JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

CHAPTER NINE—Continued.

Two warm arms were clasped around his neck, a face wet with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder, and she kissed him twice, with the live kisses that come from the heart of a woman whose affection has passed the mysterious border that separates friendship from love.

"Good-bye, John; God bless you and guard you!"

"Good-bye, Jessie; good-bye!"

He watched her as she faded away from him and disappeared beyond the vines which shaded the veranda.

Under the arched maples where he had walked with Jessie so many times, and down the sandy road where they had loitered in summer days now gone forever, John Burt urged the horse along. It was two miles to Peter Burt's, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the gate. John rode forward and recognized his grandfather.

"You did well to come home, my boy," said the old man, whose deep, calm voice held an anxious note. "Something has happened, and my soul has been calling you since dusk. Ride to the graveyard and I'll follow you. It isn't safe to talk here."

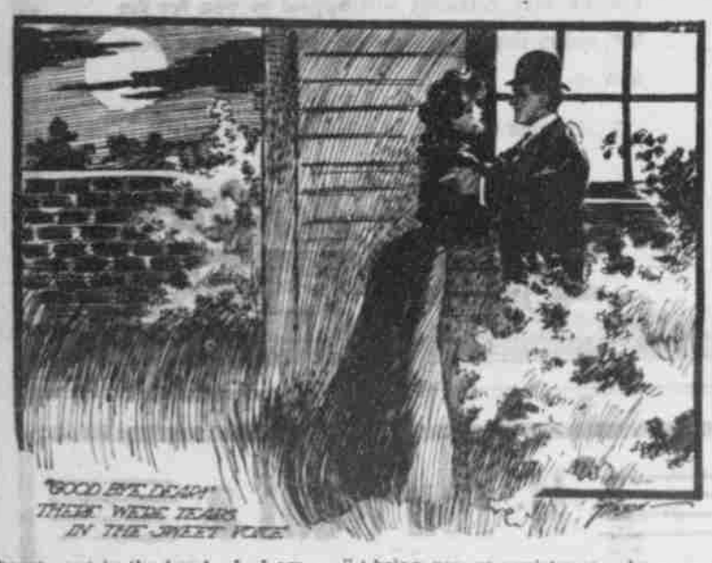
In the far corner of the old graveyard John Burt hitched his horse and turned to meet his grandfather. The old man seated himself on the grave of the pioneer Burt who, two hundred years before, had dared the dangers of the wilderness.

"Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents of the tragedy.

The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minuten after John had ended.

"He deserved to die, and it was written that he should perish by violence; but his blood is not on your head," began the old man calmly. "Murder, in the sight of God, is in the heart—not in the hand. I—I am——"



Peter Burt's voice broke, and a shudder swept over him; but he controlled himself, and continued:

"My boy, will you take your grandfather's advice?"

"I will, grandfather—I will!" replied John firmly.

"It is written in God's word: 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; for a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again,'" said Peter Burt, laying his hand on John's shoulder. "God has willed that you shall be His instrument in great undertakings, and it is decreed that the events of to-day shall not be a stumbling-block to your feet. You are now to go out into the world, and though you may know it not, God will guide your footsteps. It were folly to imagine that this unprovoked quarrel points to your undoing. It is the sign that you are at once to depart from fields you have outgrown, to take up your work in that broader sphere which is waiting you. Something has whispered to me that you should go to California. To-day's event is the sign that you go now. You will start to-night, my boy, and God will be with you. Hush! I hear the hoofs of horses!"

The old man jumped to his feet. "Officers are coming!" he said in a low voice. "I will meet them. Remain here till I return. Hold that horse by the nose lest he whinny."

As John sprang to the horse's head, the old man vanished in the darkness.

Peter Burt entered the rear door of his house and was in his room when the tramp of steps was heard, followed by loud knocking. The old man waited awhile as if dressing. He then lighted a lamp and stood in the hallway. The pounding had been repeated at intervals, and gruff voices were heard in impatient conversation.

