

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK
UPHAM ADAMS

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

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A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

Both accepted the invitation. For some moments after Mr. Hawkins had left no word was spoken between John Burt and James Blake. Each was busy with his thoughts, but John broke the silence.

"When is Miss Carden expected to return?" he asked, quietly.

"I'll try to find out to-night," said Blake, looking his partner full in the eyes. "My head has been so full of stocks that I've thought of nothing else. But I'll know all about it, John, before I meet you and Hawkins at dinner. Perhaps Jessie—or rather, Miss Carden—is back now. Who knows? This is your lucky day, old fellow, and all kinds of things may happen before midnight. Wouldn't it be great if I went up to the Bishop house and found her there? Of course I wouldn't say a word to spoil the surprise you have planned. Well, I must be going. Hope I'll have good news for you when I see you later."

Early in the evening Blake rang the bell of the Bishop mansion, and was greeted by General Carden.

"It is a pleasure, General Carden, to tender you this check, which represents your share of the profits. Don't say a word of thanks to me, for I do not deserve any credit. Is Miss Carden at home, and may I see her for a moment?"

"She will be delighted to see you. I will call her."

The general disappeared, and James Blake lay back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the portrait of Jessie Carden.

He heard the faint rustle of a garment and turned to see Jessie Carden as she entered the room. A tender light glowed in her brown eyes, but there was something wistful in the smile; a blending of happiness, restraint and pity. The eyes dropped for a moment as they met his frank gaze, but her voice was clear and

"There is no mystery about it," said Jessie, her eyes flashing with anger. "Mr. Morris saw fit to take advantage of papa's bankruptcy, which gave him possession of our Boston residence. This portrait hung on its walls, and he doubtless had a copy made from it. This is consistent with other acts from which we have suffered at his hands. I—"

The portieres parted and Edith Hancock entered the room. Her eyes rested first on Blake and then on Jessie.

"Pardon this intrusion," she said. "I am looking for a book and did not know that any one was here. You are to be congratulated, Mr. Blake; doubly congratulated."

There was a tremor in the voice, but a proud flash of the lovely eyes as Edith bowed slightly, and, brushing the portieres aside, left the room.

"Don't go, Edith!" cried Jessie.

There was no response, and Jessie was too wise to follow her fair cousin. For some moments no words were spoken.

"I am going to tell you the story of that portrait," said Jessie. The crimson touched her cheeks, and a light, such as Blake had never seen, was in her eyes. "Do you remember what you said last night? You said that it seemed as if we had been friends for years, and the same thought has occurred to me. I'm going to presume on that occult friendship, and tell you a secret. That portrait belongs to John Burt!"

"John Burt? The John Burt I knew as a boy? What do you mean, Jessie?"

She opened an album and handed it to him. On one page was the faded duplicate of the photograph from which had been painted the portrait he had seen so often in John Burt's study room in San Francisco. Opposite it was a photograph of John Burt. The album opened naturally to

a moment he was the careless, happy Blake, chatting lightly on trivial subjects.

"I must keep an engagement," he said, looking at his watch. "A friend of mine is here from California, and I'm to take dinner with him. He's a royal good fellow, rich, handsome, cultivated, and—everything which a good fellow should be. I'd like to introduce him. May I call with him to-morrow evening?"

"Any friend of yours is welcome, especially a paragon with such bewildering attractions," laughed Jessie. "Good-bye, until to-morrow evening."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Through the Heart.

It lacked several minutes of the hour fixed for dinner when Blake strolled through the hotel safe and thence into the lobby. The babble of voices, the gesticulations and the nervous energy which pervaded the atmosphere were not in harmony with Blake's feelings.

"Jessie was afraid I was going to say something to-night, and so she told me that she loved John," he mused, throwing away a half-smoked cigar. "Dear old John! Lucky old John! Hello, what's the row? That sounds like Morris! I suppose he's drunk. If he had a spark of decency he'd be with his father. Here he comes!"

Morris pushed his way through the crowd and was followed by young Kingsley. Not until he was within a few feet of Blake did he recognize his rival. Though anxious to avoid a meeting, Blake scorned to retreat or to turn his back.

Morris stopped squarely in front of him. His lips parted with a sneer and his fingers toyed with a small walking stick. Blake leaned carelessly against a marble column, his eyes fixed on the man who confronted him. Had Blake been in a Western mining camp his fingers would have reached for the feel of a gun, but in a metropolitan hotel he had no sense of danger. The incident was trivial but disagreeable.

