places from what he did the first time."

Quite Feasible.

Joseph M. Edwards, who travels for a Baltimore dry goods house, told the following at the Grand the other evening:

"In Baltimore there's an old bachelor I'm acquainted with who's a bit of a wit in his way. He lives, or rather did, before the fire, as it burned him out, in a very dilapidated house, and his rooms were always in great disorder."

"Why don't you get married?" I said to him one day. "Then you would have some one to keep the place tidy, and make it homelike."

"The fact is, I've never thought of it," he replied, "but it seems quite feasible that a better half would want better quarters."

"Since the fire I have not seen the old fellow, and no one seems to know of his present whereabouts,"—New York Globe.

Wealthy Woman Evangelist.

Miss Mary B. Robinson of Pittsburg, Pa., is the richest woman evangelist. She is the niece of John G. Robinson, secretary of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railway; has a fortune of \$500,000 in her own right and owns one of the most luxurious homes in the smoky city. She is young, pretty and has such a glorious voice that an impresario offered her \$10,000 a year to enter in public. She has decided to sing the field of evangelical work and devote her life to teaching the moral law and trying to save sinners.

CHAPTER NINE.

The Parting. John felt the touch of a hand on his shoulder, and, turning quickly, faced Sam Rounds.

"Fer God's sake, git outer here,

NOTHING TO BE DONE

DEMOCRATS SEE LITTLE PROSPECT FOR GETTING VOTES.

Entire Session of Congress Has Been a Republican Vote-Making Time and the Opposition is Naturally Willing to See an Early Finish.

It is said that the Democrats are as anxious as the Republicans to get an early adjournment of congress. The Republicans have been figuring on closing the session about April 30, and as they are likely to have all the big money bills of the government out of the way by that time, they can probably accomplish this without detriment to the public service. True, the date would be earlier than any previous adjournment in a presidential year for about half a century, but the work is well advanced and the leaders of the party are anxious to get home to do some preliminary campaign work.

Several reasons are responsible for the Democrats' willingness that the session should end long before the national convention time. They see that nothing which will be done in congress will give them a chance to make party capital. They supposed they could embarrass the Republicans by the Smoot inquiry. This resource has failed them. The Swayne impeachment matter has no votes for them and they know it. There is no prospect of getting any Democratic campaign material out of the statehood question. Oklahoma and the Indian Territory are favorable to union. Arizona and New Mexico will accept joint statehood, although there is some opposition in Arizona to it now.

Thus the Democrats are wise in consenting to let the Republicans have their own way about an early winding up of the business of the session. Everything that can be done in Congress from this time forward is more likely to aid the Republicans than it is to help the Democrats. In fact, the entire session has been a Republican vote-making time. Every big question that has been before Congress or that has been considered in any of its aspects, from the Panama treaty and postal investigation down, has helped the Republican party, and correspondingly impeded the Democracy. These are Republican days in any case, and the deliberations and deeds of Congress, when they affect the conditions at all, help the Republicans, the Democratic members are right in consenting to an early finish of business. The presidential campaign is not likely to be particularly exciting in any stage, but the Republicans are ready to open it at any time.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Some Cheap Claptrap.

The estimate held by the gentlemen conducting the Hearst newspapers of the stock of common sense and intelligence possessed by the average American workman is evidently not a high one.

These sheets pretend to be greatly exercised over their recent "discovery" that American labor is going to be discriminated against in the matter of employing workmen for the coarse kinds of labor in constructing the Panama canal. Natives of the tropics and sub-tropics (as West Indian negroes) are to be employed, and the other day Gen. Davis suggested that the use of coolie labor might be necessary. Thereupon the Hearst papers—scanting an opportunity to play (to their own profit) on the assumed childlike ignorance and credulity of our laboring classes—raised the cry that American workmen are to be cheated of the right to dig the canal, through the employment of Chinese cheap labor. "Coolies," says Mr. Hearst's hired man, in high moral indignation, "work for less than free men. But the people of the United States will have something to say about making the isthmus a slave camp."

