JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

In an alcove, partially formed by a bay window, stood an easel, upholding a large frame. The light struck the canvas in such a way that Blake did not recognize the subject until squarely in front of it.

It was a portrait of Jessie Carden—not the Jessie Carden drawn by the San Francisco artist from the faded tintype—but the Jessie Carden of later years, whose face and figure dad taken on the perfect grace of womanhood.

Amazed and lost in thought, Blake did not hear Arthur Morris as he approached and stood back of him. He flushed when Morris touched him on the shoulder.

"By Jove! that portrait must have great attraction for you!" laughed Morris. "You've been staring at it five minutes! A box at the opera you cannot tell her name!"

"Done!" said Blake. "That's a portrait of Miss Carden—Miss Jessie Carden, of Boston."

An expression of deep surprise swept across the face of Arthur Morris. With half-opened mouth and staring eyes he gazed at James Blake.

"Well, I'll be—— Well, of all things!" He sank into a chair and laughed feebly. "I say, old fellow, you took me off my feet! How the devil did you guess that name?"

"Nothing wonderful about it!" said Blake, who by this time had perfected his coupe. "I met Miss Carden years ago, and I at once recognized the portrait."

"You met her? Where?"

"In the country, near Hingham, Massachusetts."

"How? When? By Jove, old fellow, this beats me! What were you doing in Hingham?"

"I lived on a farm near there," replied Blake. Morris leaned forward. For an instant fear had possession of him. Who was this man who lived

"THAT'S A PORTRAIT OF MISS CARDEN—MISS JESSIE CARDEN, OF BOSTON," SAID BLAKE.

on a farm near Hingham, and who was once acquainted with Jessie Carden? Was he John Burt?

"From the time I was thirteen until I ran away from home," Blake continued, with nonchalance and confident mendacity, "I lived on a farm about three miles from the old Bishop mansion. Miss Carden used to visit there in the summer seasons and I saw her frequently. The last time I saw her she cantered past our house with a friend of mine. That reminds me—dear old John—I must look him up when I go to Rocky Woods."

Blake threw back his head and reflectively exhaled a wreath of cigar smoke.

"Does this explain the mystery? I don't see anything wonderful about it except that you have her portrait, and that is probably easily explained. I'm not prying into your affairs, old man?"

"Not at all—not at all! Rammohun, brandy and two bottles of soda," ordered Morris, mopping his forehead. "By Jove, this is remarkable! You speak of a friend of yours—John, you call him—what was his last name?"

"Burt."

"Where is he now?" Morris leaned eagerly forward, his face gray and his lower lip twitching.

"Sure, I don't know! He was with his grandfather on the old Burt farm in Rocky Woods when I left Massachusetts. Why? Do you know John Burt?"

"Confound it, man, he shot me!" exclaimed Morris, springing to his feet and pacing up and down the room. "He shot me, I tell you, and all but put me out for good! And he did it on account of the girl whose portrait you are admiring. The blasted cad was crazy jealous over Miss Carden, who had been so foolish as to tolerate his company. He picked a quarrel with me in a tavern and shot me through the left lung. Laid me up for three months. That old desperado of a grandfather of his nearly killed two officers and aided him to escape. He has not been heard of since."

Blake plied Morris with questions. The latter took large draughts of brandy and recited the successive chapters which led to the tragedy. Except that he made himself the hero of the tale, his account agreed with that told by John Burt. Blake partook sparingly of the brandy, but Morris fed his aroused hate and recollection with the fiery fluid.

According to Morris he was madly in love with Jessie Carden from the moment he saw her. Before he recovered from his wound she was sent abroad by Gen. Carden to complete her education in Paris and Berlin. Two years later Gen. Carden failed in business, his private fortune being wiped out in the crash. Jessie came back from Europe and remained a year with the Bishops. Arthur had induced his father to place Gen. Carden in a salaried position with the Morris bank in New York, and he persuaded Gen. Carden to accept a loan sufficient to defray Jessie's expenses in a second trip abroad. She was in Paris, but had completed her studies, and would return in a few weeks. He was engaged to the dear girl, but the date of the wedding had not been set.

"I've told you more'n any man living," half sobbed Morris, as he leaned on James Blake's shoulder.

Tears stood in his inflamed eyes and trickled down his red, blotched cheeks.

"You'll keep my secret, won't you, old chap?" he pleaded maudlinly. "You're the best friend I've got in the world! People don't like me; they don't know me. You know me, Blake, old fel, don't you? I'm sen'mental—that's what makes me cry. By Jove, you'll be my best man at weddin'—bes' man at my weddin'—won't you?"