"Who's there?" demanded the old man.

"We are officers of the law, Mr. Burt," a voice declared. "We are after John Burt, your grandson, who has killed a man."

"Have you a warrant for his arrest, or a search warrant?" demanded the old man. "Show me one at the window and I will open the door. If you have none, begone, and let me rest in peace."

A conference followed, and a gruff voice rose in anger.

"Let us in, old man," it thundered. "Warrant or no warrant, let us in, or by God we'll pound your door down and take you along with your murderin' grandson!"

"Open my door at your peril!" said Peter Burt sternly. "Show me your authority, and you can enter my house. This house is my castle, and no man has ever entered it without my consent."

Growling threats, the men retired. In a minute they returned, armed with a log. Used as a battering ram, it was hurled against the heavy oaken door. For a time the stout frame resisted, but with a crash the jamb gave way and the door flew open. With an oath and a call to his companion, the larger of the two rushed in.

As the man crossed the threshold the patriarch's left arm flew out, and the corded fingers gripped the reckless intruder by the throat. The second man hit the old farmer a glancing blow with the butt end of a revolver. With a catlike movement, Peter Burt wrenched his opponent's forearm. With a cry of pain the man dropped the weapon to the floor. Before he could guard himself Peter Burt dealt him a hard blow on the face, and gripped him by the neck as he reeled against the wall.

Holding the two men at arm's length, Peter cracked their heads together, and then dragged them into the room, where the lamplight fell on their faces. The protruding tongue and the blood-surged face of the one who had led the charge caused Peter Burt to relax his hold, and the man fell limp to the floor. A glance showed that his companion was senseless, and the old man stretched him out on the carpet.

Peter Burt produced a coil of rope from a closet, and with the dexterity of a sailor bound the senseless men. He then proceeded to revive them.

"I have not gagged you," said Peter Burt, as he stood over them, "for the reason that your cries would bring you no assistance. As soon as convenient, I will give you more comfortable quarters. Now that you are here, you may spend the night with me."

Seating himself at a desk, Peter Burt wrote two letters, and sealed them. He then opened a huge, iron-bound chest, and for half an hour was busy with its contents. When his work was ended, he quitted the room without so much as a glance at the silent figures on the floor. John met him at the gateway.

"Here are your instructions, John," he said. "Go to your room and select such trifles as you can carry in your saddle-bags. You must make Plymouth before daybreak. This letter is addressed to a man in Plymouth. Here is a ring. Show him this ring with the letter. Stay in his house all day, and start for New Bedford about ten o'clock to-morrow night. You must arrive in New Bedford before daybreak, and go to the address on this letter. When you find it show Captain Horton the letter and the ring. He will put you on board the Segregansett, which sails for the South Pacific in three days from now. This third package you will not examine until well at sea. Here is money. Enter the house and make no unnecessary noise. I will saddle your horse and wait at the barn."

The sky was aflame with lightning as John stood once more by the old man's side. The rumble of thunder told of the near approach of the tempest.

"John," said Peter Burt as he grasped the boy's hand in his, "I feel no sorrow save the pain of a temporary parting. I shall see you again, my boy; I shall clasp your hand in the vigor of your manhood, when success has crowned your efforts, and when your happiness is complete. Do not write to me or attempt to communicate with me, or with anyone, until you are rich and strong enough to meet your enemies on equal ground. During these coming years let money be your ambition. You live in an age when money is the god of the material world. Understanding has been granted to you, and when you apply yourself to the struggle the thrill of knowledge will pervade you. You have received a ken of this world's affairs, so that I can say to you in the language of Isaiah: 'I will give thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places.' Rest secure in that promise, have abiding faith in it, and hold no communication with those who love you until my prophecy has come to pass. Do you promise me, my boy?"

