

# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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## CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

The valet opened the door and John Burt entered.

For a moment Blake did not recognize him. The moustache and beard had disappeared, and the strong regular lines of John Burt's face were in perfect harmony with the keen, calm and discerning eyes.

"Hello, Jim; what's the matter with you?"

"M'all right, John, ol' fellow; m'all right! Glad to see ye, dear ol' John! Have a drink, John! Glad to see ye!"

Blake swayed and fell into John Burt's arms. His flushed face and reeking breath told their own story without the help of the emptied decanter. Blake weighed two hundred pounds, but John picked him up and laid him on the couch as if he were a child.

"You're knocked out, Jim," he said. "Take a nap, old man, and you'll be all right when you wake up."

With a dull smile on his lips Blake sank into a deep slumber.

The minute hand of the little clock crawled half its way around the circle before John Burt left the side of his friend. His eyes were fixed on the motionless figure, but his thoughts wandered far away.

Blake groaned and muttered in his sleep. At first his words were incoherent, but as his excitement grew his voice became distinct, and in a higher key he exclaimed:

"This is awful—awful! What shall I do; what shall I do? I love her! I love her, and no one shall stand between us, no one, by God! no one, not even—" The sentence ended in a moan and again he sank into quiet slumber.

Pacing up and down the room John stepped on a crumpled newspaper. He

tion, something arose in his throat and choked him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Hawkins Makes a Discovery.

John Hawkins strode into the office of James Blake & Company at an early hour the following Monday morning, and after greeting the nominal head of the firm was shown to John Burt's room.

"Mighty glad to see you, my boy," his deep voice rumbled as he laid a giant palm on the shoulder of the younger man.

They talked for several minutes on commonplace topics. Mr. Hawkins studied the face of the younger with a scrutiny which did not escape John Burt.

"In your new disguise—or lack of disguise—you strangely remind me of some one," said Mr. Hawkins suddenly. "You told me once, as I remember, that you were born in Massachusetts, didn't you?"

"I did," replied John, "and I also told you that Burton was not my right name. Now, I'm going to tell you who I am, though you must guard my secret for a while yet—a short while, I hope."

"John Burton is good enough for me," asserted the magnate, grimly. "I know you're all right, and I'll bet a million on it. Don't tell me, my boy, if you run any risk by doing so."

"There is no reason why I should not tell you," said John, after a moment's pause. "Here is an advertisement I recently ran across in a San Francisco newspaper. Read it."

John Hawkins adjusted his glasses and read the following:

"To John Burt of Hingham, Mass.—All rewards offered for your arrest by

"Not another word from your blasphemous mouth, Jack Hawkins!" said Captain Burt.

"You go to hell!" I said, so mad I didn't know what I was saying.

"He gave me a cuff on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. It was not heavy, but it made me crazy."

"Go below and pray God to forgive you," he said.

"No man had ever struck me before and I swung at him with my right. I caught him a glancing blow above the eye. He didn't even raise his hands."

"Hit me again, Jack Hawkins!" he said, calm as if asking me to pass him the salt.

"I aimed for his chin, but caught him on the neck. It was like striking a brick wall. His arm smashed through my guard, and his fist landed full on my temple. It was a frightful blow and I went sprawling to the deck. Before I could make a struggle he picked me up and hurled me over the rail. As I came up I caught one glimpse of the Segregansett through the mist, as she heeled to port in the gale."

"The water revived me, and I succeeded in kicking off my boots. I swam in the direction of the ship, and by sheer good luck bumped into a hen-coop, which some one—Captain Burt most likely—had thrown overboard. I floated around on that hen-coop until morning."

"Along about noon I heard a splashing, and a big canoe filled with natives came in sight. I yelled at them and after much palaver they took me in. They were friendly savages on a visit from one small island to another. I went along as a guest, and it was months before the boats of the 'Jane M' came ashore and took me off."

"A year later I landed in Frisco, just in time to be in the gold excitement. That's all. If your grandfather hadn't thrown me overboard in the middle of the Pacific ocean, it's not likely I'd have located the Challenge mine. I forgave him years ago, and you can bet I harbor no grudge against his grandson."

"He has been the one to suffer," said John. "He imagines himself your murderer, and for years has prayed for forgiveness. I expect to go back to him in a few days, and you must go with me."

