JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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Chapter XVII.—Continued.

Morris stood a few steps back of Jessie and devoured her with his eyes. He noted the soft folds of her hair, the rounded curves of her neck, and as one spell-bound watched her deft fingers as they glided over the surface of the sketch book.

With a little sigh of disappointment Jessie dropped the folio on her lap. Not in months had she drawn with less skill. What could be the matter? She felt oppressed and under some malign influence. Instinctively she turned and looked squarely into the ardent eyes and eager face of Arthur Morris. With an involuntary cry of surprise, fear and vexation, she sprang to her feet, the sketch book falling to the floor.

"Why, Miss Carden!" exclaimed Morris, with stimulated astonishment. "Really, this is an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to meet you. Permit me—" And he picked up the sketch book, bowed, and extended his hand.

In these brief seconds Jessie had regained her self-possession. "You have surprised me, Mr. Morris," she said quietly, ignoring his proffered hand. "You must be aware that this is not a public reception room. We can talk without disturbing any one in the lobby."

A minute later they were in the comparatively deserted outer hall.

"You have no right to follow me here or to annoy me by your attentions," said Jessie Carden, confronting him with flashing eyes. He fumbled nervously at his watch charm.

"It was purely accidental, I assure you," he stammered.

"Your arrival was announced in the Berlin papers," said Jessie, coldly. "I learned this morning that you bribed my servants, and realized that an interview with you was inevitable, but I did not think you would presume to intrude your presence during my study hours. You take an unfair advantage of an accidental acquaintance. That acquaintance was terminated last summer by your acts and conduct, and I have no desire to renew it. You have had the education and opportunities of a gentleman, and must respect my wishes."

She turned and entered the gallery. Morris stood as if riveted to the floor—dazed, ashen-faced and speechless. Obeying a wild impulse, he rushed after her, but halted at the door. With a smothered oath he retraced his steps, and hailing his coachman, drove through Unter der Linden.

For the second time in his life the fact had been forced upon him that there were ambitions beyond the reach of his money. The thought envenomed him. Again he made a vow that Jessie Carden should be his. His heavy lips parted in a sullen smile as he pictured her surrender. The longer it was delayed the sweeter would be his triumph.

The morning train for Paris had Arthur Morris for a passenger. It was months before he returned to New York to become a junior partner in the firm of Randolp Morris & Company.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Diplomacy.

After an absence of two years Jessie Carden looked forward with pleasure to a home-coming. She had bidden her instructors and friends adieu, and was about leaving Berlin for a brief visit to Paris, when she received a cablegram from General Carden, requesting her to return home at once. The message was so worded that Jessie was mystified, but not alarmed.

After a stormy voyage, the liner steamed into Boston harbor, and General Carden clasped his daughter in his arms. At first glance she hardly recognized him. His face was drawn, and the dark hair and beard had turned to silver-gray.

"You will be brave, my pet," he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I have sad news for you, Jessie."

"There can be no very sad news, papa dear, so long as you are alive," said Jessie. With a woman's intuition she guessed the truth.

"I am ruined, Jessie! My bank has failed, and my fortune is swept away. That is not all. Our old home is in the hands of creditors and I am a bankrupt—a bankrupt at the age of fifty."

Jessie smiled bravely through her tears.

"I am distressed on your account, papa dear, but you must not worry in the least over me. I have money, papa; lots and lots of money. I have saved nearly two thousand dollars out of my allowance. We shall get along famously."

That evening, in the modest apartments he had rented, General Carden told Jessie the story of his downfall. Randolph Morris was his principal creditor, and negotiations were then in progress by which he hoped to transfer his L. & O. stock to Mr. Morris, in consideration of a loan which would enable him to settle with his minor creditors.

"If Mr. Morris refuses to extend this accommodation I shall be in lasting disgrace," faltered General Carden.

Jessie Carden had listened quietly. Until that day she had given little thought to the problem which ever confronts the great mass of mankind—how shall we live, wherewithal shall we be fed, clothed and housed? The little room in which they sat looked mean and want-haunted. The faded carpet, the cheap wallpaper, the tawdry decorations, the low and marred ceiling, the wailing of a sick child through the thin partition, the odor of a kitchen, the rumble of traffic over a cobblestone pavement—surely this was a dream from which she would awaken to find herself in the stately mansion on the great boulevard.

Yet it was not a dream. At the sound of the name of Arthur Morris the past and the present stood before her in glaring colors. She must be brave; she would be brave. With that superb insight which nature gives to woman, the plot devised by Arthur Morris lay bare before her eyes. Her father was enmeshed in the net which had been set for her. To release him must she be caught in the toils?

