JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Tell ye what we'll dew," said Sam. "How many yards does it take fer a dress? Fifteen? All right. We'll give ye sixty cents a yard—cash. What d'ye say, Mr. Farnsworth? Is it a bargain?"

"All right," groaned the merchant. "It leaves me nothing, but I'll do it as a favor. Of course you want some black lace for trimmings?"

"Sure," replied Sam.

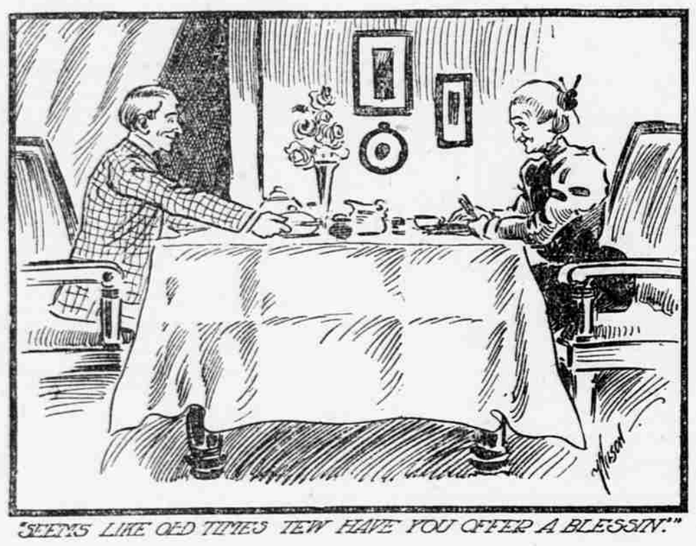
"Something about twenty-five cents a yard," suggested Mrs. Rounds. She felt like one who, having fallen from grace, decides to go to perdition with flying colors. No one in Rehoboth ever had possessed a black silk gown with lace trimmings.

"Here is something at thirty cents a yard which I can honesty recommend," said Mr. Farnsworth. After inspecting cheaper qualities, on which Mr. Farnsworth fixed higher prices, Mrs. Rounds consented to the purchase of eight yards, though Mr. Farnsworth advised ten.

Sam's crowning triumph was the purchase of a black lace shawl, listed at one hundred and fifty dollars. After ten minutes of dickering with Mr. Farnsworth, Sam succeeded in acquiring that treasure for $11.25. Likewise he bought a twenty-five dollar bonnet for three and a half dollars. Handkerchiefs, stockings, petticoats and shoes fell into Sam's hands at ridiculous prices, until his mother, with tears in her eyes, declared that she would not consent to the purchase of another article.

Mr. Farnsworth presented an itemized bill for $47.27, which Sam paid from a generous roll of greenbacks. On the plea of arranging for expressing the goods to Hingham, Sam met Mr. Farnsworth in his office and gave him a check for the balance of $445.50.

"I swan, I haven't had so much fun in ten years," said Sam, as he shook



"SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TEW HAVE YOU OFFER A BLESSIN'."

hands with Mr. Farnsworth and thanked him. "I reckon Ma Rounds will be the best dressed old lady between Boston an' Newport. Goodday, Mr. Farnsworth, an' good luck ter you."

CHAPTER XI.

Sam's New York Triumphs.

Ignoring his mother's protest, Sam employed a dressmaker and for two weeks Mrs. Rounds found pleasure in assisting the seamstress with her work. Sam had acquainted the latter with his secret and she agreed to protect it. But his precautions were in vain.

Like other crimes less difficult to condone, this one was destined to be revealed. The preacher's wife called on Mrs. Rounds, and since they had become very friendly, was shown the new gown and the black lace shawl. Whatever of envy arose in that good woman's breast was lost in surprise when Mrs. Rounds innocently mentioned the price she had paid for the silk.

"Sixty-five cents a yard for that silk!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear Mrs. Rounds, you surely must be jesting. I had a dress like that when I was married, and it cost six dollars a yard. And that lace at thirty cents. It surely cost five dollars a yard, and perhaps more. That beautiful shawl must have cost more than a hundred dollars. I understand now," she continued in some confusion. "Your son intended to surprise you. It was very good of him and very clumsy in me to reveal his secret."

When the visitor had departed Mrs. Rounds looked with awe at the garments spread out before her. A familiar step sounded in the hallway, and Sam entered, his homely face rosy with a smile.

"I'm back ergain," he said, fondly embracing his mother. "Admirin' yer new gown, eh? Go an' put it on, an' yer bonnet an' shawl. I want ter see how ye looks, dressed up as er real lady."

