JOHN	BURT	By FREDERICK
Author of "The Kidar.pped		
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CHAPTER XXXII-Continued.

sponded Blake, coolly. "Here's a match," said Kingsley.

"Thanks, old chap."

holding the bright new thousand-dollar note a few feet from Blake's head, at John Burt, who had dashed at Morhe ignited it.

"Very clever, Morris," said Blake, figure of his friend. replacing his pocketbook. "Must be a new sensation to burn my money? Did you burn your fingers-again- | fell with a crash on the floor. Morris?"

"Don't go too far with me, Blake!" Morris exclaimed. "I'll not stand for it, do you hear? I've lost, and I'm lay motionless. still a gentleman; you've won, and are yet a cad! You've taken my money and won the woman. Keep hurt, John?" away from me."

"I didn't seek this interview," said Blake, his face flushed with rising anger, "but since it's to be our last one, I'm going to tell you something. I've not a dollar of your money and the morbid crowd which surged am not your rival in any respect. around the motionless bodies. "Bear Listen to me, Morris, and I'll tell you a hand, John, we'll take Jim to my something that will sober you. Do room." you remember John Burt? I guess you do. He was the country boy who | the surgeon as he opened the waistdragged you out of a chair by the coat and cut away the blood-soaked scruff of the neck for insulting a shirt. For a moment he laid his young lady upon whom you had forced head against Blake's breast. It seemyour society."

"What of him?" demanded Morris, sullenly. At the mention of John | ing for an emergency case. He held Burt's name the scene, with all its a vial to Blake's nostrils, and the horror, came to him.

"John Burt-what of him?" repeated Morris. "That country lout can | Then the breast heaved convulsively, come back, or stay away, or go to the | and James Blake opened his eyes and devil, for all 1 care."

"That country lout has come back," said Blake deliberately. "I had the pleasure this afternoon, my dear Morris, of transferring to John Burt the various stocks and bonds which you John Burt, tenderly clasping Blake's face. She nervously replaced the covand your father tendered to James hand and pushing back the damp Blake & Company in settlement of locks from his torehead. "You are a your liabilities. Permit me to let long way from being dead, old man, you into a deep secret, my dear Mor- but you must reserve your strength ris. John Burt is James Blake & and obey the surgeons." Company. I am-nothing. In my feeble way I've attempted to carry out | declared Blake, in a stronger voice John Burt's instructions. You seemed and a quickening intelligence in his to stand across his path and he blot- dark eyes. "Hello, Hawkins! Yo: ted you out. He forced you to dis- wont be offended, will you, Hawkins,

figure reel through the smoke, and "The hotel furnishes matches," re- they saw Morris fire again.

Like a sharp echo came an answering shot from Blake. He had half fallen, with his right knee and left Morris calmly struck a light and, hand on the marble floor. Morris's second shot was aimed over his head ris and was almost over the wavering

When Blake fired, Morris' arms went up with a jerk. His revolver

"God!" Morris cried.

Like a column pushed from its base he fell. He turned half over and

"I've got him, John," gasped Blake, "and I guess he's got me! Are you

He again raised his weapon unsteadily, and pitched forward into John Burt's arms.

"Stand back and give the man air!" roared John Hawkins, pushing aside

With bated breath John watched ed an age before the answer came.

"He lives," said the surgeon, reachwatchers saw the faint shudder which told of a halt in the march of death. looked squarely into John Burt's face.

"Hello, John!" he said, faintly. "What's the matter? What's happened, old man?"

"You must keep quiet, Jim," said

'i don't want a surgeon-not now,"

The surgeon turned to John and

whispered a few words, which did not

"You'll probe for nothing until I

talk to John!" he asserted. "I'm go-

ing to live long enough to tell John

something that no one else shall hear.

Send them out of here, John, or I'll

The surgeon administered a few

drops of stimulant, and motioning to

"Sit close by me, John, and let me

Tears glistoned in his eyes as he

me, old man; it means more for me

hold your hand," said Blake. "Dear

Hawkins and the physician, the three

get up and chase them out."

silently left the room.

clasped the other's hand.

eld John!"

is coming."

John shook his head.

1 you send for her, John?" "At once," was the answer. The door opened softly and Dr. Harkness and other surgeons entered the room.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Mendacious God.