Now the people of the United States, including the laboring classes, are not exactly fools, and are fully aware of the fact that the employment of our American white labor in the work it is proposed to hire gangs of negroes and if necessary coolies to do, would be next to a physical impossibility. White men, natives of our latitudes, could not do hard manual labor under the tropical sun and in the fever haunted swamps of Panama. It is the humane purpose of the canal commission to employ so far as possible only such laborers as are inured to the climatic conditions of the isthmus and immune from the fever peril. The Hearst talk of the government's cheating American labor of the privilege of working in the Panama swamps, and "making the isthmus a slave camp," is mere claptrap, and an affront to the intelligence of the class it is addressed to.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mr. Root as War Secretary.

The achievements of Mr. Root as secretary of war during the last five years are attracting attention abroad, and the London Times makes them the theme of a two-column article in which it characterizes Mr. Root as a great American reformer.

The reforms instituted by Mr. Root in the departments are curiously like those which are suggested for the British army in the recent report of Lord Esher's committee. As long ago as 1899 Secretary Root defined the problems of reorganization in language almost identical with that used by the British committee with reference to the British army five years later. In 1899 Secretary Root wrote: "Two propositions seem to me fundamental in the consideration of the subject. First, that the real object of having an army is to provide for war."

Second, that the regular establishment in the United States will probably never be by itself the whole machine with which any war will be fought." These words coincide almost exactly with the opening paragraph of Lord Esher's committee published last month.

Secretary Root defined in 1899 the reforms which he considered essential and he devoted the remainder of his term in office with unflinching persistence and with signal success to carrying out his program, which included the formation of a war college, the admission of officers of the state national guards to the courses there and at other training schools; an increase in the number of inspectors general; the establishment of a joint board to consider army and navy questions; the passage of the militia act, which provides for the co-operation of the regular and auxiliary forces of the United States; the abolition of the office of general commanding the army, and the creation of a general staff, with a chief entrusted with the preparation and planning of war, the direction of military education and a general supervision over all the other departments of the army.

This is the program which Secretary Root marked out and achieved. Now the British government, having almost identical problems on its hands, is adopting practically the same solutions of them.

ISLE OF PINES TREATY.

Only Question Is Whether Territory Is Part of Cuba.

The Senate committee on foreign relations has decided to postpone action on the Cuban treaty, which provides for turning over the Isle of Pines to the Cuban government until the next session of Congress.

It appears that the opposition to the treaty, which presumably led to postponement of action upon it, came from Americans who have settled in the island and have invested money in lands and farming industries "with the understanding that the sovereignty would remain with the United States." It is reported also that the members of the Senate committee contemplate a visit to the island to see whether it would be worth anything to the United States, and whether this government would be justified in assuming sovereignty over it.

While the interests of American citizens are always to be carefully considered by our government, it is hardly to be expected that the government is to be guided in its Cuban policy by the mistaken assumptions of American settlers in the Isle of Pines. Certainly our declared policy with reference to Cuba did not warrant the "understanding" that the United States was to assume sovereignty over the smaller island.

It appears to have been definitely settled that the Isle of Pines was politically a part of Cuba under Spanish rule, and section 6 of the Platt amendment, which was adopted by the Cuban constitutional convention, as an appendix to the Cuban constitution, provided only that "the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto to be left to future adjustment by treaty."

"It was to bring about this 'adjustment' that the treaty now pending in the Senate was framed, and it was in conformity with our declared policy respecting Cuba that the treaty proposed a cession of the island to the Cuban government. The question to be determined by the Senate committee, therefore, would seem to be, not is the island worth anything to the United States, or what are the interests of American investors there, but was the island a part of Cuba, and would its retention be consistent with our declared Cuban policy?—Chicago Record-Herald.

More Canal Legislation Needed.

Work on the Panama canal will not begin before Congress reassembles in December, but the matter of sanitation should be taken in hand forthwith and somebody should be vested with authority to attend to it.

A bill has been reported to the senate which may be defective in details, but which is based on the correct principle. It makes the canal commissioners the governors of the canal strip. This is a proper centralization of power while the canal is under construction. It does away with the possibility of that friction which might arise if there were two sets of officers exercising functions in the same limited territory. There are on the commission two men of decided executive ability—Admiral Walker and Gen. Davis. The latter was military governor of Porto Rico.

