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# JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER SIX—Continued.

"Isn't it good to be an American?" asked Jessie, as her hand stole into John's. Just then a full-rigged ship, making from Boston Harbor, spread her sails and stood out past them. Jessie looked at her as Lohengrin might have looked at the swan, and whispered:

"Wasn't it Longfellow who stood here and felt with us?"

"My soul is full of longing For the secret of the sea; And the heart of the great ocean Sends a thrilling pulse through me!"

"Yes, Jessie, not only Longfellow, but Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing dreamed here," said John. But, Jessie, poetry makes poor feeding. I'm hungry."

"So am I," laughed Jessie. "Come on, I'll race you to the inn!" and she sprang to her saddle before John could assist her.

Picking their way carefully down the steep hill, they reached the hard roadbed. Then Jessie spoke to her horse and dashed ahead. She was a good rider, and, though it was a close race, John gallantly conceded defeat.

In the dining-room were many guests from Boston and they united to make a merry party. It was three o'clock when they started again for Nantasket. The five miles they covered at a canter.

As John helped Jessie from her horse at Nantasket some one touched him on the shoulder. John turned.

"Hau de ye dew, John?" exclaimed a strange figure of a man, standing there all grins. "I swan, I'm glad ter see ye up an' round agin! Hau de ye dew, John? Hou air ye?"

"All right, Sam," said John shaking hands.

Sam was the country sport of Rocky Woods, with a fame extending to Cohasset and not wholly unknown in Hingham. It was Saturday, and Sam was in gala attire. He was tall and



awkward. His large, good-natured mouth, wide open, displayed rows of white teeth; his small blue eyes twinkled shrewdly, and his ears stood clear of a mass of red hair.

John glanced at Jessie and the laughter in her eyes was a sufficient hint.

"Miss Carden, let me present Mr. Rounds, a schoolmate and neighbor."

Sam doffed his cap with a sweeping bow.

"Delighted ter meet ye, Miss Carden," he exclaimed, with a sincerity which did not belie his words. He extended a huge hand. "Have often seen ye ridin' and heard all about that air runnaway. I swan, that was a mighty ticklish shave fer ye, Miss Carden. Tell ye what let's do! Let's have some sody water an' ice cream. It's my treat to-day! Sold a hoss this mornin' an' made forty-two dollars clean profit on him. I'm great on hosses, Miss Carden. John, here, runs ter books an' studyin' an' all that. But, as I say, my strong holt is hosses. They say we all has our little weaknesses—present company, of course, expected. Let's go an' git that sody an' ice cream." And Sam led the way to a pavilion and impressively ordered the suggested refreshments.

Jessie engaged Sam in conversation, laughing merrily at his odd remarks and stories. He pointed to an old farmer who drove past in a rickety wagon.

"There goes old man Shaw," said Sam. "He lives down the road from our house, an' he's a great character. Yesterday mornin' Mrs. Shaw told the old man the cistern order be cleaned out. It hadn't rained for so long that the water was all gone, and she 'lowed it was a good chance tew clean it out. Old man Shaw 'lowed she was right, but said his rheumatics was so all-fired bad it wouldn't dew fer him tew go down intew no damp place like a cistern; so he 'lowed the old woman an' sent her down a pail of water an' some soap an' a scrubbin' brush.

"I'll go down tew the postoffice an' see if there's a letter, an' then come back and pull ye out," he hollered down the openin'.

"All right," an' went tew work. Old man Shaw went tew the postoffice, asked fer a letter, an' of course, there warn't none. He started back, an' was just passin' the cobbler's place, when he met Jones.

"Where ye goin'?" he asked old man Shaw.

"The old woman's cleanin' the cistern, an' I've got tew go home an' haul her out," says Shaw.

"She ain't got it done yet," says

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Arthur Morris.

When Randolph Morris had amassed a couple of millions in New York banking and stock manipulation, he decided to establish a New England country place in keeping with his wealth and station. He selected a site near Hingham, overlooking Massachusetts bay, with a distant view of the ocean. For years workmen were busy with the great stone mansion. Terraces, verdant in turf, gave beauty to the surrounding rocks now softened with vines. Stables, conservatories, and lodges lent new distinction to the landscape.