The Bishops had purchased a residence in New York, and there was waiting for Jessie a letter from her aunt inviting her to spend April and May with them in the metropolis, and to be their guest in Hingham during the summer.

General Carden advised her to accept the invitation, but Jessie had at first declared that her place was with him, and would not listen to his arguments.

"I have changed my mind about aunt Helen's invitation," she said, later in the evening. "I have decided to go to New York for a few weeks at least. I believe I can sell some of my sketches and paintings there, and—and—well, I think it best to go."

"You are a wise little girl, Jessie," said General Carden. "I shall be in New York nearly as much as in Boston, and you will be much happier there."

A week later Jessie was fondly greeted by her aunt. Thomas Bishop belonged to an old New York family, and was proud to introduce his beautiful niece to the exclusive society circles in which the Bishops had been welcomed.

It was at the Cregier reception that she again met Arthur Morris. For a moment Morris was unable to speak, and gazed at her blankly, first at Jessie and then at Mrs. Cregier.

"Really — why, really — why — why, don't you know, Mrs. Cregier, Miss Carden and I have met before!" he exclaimed. "In fact—why, in fact we are old acquaintances; are we not, Miss Carden?"

"I recall having met Mr. Morris," said Jessie, addressing her hostess.

It was a trying moment for Jessie Carden. Before her stood the man she hated. Why had fate cast him as a reptile ever crawling across her path? She longed to crush the serpent's head with her tiny heel, yet she knew that the snake had cunning; she knew that her father was caught in his coils. Never until that moment did she realize the damning power of money, or sound the depths of a woman's hatred.

"May I say something to you, Miss Carden?" ventured Morris. "I've wished to talk to you for a long time, or rather to write something, but—but—let's get out of this crush so I can explain myself."

"I do not care to listen to you, sir."

"I beg of you, hear me for a moment!" pleaded Morris, as Jessie turned haughtily from him.

"Since you seem determined to create a scene in which I am to be involved, I prefer the less conspicuous disgrace of listening to you," she said, bitterly. "Here is a quiet corner. What have you to say to me, sir?"

"I want to apologize for what I did in Berlin, or rather for coming to Berlon," he began. "I was wrong and I beg your pardon."

"That is not the offence for which you should crave forgiveness," said Jessie Carden. Scorn was in her voice and a warning flash in her eyes. "Your intrusion in Berlin was insolent, but it was in harmony with a greater affront which preceded it, and one of which no gentleman would be guilty. If you have nothing more appropriate to say, leave me, sir!!"

"I have; I have!" cried Morris, cowering before her gaze. "Pray be seated, Miss Carden, and—and give me a chance!"

"I should not," she said coldly.

"I know the time you mean, Miss Carden." His face flushed a deeper red and he looked at her with appealing eyes. "You mean that affair at the clambake. I was intoxicated, Miss Carden. It's a hard word, but I'm going to be honest and throw myself on your mercy. I am very, very sorry; really I am, Miss Carden, and I want to be your—your friend."

She longed to spurn his prayers and to ask him to take back the white locks from above her father's brow and remove the stain of disgrace. She realized that the man who had crushed her father was now in her power, and felt that triumphant joy which only a woman can know. But it wounded and tortured her pride to think that Morris dared aspire to her love. She charged the sacrifice she was about to make against the account of a future revenge, and turned to him with a softer light in her eyes.

"I should not forgive you," she said. "When a man who pretends to your position so far forgets himself, he should first obtain his own pardon. He should then seek to redress the wrongs caused by his offense. Are you prepared to do that, Mr. Morris?"

"I don't exactly understand what you mean, Miss Carden."

"I will make myself plain," said Jessie. "You attempted to murder a young man who resented your insults in a public place, and in the encounter you were injured. For years you have had a standing reward for the arrest of this innocent man. Are you willing to take steps to absolve him? John Burt has been the greater victim of your conduct."

"But my dear Miss Carden, I haven't the slightest notion of where he is, don't you know," said Morris with a puzzled expression. "'Pon my word, I don't. We had a beastly row in which I got shot, and all the fellows who were with me say I started it, and that the pistol went off in my own hand. I assure you that I don't remember a thing about it. The governor offered the reward. I can get him to withdraw it, and put a notice in the papers promising that no prosecution shall be made. I'll do anything you say, Miss Carden."

"Publicly announce the withdrawal of the reward and state that he will not be prosecuted," said Jessie, as if the matter was merely one of abstract justice. "And if you are confident that I shall not again be embarrassed by your indiscretions I will try to overlook the past."