Then he told John Hawkins the story of his boyhood and of the shooting of Arthur Morris. He told of his love for Jessie Carden, and of his determination to restore to General Carden the fortune filched from him by the elder Morris.

"When last I saw Miss Carden," said John, "she was the heiress to a comfortable fortune. I had nothing but health, strength and ambition, but she believed in my future, and something has told me that she would wait for me. I shall see her in a few days, and I wish her to be as proud and independent of my wealth as on that night I left her side, five years ago. She has been robbed of her birthright, but if my judgment of the value of L. & O. is accurate, it will be restored to the keeping of her father."

"I have news for you about L. & O.," said John Hawkins, "but first tell me exactly how you stand."

"The company is organized with one hundred thousand shares, of a par value of one hundred dollars each," he said, "with bonds to the amount of five millions more. Morris holds thirty-five thousand shares, and his associates twelve thousand. That is three thousand less than control, but he imagines that General Carden cannot exercise his option on ten thousand shares. As I wrote you, I've had Blake acquire this option from General Carden, but of course, Morris knows nothing of this. By private purchase and in the open market, our agents have picked up twenty-nine thousand shares."

"Let's see," mused Hawkins. "I have 7,460, you have 29,000 and an option on Carden's 10,000. That makes a total of 46,460 shares. You yet lack 3,541 of control. Go into the market and buy 'em, my boy! You've come a great piece of work; a bigger one than you realize."

(To be continued.)

## Good Reason.

Two little boys and two little girls were playing "house," the boys being the papas, of course. All went well until the papas insisted upon coming home to luncheon, although their wives repeatedly told them that they should stay down town in their offices and kill bears until 5 o'clock. The argument finally grew so noisy that auntie came to investigate.

"Boys, why do you come home when the little girls ask you not to. Is it because you are so fond of them you cannot keep away?"

"No," said Tom disgustedly.

"Is it because you wanted another look at your beautiful children?"

"No," said Rob, with even more disgust in his tones. "It's because the girls eat chocolate for lunch and we want some."

## Reason for Marrying.

They were talking about a friend of hers who had married a bishop stationed in Kamchatka, or Timbuktu, or some other heathen land.

"I never could understand why she married him," said the young woman.

"She seemed the last girl on earth to marry a bishop. She cared so much more for having a good time than she did for church work and sewing circles!"

"Girls are pretty wise nowadays," said the young man, "and they generally have a good reason for marrying the way they do. A girl friend of mine married a doctor so she could always be well for nothing; and maybe this girl married the bishop so she could be good for nothing."—New York Tribune.

## HORTICULTURE



### Tree Growth on Sand Dunes.

In various parts of Illinois and neighboring states the sand dunes, formed by the winds in past centuries and not now blowing, are covered with a growth of trees, such as oaks and maples. The writer saw such dunes in Kankakee County, Illinois, last week. There is no better use to put these dunes to than to grow trees on them. But an improvement could be made by cutting off the present growth of trees and seeding to white pines. The latter would make a much more vigorous growth. Or, what is better, the pine seeds might be sown in the groves now standing, and the trees now standing on them cut off for fire-wood or various other purposes as fast as the pines push up. The oaks and maples do not make a large growth on such land. One man said that if the Almighty wanted pines to grow on such soil they would have been placed there. But this hardly settles the matter, in the minds of most people; as they realize that the Almighty has given us a few problems to work out. It is commonly believed that the natural growth of trees indicates the character of the soil, and that the kind of trees will grow on any soil that do best there. This is a safe rule to follow generally, but there are exceptions to this rule, and such exceptions are to be found on these isolated sand dunes. They are like islands in the sea. All around the surface of the earth bears trees suitable to a loamy soil rather than to sandy soil. If some birds had dropped the seeds of the pine cone on this land the pines would have taken the lead and crowded out the other trees, and the result would have been a stately forest of pines on each dune. But whence should the seeds come when the land was covered in all directions with trees of a nature differing from the pine? The natural thing happened, and these dunes became covered with a growth little suited to them. It will pay better to start upon them trees of the kind that find sandy soil the best medium in which to grow.