She held his hands and looked up, tears trickling down her faded cheeks.

"You—you told me an awful story, Samuel," she faltered, "but—but I don't think you meant to do wrong and—and I'll pray for you. You are very good to me, Samuel, if you did break one of the commandments."

"That didn't break no commandment," said Sam with a contrite grin, "it only kinder bent it er little. Don't ye worry erbout ther cost of them clothes. I've made enough money since I've been away ter pay fer three more dresses like that air one. It's none tew good fer ye, an' I want ye to wear it just as if ye wa'nt afraid of it."

Sam's rapidly increasing business kept him away from home much of the time. Mrs. Rounds was busy for a month with her wardrobe. She then knitted socks for Sam, until he had a supply sufficient to last a lifetime. In this crisis of a dearth of work, the wife of a neighbor was taken ill with typhoid fever. There were five small children in the family, and they were too poor to employ a nurse.

An hour after Mrs. Rounds heard the news she had taken charge of the case. Hour after hour and day after day she fought the attacks of the insidious disease. She cooked the meals, soothed the crying children, spoke words of comfort to the distracted husband, performed the housework, and slept at such rare intervals as she could find between her multitudinous duties. The patient was convalescent when Sam returned home. He at once employed a nurse to take his mother's place.

She listened patiently and with a puzzled smile to Sam's rebuking lecture.

"When folks are sick, some one must take care of them, Samuel," she said, when he had ended. "They are poor, and I had nothing else to do. The Bible says you must visit the sick when they're afflicted. You won't let me do any work here in the house, and I must do something."

Mrs. Rounds was the first to learn of sickness or of trouble in any family for miles around, and first to respond. She officiated at childbirths, or with tender fingers closed the eyes of the dead and stitched their shrouds. When children had croup or measles, the neighbors sent, not for the doctor, but for Mrs. Rounds. She found relaxation in sewing for any one who would accept her services.

Sam made several successful ventures in the New York horse market and decided to locate there. He bought a cozy house on the East Side, fronting a small park, and installed his mother as mistress of the establishment. His business prospered. Having firmly established his position as a shipper and dealer in horses, he turned his attenton to the commission business. Taking advantage of a shortage in the cranberry crop, he bought a large part of the available supply and cleared thousands of dollars in consequence of his sagacity. He then embarked in the produce and commission business on a large scale and scored another success.

At the age of thirty-five, having amassed a competency, Sam Rounds determined to improve what he termed his "book education." Four winter terms in the Rehoboth public school gave him all of which he could boast in the way of erudition. He therefore began a course of study in a night school, which he attended four evenings in the week. He joined a debating society, and became a member of various social and political organizations in his district.

The corruption of the local politicians precipitated a revolt against the party in power, and the voters of Sam's district held a meeting for the purpose of nominating an alderman to stand against an incumbent who had betrayed his trust. Sam's name was proposed with cheers. He was nominated by acclamation and escorted to the platform.

"If honesty is good policy in business, as they say it is," he declared, "it should be a good thing in politics. Those who know me know that I'm not a politician, and those that don't know me will mighty soon find it out. The only promise I can make is that if I am elected—and I calculate to be—is that I would no sooner think of cheating my neighbors as an alderman, than I would of cheating them in selling potatoes or cabbages."

Samuel Lemuel Rounds was triumphantly elected alderman by the largest majority ever cast for a candidate in his district.

CHAPTER XII.

Lost in the Snow.

"Looks like more snow!"

At the sound of his master's voice a shepherd dog raised his head inquiringly, and followed the gaze of the speaker as he studied the leaden sky and the crests of snowclad ridges and mountains. This habit of voicing thought develops in those who spend long periods in solitude, and James Blake—once a farmer boy in Hingham, and now a California gold miner and prospector—was no exception to the rule.

"Let's get breakfast, Dog," he said as he entered the cabin. "I told you it was going to snow."

Blake's cabin stood well back from the edge of a cliff half way up the slope of a valley in the Sierra Nevadas of Central California.

Scattered along the walls were mining tools, powder kegs, guns, fishing rods, and a miscellaneous assortment of lumber and firewood. A small but strongly constructed ell was used as a storeroom. Haunches of venison, the carcass of a brown bear, and long strings of mountain trout were here securely guarded against the depredations of wandering animals. Bags of flour and oatmeal, some potatoes, sides of bacon, and the remnants of a ham completed the more substantial portion of Blake's larder. He often surveyed his snug storeroom with much satisfaction. Nothing but a conflagration or a serious illness could disturb his labors during the long winter season.