He lurched into a chair. The trained and alert Rammohun appeared, deftly undressed him, and solemnly conveyed him to an inner room.

"Poor John!" sighed Blake, a few minutes later, as the Indian servant showed him his room and softly closed the door. "Poor John! Love's a tough proposition, and I'm afraid John's on a dead card! He has waited too long."

CHAPTER XVI.

Bad News.

When Blake arrived in Hingham he felt like a stranger in a foreign land. His parents were dead and his relatives scattered. The village looked smaller than when he was a boy. He felt himself in a living graveyard.

Securing an open carriage and a driver from a livery stable, he rode through the quiet streets and out into the country. "Drive to Thomas Bishop's house," he ordered.

The drawn and dust-covered shutters of the old mansion told their own story. From a passing farmer Blake learned that the Bishops had moved to New York months before. Half an hour later he knocked on Peter Burt's door.

As a boy, Blake stood in awe and fear of the strange old man, but the years had obliterated this feeling. His knock sounded hollow on the great oaken door, and he wondered if the aged recluse yet lived. Mrs. Jasper, the housekeeper, opened the door, and Blake at once recognized her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Jasper? My name is Blake—James Blake. I lived near here when I was a boy. Don't you——"

"Little Jimmy Blake! Well, of all things! I never would have known ye. Come right in—Mr. Blake."

"Is Mr. Burt here?"

"Yes, he's here! Don't know if he'll see ye," she said, hesitatingly, wiping her hands on her apron. "He don't see nobody, ye know."

"Tell him who I am, and say I'm from California," said Blake, who could think of no other introduction.

They stood in the old dashing parlor where Peter Burt had bound the officers the night John Burt left Rocky Woods. As Mrs. Jasper hesitated, the door leading to the sitting room opened and Peter Burt entered. Blake could not see that he had changed a whit. Age had not stayed the strong face nor robbed the massive figure of its strength. He advanced to the center of the room, his eyes fixed searchingly on the face of his visitor.

"What have you to say to me, Blake? Be seated, sir."

Blake took a seat in an antique rocker and shifted his legs uneasily.

"Where is John?"

"John—John—I don't——"

"Do not lie to me, Blake. Tell me what you know of my grandson."

"He is in California, sir!" exclaimed James Blake. When these words were uttered he felt a sensation of relief which was positively exhilarating. "He is alive and well! John is rich, Mr. Burt! He is a millionaire many times over!"

A grave smile lighted the features of Peter Burt. He closed his eyes and lay back in the chair.

"Go on; tell me about it," he said, as Blake paused.

For an hour or more the head of the firm of James Blake & Company recited the history of John Burt's career in California, and the result of the recent speculative campaign in New York. Once in a while the old man asked a question, but he made no comment until the narrative was ended.

"Your heart dominates your judgment, but that is a trait and not a fault," he said, as he arose and offered his hand to James Blake. "God gives us emotions and faculties; from them we must develop character. Do not charge yourself with a broken promise to John. He has kept his pact. I send him my blessing. Say to him that I am strong and well and happy. Say to him that his future field of work is in New York city."

Peter Burt stood in the doorway and watched until the carriage disappeared beyond the old graveyard.

"I'm glad that's ended!" said Blake to himself. "I wonder what I told the old man? Everything, I guess. I'm nearing a crisis, am I? Well, I'm used to crises and guess I can stand one more. Who's coming? His face looks familiar. It's Sam Rounds! Stop, driver! Hollo, Sam! How are you?"

Seated in a stylish road cart, behind a rangy, high-stepping trotter was one of the companions of Blake's boyhood. Sam checked his horse and, with a puzzled grin, looked into the speaker's face.

"Haos de ye dew?" he drawled, slackening the lines. "Yer face looks fee-miliar like, on' yer voice don't sound strange like, either. I believe I know ye! It's Jim Blake! Haos air ye, Jim? Well, well, well! Who'd a thunk it—who'd a thunk it?"

Sam reached across and shook hands with a vigor which nearly pulled Blake out of his carriage.

"Air ye the James Blake I've been readin' erbout? The one that's been givin' them New York sharps a whirl in stocks?" asked Sam.

Blake smiled and nodded his head.

"Is that so? Well, well, well! Say, I'm plumb glad to hear it!" and Sam's smiling face showed it. "Ain't never hearn of John Burt, have ye? No! Well, he'll turn up on top some day, an' don't ye fergit, Sam Rounds ah lers said so. Where be ye goin' to, Jim?"

"I'm going back to New York tonight," replied Blake. "From there I return to San Francisco, but expect to make New York my home."