"I do, grandfather!" said John, who was deeply affected. "You have been so good——"

"Never mind, my boy; thank God, not me. Good-bye, John—God bless you!"

The first drops of the storm pattered on the dusty roadway as the old man raised his hands and gave John his blessing. Springing into the saddle, the boy caught one last glimpse of Peter Burt in a brilliant flash of lightning which glorified his heroic figure, his white hair shining as a halo above his brow.

It was four o'clock when he halted at a small house on the outskirts of Plymouth. Years before, with Peter Burt, he had visited the old sailor who was spending there his declining years. After repeated knocking, the old man opened the door. John handed him the letter and showed the ring. He read the letter and heartily greeted his guest.

"Enough said, my boy!" he declared, as he burned the letter. "You'll be as safe here as in God's pocket. Make yourself comfortable and I'll stow away your horse."

When the old man returned he prepared a breakfast which John ate with relish, and then his host showed him to a bed which, though hard, seemed the most delightful place he had found in years. The sun was low when John woke. The old sailor did not betray the slightest curiosity concerning John's journey, and at ten o'clock his guest bade him farewell with sincere thanks for his hospitality.

The night ride to New Bedford was made without incident. It was three o'clock when John knocked at Captain Horton's door; and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expectin' ye!" he said as he opened the door. "Glad to meet ye, Joe," he said, turning to a sleepy-eyed boy, "take care of this lad's horse."

John secured the contents of the saddle-bags, and an hour later stepped on board the Segregansett. Captain Horton showed him his quarters and advised him to "turn in." He did so, and when he awoke the heaving and groaning of the old whaler told him that she was on the open sea.

Not until the Segregansett had left the Bermudas did John open the package which had been given to him by Peter Burt. It contained a long letter from the old man, describing a spot in the California mountains, of which a dying sailor had told him years before. The poor fellow declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working his way back to Boston, hoping to interest the necessary capital. In Peter Burt's letter was enclosed a rough map which the sailor had sketched when he realized that death stood in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an outer covering of oilskin. John unwrapped it and disclosed a large, old-fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. In this wallet he found a layer of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers tingled as he handled the notes. Ten thousand dollars! Jessie seemed much nearer as John looked at those bits of paper.

The scenes and incidents of that eighteen thousand mile journey around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of this narrative. One bright afternoon the Segregansett sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer Reliance, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Carden treasured the secret of a sensation strangely akin to new-born love. On the walls of her class-room was a large map, and she loved to look at it and wonder what spot of land or sea held John Burt.

(To b continued.)

An Unkind Question.

It was shortly after the house committee of the Democratic club promulgated a resolution that evening dress should be worn by members and visitors who dined or paid evening visits to the club, that Tom Dunn, the former sheriff, fell into a library arm chair one night.

Mr. Dunn's own garb would have passed muster at Marlborough House, so he looked around upon the throng in confidence and content.

There came a certain man of business to the club that night who wore an evening suit which was well-fitting, expensive, and correct in detail.

But he did not look comfortable. Pride kept him quiet for a few moments, at the end of which pride caused him to ask:

"How do you like it, Tom?"

"It's immense," said Dunn; "why don't you buy it?"—New York Telegraph.

Uncle Sam as Foster Mother.

A rural conscript during the civil war appeared before the board of enrollment and desired to be exempt that he might return to his country home.

"What are your claims?" asked the doctor.

"I am entirely dependent upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply.

The members of the board smiled, and the doctor replied:

"I am happy to assure you, my honest hearted friend, that the government is prepared to at once relieve your mother of so unsuitable a burden and assume your entire charge and expense during the next three years.

JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS. All rights reserved. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE

Cupid had stolen upon her in the night. He had fired an arrow and fled. She felt the delicious tingle of the wound in her heart, and wondered if it was love.

CHAPTER TEN.

Samuel Lemuel Rounds.