The eldest of the Morris children was Arthur, the heir to the bulk of the Morris fortunes. His age was twenty-four, and his experience in certain matters that of a man of forty. He

was of medium height and stocky build, with features of aristocratic mold, but weakened and puffed as from habitual excesses. He had recently attained the notoriety of an unconditional expulsion from Yale. His name had figured in New York prints in an escapade with a foreign actress, but the story was denied and suppressed before it reached the usual climax.

Commencement days were past. One June morning Jessie Carden arrived in Hingham, and was met by Mr. and Mrs. Bishop in the old family carriage. Arthur Morris also chanced to be at the station. As Jessie Carden ran forward and affectionately greeted her relatives, Arthur Morris gazed at her with a scrutiny too close to be condoned as a well-bred stare. She wore a gray traveling dress, and looked so charming that one might be pardoned for an almost rude admiration.

"Gad, but she's a beauty!" he exclaimed, as Jessie stepped into the carriage. "Thank God there's at least one good-looking girl in the neighborhood! Who the devil is she? Stranger, I suppose. James," he said in a low voice, addressing his tutor, "get in and be ready to take the horses if I tell you."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy solemnly, raising a gloved hand to his hat. Under a strong curb the horses followed the Bishop vehicle.

Delighted to return to the country, Jessie Carden little suspected that her arrival had so aroused the blasé blood of the banker millionaire's son. It was a long drive, but at last Arthur Morris saw the carriage turn into the Bishop yard. He drove leisurely past the place till he regained the main road.

On the old bridge spanning the creek he met a young man, in a light road wagon. Morris halted his team, and signaled the driver with a wave of his hand.

"I say, who lives in the big house to the south, on this side of the road?"

"Mr. Bishop lives there—Mr. Thomas Bishop," replied John Burt.

"Thanks," said Arthur Morris with a short bow. "Any daughters? I'm a new comer in this locality," he explained with a smile meant to be confiding.

"Mr. Bishop has no daughter," said John, proud to give information on a subject so dear to him. "The young lady in their carriage was probably Miss Carden. She spends the summer seasons with them. She's expected to-dey from Boston."

"Carden? Carden?" repeated Morris, as if the matter were merely of passing moment. "I fancy I've heard of her people."

"Her father is a Boston banker."

"Ah, yes; I know. Lovely old place—that of the Bishops—isn't it? Fine old gables, and an air of age—Pilgrim Fathers, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Think I'll try to induce the governor to buy it. Lovely day! Delighted to have met you, Mr.—Mr. Brown. Git up, you brute!" and the tandem was lashed past John Burt.

That evening after dinner Arthur Morris found his father in the library. For some time both smoked in silence.

"I say, governor," said Arthur, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him, "do you know any Cardens in Boston?"

"I know Marshall Carden, the banker," growled the millionaire. "What about him?"

"Oh, nothing much," rejoined the son carelessly. "What's he worth?"

"He's worth more than he'll be agin," said Randolph Morris grimly. "He's in L. & O. stock up to his neck. If you knew as much about stocks as you do about trousers, that would mean something to you—but it doesn't. Carden is supposed to be worth half a million. When he gets through with L. & O. some one else will have the money and he'll have experience. What do you want to know about Carden? Has he a daughter?" The old man looked sharply at Arthur Morris.

(To be continued.)

One on Senator Overman.

Senator Overman was recently in North Carolina to act as attorney for defendants in a murder trial. He climbed into a bootblack's chair in Salisbury one day. The negro boy was rather bright and the senator engaged him in conversation.

"Who is the governor of this state?" asked the senator.

"I 'lown' no, boss," was the reply, for which the senator chided the bootblack. Gov. Charlie Aycock is very popular in the old North state, and Democrats think everybody ought to know his name.

The polishing of the senator's shoes proceeded, and the negro lad seemed to be in a mental abstraction. But he soon broke the silence.

"Boss," he inquired, "who am the gubernator of Mississippi?"

The senator had to admit that he could not remember.—Washington Post.

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