Breakfast ended, James Blake lit his pipe and started for the mouth of the tunnel. Though less than an hour had passed since he entered the cabin the snow already had drifted across the path and blocked the door. Those whose knowledge of snowstorms is confined to localities where a foot or two of snow in forty-eight hours is called a "blizzard," and esteemed a meteorological event, have no conception of a snow storm in the Sierras. Near the timber line in the Sierra Nevadas there has been recorded a fall of fourteen feet of snow in as many consecutive hours—an inch every five minutes—a swirling, writhing, choking maelstrom of flakes, borne on the wings of a freezing gale.

It was such a storm that Blake faced when he opened the cabin door and plunged through the drifts into the tunnel.

"This is an old snifter, isn't it, Dog?" he exclaimed as he stood in the mouth of the shaft and shook the snow from his blouse.

Blake lit a lantern and wormed his way into the dismal hole. A few minutes later he was hard at work, pausing now and then to examine the rock with eager eyes. He had been toiling for three hours or more when the dog's sniffling attracted his notice. As he turned, the animal raised his head, barked sharply, and growled in a peculiar manner.

"What's the matter, Dog?" said Blake, patting his friend. "What a cursed shame the creature can't talk! What's up, old boy? Seen a bear. Don't bother with him—let him alone. Go away, Dog, I'm busy," and Blake returned to his task.

Leaning back against the wall of the tunnel, with his paws hanging in a most doleful fashion, the dog sounded a long-drawn wail, so pitiful in its intensity that Blake dropped his pick and gazed at the animal in amazement mixed with terror. The animal sprang forward and fastened his teeth in the leg of Blake's trousers, pulling gently but firmly, growling and whining.

"This is a new freak!" muttered Blake, grabbing the lantern. "Something has happened. Perhaps the hut's afire."

He moved quickly towards the mouth of the tunnel. The dog gave a joyful bark, and led the way. Blake reached the open air, and floundered through the drifts until the cabin was visible through the blinding snow. The dog went past it, and howled dismally when his master paused. Rushing into the hut, Blake secured a long rope, one end of which he tied to the leg of a bench near the door. Paying out the coil he dashed sturdily forward.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE ARE TRUE POETS.

Chicago Club Woman Recalls Some of Their Characteristics.

An observant Chicago club woman who recently returned from Japan tells the following interesting characteristics of the "little brown man":

"He is always a student and always a poet. The sight of an almond tree in full bloom will cause him to pour forth his admiration in poetry, which he writes on streamers of rice paper and attaches to the limbs of the beautiful pink flowering tree. Such a tree may in a few days become the shrine of hundreds of devotees, each inspired by the sight to a high pitch of poetic fervor, which vents itself in the form of more poems, so that before the almond season is over a whole orchard is often a fluttering mass of poetical tributes to the beauties of flora.

"I have known a hard working Japanese to save a whole year in order to take his family on a trip to the mountains to hear and study the music of a distant waterfall."

Equal to the Situation.

Leonard D. Baldwin of ex-Attorney General Griggs' law firm told the other day of an Irishman who was taken by his priest in an intoxicated condition to a cemetery and propped up against a gravestone. The priest had a lot of the Irishman's friends come to the cemetery dressed in winding sheets to scare him. The friends watched, while one of them went behind the gravestone and poured enough cold water on the Irishman's face to wake him up. The Irishman looked around him. He saw the tombs, the tombstones and the figures in winding sheets. "Shay, you fellers," he said, "ye've been here longer than Oi have. Whar kin Oi git a drink?"

NOT FIT FOR POWER.

WHY DEMOCRATIC PARTY MAY NOT BE TRUSTED.

Their Method of "Revising" the Tariff in 1893 Should Be Warning Enough to the Voters of the Country—Have No Right to Another Chance.

Some of the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress are trying to make the country believe that it would be safe to trust that party in the control of the government.

"There is no free trade party in the United States," says Champ Clark, "and Republicans ought to quit asserting that there is." In a recent magazine article John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, says:

"As to the tariff, the Democratic party stands for the principle that protectionism is a system of taxation whereby many are robbed in order that a few may be hot-housed by legislation into artificial prosperity. The method whereby 'protection' does this is by deflecting capital and labor from naturally profitable pursuits into pursuits which without legislation would have been less profitable or perhaps not profitable at all.

"The ultimate goal of Democratic striving is 'tariff for revenue only,' but in the striving toward this goal common sense, good judgment and conservatism will prevail, and time will enter as a factor. Perhaps it might be said that an ideal Democratic 'tariff for revenue only' would consist in levying import duties upon all or nearly all imports, dividing them, however, into three classes: First, necessaries of life and necessaries of industries; second, comforts, and third, luxuries."