"The Roundses don't run much tew ancestry, I reckon; leastwise our end on 'em don't," Sam Rounds had explained to John Burt on one occasion. "Course I've got a lot of ancestors back somewhar, but who'n thunder they are, blamed 'f I know!"

It is reasonably well established that a Rounds settled in Rehoboth fully one hundred years before Sam was born, but the latter's recollection did not extend back of his father—one Hiram Rounds. The annals of Hiram Rounds and his family can be epitomized in one word—work.

"Dad shorely was er hard worker an' no mistake," explained Sam. "When thar wa'nt no work tew dew on our farm, he'd hire out tew ther neighbors fer fifty or seventy-five cents er day. And at night we'd all shave hoops after supper, working 'til nine an' sometimes ten o'clock. In the winter dad would haul logs tew Newport. He shorely was the champion worker 'round Rehoboth. Lots er strong young fellers came up from Attleboro and tried to mow a swath with dad, but he bushed all on 'em."

"Killing himself to live," mused John Burt.

"Wall, I reckon he did—leastwise Doc Reynolds 'lowed so. Dad died when he was forty-eight. He teamed all night, three nights runnin', workin' out the poll-tax fer the neighbors, an' he had er stroke. Doc warned him then tew let up er bit, but dad just somehow couldn't, and he pitched in ergain. He was shinglin' ther roof of ther barn, erbout elevon o'clock one night, an' I guess he had erother stroke. The doctor couldn't exactly tell whether he had er stroke, er whether he fell off an' broke his neck, er both—enyhow he was dead when they picked him up. I wasn't home at ther time—I was in Fall River workin' in the mills. When us young ones got tew be twelve years old most on us was packed uff an' sot tew work in ther cotton mills er in the match factories. Five of my sisters worked in ther cotton mills. Nowadays ther workin' men are talkin' erbout er ten-hour day, an' some on 'em is strikin' fer an' eight-hour day. My sisters an' thousands of other girls used tew work from six o'clock in ther mornin' till nine at night, an' they was mighty glad tew git ther chance. Where air my sisters now? Two on 'em is dead, two married, an' one's in an asylum."

"You never told me how you made your start, Sam," John said, taking advantage of his friend's reminiscent mood.

"Reckon I never would got started if I had tew depend on wages," reflected Sam. "Worked in er shop in Providence fer three years an' saved up er hundred dollars. Then dad died an' left me part of ther old farm. I sold out fer six hundred. Went up ter Vermont and bought some hosses an' brought 'em back an' sold 'em. Then I kept on buyin' an' sellin' 'em. When I had enough money I bought that air strip of land I own now, and I've been thare ever since. I've been down ter New York, lookin' it over, an' have erbout decided ter locate thare. That's er great town, John, an' I knows more erbout hosses than moss on 'em down thataway. What dew ye think erbout it, John?"

Sam looked anxiously into the face of his friend.

"I should go," said John decisively. "There's a fortune waiting for you in New York, Sam. Go, by all means."

This settled it with Sam. A month after the Segregansett sailed away with John Burt, a Providence steamer carried Sam Rounds and fifty carefully selected horses to New York. Since the death of his father Sam had provided for his mother, who lived with him in a well-built house on his Hingham stock farm.

Mrs. Rounds was a faded little woman who had reached her threescore of years. She looked frail, but was seemingly incapable of physical fatigue. She had reared a family of ten children, and for more than forty years had averaged sixteen hours of work a day. Her girlhood was spent in a factory and her honeymoon in a kitchen.

When Sam was able to build a house he declared that it should be his mother's home. He registered a vow that she should do no more work.

The good old lady was astonished and a bit dismayed when she examined the modest house Sam had erected.

"This is a nice place," she said—pride of her son and hereditary caution struggling for mastery. "It must ha' cost a lot of money. I'm afraid you're reckless and extravagant, Samuel. Don't be extravagant, Samuel. It's a besetting sin."

