JOHN BURT By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER EIGHT—*Continued.*

When the lunch approached, Arthur Morris was now in the box. There were several richly dressed young women in the party. John Burt saw at a glance that Morris and some of his companions were under the influence of liquor. Jessie guessed as much, and her suspicions became a certainty when Morris stepped out steadily to the landing and came toward her a vacant smile manifting his face.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Carden," he said in his voice hoarse and his body very erect, but wavering. "A thousand pardons! Detention unavoidable, assure you—but we'll be detained, I'm sure you! Hall right, though. hall right now. Allow me, Miss Carden," and he stepped forward to offer his arm. John Burt remained by Jessie's side.

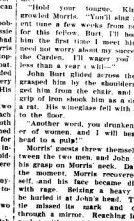
"Do not dare to speak to me, sir," cried Jessie, indignant and anger stirring the crimson to her face. "Don't let him come near me, John!" she exclaimed, clinging to Burt's clasped arm.

"Stand back, Morris!" said John in a low, clear tone, a glitter in his dark, gray eyes. "Do you hear me, sir, to meet Miss Carden."

The finally dressed throng of guests was grouped behind Arthur Morris. One of the young women grasped Arthur Morris by the lapel of the coat.

"Come on, you fool!" she said with a vindictive little shake. "Don't you see you're not wanted?" She turned him half round and Kingsley grabbed him by the arm.

"Come along, commodore," said that young fellow. "We are in the wrong pew, commodore! Cheer up, and sea dog, we sail aboard you!" And with laughter and taunts the guests of the Voltaire led the perfidious bedevilled owner along the pier into the grove.



"Stand back, Morris!" said John in a low, clear tone, a glitter in his dark, gray eyes. "Do you hear me, sir, to meet Miss Carden."

Jessie shed tears of vexation, but anger dried her eyes. She turned to John with a wistful little smile on her lips.

"Take me out in your boat, John," she said. "Let's get as far as we can from those dreadful people."

In a few minutes the Scandish bobbed saucily at the landing, and Jessie stepped on board. The wind had scarcely filled the sail when Morris came running down the pier. He stopped at her side in the boat and glared at them as they glided away, Burt rage showing in every feature of his flushed face. His friends followed and led him back.

Little was said between the two as the boat moved swiftly along. Each was busy with thoughts, and both seemed under the spell of threatened trouble. John polished the boat for Minot's Light, and having passed inside followed the rocky shore, avoiding the reefs and shoals, which were to him as an open book.

"Tell me a secret, John, or anything! We're both awfully stupid today. Don't you think so?"

"I will tell you a secret—two secrets," said John, gravely.

"Two! How interesting if you wish them kept, John," laughed Jessie. "I'm a regular tellitale!"

"You will keep these secrets—at least, one of them," replied John. "Regarding a way. That's the first secret."

"Going away?" echoed Jessie. "Where, John?"

"Out West—to California."

"Going to leave Harvard? Going to California? Why, you're joking! What does this mean, John?" The little face was serious now.

"That is the second secret, Jessie." There was in his voice and in his eyes which thrilled the girl to her core, a quiet, soft brown eyes opened wide, then dropped as they met his fervent gaze.

"I am going away, Jessie, because I love you."

The little hand became imprisoned in a tender clasp, and she listened as in a dream to the words which clamored for her love.

"Listen to me, Jessie—listen to me!" His voice was commanding in its earnestness. "I do not ask you to love me now. I do not ask you to promise to be my wife. I only ask you to know that I love you; to know there is one man who has no thought other than your welfare; who offer lshes no ambition other than to see you showered with all the blessings and honors which God can grant to a good woman. That is my love, Jessie! If some day I have an honest right to ask your love in return, I shall do so, making no claim on our old friendship. May I know you all way? Say that I may, Jessie!"

"I want you to love me, John, but please don't speak of it again. John!" said Jessie, raising her eyes glistening with tears. "I mean—not to speak of it for years. John, I have not thought of love—at least, I—I don't think I have! Please, John, promise me that you will say no more thing more about it until—things are different. Will you promise?"

John Burt's face radiant as he made the promise.

The sail was furled, and they started back toward the grove. John helped Jessie to the landing, and turned to see Sam Rounds running toward them.

"Excuse me," said he breathlessly to Jessie. "I want you, John!" He drew John aside. "Arthur Morris and his friends are drunk! I'm afraid of them," he said excitedly. "He says he's going to kill you and he's troubled Miss Carden half a dozen times."

