

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Monroe's Doctrine," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

They strolled into the conservatory. For the first time he was alone with Jessie Carden, and a sense of exalted happiness surged over him.

Blake had formulated no plan of campaign for the conquest of Jessie Carden. The light of her eyes and the radiance of her beauty were to him as ignes fatui, and drew him on.

He talked of California and of Rocky Woods, but his eyes spoke love and his deep rich voice was tender. Fair woman is seldom blind to the spell cast by her charms, and it is probable that Jessie was aware of Blake's admiration; but she neither recognized nor took advantage of it.

Though he knew that the odds were overwhelmingly against him, and that one false step meant irremediable defeat, he shut his eyes to the perils which encompassed him. He knew the risk he ran in appearing in public with Jessie Carden, but he did not hesitate to secure a box for the Booth performance.

There were four in the theater party—the general and Edith, Blake and Jessie Carden. Blake escorted Jessie to the front of the box and took his place by her side. The boxes were thronged with fair women, but all eyes were turned on Jessie Carden and her handsome escort. She had been absent from New York for two years, and only a few recognized her. James Blake was even less known, though his name had been made familiar by the name of Wall street achievements with which he was publicly identified.

The first act was nearly over when a thick-set young man, with a soft, florid face, sauntered into the box directly across the orchestra from Blake and Jessie. Both recognized the newcomer as Arthur Morris, and both felt a secret joy that he was present. Like a flash the thought came to Blake that, by means of his

I met Miss Carden before you did. Have I your permission, Miss Carden, to challenge Mr. Morris to such a wager?"

"You have," laughed Jessie. General Carden's face was a study, but Morris was too dumfounded to notice it. Blake's words had reminded him of the night he first met the young magnate from California. He had only one card to play.

"I accept your wager," he said. "When I was a boy I lived in Rocky Woods," began Blake. "Miss Carden probably has told you that she spent the summers with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, who still have a country place near there. Miss Carden was then a little girl, but I remember her distinctly. That's all. If you demand evidence, I have not the slightest doubt that Miss Carden or the general will furnish it."

To Jessie's amusement and General Carden's relief Morris declared that he did not doubt Blake's word. The fires of jealousy burned fiercely in him, but he concealed his rage.

"I admit myself done, old chap," he declared. "We shall have a jolly dinner in honor of my defeat. Say Tuesday, at Sherry's? Will that be convenient, Miss Carden? Good! There goes the curtain."

Morris smiled gaily and excused himself, and Blake and Jessie resumed their places.

"You have a wonderful memory, Mr. Blake," said Jessie, behind her fan. "I could not help thinking, while you were enlightening Mr. Morris, that perhaps you had unconsciously confused your Rocky Mountain career with that of your boyhood friend, John Burt."

The smile on Blake's lips died and the color mounted to his temples.

"Perhaps—perhaps I did," he said, after an awkward pause. A thousand thoughts and fears came to him. He dared not lift his eyes for fear of

vent in New York was signalized by a market movement not yet forgotten. Mr. Blake's guests were General Marshall Carden, Miss Jessie Carden and Miss Edith Hancock, of Cohasset, Massachusetts. Miss Carden returned a week ago from a two years' sojourn abroad, where her musical and artistic talents attracted nearly as much attention as her rare beauty.

"My God! this is awful—awful—awful!" groaned Blake. "Get out of here!" he shouted to his man. "What the devil do you mean, standing there gaping at me? Bring me a glass of brandy, and be quick about it!"

He hurled the paper from him and sank back into a chair.

The door bell rang, and at the sound every nerve tingled with terror. Was it John Burt? James Blake was not a coward—as he had proved a score of times when his mettle was put to the test—but from the moment he went down to defeat beneath sturdy blows he had respected his boyhood conqueror.

The valet opened the door and Blake heard the piping voice of a telegraph messenger. He drew a long breath and tore open the envelope. The message was from John Hawkins, and stated that he would arrive in New York on the following morning.

The little clock spasmodically jingled the hour of noon. In four short hours he would face John Burt! He drank the brandy at a gulp, and plunged into a cool bath. He glared at the tempting breakfast, but could not taste it.

"Take that stuff away and bring me more brandy," he ordered.

Again he read the dreaded paragraph. It had a fascination he could not resist. He sent for all the Sunday journals and eagerly scanned them for mention of the theater party, but to his great relief found that it appeared only in the one paper. Again he helped himself to the brandy.

"Come to think of it, John don't read that cursed paper!" he exclaimed half aloud. "It's only an accident that I happened to see it. If I hadn't been there last night I never would have glanced below the headline. What chance is there for John to see it? Not one in a million!"