"Here's a message for you, Jessie! The man says he will wait for an answer. I'm just dying from curiosity." Jessie Carden was reading when Edith Hancock rushed into her room. Too impatient to wait, she leaned over Jessie's shoulder. The note bore tue letterhead of a hotel and was written in a firm but scrawling hand It read:

"Miss Jessie Carden,

"Mr. James Blake has been seriously wounded by a pistol shot and may not recover. He wishes to see you. If possible, come at once.

"SAMUEL L. ROUNDS." When the purport of the message dawned upon her, Edith snatched the paper from Jessie's hand and devoured it with straining eyes.

"He may not recover!' she moaned. "He may not recover! Oh, what has happened? I am going to him! He shal. not die! Hurry, Jessie, hurry!" Two white-faced girls rushed in upon General Carden. His lips compressed as he read the message.

"This is Morris' work," he said. "Tell the messenger we will come at once.'

The hotel entrance was blocked by a mob when the Bishop carriage drew up. The blue helmets of police officers formed a line which marked the edge of a struggling crowd.

"One moment, sir!" ordered an officer holding his baton in front of General Carden. "Make way for the ambulance corps!"

The folding doors of the side entrance opened and four men slowly advanced bearing a stretcher. It contioned a motionless mass covered with a white cloth. Jessie clung to her father's arm.

With a low cry Edith Hancock sprang forward and raised the cloth. She looked into the dead, staring eyes of Arthur Morris. The bearers paused while she gazed intently at the would go. ering and turned to Jessie and her

father. "It's Arthur Morris! He's dead. Perhaps it is all a mistake about Mr. Blake. Find out, general; find out at once! We'll wait for you here." General Carden returned and silently conducted Jessie and Edith to a room on the second floor.



Why?

Why leave for the evening shadows The duties of early day? Why grudge until bleak December The kindness we owe to May? 'Tis time for the bud and blossom When skies are serene and blue; Who soweth in chilly autumn

Reaps harvest of bitter rue. Thy frown or thy unkindness, As bitter as draught of gall. May sting thee as scourge of Ere lowers night's sable pall; of nettles Beware lest thy tardy kisses Fall madly on lips of clay, Or heart thou this morn couldst comfort

Be pulseless ere close of day. Be kind while life's morn still lingers; love and thy helpful hands

Shall be as the founts of water To wanderer o'er desert sands: A word from the heart, in kindness, May pierce the gray mists of pain, And arch o'er the hills eternal The rainbow of hope again. -Mary E. Killilee in New York Sun.

A Speedy Sailboat.

The boat that is here shown was designed especially for a boy who had no patience, tools or skill. He wanted a boat, and one that would go fast. A board with a sail stuck up on it was not to his liking, and so this entirely original affair was produced. Nothing in the boat was of value, except as kindling wood, but the making and sailing of similar boats afforded many an hour's entertainment. Each day when the wind was blowing off shore one or more of these boats were set adrift in Long Island sound. Off they would go like catamarans, sometimes at an angle with the wind, but always out of sight, never to return. Once in a while one would be adjusted just right and then it was hard to keep up with it by rowing, it would go so fast. The seas would go over them, but as they had no deck on they

It was found after awhile that too short a boat would not steer very well. A long boat on the other hand, would keep pointing about right, so that they were made from two to eight feet long. The best way to build the boat was to find a board about four feet long and six or eight inches wide. This was sawed diagonally across the center, and the angle

of the honeysuckles. One must be | pair of tongs, such as come in candy very still, for the slightest noise frightens it away.

It has very gorgeous coloring. The upper parts are shining green, the wings and tail are quite dark, and the throat is a blazing red.

In the winter it goes from southern Florida to Central America.

The nest is a very cute structure. It is made of plant down, then covered white.

Its favorite dish is the honey and prised how difficult it really is. small insects which it discovers in the flowers that it frequents.

Tent Made on a Rope. A tent can be made by children very easily and quickly without outside



The Tent in Position. help. Get three old sheets or shawls, a rope and some safety pins and follow this picture and description:

Tie the rope between two trees, so that you may walk under it without touching your head. Throw a sheet or shawl over it. Tie four strings as long a yourself to each corner of the sheet (one on each corner). On the other end of each string tie a pointed stick. Drive these sticks into the ground as far from the rope as you can. The sheet will now make a good roof. Two more sheets are now used makes an end and one side.