John's teeth were set and his hands clenched, but his voice was calm as he turned to Jessie.

"I must go to the hotel for a few minutes. I'll meet you and Sam later. Do as I say. Don't excuse me, don't you, Jessie?"

"Oh, John, for my sake don't get into trouble! Be physical, wise, guessed something of the truth. Sam walked toward the hotel. Entering the hotel he say Arthur Morris and five of his male companions seated around a table loaded with champagne bottles and glasses.

John Burt stood unnoticed in the doorway the hotel he saw Arthur Morris in the act of attempting to sing hammering on the table with a bottle of wine. Morris was saying to a fine Lothario, commodore" said Kingsley, as he slowly filled his glass. "After all your boasts you let a naked rot you out, shake his fist in your face, and leave you with the fair maiden? Your amours worry me!"

"Hold your tongue, Kingsley," growled Morris. "You'll sing a differ. ent tune a few minutes from now for this fellow, Burt. I'll borrow-whp him the time I meet him! You need not worry about my amours with the Carden, I'll wager you that in less than a year."

John Burt glided across the room, grasped him by the shoulders, drag ged him from the chair, and with a grip of iron shook him as a dog does a rat. His tongue fell with a crash to the floor.

"Another word, you drunken leader of women, and I will beat your head to a jelly!"

Morris groans threw themselves between the two men, and John relaxed his grasp on Morris' neck. Dazed for the moment, Morris recovered himself and his face became distorted with rage. Before a heavy bottle he hurled it at John's head. The bottle missed its mark and crashed through a mirror. Reaching into his pocket with a quickness wonderful in his condition, he drew a revolver and before any one could interfere fired point-blank at John. But who was not three yards away.

Like a panther John leaped over the leveled arm. A second shot struck the ceiling. In a writhing, struggling mass John overturned chairs and tables, and the flight of panic stricken spectators, both men tumbled heavily to the floor. John Burt uppermost. As they fell, a third shot was fired, the report being muffled as the men exploded within their close embrace.

The smoking weapon fell to the floor from the nerveless grasp of Arthur Morris. John Burt arose lit and and dusted his clothes, the pale face of the man, and doubtless, a frown upon his face. On the white flannel shirt above his heart was an ominous smear of red, slowly widening in a circle with each respiration. Before the eyes of the men who best over him. A fresh tinged with blood oozed and bubbled from his mouth.

CHAPTER NINE.

The Parting.

John felt the touch of a hand on his shoulder, and, turning quickly, faced Sam Rounds.

"For God's sake, get outer here, John, as soon as ye can!" whispered Sam. "I may be back dreadfully. "Come on, John, Jessie's waitin' for you!"

At the sound of Jessie's name a wave of agony swept over John Burt. With a glance at the motionless form of Morris, he turned and followed Sam Rounds. No hand was raised to stop him. The witnesses of the tragedy, held in a spell, had eyes for naught but the victim.

Jessie ran forward to meet him, her face white with fear.

"Oh, what has happened, John? What has happened? Your voice trembled and her lips parted with a vague terror. Are you shot? Are you hurt, John? Oh, tell me—tell me!"

"I'm not hurt, darling," said John, looking into her upturned face. "Something has happened and we must leave at once. I will tell you about it on the way."

By a stern effort John Burt mastered his emotions and calmed his voice that had appeared. He said no word of the shameful insults in which her name had been mentioned in a profane drinking place. He explained that a quarrel had arisen, that Arthur Morris had been shot with his own weapon. "Jessie, you must be physically, it had grown on dark that John could not see her face, but there was a tremor in her voice, when she asked

"Will he die, John?"

"I fear he will, Jessie!"

It might have been imagination, but he thought that Jessie shuddered and drew away from him. The sunset had tinged boat of beds behind them and the shadows had fallen.

Out of the darkness a horse made a direct dashed forward and was pull ed back as the Scandish touched side of the carriage. A face peered in—Sam Rounds, the welcome face of Sam Rounds.

"Jessie!" he cried as he ran, John, grasped Sam. "I've thrown the off the scent. I ran the Standish out to sea. Jessie, you can't go to the inn, as rome back as told ren you have shot Arthur Morris. Yes, sir. Pretty stick, eh? You bet some of them dodes ran get the best of Sam Rounds!"

Sam gave the horses a cut of the whip, and they responded with crimson the road. A few minutes later they reached the Bishop farmhouse. Sam and the excited horses with John helped Jessie to alight.