### Fall Planting of Trees.

For a large part of the north fall planting is profitable, especially for that region lying south of central Illinois and east and west of it. In Michigan the line of territory in which fall planting is safe swings to the north, on account of the mildness of Michigan, due to the influence of the lakes. We have urged farmers in the past to be careful about tree planting as to season, and we still have to give this advice. Fall planting should not be followed in Wisconsin, northern Illinois, northern Iowa and above that, as the trees are more likely to live if planted in the spring. But where the climate is milder, as in the region indicated, fall planting will be found to be preferable to the other for a number of reasons. There is more time to do the work in the fall than in the spring, for the farmer finds it necessary in the spring to use every fine day for the putting in of his regular farm crops. If they are put in in the fall, there is more time in which to prepare the ground. Then, too, there is a longer period in which to receive the consignments. The farmer that is fortunate enough to live near a nursery can visit it while the trees are still in leaf and pick out the ones he wants for planting. If any of them, when delivered, are not what he bargained for, it will be much easier for him to obtain new ones in time for planting than it would be in the spring.

### Summer or Winter Apples.

The question is sometimes raised whether it is better to grow winter or summer apples. The answering of that must depend on the market for their disposal. It is generally regarded as a bad policy to plant largely of summer apples, because they must be disposed of in a hurry, and if there are numerous other farmers that have summer apples it makes it necessary for them to all be put into the market at practically the same time. They cannot generally be kept well in cold storage. The farmer that intends to grow summer apples must be able to look far ahead and determine for himself what will be the state of the market in his vicinity when his summer apple trees come into bearing. Most of us cannot do that with sufficient certainty to make it safe to do extensive planting. With the winter apple it is different. It has almost a world for its market. It can be kept in storage for half a year, and in some cases can be kept even longer. It can be shipped and reshipped, packed and repacked. The summer apple will not stand much handling. Here and there men have a market for summer apples if they produce them, but the market is not so good as it is in the winter. The summer apple has the late peach and the grape with which to compete as well as the banana. The winter apple has only the banana and the orange, and the latter can hardly be called a competitor on account of its high price and often indifferent quality. As a safe proposition we would say put in the winter varieties for a commercial orchard.

Sweet cream butter is coming much into use in this country. This kind of butter is not made, as might be supposed from the name, from cream from sweet milk, but is generally made of ripened cream. It is called sweet because it is not salted.

## POULTRY



### Improving the Common Fowls.

If farmers would adopt some general method of breeding up, it would be possible to eliminate the scrub fowl in a very few years. This can be done with very little outlay, the main cost being that for new male birds each year. In four or five years the farmer would have a flock of practically pure breeds of far more value than his present collection of birds, both for the production of eggs and of flesh. At the end of a year the farmer will thus have birds half pure, at the end of the second year birds three-fourths pure, and at the end of the third year birds seven-eighths pure; at the end of five years thirty-one-thirty-seconds pure. Beyond this, selection may do the work, though it would be advisable to purchase pure-bred males for heading the flock after that.

For work of this kind only strong, vigorous, propent males should be selected. This will be found to be of considerable importance, as such birds impress their individuality more noticeably on their progeny than do weaker birds. When a vigorous male is used with a lot of females of mixed breeding and color, the uniformity frequently developed in the progeny is remarkable. Many a flock has become well colored after the male at the close of one year. In some ways birds from such matings are the most desirable for the farm, having the hardiness sometimes lacked by pure breeds. But it is a mistake to breed with a pure-bred male at the head of the flock one year and the next take some member of his progeny to head the same flock. There is frequently a temptation to do this, and some people find the temptation irresistible. The result is that the breeding operation ceases then and there. No matter how long the process is carried on the outcome will be a lot of mongrels. The farmer must make up his mind in the beginning to spend a small amount of money each year for the best males he can get and then stick to his resolution.

The progress of the grading-up process can be accelerated by choosing the females that are to produce the eggs for hatching purposes. After the end of the first year there will be found certain females, the progeny of the first year, that bear a strong resemblance to the male parent. Such should be selected the second year for mating with the new male of the same breed as that begun with. Breeds should not be changed, as by so doing much time and effort are lost. If this process is continued during the three or five years referred to, at the end of that time the progeny will bear all the characteristics of pure-breeds. In the breeding up, it is best to use only mature fowls, as the chicks of such have more vigor than the chicks of pullets. To continually breed from immature stock is to finally weaken the vigor of the flock. The bird at the head of these mature hens, however, may be a cockerel. If pullets are used, a mature male should be used with them. Never use cockerels and pullets together.