"There ain't no commandment agin it; leastwise I never saw none in the Bible," said Sam, who was a perpetual mystery to his mother. "To my way of thinkin', extravagance is erbout the only thing worth livin' fer. I aims ter be the most extravagant chap ever turned outer Rocky Woods."

The reproving look on his mother's face vanished when Sam threw his strong arms around her and kissed her with a resounding smack. They entered the house, and Sam escorted his mother to a cozy room and told her that it was her own. She looked at the tasteful furniture, the snowy linen, the bright rugs, and the pictures, and tears stood in her eyes.

"This is too good for me, Samuel," she said, holding his hands and looking fondly into his eyes. "But you must be hungry. I'll change my dress and get dinner. Where's the kitchen, Samuel?"

"Never mind erbout the kitchen," said Sam. "There ain't no kitchen fer you. Dinner's all ready, anyhow. Come on, Ma Rounds. I'll show you the cutest dinin'-room ye ever sot yer eyes on."

It was a pretty dining-room. A broad bay window, framed with morning glories, looked out on a well-kept lawn. The table was decorated with flowers, and the table linen was flawless. To the old farmwife these modest comforts realized her dreams of prodigality.

Sam touched a bell, and a trim, white-aproned maid responded. She placed a tureen in front of the master of the house and moved noiselessly away. Mrs. Rounds gazed searchingly, first at the young woman and then at Sam.

"Seems like old times tew have you offer a blessin'," said Sam, as he served his mother a portion of the savory soup.

"Who is that woman?" she asked.

"Her name is Mrs. Fletcher. She's the housekeeper here. She's a widow lady, an' a mighty good woman."

"Of course you'll let her go now," his mother said, when the housekeeper had served a roast of lamb, a dish of green peas, browned potatoes and some tender cabbage. "I can do the cookin' an' all the work here now. What do you pay her, Samuel?"

"Seven dollars a—a month," said Sam, who preferred the falsehood rather than the confession of the appalling truth that Mrs. Fletcher received that amount per week. "She's an awful good cook, ma."

"Seven dollars a month and her keep," mused Mrs. Rounds. "That would be as much as twelve dollars a month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, Samuel. We can save all that. Let her go at once, Samuel, and I will do the work."

"You'll do nothin', Ma Rounds," said Sam, decidedly. "You've worked night onto fifty years, an' that's enough. Now, I'm go'in ter dew ther work, an' you're goin' ter dew ther playin' an' restin'. Of course you can sew an' boss ther girl an' putter 'round like, but you must keep outer ther kitchen, an' forgit that brooms ever was made. Don't you worry erbout money; I've got enough money ter keep both on us er hundred years, an' I'm goin' ter have more."

Sam took his mother to Boston and superintended the purchase of dress materials, a bonnet, and various articles of apparel. On this occasion he was guilty of a scheme of deception which filled his soul with joy. He was acquainted with Mr. Farnsworth, the merchant, and calling him aside, said:

"I want you tew wait on mother an' me, yerself, Mr. Farnsworth. Mother is the best woman in the world, but she thinks I'm extravagant, an' I wouldn't hurt her feelins fer anything. Now, I tell ye what ye can dew. When she picks out a cheap thing, you multiply the price by four er five, an' when ye show her somethin' bang-up an' good enough fer a princess, put the price way down. D'ye understand? An' when we gets through, give me the true bill and show her the other one, an' I'll make it all right fer yer trouble. An' mind ye, I want the best in ther store for Mother Rounds."

The merchant smilingly agreed to this arrangement and entered heartily into the deception. Mrs. Rounds had never been in Boston until that day, although all her life had been spent within an hour's ride from the New England metropolis. Occasional visits to the dry-goods shops of Taunton formed epochs in her life, and she was dazed at the contemplation of the sight before her. The shelves, with their load of fabrics, seemed endless, and she crouched behind a marble column for fear of being in the way of the chattering, laughing throng of shoppers.