"Jump on my horse and git!" said Sam in a whisper.

John drew Jessie to the shadow of a maple and held her hands in his.

"Jessie, I am innocent, but the world will blame me responsible for the death of that blackguard. Sweetheart, I was dreaming of bridging the gulf between us. I had had faith that some lucky star would smile on my ambitions, that my youth and health would one day make me worthy of the greatest gift earth can give, the love of the woman he worships! That hope is not dead, but it has gone far from me. I must endure either imprisonment and disgrace at home or exile abroad. I can bear either, Jessie. If I have the support of your friendship, and the knowledge that you hold me guiltless. You can give me them, sweetheart?

"Both, John," said Jessie, softly. "I—I shall pray for your success. Go now, John. Take Sam's advice and mine. Good-bye, dear!"

Tears in the sweet voice.

"Will you kiss me, Jessie?"

(To be continued.)

A Bright Boy.

Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the steel trust, was asked by a Chicago Tribune reporter to live in the Illinois town of Wheaton.

"One day in Wheaton," Judge Gary said recently, "I took dinner with a clergyman and his family. The clergyman had an eight-year-old son called Tom, and he was a very bright boy.

"Look here, Joe," I said during the course of the dinner, "I have a question to ask you. Suppose I—I—"

"Joe looked gravely at me.

"All right, I'll answer your question," he said.

"Well," said I, "I want to know if your father doesn't preach a better sermon twice sometimes."

"Why, Mr. Gary, he does," said Joe, "but the second time he always bolters off from the pulpit from what he difficult first time."

Quite Feasible.

Joseph M. Edwards, who travels for a Boston firm, was recently taken the following at the Grand the other evening.

"In Baltimore there's an old bachelor I'm acquainted with who's a bit of a joker. He died a few months ago, did, before the fire, as it burned him out, in a very peculiar manner, and his rooms were always in great disorder.

"Why don't you get married?" I said to him one day. "Then you would have a wife to look after the place tidy, and make it tomeliike."

"The fact is, I've never thought of it," he replied. "I've never thought of the idea that a better half would want to tidy up my place."

"Since the fire I have not seen the old fellow, and I can now seem to know of his present whereabouts."—New York Globe.

Wealthy Woman Evangelist.

Miss Mary E. Bennett, of Pittsburg, Pa., is the richest woman evangelist. Before she was converted, Dr. C. Roddinton, secretary of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railway has a fortune of $500,000 in her own right and owns one of the most luxurious homes in the smoky city. She is young, pretty and has such a glorious voice that an impresario offered her $10,000 a year to sing in public. She has decided to enter the field of evangelical work instead. She is a tireless worker in moral law and trying to save sinners.

TOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Helping the kidneys helping the whole body for it is the kidneys that remove the poisons and waste from the body. Knowing this simple reason is it made many sick men and women well.

Judge A. J. Pelter of 318 So. E St., San Bernardino, Calif., says: "For 15 years my kidneys were not perfect. Sharp shooting pains in my back were so severe I could not stoop without great pain. My kidneys were profuse, containing too much of the secretion. Finally the doctors said I had diabetes. Doan's Kidney Pills wrought a great change in my condition and now I sleep and feel well again."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Judge Pelter will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers, price 50 cents per box.

Indian Etiquette.

A letter sent to a native prince in India is often a very elaborate affair. The paper is specially made for the occasion and is sprinkled with gold leaf. Only the last few lines of the somewhat lengthy document contain the purport of the letter, while the remainder is made up of the usual compliments and complimentary phrases. It is folded in a peculiar way, with the seal placed on a middle leaf, and this latter into one of crimson and gold, tint with a strip of gold paper, which is fastened to which is a ponderous seal. The envelope, which is made from a slip of parchment, is attached to the outer leaf. These details are very important when the letter writing in India, and if any one of them be omitted it is taken as an insult to the person addressed.

FREE TO TWENTY-FIVE LADIES. The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to St. Louis Exposition to five ladies in each of the following states: Nebraska, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a 10-oz. package of Defiance Starch. Cut the trade marks out. Means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and reach the Defiance Starch Co. Omaha, Nebr. before September 1st, 1904 October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up in 10 (all pounds) to the package. You get one third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The trip to the Exposition will be free by registered mail September 5th. Start in to collect all dealers.

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Met Her Match.

Waggs—I had the laugh on my wife yesterday.

Bogg—How did it happen?

Waggs—We were out driving, and she discovered a echo that beat her out of the last word.

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