"Lend me a thousand, Blake," demanded Morris.

A whisper passed around the room and many turned to watch these two men, whose names had filled the public prints of the day.

"Certainly," said Blake, a strange smile lighting up his handsome face. "Is a thousand enough, Morris?"

Blake took a wallet from his inner pocket and handed Morris a bill. "And a match," ordered Morris, advancing a step nearer.

(To be continued.)

Ice Made in Open Air.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw; on the straw board, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a wonderful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls.

Should the straw get wet, it becomes more matted and compact, and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold, and retards freezing.—Pearson's Weekly.

Indians of Jewish Strain.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie had an idea that the Indians of the far Northwest were partly Jewish in origin. From Lake Athabasca in 1794 he set out at the head of an expedition "in a birch-bark canoe, 25 feet long, 4½ feet beam and 26 inches hold, with 3,000 pounds of baggage and provision and a crew of nine French Canadians." He reached the Pacific coast and returned. The aborigines he met were "for the most part possessed of strongly religious instincts," said he in his report. "With regard to their origin all we are prepared to state, after a careful survey of their languages, manners and customs, is that they are undoubtedly of a mixed origin; come from the North-northwest and had commerce in their early history, perhaps, through intermarriage with people of Jewish persuasion or origin."

Had Fun With the Umpire.

William Hayes acted as umpire at a ball game near Washington, Pa., last Sunday, and his decisions did not seem to give unmixed satisfaction. Toward the close of the game he gave one decision which evidently gave great pain to the players on both sides. Half a dozen of them seized and carried him to a near-by river and tossed him in. Umpire Hayes scrambled out in a hurry, whereupon the indignant athletes threw him back and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. Then they rolled him on a beer keg until he recovered, when they volunteered the information that he was not cut out for an umpire. On reflection Mr. Hayes is prepared to agree with this idea. However, he means to sue a dozen of his assailants.

German Empress Studies Medicine.

One of the most studious queens in Europe is the German empress, who cares very little indeed for pomp and ceremony. Her majesty's favorite study is medicine and she has instructed herself so well in the art of healing that she is regarded as quite an efficient adviser in cases of ordinary illness.

Boys and Girls

By the Playground.

Which of the summer sounds is sweetest to tired hearts?—The low, unwearying hum Of the bee in the clover bed? The hymn of the thrush at dusk? Robins that call in the rain? Cool waves slipping away From the boat as she sails through the sea? Whimper of wind in the wheat? Or, from the fresh-smelling field When the heaven is thick with her stars, The cricket's comforting chirp Telling of welcome and home?

Hot winds bearing the noise Of a city's traffic and cries, And from the little square The voices of children in song. Hundreds of children at play, Circling and singing their glee; Glad in the gift of to-day, The joy of youth but begun! Chorus of mirth and good will, Childhood's treble of hope— This is the summer sound The sweetest the tired heart knows. —Mary White Ovington in the Outlook.

Wardrobe of Mr. Dog.

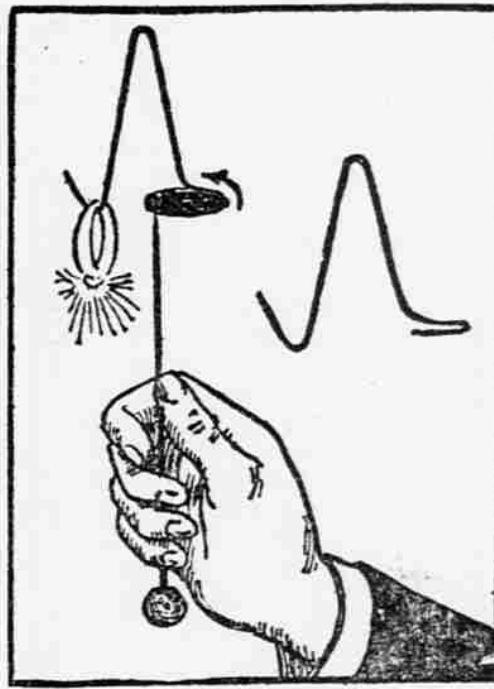
In Paris they have come to look upon the dog as a member of the family and to study his dress almost as carefully as if he were one of the children. There are dressmakers who design garments for dogs only, and every season brings its new canine fashions. The dog's wardrobe includes such elegant creations as a white hairy cloth overcoat, bordered with white mohair galons, with a red velvet collar and a pocket for the handkerchief. He also has colored cambric nightshirts, rubber shoes, thick, fluffy dressing gowns to wear after a bath, straw and felt hats, special wicker sofas, cushioned and bedecked with garlands and ribbons; nail files, ear picks, powder boxes and vaporizers.