Use safety pins to pin up these

boxes. Each person must try to remove the peanuts one at a time with out stirring the other nuts. At the end of twenty minutes a bell is rung,

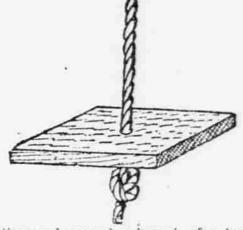
and the one having removed the largest number of peanuts is awarded a simple little prize. Another simple but amusing pastime is to have a ring hung from the chan-

delier at a convenient distance from over with moss lichens and small the floor. Each child must walk diplant fibers and is usually built in rectly up to the ring, and without hesorchard trees or oaks. The eggs are itating try to run a pencil through the two in number and of a beautiful pure ring. This sounds very easy, but if you try it yourself you will be sur-

The Single Rope Swing.

Sometimes a rope will be found lying about the barn or back of the house which could be used to make a swing, but it is not quite long enough for the purpose. That is the time a single rope swing may be made which will furnish enough fun to last all summer.

The end of a soap box makes a good seat. Bore a hole in the middle of a board, pass the rope through and tie a knot in the bottom. Tie the



other end around a branch of a tree as far away from the trunk as posfor the sides of the tent. Each sheet sible. Let the board be not more than six or seven inches wide.

A good athletic boy can have great sides. The hole at each end of the fun with such a swing. There is a tent under the roof is necessary to knack in handling it, but when once keep it cool and comfortable. Most mastered he can swing back or forth A case of surgical instruments lay made on each piece was made the tents are very stuffy and hot, but this perfectly straight in any direction. on the center table, but the room had bow. These two pieces were held tent is as satisfactory an arrangement Grasp the rope as high as you can reach, stand far back and with a quick jerk lift yourself off the ground and straddle the swing. The board Turks and Russians is a game play- should be far enough from the ground ed by two persons with slate and pen- to let the toes touch, then, by touchcil. About a quarter of the slate is | ing the ground occasionally it is posmarked off by a line at each end, and sible to keep going straight and not in each of the compartments so revolve. If some one is near by to marked off are made a number of push you can be pushed in a circle dots about the size of a pinhead, those like a "merry-go-round." There is at one end representing Turks and enough variety in this style of swing



Series.

gorge General Carden's fortune. He | if I ask you and the doctors to leave will wed the woman on whom you me alone with John for a minute or have forced your addresses. Do I two?" "Certainly not, my boy, if the docmake myself plain, Morris?"

Morris gazed at James Blake and tors say so." for a moment seemed incapable of speech.

"I-I-I think you lie, Blake," he escape Blake's strangely revived stammered, after a long pause.

Blake raised his eyes and saw John Eurt and Mr. Hawkins entering the room. Pausing not a second to weigh the consequences, he grasped Morris by the shoulders and whirled ham around.

Morris threw one arm behind him, but Blake, scornful cf his opponent, and thinking only of the dramatic climax which offered itself, took no warning.

"Calm yourself, Morris," he said scothingly. "Anger does not become you. I want you to look your best, for here comes our mutual friend, John Burt! Hello, John!"

ris drew back in a defiant attitude. your mind that you are going to get from the north shore. Two horses overturn the other, after both have With careless co ampt Blake ignored | well and be the same generous old Morris, and his yes followed John Jim Blake that I have known all these then their blind companion followed. player seats himself on the floor; his Burt and Hawkins as they came years." towards him.

walked towards the group.

The muscles of Morris' face than drugs or probes." twitched, and a desperate look came "I do, Jim. Say no more about it, to his eyes. With a quick motion his cld partner, but lay quiet and keep area come from behind his back and all your strength for the crisis which something glittered in his hand.

"Hello, Jim," said John. "Are we on time?"

no occupant. As they stood hesitat- | side by side eight inches apart, and ingly by the entrance, the door con- two narrow strips were nailed across necting an adjoining room opened bow and stern; an extra piece having and a tall man with red hair, sharp a hole in it was nailed on the bow blue eyes and enormous hands enter- strip and a stick about a foot long ed. Jessie recognized Sam Rounds.

"Heou dew ye do!" he said softly, advancing with an awkward bow. "Sorry tew meet you in such a place, but the bitter goes with the sweet, Jim's badly hurt, Jut he has a chance -so the doctors say."