"We go forth to battle," says Champ Clark, "with tariff reduction and genuine reciprocity inscribed upon our banner. Our appeal is to the great body of the people. To them we pin our faith without hesitation and without fear." But it was not long ago that this same Democratic leader said:

"I repeat, so that all men may hear, that I am a free trader, and proudly take my stand with Sir Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, John Bright and Henry George. I may be a humble member of that illustrious company, but it is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of honest free traders than to dwell in the tents of wicked protectionists."

It was this same leader that also said that if he could have his way he would demolish every custom house in the country.

The principal reason for the present moderation of Champ Clark and John Sharp Williams is that they know the country would not follow them in a radical course; they want, therefore, to make the country believe that they are conservative, and that if put into power they would act cautiously and would not so change tariff rates as to disturb business or cause trouble.

But the country will not be deceived or misled. The best way to judge of the future is by the past. The Democracy was put into complete power in the election of 1892; they had the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the presidency for the first time since the beginning of the civil war; they could do just what they pleased. But instead of passing a tariff bill promptly, and so framed as to afford relief, they boggled over the matter for fourteen months and finally passed a bill so bad that their own president would not sign it, while lacking the courage to veto it. And the long delay in putting the measure through and the vicious character of the measure brought on the most disastrous panic of modern times, so that the Cleveland administration actually had to sell bonds and increase the bonded debt to pay the ordinary running expenses of government, and in all the great cities of the country charitable people were compelled to establish free soup houses, so that the honest men and women who had been thrown out of work by Democratic maladministration wouldn't starve to death.

Trust the Democratic party to revise the tariff? Not much!—Rochester Post Express.

Easily Encouraged.

The New York Evening Post sees hope for free trade in the fact that nothing tangible in the way of tariff reform is to be expected of the Republican party. It says:

"The people of the United States have had new light on a good many subjects. They know more about tariffs and their effects than they did. They have learned that high duties not only keep out imports, but keep in what they would like to export—that is, unless they sell below cost. Ten years ago production was not so far ahead of consumption as now, and less attention was excited by this fact. But to-day our greatest aim is to find foreign markets. The Republican platform of 1900 promised to aid in this effort, but promise has not been followed by fulfilment."

If anybody has learned that a protective tariff restricts foreign trade by keeping out imports and keeping in exports, unless the latter are sold below cost, he must have learned it from false teachers, for he has learned a lie. Our total foreign trade is nearly double what it was in the latest period of Democratic tariff reform. Our exports are going out at the rate of a billion and a half yearly, and of that great total less than one-fiftieth, probably not a hundredth part, is sold below cost.

To-day "our greatest aim" is not to find foreign markets. Far from it. Our greatest aim is to take the best possible care of a domestic market worth $30,000,000,000 a year, and to find such foreign markets as we can without fooling away the big market at home. To assist in doing more than that the Republican party has never promised. None the less, the Republican party has done for our foreign trade double what the Democratic party ever did.

His Candidate.

William J. Bryan came to Chicago the other day, professedly in the interest of the Democratic party. He hired a hall that no limitations might be placed upon him in declaration of principles or in expressing preferences for candidates. And yet he made no declarations of principle and made no suggestions as to a candidate.

His speech was almost wholly nagative. He devoted most of his time to the criticism of the platform adopted by the New York state convention to the Democrats of the nation. In his analysis of the platform he found not a single phrase to commend, not a principle to approve.

If Mr. Bryan has any political following, if he is still the leader of the faction that controlled two Democratic national conventions, his speech was formal notice to the people of the United States that there is an irrepressible conflict and an impending crisis in the Democratic party.

Mr. Bryan, judged by his speech in Chicago, is at open war with the wing of the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Hill and Judge Parker. He looks forward to no parley except in the field of his own choosing. He looks forward to no platform that does not include the Kansas City platform. He looks forward to no candidate who cannot stand upon the Kansas City platform.

The only question that Mr. Bryan leaves open is as to what candidate he will support. He mentioned none that he could approve. He was emphatic and definite as to the candidates he would oppose. The logic of his speech points to one candidate only—and that is William J. Bryan, the twice defeated, the hopeless.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Judge Parker and His Platform.

Whether or not the platform adopted by the New York Democrats reflects the sentiment of the country could be determined only by a popular vote, but it is skilfully framed as an appeal to people who are out of sympathy with President Roosevelt. The somewhat vague references to what might be called the "imperialistic" acts of the national administration were wisely put in general terms because they hold out some hope to all within the ranks of the disaffected. Attempts to particularize would have been sure to provoke divisions over questions of time and method which were properly left to the national convention and which it might properly leave to be decided after the election.