A Neat Parlor Trick.

This is a neat and effective trick to perform before a company of men, women and children, from whom you can borrow the few materials you need. These are a silver half dollar, a large wire hairpin, a heavy ring, and a long hatpin or "stickpin." Bend the hairpin into the shape shown in the picture. Force the half dollar into the narrow hook on one end of the hairpin, which hook you have pinched well together so that it will grip the coin tightly, and hang the ring on the other, more open hook. Now balance the coin at a point near its edge and in line with the two hooks, on the point of the hatpin, which you hold vertically in your left hand.

You can nearly always make it balance on some point, but to make the trick effective the pin should be very near the edge of the coin, so if the ring is not very heavy you may have to borrow another one and slip it in the hook beside the first. Or you can use a light ring and substitute a quarter for the half dollar.

Now, if you blow against the ring the whole affair will turn on its pivot, and by giving a good puff every time the ring comes round you can make it spin very fast and keep on spinning a long time. If the hatpin is very sharp and of very hard steel it will gradually bore a hole in the coin. In



The Needle, Coin and Ring.

deed, it is possible to bare clear through a soft coin in this way.

Of course you should practice this trick before you try it in public. Then, if the ring is a brass one and the coin your own, you can give your merry-go-round to the youngsters, who will have lots of fun with it.

Blind Boys' Football.

Football and many other outdoor games are played by the blind, certain changes being made so that in each game the sense of hearing takes the place of sight, says the Baltimore Herald.

In football, for instance, a tiny bell is fastened to the ball, and by the bell's tinkle the ball's location is determined.

The blind delight in races of all sorts. They do not run toward a tape, as the seeing do, but toward a belt that jangles briskly.

It is odd to see the blind at their games. They play gravely, and they maintain a profound silence, for if they made a noise the voices of their guiding bells could not be heard.

A Peaceful Family.

A parrot, a dog and a cat share the same quarters and eat from the same plate at the headquarters of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Philadelphia. Poll chatters away all day, while Don, the dog, sleeps and watches visitors. Poll sometimes scolds him at meal time for eating too much, but Don takes it

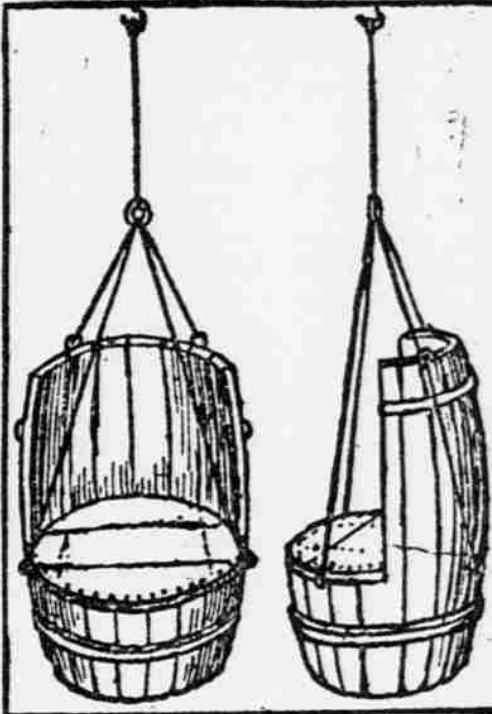
good-naturedly. If a peddler comes in Poll raises a cry, and Don drives out the intruder. Don also meets the letter carrier at the door and takes the mail to the chief clerk.

Joe, the cat, shows impatience occasionally, when Poll screeches so loud that he cannot sleep. Joe is a light eater, and often gives up his dinner voluntarily for the benefit of Don.

As a rule this little family gets on very well. The three are quite fond of each other. Poll sometimes perches on Don's head, but the talkative bird has to be careful to keep the claws from scratching. Don objects to that.

Barrel Swing.

This picture will show you how to make a barrel swing. They are novel and comfortable, and look very quaint



The Barrel Swing Complete.

hanging from the porch of a country house.