The civil engineers on the commission should be quite willing to devote themselves to canal problems and leave questions of government to their more experienced associates.

The commissioners are on their way to Panama to look over the ground and study the situation thoroughly. The grant of authority to regulate police and other matters in the canal zone ought to follow them speedily.—Chicago Tribune.

Growth of American Exports.

In 1845, the earliest year for which exact figures are obtainable, our exports were valued at \$106,940,111 and our imports were \$112,184,322. Our exports passed the \$200,000,000 mark in 1853, the \$300,000,000 in 1860 and did not exceed \$400,000,000 until 1871. During all the years from 1845 to 1876 our imports exceeded our exports in value excepting four. Since then our exports have exceeded our imports every year except in 1888 and 1889. We now frequently export goods of as much value in a single month as were exported in the year 1845.



A Question of Etiquette.

"I am just a little puzzled," she said.

"What's the matter?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, of course if you become engaged to a young man at the seashore it doesn't count the following winter, but does it count for anything if you happen to meet him at the seashore again the next summer?"

Revised Version.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the minister, as he threw aside the local paper. "If that isn't enough to try the patience of Job!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

"Last Sunday," explained "the good man," "I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"

Many Like Him.

"He pretends to be a philosopher." "Yes; but I notice one peculiar thing about his philosophy."

"What's that?" "It's only other people's hard luck that he is able to accept philosophically."

Suspicious.



"Oh, George, I'm so happy!" "What's up? Some of the neighbors in trouble?"

A Correction.

"I want to thank you," said the lady visitor, "for your review of my 'History of Female Suffrage.' But, by the way, you had one queer typographical error."

"What was that?" inquired the political editor to whom she had been referred by mistake.

"You spoke of me as 'a new historical writer.'"

"That's so. 'Hysterical' is spelled with a 'y.'"

The Famine View.

"Mamma," asked small Floramay, "was the earth created before man?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied her mother.

"Why was it?" continued the little inquisitor.

"It was probably known," explained the wise woman, "that it would be the first thing he'd want after his arrival."

As She Understood.

"Dear me," exclaimed the pretty little woman as she glanced over the sporting page for the first time, "how this poor man must have suffered with insomnia!"

"What man?" asked her husband.

"Why, Billy Broadbist. The paper says last night was the first time he had ever been put to sleep."

He Makes Talk.

McJigger—There isn't a man in town who can keep the conversation rolling like our friend Gayrake.

Thingumbob—Nonsense! He never says anything worth listening to.

McJigger—No, but he does a lot of things worth talking about.

Circumstances Alter Cases.



Brigand—Tis the millionaire's mother-in-law that we've captured, not his wife. Shall we threaten to kill her if he don't send £5,000, instead of ten?

Chief—No, we'll threaten to send her back if he don't send £20,000.—Boston Traveler.

It Draws Itself.

"Yes," said the artist, "I drew this sketch of the scene of the accident in less than an hour."

"Not all the details, surely," exclaimed his admirer. "All that crowd," for instance—"

"O, it's easy to draw a crowd when you start sketching."—Philadelphia Press.

Near the Limit.

Growth—Speaking of mean men, that fellow Duffey is about the limit.