### Raising White Holland Turkeys.

My method of raising White Holland turkeys is about as follows: In the start I select about eight or ten early-hatched, strong and healthy pullets, with plenty of bone and fine style. Then I want an extra large, vigorous, healthy yearling or two-year-old tom that is not akin to the pullets. I do not want a pullet weighing less than fifteen pounds nor a tom that weighs less than twenty-five pounds. The feathering of both must be practically clear white or pinkish white. The mature tom should not weigh less than thirty-three pounds and the hen not less than twenty-three pounds. To do well, turkeys must have free range. Ours have unlimited range. Their roosts are constructed by placing forks in the ground and putting poles or rails on them, and this arrangement does for both summer and winter. The first layings of turkey eggs are set under chickens and we break up the turkey hen the first time she begins to sit. The next time she wants to sit we let her sit on her own eggs and we allow her to raise her own poults. When the young poults are hatched we place the mother hen in a square pen made of planks set edgewise. The planks are a foot high and twelve feet long. This pen is placed partly under the shade of a tree, in the orchard. We also have a coop in the pen in which to shelter them at night and in times of rain.

I do not feed the young poults till they are 24 hours old. The critical time with poults is the first few weeks of life. I find that it is best at that time to keep them out of rain and dewy grass, especially early in the morning. We feed them sour milk cheese at first, squeezed out very dry and mixed with fine bread crumbs. We also give them a little fine oyster shell grit. The food mentioned also contains some salt and pepper. We keep the poults in the kind of a pen I have mentioned till they can fly out. To their feed we add wheat and cracked corn gradually until the poults are about three months old. Then we give them unlimited range and let them roost out on the high roost with the old ones. It pays while they are young to grease the tops of their heads lightly, and also at the roots of their wing feathers, using common lard. I do this about every week or at least every ten days till they are two months old, and this keeps lice from bothering them. After the poults are three months old I feed a liberal allowance of corn.

T. J. Pifer.

Crawford County, Illinois.

## HEAT AND JOLLY



### Mrs. Newlywed's Complaint.

"What will we have for dinner, dear?" said Mrs. Newlywed to her husband as he started for the office.

"Oh, make your own selection, sweetheart," he replied, giving her a fond caress, as young husbands will.

"But, George, dear, we had roast pork Monday, roast lamb Tuesday and roast beef last night."

"Well?"

"Why can't they invent some more animals? It's so hard to choose from just those three."

### Fork Fad.

Marker—The spread of the opium habit is something terrible. I am told that women of the highest class have been seen going into the opium joints.

Parker—Oh, that's all nonsense. Ladies of fashion go to such places to watch the Chinamen use chopsticks. They want to learn how to eat soup with a fork.—New York Weekly.

### Situation Summed Up.

Wife—How do you like my new hat, George, dear?

Hubby—Oh, I suppose I've got to like it, or else buy you another.—Comic Cuts.

### The Old Question.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had spent the night in the fiery furnace.

"Good morning," they remarked when the doors were opened. "Is it hot enough for you?"

With a savage, baffled yell their persecutors fled the scene.—Judge.

### Better Plan Than That.

The young clergyman was under the impression that there had been some criticism because he preached extemporaneously. "Do you think I ought to write my sermons?" he asked.

"No," replied the sarcastic warden. "I think you ought to buy them."

### By Doctor's Advice.

"Excuse me, softly," remarked Pen-jennis curiously, "how is it you always wind up your watch immediately after dinner?"

"For the benefit of my health. You see, my doctor has recommended me always to take a little exercise after dinner."

### Ideal Laborers.

She—What gave you nervous prostration?

Wearily Will—Overwork, mum.

She—I never heard of a tramp overworking himself.

Wearily Will—I s'pose not, mum. They're generally too tired to tell of it.

### After the Auto Accident.

Mother—Oh, doctor, if you trepan my boy's skull and put in a silver plate what effect will it have on his mentality?

Surgeon—Well, ma'am, his brain may perhaps be clouded, but the cloud will have a silver lining.—Judge.

### A Difference.

"In Egypt, when a girl is born they throw her into the sea, so the lobsters can get her."

"Well, over here we wait till she grows up, and then the lobsters get her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Approved Prescription.

Sufferer—I have a terrible toothache, and want something to cure it.

Friend—Now, you don't need any medicine. I had a toothache yesterday, and went home, and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you do the same?