"Is that so? I'm livin' in New York now," said Sam, handing Blake his card. "Moved there several years ago. Mother an' I are here on a visit for a few days. I've been doin' fairly middlin' well in New York, Jim. When you write me, be shore an' put 'Hon.' before my name," and Sam laughed until the rocks re-echoed his merriment.

"How is that?" asked Blake, gazing blankly at the card.

"Read what it says," insisted Sam. "I'm alderman of my deestrict, an' have just been re-elected tew a second term. Fact!"

"I congratulate you, Sam," said Blake, heartily.

"Sorry ye haven't time tew wait over an' go back with us," Sam said. "But if ye are goin' tew locate in New York, I'll see lots of ye."

"I certainly will look you up when I'm in New York," said Blake. "My regards to your mother, and say I'm sorry I didn't have time to call on her. Are you married, Sam?"

"Nop, but I has hopes," laughed Sam, gathering up the lines. "Good-bye, Jim, good-bye, an' more luck ter ye!"

"Same to you, Sam; good-bye!"

* * * *

Ten days later James Blake arrived in San Francisco. He drove to John's apartment, and was greeted by him in the old study room. Blake sat where he looked at the portrait of Jessie Carden. His heart sank within him.

(To be continued.)

Luxuries of Russian Peasant.

The Russian peasant, even if the bread he eats is black, has a bonne bouche to add to his meal much sought by epicures in the western world—the wild mushrooms which grow thousands upon thousands on the steppes of Russia. At any time a full and savory meal is provided with the addition of sausage and onions; even a mushroom alone often contents them for a meal with their coarse rye bread. The poorest laborer has also a luxurious drink always available from the ever-present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of that beverage, for the best of tents them for a meal with their coarse rye bread. The poorest laborer has also a luxurious drink always available from the ever-present samovar, and the tea they drink would be the envy of any American connoisseur of that beverage, for the best of tea is found in Russia, and all classes enjoy its quality and fragrance. Never is the water allowed to stand on the tea over a few moments, so none of the poisonous tannin is extracted, and a delightful, mildly stimulating, straw-colored drink is the result.

Some Customs of Spain.

Writing of Spanish customs, Israel Zangwill says: "To call one another by our surnames is Spain is a sign of wanting in friendly courtesy; indeed, for the most part, we are ignorant of them. Every grave and reverend senior might be addressed by his surname—and his surname alone—but even he were better addressed by his Christian name, preceded, perhaps, by 'Senor Don,' if reserved for sinners, and then the phrase costs you 5 centimos. That the Portuguese are not to be confounded with the Spaniards is most lucidly learned from their methods of address, for, so far from addressing strangers by an Christian name, Isabella should have to say her ex-colleague—Herk, in our palacio, the very waiter has been heard to utter the order—'Fried eggs for Isabella.' And Isabella is a very stylish demoiselle."

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

Sidney Justice, fruit dealer of Mentor, Ohio, writes: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the day time, but just as bad at night. I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.

Briefest Sermon on Record.

The briefest sermon on record was preached last Sunday by Rev. Charles H. Yatman to an audience in Ocean Grove, N. Y. This domine announced his text, and added, 'Don't worry; it's wicked," and sat down. Which is reminiscent of Beecher's celebrated text one sultry day in Plymouth church, Brooklyn. "It's hotter than hell"; but, then, he did not have the soul of wit shown by the Ocean Grove pastor, for he went on to pronounce one of his long but eloquent sermons on the sinfulness of profanity. Mr. Yatman takes the cup.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
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Irreverent Youth.

An evangelist preaching in Georgia recently saw a well-dressed young man leaving the church. Shaking his finger at the absconder, the preacher thundered: "Young man, would you rather go to hell than to sit here and hear me finish this sermon?" Stopping a moment and scratching his head, the young man replied, "Yes, I think I would," and stepped outside the doors. It broke up the meeting.

It is announced that, following serial publication in The Century, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington: Told in the Form of an Autobiography" will be published in two editions in the fall, one limited to five hundred copies. The August chapters of this unique serial will tell of the circumstances leading to Washington's retirement from the colonial service, and later, of his appointment on General Braddock's personal staff.

Three Famous Smokers.

Fabulous things have been said about Grant's smoking propensities. My word of honor that Grant's cigars over which he meditated, and about which so much has been senselessly published, were cast aside but never relighted, while Sherman and Meade would make the air blue like volcanoes.—"Grant's Shadow" in National Magazine for August.

Millionaires Becoming Common.

Even wealth does not always bring notoriety to its possessor. Few people outside his immediate circle know anything about Amos M. Lyon, the successor of Russell Sage in the New York put and call market. And yet he is worth more than $25,000,000. So common are millionaires nowadays!

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Still Carries On.