He paced up and down the room, and paused to survey his reflection in a mirror. His face was drawn, and dark circles showed under his eyes. The decanter was his only friend. The grave face of the valet did not disclose the astonishment he felt over the conduct of his employer. Blake was almost abstemious in his habits, and his sideboard was more of an ornament than a utility. In this he had wisely patterned himself after John Burt.

"Shall I serve breakfast now, sir?" asked Roberts.

Blake answered with a sullen negative and tossed off his fourth brandy. It sounded a new note in the scale of stimulation. "I don't see why I should go into such a beastly funk over this affair!" he muttered. "It's no crime to be in love with a woman. She doesn't belong to him. They're not even engaged. Suppose he does love her? So do I. What if he did meet her first? A woman is not something to be discovered and pre-empted like a gold mine."

As the hours sped by and the dark red line in the decanter dropped lower and lower, Blake's courage aroused to such a pitch that he welcomed the coming of John Burt.

"By God, we'll settle this matter now and here!" he exclaimed as he lurched unsteadily about the room. "John Burt nor any other man shall stand between me and Jessie Carden! I'll meet him face to face! I'll—"

The hall bell rang with that clear precision which comes from the pressure of an insistent hand. At the same instant the little clock hampered the hour of four.

(To be continued.)

## Record Locomotive Building.

The Stratford works of the Great Eastern Railway, in England, have the record of a locomotive engine built in ten hours—a large freighter with a tender. Before the actual construction was begun the various parts were laid close at hand, ready for fitting together. The workmen began early in the morning and continued until the breakfast bell rang. Then the partly-built engine was photographed. After a half hour's rest the workmen returned to the task and continued till the dinner hour, when another photograph was taken. Thus the work proceeded till the engine was completed, with the exception of a coat of paint. This was quickly laid on by a spraying machine, and in less than half an hour was perfectly dry. The locomotive was then sent on a trial journey a few miles up the line and all proved satisfactory, so it was sent with a baggage train. It has been in active service ever since.

## A Prophet Without Honor.

The late Hugh Stowell Scott, famous as Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "The Vultures" and other novels, was a man of extraordinary reserve and self-command. The following story is told of him:

His father, who was a director of the London Graphic, had an unaccountable objection to his son's following a literary career, and tried to make a business man of him. His son wrote in secret under a pseudonym, and although his work was successful, he never betrayed his literary identity to his father.

On one occasion his father placed before him one of the young author's own stories, saying, "Now, if you could write a book like this, it would be another thing altogether."

And still the son kept silence. Harper's

# BOYS & GIRLS

## End of the Week.

It happens every Saturday, when all the chores are done, An' the day is restin' some'er, an' the stars is havin' fun A-twinklin' an' a-dancin' in the clear and distant sky Fo the music of the sleigh bells as they go a-jinglin' by— We have tended to our labors; all the week we've done our best, An' we feel that we're entitled to a night of honest rest. An' may has washed the dishes, an' the hired man's fed the stock— But the week's work ain't quite finished until gran'paw winds the clock.

There's no one else da't touch it, 'cause it takes a master hand An' you very likely break it if you didn't understand; An' when the weights go risin' with a whirrin' an' a whizz, I allus hope that I'll grow up as smart as gran'paw is. An' then the house gits quiet, 'cause the folks all go to bed, An' there ain't no noise except the branches scrapin' overhead. We've finished up another week, an' Tim has learned the lock That shuts it out an' starts us fresh when gran'paw winds the clock. —Washington Star.

## Odd Way to Lift a Glass.

You can surprise people very much by laying your hand, with apparent carelessness, on a tumbler or wine glass nearly full of water and then lifting the glass, water and all, by raising your hand, with the fingers outstretched in order to prove that you do not take hold of the glass in any way. Probably there will be some people whom you will not surprise. These will say, "Oh, that's easy," try to do the trick themselves—and fail.

The secret of success is this: Though your fingers are straight when you lift the glass, they must be bent downward sharply when you place your palm upon it. You must press your hand down rather firmly in order to make an air-tight joint between it and the rim of the glass, which should be wet to make the joint tighter. Now suddenly straighten your fingers and lift your hand. This motion of the fingers causes the flesh of the palm to move in such a way as to cause a partial vacuum, a suction which you can feel distinctly.

The space between the water and your hand is made a little larger, and therefore the air in that space is rarefied or made thinner and exerts less pressure. Therefore, the greater air pressure outside, acting on the bottom and sides of the glass, forces it upward against your hand strongly enough to lift both glass and water when you raise your hand.