All you have to do is to saw away a part of the barrel, as the picture shows, and screw four stout screw-eyes into the four sides of the barrel. To these are fastened ropes, which meet above on an iron ring which comes just above the head of the person sitting in the swing.

The barrel head is fitted into the bottom half as a seat, and may be covered with cushions or left bare.

A Geographical Game.

There must be a leader, someone who is "pretty good in geography" and is capable of doing some quick thinking himself. Any number of players may take part in the game. When all are seated the leader takes his place in front of them and tells them that he is going to give them the name of a State and a letter of the alphabet, and is then going to count five slowly.

While he is counting five all the players must be trying to think of a city or town in the State he called whose name begins with the given letter. For example: Suppose he gives Maine as the State and F as the letter. Then the players must all try to think of a city or town in Maine the name of which begins with the letter F. It is necessary for them all to do the thinking, for he has a right to ask anyone of them for the answer, and they never know which one of them it is going to be.

When he has received a correct answer he may ask another player to name some other town beginning with the same letter, or he may change the letter two or three times. Then he names some other State, and continues the game as long as it interests the players.

Two Lively Contests.

For a jolly contest a bottle partly filled with water, and a generous supply of thin nails. Have each guest write down on a piece of paper or a blackboard the number of nails he thinks it will take to make the water overflow. Each guess should have the name of the guesser written beside it. When all have guessed, the hostess begins dropping the nails, one by one, into the water. When the first water runs over the edge she stops; and the various guesses are examined. The boy or girl whose prophecy hits or comes closest to the real number of nails wins a point or a prize.

For another lively sport secure a long-necked vase or pitcher, the opening of which is just large enough to

admit a peanut. Give each player three peanuts, and have him (or her) circle the room three times at a good pace. Each time in passing the vase the player attempts to drop a peanut into the vase. The boy or girl "landing" most peanuts wins the point.

Home-Made Traps.

In Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping," published some years ago, the following effective traps that can be easily made are described:

A mouse trap may be made with a bowl and a knife blade. Put a piece of cheese on the end of the blade of a table knife. Lift one edge of the bowl and put the knife, standing on its edge, under it, allowing the bait to be about an inch and a half beneath the bowl. The odor of cheese will attract the mouse and he will find his way under the edge of the bowl, and a very slight nibble will tip the blade and the bowl will fall over on the prisoner.

A thimble may be used in place of the knife. Force the cheese into the thimble and put the thimble under the bowl with the open end inward, allowing about half the length of the thimble to project out of it. The mouse, in trying to get the cheese out of the thimble, will cause the bowl to fall. If the thimble be too small to allow the mouse to pass under the edge of the bowl, put a bit of paste-board or a flat chip under the thimble.

To make a fly trap, take a tumbler and half fill it with strong soapuds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass, and in the center of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter. A slice of bread may be used in place of the disc with molasses below inserting. Flies will find their way downward through the hole, and once below the paper their doom is sealed. In their efforts to escape they will fall into the soapuds and speedily perish. By setting a number of such traps in a room it will soon be rid of the pests.

A Devoted Cat.

One day a little dog, a pet in the home of a clergyman, disappeared, says "The Animals' Defender." After a long search it was found in a medical laboratory in almost a dying condition. It was carefully carried back to its home and placed on a soft bed near the fire. All the family ministered to the sick dog, but the most constant care was given by another household pet—a cat. She made the suffering animal comfortable by stretching out her soft body as a rest, and on one occasion, when the dog staggered to his feet to drink from a dish of milk, the cat rose and went over to the dish, to serve as a support for her feeble charge to lean against while he drank. Kitty was thirsty, too, but not a drop of milk did she touch until she had escorted the patient back to his bed.

Fishing Trick.

There are plenty of patented hooks and devices for catching fish, but when they are not available all sorts of ingenious devices are rigged up by those who tire of sitting in the sun for hours wondering why the fish don't hook themselves. Here is one of them. It is not recommended when there is a scarcity of bait, but otherwise it can be used with success.

It must be kept in mind, even with this device, that all fish do not bite on a hook and pull anxiously in the hope of being caught. The slightest pull of



How the Hooks Are Placed.

a line should be responded to by the fisherman, who must pull hard enough to jerk the barb of the hook through the very tough fiber of the mouth. With this in mind a fisherman has better chances with this device than one with the plain hook.