The Republican state platform had declared that the greatest national issue was the maintenance of prosperity, which it attributed by inference to the protective tariff, and it was silent on the subject of revision. This platform declares for a reasonable revision and pronounces against needless duties on raw materials. One is calculated to satisfy the protective tariff league, the other invites cooperation from all who believe that the time has come for a modification of the Dingley law.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cleveland's Position.

With the recollection of the disastrous results of the proposition for Democratic reform in 1892 yet fresh in mind, it is not likely that the American people will listen to the voice of the Princeton "siren" as long as he simply insists on tariff reform in general terms. They have had experience with that, and a burnt child dreads the fire. If Mr. Cleveland wishes the people to exalt his party once more on the issue of tariff reform he will have to file a bill of particulars and set forth just what kind of reform in the tariff it is proposed to make. For it is certain that the public wants no other such period of suspense as before, and neither will it be content to have the matter of reformation placed in the hands of a scholastic theorist who knows no more about practical business and its needs than an ordinary porker does of the Christian Sabbath. What is it you propose, Mr. Cleveland? Is it free trade, is it tariff for revenue only, or is it modified protection? Or is it, as before, a nondescript muddling of all three?—Peoria Herald.

A Contrast.

It is admitted that 1894 was the best Democratic year in foreign and general trade, and no one will dispute the fact that 1903 was not the best Republican year. Now, compare the outflow of gold in April, May and June of each of those years:

	April.	May.	June.
1894.	$11,723,771	$27,406,801	$23,280,220
1903.	1,705,466	14,488,268	12,507,588

This comparison shows the following lesser outflow of gold in favor of the three months named of 1903, Republican year:

April	$10,018,205
May	12,918,533
June	10,772,632
Total advantage	$33,709,370

Good times, or poorer times, it matters not. The trade and fiscal policies of the Republican party meet every condition and every emergency.—Walter J. Ballard.

What He Really Needed.

"What I need," said the young man who had just returned from college to the little town, "is a wider sphere."

"What you need," replied his father, "is a pair of boots you can stick your pants into, instead of them gaiters you've got on. You git the boots and I guess your sphere'll be wide enough."

Righting a Wrong.

Plinks (angrily)—I understand you said my face would stop a clock.

Plunks—I never said it, old man.

Plinks—Then I have been misinformed.

Plunks—That's what. Why, instead of stopping at sight of your face any reputable clock would increase its speed.

Some People's Luck.

Mr. Citicus—"Well, Uncle Henry, how did you like our new church soloist? He gets $10,000 a year."

Uncle Hi—"Waal, he gits tew much, then. W'y, Harve Perks, who leads aour choir, only gits $14 a year an' he kin holler twicet as loud as this feller."

Leap Year Query.

"Here's one for you," said the "answers correspondents" editor.

"What 'tis?" asked the horse reporter.

"A chap writes to inquire how much rope he should give a spinster who shows symptoms of proposing," rejoined the other.

Poor Thing.

Maud—Just think, I read the other day about a lady who had just died, who was the daughter of a duke, the wife of a duke, the sister of a duke, the mother of a duke and the grandmother of a marquis.

Ethel—My goodness, what a poor, dull place heaven must seem to her.

Fine Finish.

They had bought an upright piano on the pay-weekly plan. "John," she said one day, "I want you to stand off and take note of the exterior of this piano. Can you see its finish?"

"I should say so," sighed John. "When the installment man comes."

Protection.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "Mr. Shrude has called upon me several times lately, but he always brings some other young man with him."

"I suppose he thinks a young man can't be too careful in leap year," replied Miss Speitz.

The Reason.

"I thought your doctor wouldn't let you drink."

"I know, but I changed doctors."

What Papa Said.

Daughter—Papa, dear, I hope you are not angry because George is going to marry me and take me away from you?

Papa—I should say not. But if he ever does anything that will cause you to come back to me I'll do him bodily harm.

The Truth of It.

"I hope, Johnny," said the visitor, "that I haven't disturbed your pa and ma at dinner."

"No," replied Johnny; "we was just going to sit down, but pa seen you from the window, an' he told ma not to have dinner till you went."

Not Sure.

"I suppose that picture is one of your choicest works of art?"

"I don't know for sure," answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, mother and the girls have ideas of their own, and they won't let me keep the price tags on 'em."

Unquestionable Evidence.

"Are those girls really friends?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Why, there isn't even a string to the compliments they pay each other."