This trick requires some practice before it can be done with certainty and had better not be attempted with a very thin or valuable glass or in a place where spilled water will do harm.

Above all, do not use a very thin



## Lifting a Glass of Water.

glass, for even if it does not drop you may break it by mere pressure and cut your hand. Besides, thin glasses are very apt to have little nicks in the edge which will both cut you and spoil the trick by letting in air.

The glass must be a small one, as it has to be well covered by the palm of your hand. An egg cup or a wine glass with a stem is best. If you use a tumbler—which, being small in diameter, will probably be not very tall—you will have to hold it in the other hand or set it on an inverted tumbler or a block of wood in order to get room to bend your fingers down properly.

The trick seems especially difficult because the hand is flat and the glass nearly full of water, but these are the very things that make it possible. You cannot lift the glass with your fingers bent—unless, of course, you actually take hold of it—as it is the straightening of the fingers that causes the suction.

You cannot lift an empty glass unless it is a very small one. The longer the space under your hand is, the greater change in the air pressure you can make by the motion of your fingers.

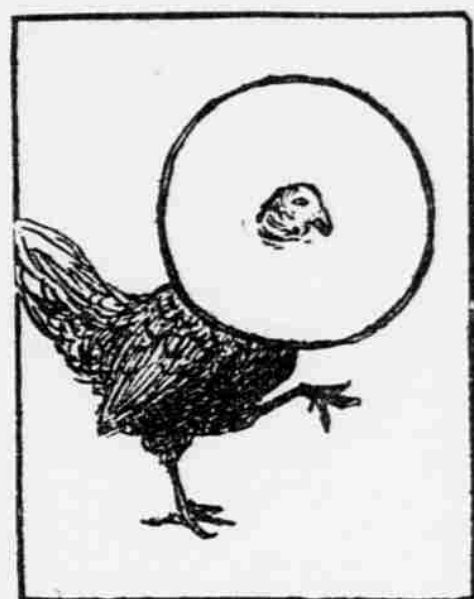
## A Hen With a Collar.

One of our readers who lives in the city received a fluffy little yellow chick for an Easter present. He kept it about the house for some time, and it grew so fast that one could almost see it get larger. At last it quite lost all its daintiness and became a scrawny, coarse-voiced, stubby-feathered nuisance, but its little owner thought as much of it as ever. It was too big to have about the house and

was finally sent to the country and its owner did not see it for a year.

Months later the little fellow visited his grandparents at their country place and found Esther, his pet, grown to a full-fledged hen. Strange to say, while she evidently remembered him, she was shy for some time, and it was several days before the two were on their former friendly terms.

Now came a complication. As it was garden time and fresh, tender, green things were springing up on every side, the chickens were all shut up in a great wire chicken yard. Roy did not care to go there every time he wanted to see Esther, and it would never do to give her liberty, for she



## Esther and Her Collar.

would be sure to destroy a lot of garden things. Roy's grandfather solved the problem.

He took an old umbrella rib, bent it till it formed a circle, lashed the ends firmly together, and covered the hoop so formed with some strong muslin. In the center of this a hole was cut just large enough to go over Esther's head.

When Esther's head was popped through this hole she was a very much surprised and indignant hen, and she made an awful fuss about it. Still, she had to submit, for she could not get out of her strange collar, so after a time she became resigned to it. It kept Esther from going about picking the gardens, and she would not scratch because she could not see what she was scratching, and so her liberty did no harm.

## Royal Prince or Princess.

Let all the children sit down in a ring for this game. One child begins by saying to her right-hand neighbor: "Good evening, royal princess (or prince). I, a royal princess, come from a royal princess to say that I have a monkey with purple eyes." The right-hand neighbor then says to his right-hand neighbor: "Good evening, royal princess (or prince). I, a royal prince, come from a royal princess to say that I have a monkey with purple eyes and three seven-mile tails."

So each player must do, repeating the exact words of his predecessor, and adding some new bit of description of his own—but saying "princess" or "prince," according to whether he is talking to a boy or girl.

If anyone makes a mistake he must be crowned with a dunce cap and dubbed the "One-Horned Prince, or Princess."

The boy or girl who gets through the game without a mistake captures the prize.

## This Game Is Lively.

Some years ago "duck and a rock" was one of the popular games among the younger boys, but of late it seems to have been forgotten. Any number of boys can participate. Select a large stone for the "rock" and each boy must have a cobblestone or half a brick for his "duck."

The boy who last finds his "duck," or cobblestone, is "it." A line is

drawn twelve or fifteen feet away from the boulder, upon which the boy who is "it" places a tin can or his "duck."