Each hook should carry a very small piece of bait, nicely covering the point and barb. The bottom hook can carry the attractive bait, but the others are used to catch the fish.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PLAY.



To Make a Simple Combination Cut-Out Toy.

Begin by cutting out the stand (Figure 1), cutting around the heavy outside lines. Then cut around the two inside sections A and B, leaving the dotted lines uncut, as these are intended to hold the sections.

Bend the loosened sections down along the dotted lines in such a manner that they will turn toward each other. Then they must be pinned or pasted together.

Now cut out the rug, the little girl and the cat. Bend the girl's dress down along the dotted line. Also bend the base under cut along dotted line. Fasten both to the rug with pin or paste so that they will be up right.

sweet as she offered her hand and said:

"You have made this the happiest day of our lives, Mr. Blake. I—"

"Not another word," interrupted James Blake. "You must not thank me. Please don't, Jessie. It's the only favor I ask."

"Why not?"

The parted lips and questioning eyes were eloquent with surprise.

"Because I don't want you to," he said, releasing the little hand.

His heart beat fast as he gazed into her face, but in that moment he gained the final victory, and only the numbing pain of wounded passion remained.

Less than a day had passed since he had resolved to surrender all hope for the love of Jessie Carden. Why had he done so? James Blake could not answer that question. He had not calmly weighed his chances of success against those of failure.

Like a flash it dawned upon him that he could not—that he must not—be disloyal to John Burt. He did not reason it out—it was told to him in that voiceless, wordless language which has no name or key.

"You must not imagine," he said, "that your father is under the slightest obligations to me. On the contrary, our firm is indebted to him. The stock which he held was the key to the situation. Without it we could have done nothing. We have simply been able to verify the general's confidence in its value, and he is the one to be congratulated on the outcome."

"I don't believe a word you say," replied Jessie Carden, laughing. "I'm not so stupid about these Wall street affairs as you imagine. If it had not been for you, Mr. Morris would have defrauded pap out of all his property."

"Speaking of Morris reminds me of something which has often puzzled me," said Blake, changing the subject. "It's about that portrait. The first time I ever met Arthur Morris I saw your portrait in his library room. It has always puzzled me. Some time I'll tell you why."

"My portrait in Mr. Morris' room!" exclaimed Jessie, the color mounting to her cheeks. "Surely you are jesting, Mr. Blake!"

"It was probably a copy, though he told me it was the original," replied Blake. "He said you had it painted for him in Berlin, and that you presented it to him. The first time I came here I saw this one and thought it a remarkable coincidence."

these pages—sure proof that certain white fingers had sought them out many, many times.

"It was only a week before he went away," said Jessie, softly, "that these pictures were taken. It was a glorious day in autumn, and our horses had galloped miles and miles. Near the bay shore in Hingham we saw a traveling photographer, and I suggested that we have our pictures taken. We each gave the other one, and I have mine yet. We—"

"And he has his yet," said Blake, a far-off look in his eyes.

"He has! How do you know, Mr. Blake? Have you—"

"Of course he has it. I'll wager dear old John has never parted with that little gift. Excuse my interruption, Jessie; I'm greatly interested."

"You spoke as if you knew," said Jessie, her heart beating wildly. "The last day I saw him he spoke of you. We sailed out to Black Reef and we talked of many things. John said he was going to California, and wondered if you were there and if he would see you. That seems ages ago, but it's only five years. And then we sailed back to the grove and he quarreled with Arthur Morris. You have heard the story. That night we parted, and a thousand times I have heard the hocks of his horse as he galloped away in the darkness."

She paused, but Blake, with his eyes on the portrait, said nothing.

"When you told me that you were John Burt's friend I liked you," she said, in a voice which thrilled his very being. "You have been all that he said in your favor, and many times more. I would that it were in my power to repay you, Mr. Blake. You have at your command everything which money can furnish, and I and my prayer for your happiness."

He took her hand and impulsively pressed it to his lips.

"You have made me very, very happy," he said, rising to his feet as she tenderly withdrew her hand. "I should like to tell you something which—which—but I must not tell it. Some day you will know me better. Will you promise not to be angry with me, then? Will you promise, Jessie?"

"Angry with you? I am sure I shall never be angry with you."

"That is your promise?"

"That is my promise."

He laughed gaily as she repeated the words, but his lips quivered and his eyes glistened suspiciously. In