Sufferer—I think I will. Is your wife home now?—Albany Journal.

### Easy to See That.

"Will you direct me to Farmer Skinner's house?" asked the newly arrived summer boarder.

"I will if ye want me to," replied the station lounge.

"I shall have to ask you for explicit directions, because I've never been there before."

"Gosh! I know that, seein' ye're determined to go there now."



THE VALET OPENED THE DOOR AND JOHN BURT ENTERED.

picked it up, glanced carelessly at the date and name and ran his eye over the pages.

The first words that caught his attention were "Miss Jessie Carden." John Burt stood like a statue and read the paragraph which had thrown Blake into a frenzy of fear.

Every word burned itself into his brain. Instinctively he drew back like one menaced by a blow struck in the dark. Then the enormity of the thing came to him. Crushing the paper in his hand, he strode across the room and towered over the figure of the man who had requited years of friendship with an act of treachery.

Blake's face was turned toward him—the handsome, clear-cut features of the one he had known since boyhood. For an instant the impulse to strike this man dead in his sleep came to John Burt. Then a flood of feeling checked the swelling tide of his rage.

"How could you do such a thing, Jim?" he exclaimed, unconsciously aloud.

For hours John Burt concentrated his mind on the strange problem which had so suddenly arisen. At times a wave of anger swept over him, but in the end charity won against odds which seemed overwhelming.

It was dark when Blake awoke from his stupor. He raised himself on his elbows and stared wildly about the room until his eyes rested on John Burt. John laid aside the book he had made a pretense of reading.

"Do you feel better, Jim?" he asked, as Blake struggled to his feet, and passed his hand wearily across his eyes.

"I beg pardon for this foolishness!" exclaimed Blake looking ruefully first at John and then at the decanter. "As you know, I'm not given to drinking. I felt very bad this morning and took some brandy on an empty stomach. Are you sure I said nothing to offend you, John?"

"You have said nothing to offend me since that day we had the fight near the creek in old Rocky Woods," returned John, looking Blake frankly in the face. The latter's eyes dropped in confusion.

"We'll say no more about it," added John. "Take your bath, and by the time you are ready, I will see that Roberts has dinner served."

During and after the meal John led the conversation back over the years they had spent together. Blake was strangely silent. As a rule he took the lead over his quiet companion on such occasions, but this evening when he attempted to join in the conversa-

Randolph or Arthur Morris are hereby withdrawn, and you are exempt from prosecution at our hands.

(Signed) "Randolph Morris, Arthur Morris."

John Hawkins read it slowly and looked searchingly into the face of the young man.

"So your name's Burt? Ever have a relation by the name of Peter Burt?"

"My grandfather's name is Peter Burt," replied John.

"Was he a whaling captain?"

"He was captain and part owner of the whaler 'Segregansett,'" answered John.

Hawkins vented his surprise in strange exclamations, and John Burt was silent, in puzzled amazement.

"John Burt, grandson to old Captain Pete Burt! This is too rich! My boy, there's a feud between the houses of Burt and Hawkins, but it shall not extend to your generation. We'll bury it right now! Did the old man ever mention the name of Jack Hawkins to you?"

"Never."

"I suppose not. It isn't likely he would," and again Mr. Hawkins seemed vastly amused. "Well, I was his first mate on the Segregansett. Cap. Burt was nearly sixty years old then, and I was about twenty-six. There was an idea abroad that no man who trod a deck beneath an American flag could lick Jack Hawkins, and, barring one man, I guess they had the facts sized up about right. Do you see that scar?"

He ran his fingers through the iron-gray locks and pushed them back from his forehead. There showed a livid mark with four black circles.

"Those round black marks are the prints of your dear old grandfather's knuckles," he said, letting the hair drop back into place. "They've been there thirty odd years. I'll tell you how it happened. Captain Burt was a very religious man, according to his own standards. He was particularly down on swearing. A cuss word drove him crazy and I've seen him pound a man nearly to death for a harmless 'damn.'"

"We had a sailor named Bilson," continued Mr. Hawkins. "He was one of those clumsy, aggravating fools whose very looks were an incentive to profanity. It came on to blow one right and I sent Bilson aloft. He managed to foul the fore-royal clew lines and when I yelled at him he laughed in his idiotic way, and I was boiling mad all over. While I was relieving my mind I felt a hand on my shoulder, and it wasn't a gentle one, either."

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