He is guardian of the rock. The other boys, pitching their "ducks" at the one on the rock, try to knock it off. When a "duck" is pitched the player must try to recover it and get back to the pitching line without being tagged by the guardian of the "duck" on the rock. Generally the players hover around waiting for a lucky pitch to knock the "duck" off, when they grab their own "ducks" and run to the line. The guardian of the rock must replace his "duck" before he can tag anyone. The boy who is tagged of course takes his place as guardian of the rock and the game proceeds.

## Caterpillar's Coat.

The fur or hair on the caterpillar was given by nature as a protection from other living creatures, particularly birds, who consider most small crawlers as food delicacies intended especially to gratify birdie's appetite.

But there are not many birds who could swallow a crawler that wears a fur overcoat. It would stick in his throat, and if he did get it down, probably it wouldn't digest.

Most caterpillars are brown or green, but some are dressed up in the grandest kind of way in many colors and ornamental knobs, or, to use a big word, protuberances.

A strange method of protection is that given to the caterpillar that afterward turns into a "swallow-tail" butterfly. This caterpillar has an opening in the skin back of the head that emits a powerful odor, probably not powerful enough to "knock a man down," but certainly strong enough to keep over a bird unless, maybe, it would have such a bad cold that it couldn't smell anything.

A favorite way caterpillars have to resist an attack is to hurl their bodies from side to side, and some try to look fierce. Certain caterpillars escape the enemy by their resemblance to the color of their surroundings.

One variety not only uses the color effect, but is able to attach his hind end to a branch and stretch himself out so that he looks like a twig. This fellow can stay rigid that way for a long time.

## Game of Bouquet.

This is a jolly game for a number of children to play.

Sit down in a circle around your leader. Let the leader give each one a flower for his name—violet, daisy, sweet William, black-eyed Susan, etc. Then let her tell you a story "made up out of her own head," in which she brings in every one of the flower names.

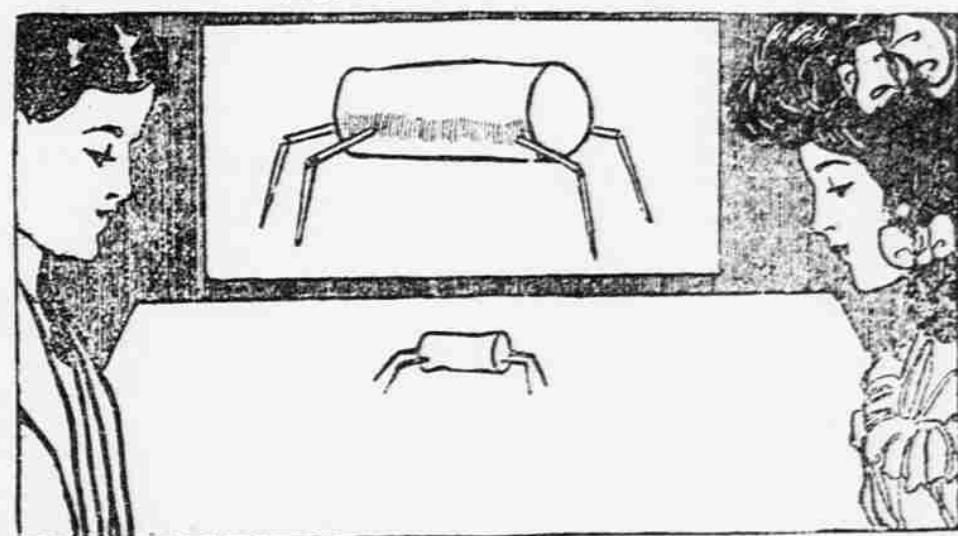
When ever a child hears his flower name mentioned he must get up, turn around, and sit down.

Whenever the leader uses the word "bouquet" all the children must jump up and change places, at which time the leader tries to capture a seat. Whoever gets "left" must then be come leader.

## The Wonderful "Egress."

Sometimes the great P. T. Barnum advertised his circus so well that more people came to see it than the tents would hold. Then the difficulty was to get those who came in to move out so that he could get the money others wanted to pay him. Knowing that he had roused the curiosity of the public to a high pitch he finally hit upon a plan to make room for everyone. He ordered great signs painted announcing "This is the way to the Egress!" Many following the directions of the signs, satisfied their curiosity and so made room for others. Do you know what the "Egress" is?