In whispers the four talked of the tragedy. Sam nad entered the hotel office just before the first shot was fired.

"It all happened so quick I couldn't do a thing," Sam explained. "The second shot fired by Morris just missed-some one else-some one Jim was tryin' tew save-an' went through the top of Mr. Hawkins' hat. Morris was dead before he struck the floor."

The door opened and a grave-faced surgeon entered the room. "Miss Carden may see Mr. Blake

for a few minutes," he said.

In the dimly lighted room Jessie Carden saw two figures-one propped up with pillows so that only the head and arms showed against the white found at lumber yards and hardlinen. The curling, black locks fell back from the pale brow, and the handsome face seemed chiseled in purest marble.

(To be continued.)

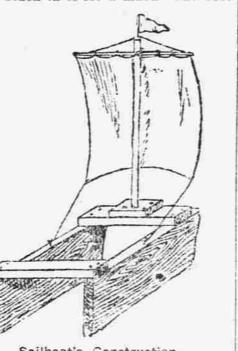
Answered the Call.

On the bank of the Mohawk river. midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is blind, of which Our Dumb Animals tells this story:

The horses frequently resort to the islands in the river for pasturage. in this boat-making enough to amuse They ford the stream at a point near him off and on half the summer .-the dwelling, and the blind mare Boston Herald. usually follows the others. During a "I don't wish you to tell me any- recent freshet the horses attempted thing, Jim," said John, soothingly, to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious Blake released his grasp and Mor- "Just keep quiet, Jim, and make up as to the result, stood watching them two persons, each of whom tries to

gling against the rapid current and bound together at the wrist with a foothold.

was stuck in it for a mast. The best



Sailboat's Construction.

kind of masts were made of dowelssticks one-quarter inch thick to be ware stores.

On the mast was fastened a crossarm just as wide as the boat. A piece of sheeting made an excellent sail, and after it was fastened on the arm with a thread and needle, the two lower corners were fastened securely to the sides of the boat. The

sail was put as far forward as possible in the bow of the boat, for it hslped steer, and no rudder became necessary. Without any doubt, the boy who lives near the water and can find some odd pieces of lumber, some nails and a piece of cloth will find

Trussing Game.

The Trussing Game is played by In a few minutes all were strug- hands, placed palm to palm, are distance below until she gained a four feet long pushed over one arm, under both knees and out again over Then, discovering the loss of her the other arm. The player can now

voice clear as a bell, "permit me to ed the truth, brought me back to toward the island, which both reach- other in the middle of the room, their or no practice to make a hoop roll did. introduce---" toes just touching. The object of each earth. I said nothing to Jessie, John. ed in safety. backward. This sounds very simple and easy. He turned to Morris with a mocking | No word of love ever passed my lips. is to tip his opponent over by means Take the hoop in your right hand, but it is not at all so, for after a smile on his lips. He heard the click | I saw Jessie this evening, and told of his toes, and he who first does this your finger ends on the inner side and hoop has rolled backward for a little French Telephone Girls. of metal and saw the flash of polished her that I was to dine with a friend It has recently been decided in Paris is the winner. If either of the playyour thumb pressed firmly on the out- way it will usually roll in a circle, and steel as Morris raised his arm and of mine from California-you, John, that the telephone girl is a public of ers falls over, he must be placed in side. Now give it an underhand pitch | if you are not careful it will, after leveled a revolver at John Burt. you! And to-morrow evening I prom- ficial and as such she commands the position again by the spectators. away from you, at the same time turn- passing you, rell clear around you and "I bought this for myself! Take it, | ised her that I would bring that un- | respect incident to public functioning your hand swiftly over so that stop between the lines in front of you named friend to her house. That was aries. The question came up in a case John Burt," he cried. your fingers are above and your thumb after all. The Humming Bird. He fired before the words were out my little surprise, John, but it was where a popular actress was prose-One of the prettiest and most inter- below. This will make the hoop re- It takes a lot of nice judgment and of his mouth. The spectators who not to be." cuted in the criminal court for hav- esting of birds common to the eye is volve toward you, although the force a very delicate sense of touch to make stood their ground saw James Blake "I shall call the surgeons if you say ing insulted the central girl. While the humming bird. It is so very little of your throw carries it a little way in a hoop roll straight backward till it throw himself forward the moment another word," declared John, who defendant was acquitted, the rights and dainty and goes about its work the other direction. In an instant this drops, and you will find that this pasbefore a spit of fire came from the feared a change for the worse. of the "demoiselles de telephone" were with such an air of authority that one force will be overcome by the force time will call forth as much skill as muzzie of the weapon. They saw his ' should like to see Jessie. Will clearly established. loves to w .ch it as it flits in and out of the twist you gave it, which makes marbles or even tennis.

as can be made.