"I don't want much, Samuel," she whispered, as Mr. Farnsworth turned to take down a bolt of dress goods. "We must be economical, Samuel. Tell him to show us some ginghams."

"All right, Ma Rounds; watch me beat him down," returned Sam, nudging her gently with his elbow.

"Here is a stylish pattern, Mrs. Rounds," said Mr. Farnsworth, displaying a neat gingham, worth perhaps ten cents a yard.

"How much a yard?" asked Sam.

Mr. Farnsworth gravely consulted the cabalistic price mark.

"The regular price is ninety-five cents a yard, but," lowering his voice and glancing about to make sure he was not overheard, "I will make it to you at eighty cents."

"Eighty cents a yard for gingham!" gasped Mrs. Rounds.

"It is imported goods, Mrs. Rounds," explained Mr. Farnsworth, critically stroking the print. "It wears like silk. We carry no domestic ginghams. Here is one at eighty-five cents and this one is a dollar and ten a yard. That would make you a fine gown, Mrs. Rounds."

"Let's go somewhere else, Samuel," whispered his mother, positively frightened. "I can buy gingham in Taunton for eight cents a yard."

"Wait a bit," said Sam reassuringly. "What have ye got in silks, Mr. Farnsworth?"

"We have a fine line of silks," replied that gentleman, leading the way to another counter. "I should recommend a heavy black gros grain silk for Mrs. Rounds. We have them at all prices. Here is one at a dollar and a half a yard."

He displayed a silk worth at least three dollars a yard. The old lady looked fondly at the glossy fabric. The temptation was great, but she closed her lips firmly and put Satan behind her.

"Too much," said Sam decisively. "We're not rich ner proud, Mr. Farnsworth. Show us somethin' cheaper."

"Very well. Here is one at a dollar a yard, and here is one which is a bargain." He unrolled a superb, heavy bolt of silk, lustrous black and a delight to the eye. He examined the price mark critically. It told him that the wholesale cost was four dollars a yard and the upset retail figure four dollars and seventy-five cents.

"I can let you have that at eighty cents a yard," he said after a mental calculation.

"Now, ye're gittin' down tew business," Sam declared tentatively. "That's tew much, but it's more like it. What do you think of the goods, Ma Rounds? You'd look like a four-year old in a gown made of that."

"It's very fine—too fine for me, I'm afraid." She was weakening. "And it's cheap, if it's real silk. Is it really and truly silk?" She looked timidly at Mr. Farnsworth, who assured her it was silk beyond a doubt.

(To be continued.)

TURNED THEM ALL DOWN.

Culprit Evidently Not Impressed by Appearance of Lawyers.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw told the following story when he was in New York the other day of the time he was practicing law in Iowa.

One of his townsmen was arraigned for a crime and had no counsel. The Judge explained to him that he was entitled to have counsel assigned to him. He pointed out several attorneys in the courtroom, naming them as he did so, and said:

"Here are Mr. So-and-So and So-and-So, and Mr. Smith is out in the corridor. You can choose any one you want and I will assign him to defend you."

The prisoner slowly looked the lawyers in the courtroom over, one after the other, and then replied:

"If it suits your honor just as well, I'd as soon have the one in the hall."—New York Times.

Wanted Home Industry.

A wealthy Scotch ironmaster called on a country squire and was ushered into the library. He had never seen such a room before, and was much impressed with the handsome cases and the array of well-bound volumes that filled their shelves. The next time he went to Glasgow he made a point of calling at a well-known bookseller's, when the following conversation is reported to have taken place: "I want you to get me a leebrary." "Very well, Mr. ——; I'll be pleased to supply you with books. Can you give me any list of such books as you would like?" "Ye ken mair aboot buiks than I do, so you can choose them yourself." "Then you leave the selection entirely to me? Would you like them bound in Russia or Morocco?" "Russia or Morocco? Can ye no' get them bound in Glasco?"