## THE FUNNY CORK SPIDER.



Perhaps you have read in books of natural history about spiders which do not make webs, as most sensible spiders are supposed to do, but lie in wait for their prey and do other unsightly things. The spider which I am going to tell about does unsightly things, too, and I am quite sure that you can never induce one to make a web.

Of course it is not a real spider, but you can have even more fun with it than you could with a real one, provided you could persuade it to come out of its web and play with you.

Get an old cork of a small size and some toothpicks. Stick the toothpicks, two into each end of the cork, and

then bend them in the middle until they crack. Do not break them clear through, but on one side only, so that they will bend and form your spider's jointed legs as the picture shows.

Place your spider on a table top and you will see that he looks quite life like.

Now get some water in a teaspoon and shake a drop of water on each of his leg joints. They will immediately begin to move and your spider will appear to have suddenly come to life.

Of course it will not race madly across the table or dance, but if the toothpicks be of tough woods and the top of the table smooth, it will wiggle a good deal and astonish all your friends who see the trick.



rival, he could enhance the chances of a speedy success with the woman by his side.

"Do you notice the gentleman sitting alone in the box opposite?" he asked as the curtain fell.

"Yes," answered Jessie, raising her eyes and looking at Blake with a puzzled smile. "Why do you ask?"

"That's Arthur Morris, the banker. Would you like to meet him?"

"I shall be delighted!" exclaimed Jessie, who could not resist the temptation.

At that instant Morris directed his opera-glass for the first time at the Blake box. The smile of joy when he recognized Jessie turned to one of blank amazement when he saw James Blake. In response to Blake's signal the dazed Morris was picking his way through the crush. Blake led Jessie to the rear of the box.

"Miss Carden, permit me to present my friend, Mr. Arthur Morris."

Jessie smiled and offered her hand.

"I'm glad to meet any friend of Mr. Blake's," she said.

"By Jove, old man, this is a joke on you, or me—or both of us!" stammered Morris. "Charmed to meet you again, Miss Carden! How are you, General Carden? This is a good one on you, Blake! I've been acquainted with Miss Carden for years—five years, is it not, Miss Carden?"

Jessie's laughing eyes admitted the truth and Blake looked properly confused.

"I shall have to forgive you," Blake said to Jessie, "but you are taking an unfair advantage of a wild Westerner."

"You have the reputation of being lucky," said Morris, laying his hand familiarly on Blake's shoulder, "but I didn't know that your good fortune extended to an acquaintance with Miss Carden."

There was a shade of insolence in his tone, and an air which did not escape any of his three listeners. It hinted that he was General Carden's employer; that the latter was under obligations to him, and that Jessie was pledged to pay the debt. But Blake was a good actor in the little comedy between the acts. He held the key to the solution. Of all the figures in this complicated drama, he alone knew the motives which influenced the other players.

"I might say the same to you, my dear Morris," said Blake with airy confidence. "Were it in good form I would willingly wager a supper that

encouraging the gaze of the man he had wronged. The voices on the stage sounded far away. Jessie's innocent words, "your boyhood friend, John Burt," had hurled him for the moment from the heaven of bliss to the nadir of remorse. Opportunely for his confusion, Edith called Jessie's attention to some trifling matter, and in the interval he regained his composure.

The play ended, and Arthur Morris again joined the Blake party as they waited for the crowd to leave. He declined Blake's invitation to supper, pleading a previous engagement.

"I am chaperoning the governor," he laughed, pointing to his father, whose ponderous bulk blocked an adjacent aisle. "By the way, Blake, did you follow my tip on L. & O.? Bought a little, did you? That's right; keep on buying it. It's going up, as I said it would. You needn't be afraid of it."

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Mantle of Charity.

It was late on Sunday morning when Blake awoke. For years he and John had dined at four o'clock on Sundays, and they had continued the custom in New York. Blake looked forward to what had ever been a pleasure, with an aversion not unmixed with fear.

He rang a bell and his valet responded.

"Mr. Burton will dine with me at four o'clock," he said. "Until he leaves I'm not at home to anyone. Make no mistake about this, Roberts. I want a light breakfast."

Blake carelessly glanced over a newspaper. With a yawn he was about to lay the paper aside, when he noticed a headline descriptive of the Booth performance of the preceding evening. It was a long article, but Blake was so engrossed in its reading that he paid no attention to the valet's announcement that his bath was ready.

To the abject astonishment of that trained and sedate servant, Blake gave a cry of terror and sprang from his couch, upsetting a small table as he rushed towards the window.

In the full flood of light he again read a paragraph which had frozen the blood in his veins. It was as follows:

"Among the box-holders at this notable performance was James Blake, the famous Wall street operator and financier, whose recent ad-