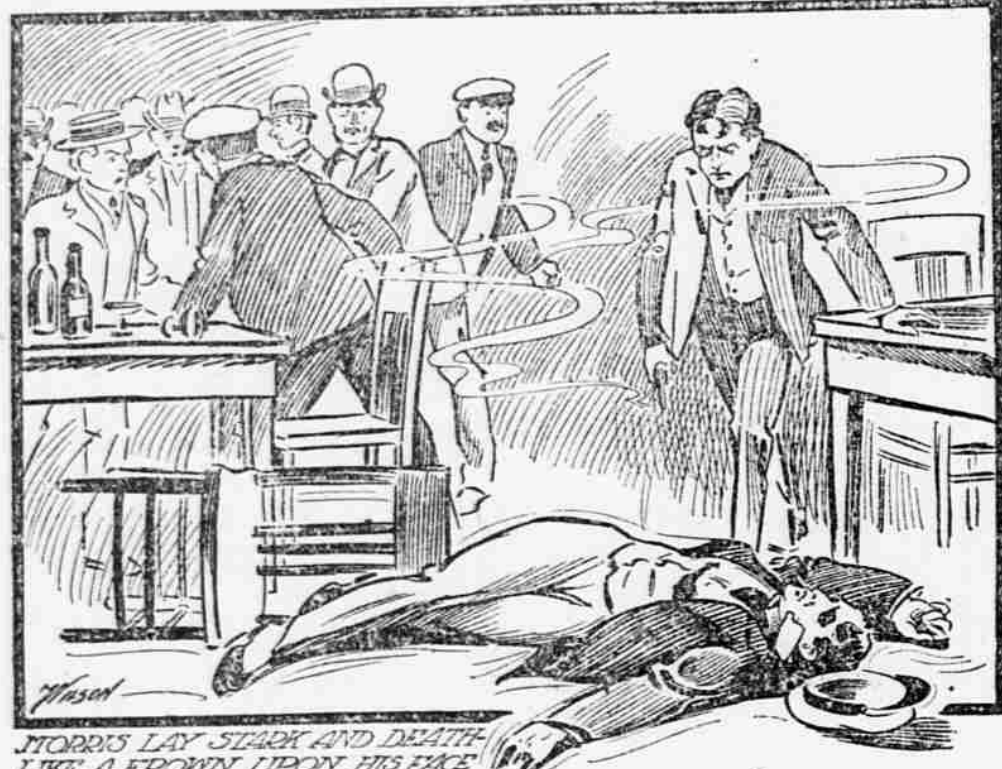
Howell—How's that?

Growth—Every time he goes into a crowded barber shop for a shave he gets his hair cut just to keep others waiting.

It Is Sometimes Done.

"He doesn't know enough about the law to be a successful lawyer."

"Well, let's make him a judge."



MORRIS LAY STARK AND DEATH LIKE A FROTH UPON HIS FACE.

Jessie shed tears of vexation, but anger dried her eyes. She turned to John with a wistful little smile on her lips.

"Take me out in your boat, John," she said. "Let's get as far as we can from those dreadful people."

In a few minutes the Standish bobbed saucily at the landing, and Jessie stepped on board. The wind had scarcely filled the sail when Morris came running down the pier. He stopped at he saw the pair in the boat, and glared at them as they glided away, brute rage showing in every feature of his flushed face. His friends followed and led him back.

Little was said between the two as the boat moved swiftly along. Each was busy with thoughts, and both seemed under the spell of threatened trouble. John pointed the boat for Minot's Light, and having passed inside followed the rocky shore, avoiding the reefs and shoals, which were to him as an open book.

"Tell me a story, John, or anything! We're both awfully stupid today. Don't you think so?"

"I will tell you a secret—two secrets," said John, gravely.

"Don't tell me secrets if you wish them kept, John," laughed Jessie. "I'm a regular tell-tale!"

"You will keep these secrets—at least, one of them," replied John. "I'm going away. That's the first secret."

"Going away?" echoed Jessie. "Where, John?"

"Out West—to California."

"Going to leave Harvard? Going to California? Surely you're joking! What does this mean, John?" The little face was serious now.

"That is the second secret, Jessie."

There was that in his voice and in his eyes which thrilled the girl by his side. Jessie's soft brown eyes opened wide, then dropped as they met his fervent gaze.

"I am going away, Jessie, because I love you."

The little hand became imprisoned in a tender clasp, and she listened as in a dream to the words which clamored for her love.

"Listen to me, Jessie—listen to me!" His voice was commanding in its earnestness. "I do not ask you to love me now. I do not ask you to promise to be my wife. I only ask you to know that I love you; to know there is one man who has no thought other than your welfare; who cherishes no ambition other than to see you showered with all the blessings and honors which God can grant to a good woman. That is my love, Jess-