"What's become of Barker? He certainly was a fine talker. He always carried the crowd with him."

"He still does."

"Is he a lecturer?"

"No, a motorman."

The World To-Day for August is worthy of the success which has resulted from its reduction in price from $3.00 to $1.00 per year. In point of illustrations, articles and editorials it is the leading 10-cent magazine.

Lord Chancellor's Anniversary.

The earl of Halsbury has completed the ninth anniversary of his third appointment as lord chancellor. He is nearly 80 years of age.

Why It is the Best

is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 12 cents.

If H. Rider Haggard would stop reading his own stories he might not have such awful nightmares.

DROWN IN RIVER WHILE WADING

Seven Girls and a Man Sink to Their Death in the Mississippi.

WAVES FROM STEAMER'S WASH

Little Ones Held Tight to One Another When Walking on the Sandbar Off Alton, and All but One Lose Lives.

Alton, Ill., special: While bathing in the Mississippi river Friday night Michael Riley, his daughter and six of the latter's little girl friends were drowned. One child, who was in the party, was rescued.

The dead:
Michael Riley, 52 years old.
Elizabeth Riley, 11 years old.
Alle Syner, 14 years old.
Lucy Blair, 10 years old.
Lizzie Baker, 13 years old.
Bessie Brum, 14 years old.
Myrtle Brum, 10 years old.
Ruth Marshall, 12 years old.

Riley lived near the river in the southern part of the city and was accustomed to frolicking on the beach in front of his home after his return from work. His little daughter begged to go with him and Riley took her and seven of her girl friends to the beach with him. The children joined hands and they all waded into the river and walked along a sandbar which stretched out into the stream at that point. They had gone some distance from the shore, when suddenly the whole party disappeared beneath the water, having in the darkness stepped from the sand bar into the deep channel.

Children Struggle for Life.

The children struggled, screamed and tried desperately to reach the sand bar, where the water was only a foot or so in depth. Riley, who is said to have been a good swimmer, is thought to have been made helpless by the girls clinging to him and hampering his efforts to save them.

The only one in the party to regain the sandbar was Mary Timiny, 8 years old. The child is unable to tell how she saved herself, beyond the statement that, "I snatched my hand loose from the grasp of the little girl next to me, and soon found that I could stand up and that the water only came to my knees."

The beach where the accident occurred is practically deserted after nightfall, and the screams of the little Timiny girl failed to attract any one to the scene. After Riley and her playmates had disappeared beneath the water the child ran from the beach and reached her home screaming at the top of her lungs. She was so hysterical that it was some time before her parents could gather an account of what had occurred.

Immediately Mr. Timiny organized a rescue party, but when they reached the beach there was no sign of Riley and the seven little girls. Boats were hastily secured and in a short time four of the bodies had been recovered. Searching parties worked late into the night.

Survivor Tells of Disaster.

According to the account of the accident given by the little Timiny girl, after she had been in a measure calmed by her parents, the drowning was caused by the excitement incident to the passage of a large river steamer.

The girl says that they had waded some distance into the stream, keeping carefully to the sand bar, when the wash from the steamer caused waves of considerable height to come ashore. Before entering the water Riley had instructed the little ones to maintain a tight grasp on each other's hands, he taking a place in the center.

The wash from the steamer created considerable confusion among the girls, Mary explains, and in the darkness they lost their bearings and before they were aware of their danger two or three of them had stepped off the sand bar into the channel, dragging the others with them.

The Timiny girl was at the end of the line and when her companions dragged her from the sand bar she was the nearest to shore water and to that fact she owes her escape.

HANG FROM 225 FOOT TRESTLE

Girl and Two Children Brave Peril to Escape Train on High Bridge.

Cincinnati, O., special: Sarah Burns of Highbridge, Ky., and Margaret and Mary Sweeney, aged 10 and 12, in order to escape the Queen and Crescent flyer while walking over the high trestle at Highbridge hung by their hands over the edge of the trestle, 225 feet above the Kentucky river, while the heavy train dashed over them. None of the children was hurt.

Stranded Craft Breaks Up.

Atlantic City, N. J., special: The schooner Rebecca Smith, from Rockport Me., for Philadelphia, laden with paving blocks, which went ashore at Little Egg harbor, has broken up and will be a total loss.

Dr. Jayne is Reappointed.

Springfield, Ill., special: Dr. William Jayne has been appointed by Gov. Yates to succeed himself as a member of the state board of public charities, of which he is president.

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HON. M. C. BUTLER,
Ex-United States Senator From South Carolina.

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Peruna is not simply a remedy for dyspepsia. Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Peruna cures dyspepsia because it is generally dependent upon catarrh of the stomach.

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