Turks and Russians.

the other Russians. The number of | to make it worth while to make it. Turks and Russians may be large or small, as agreed on, but must be equal. At one end of each compartwhen drawing their lines.

Games for Rainy Days.

Waif Proved Himself Herc.

If there be degrees or kinds of heroment is a small square which serves | ism, then perhaps that arising out of as a battery. Each player, in turn, unselfshness is the highest. At all places the point of his pencil in his events, this type was well illustrated own battery, and then draws a line | by a sailor lad many years ago. He quickly in the direction of his had been sent, a poor waif, to the eromy's men. This line must have training ship Chichester, and when his no angles in it, but must be straight time was up he went to sea. His ship, or curved. Those dots through which | bound for New Zealand, was run down the line passes are considered dead in the English channel, and almost at men, and he who first kills all of the once began to fill. In the confusion a enemy's men is the winner. Some- woman rushed on deck and shouted times the players are required to shut for the boats. A sailor told her the their eyes or turn away their heads, boats had been swept away. "Madam," said a lad standing by, "you can't swim; I can. Put on my life buoy." The lad kept himself affoat until he

Lots of fun can be had with a pea- was rescued in the last stage of exnut tournament. Have four people at | haustion, and, though nearly all lives each table, and in the center of each | were lost, the woman to whom he had have a large bowl of peanuts, and a given the buoy was among the saved

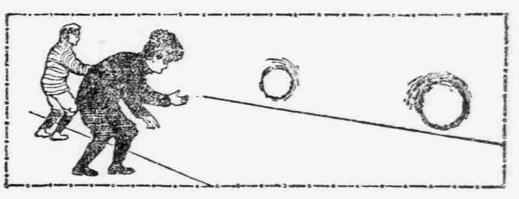
ROLLING THE BALKY HOOPS.

Do you know that you can roll a | it revolve toward you. The hoop will hoop backward? That is, start it roll- stop, and then roll toward you, pass ing in one direction and have it sud- ing you if you have given it a strong dealy stop, and then start rolling in enough twist. exactly the other direction. Well, you can, and very easily, too, and that is only one of the queer things one can time. Get one of your friends to pro do with hoops.

ing corners, chasing each other in cir- | hoop past the other line, at the same cles and acting generally as if they time giving it the backward twist

When you have mastered this, as you will at your very first trial, you are ready for a very pretty little pasvide himself with a hoop, and have a A vaudeville performer used to backward race with you. Braw two amuse large audiences by making lines, ten yards, or thirty feet, apart hoops roll in lots of queer ways, turn- and standing on one line throw your were alive and were playing tag Your object is to make it roll toward you, to pass you and roll as far be

It takes a lot of practice to be able | hind you as it will. Then your play



Throwing the Hoops Across the Line.

eyes twinkling with deviltry, and his words from you. John, after you learn- ed it with the nose and directed it in this way, are placed opposite each the wrist does it all, but it takes little his hoop roll back farther than yours

games of their own.

and colts had entered the stream, been tied or"trussed." as follows: The

"You know what I've done!" ex-At the call of his name John turned claimed Blake, his eyes glistening failing to make any headway, the handkerchief, and his legs are tied and saw Blake. His face lighted with with excitement. "You know all, and leaders sought the large island, while in like manner above the ankles. The a smile as he stopped and then yet forgive me! Do you, John? Tell the blind beast became separated knees are then drawn up, the arms from them and drifted a considerable placed over them, and a stick about

mates, and realizing her helpless con- move no part of his limbs except his dition, she gave a plaintive whinry, toes. If he is overturned the ends of One of the animals, upon hearing it, the stick prevent his falling on his "And yet you know the truth. I re-entered the stream, and swimming side, but he cannot right himself "Mr. Burt," said Blake, his dark loved her madly, John, but a few to its unfortunate companion, touch- without aid. Two players "trussed to do this, although a little twist of mate tries his hand and tries to make