"You are very good!" he exclaimed, effusively. "It's more than I deserve, but you will not regret it, Miss Carden. My governor and yours are mixed up in business, and it's a beastly shame, don't you know, that we should be at odds. By the way, I'm awfully sorry about the general's financial troubles. Hope he pulls out of them all right, and think he will. I'm trying now to make a deal which will help him out. And you're not angry with me now, are you, Miss Carden? Let's shake hands and call it square?"

Morris extended a clammy hand, and Jessie, with an inward shudder, permitted him to clasp her's for a moment.

The summer season was at hand, and Jessie was looking forward with pleasure to a sojourn in Hingham. Arthur Morris had been devoted in his attentions, and Jessie felt a thrilling wickedness at the tacit encouragement she had given him.

(To be continued.)

NOT WHAT HE WAS SENT FOR.

Irishman Had Reasoned Well, But He Was Wrong.

A farmer, accompanied by several of his hired men, went into the woods one morning in the fall of the year to cut down some trees. When about to begin work it was discovered that the cant hook had been left behind. Turning to one of the men, an Irishman not very long over, the farmer instructed him to drive back to the farm for the missing tool. The Irishman did not know what a cant hook looked like, but was averse to exposing his ignorance, so drove off on his errand, trusting to find some one at the farm who would enlighten him.

At the barn, however, there was no one to help him out of his dilemma. Casting his eyes about the place for the thing which would be most likely to bear the name of "cant hook," he saw a mooley cow with never a sign of a horn upon its head, and concluded it was that he had been sent for.

Procuring a rope, he fastened the cow to the rear end of his vehicle and exultantly drove back to the woods.

"What in Sam Hill have you there?" shouted the farmer on seeing his messenger and the cow. "I sent you for a cant hook to use in moving the logs; what have you brought that cow for?"

"Be jabers, boss, divil another thing could I see around the barn that can't hook but this."—Star of Hope.

Chance for Man With Brains.

Cash for brains is still the cry. The Queensland government find that the prickly pear, a kind of cactus, has proved so vigorous a weed that $25,000 has been offered for a sure means of eradicating it.

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

WE ARE THE PEOPLE!

We of the United States are Americans. We are the people. But are not the Canadians and Mexicans also Americans? Are they not also the people?

Europeans have long said "Yes." We of the United States have long said "No."

Now comes Archibald R. Colquhoun in his "Greater America" to fortify us in our answer. He writes of the United States of America and its dependencies alone, and he speaks of them as "America" without qualification.

"There is no other country," he says, "which could be spoken of as America."

And that is true. There are Mexicans, Canadians, Brazilians, Chilians, etc., but these are Americans only in the geographical sense. In the political and national sense only the people of the United States are Americans.

The name is ours, and ours alone by right of prior use and example to the rest of the Western world. But for us the names of the other American republics would have no national meaning at all—would be mere geographical expressions.

We made the Western hemisphere politically different, nationally different from Europe. We made it distinct in fact.

For those who have followed us we have every respect, but at present there is only one American people—only one American nation—and we are that people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEED OF THE FARMER.

The farmer must learn to place a cash value upon his own time and labor and know where they are expended and what results they produce. He must learn to think of the dairy cow as a machine for manufacturing clover, etc., into milk—a machine that will do its best work when kindly treated, sheltered from storms and fed a balanced ration. The small plots of idle ground should be made to produce something that will sell in the market or supply the family table. The waste products of orchard, garden or grain field should be turned into pork, mutton or poultry, while everything that can serve no better purpose should, if possible, add fertility to the soil. Rotation of crops should make summer fallowing unnecessary and $10 worth of apples should not be lost for the want of $1 worth of spray.—Portland Oregonian.

SPIRIT OF RECKLESSNESS.

Many, probably most of the accidents on American railways of all kinds are due to recklessness. The same is true of accidents from other vehicles. Manifestations of this disposition are to be seen on every side. Coachmen exhibit it by driving heavy carriages at full speed around the most busy and crowded corners of large cities. Messenger boys show it by propelling their bicycles like mad whenever they get where there seems a good chance to run anybody down. The automobile chauffeur acts as if it was no part of his business to look out for people ahead of him, and apparently thinks that the man or woman whom he runs down receives only his or her deserts for getting in the way. Everybody who operates any sort of a vehicle, from the locomotive engineer to the laborer or clerk hurrying to his work on a motorcycle, seems to have become possessed with the idea that it is his business to go as fast as he can, but no part of his business to take care that he doesn't kill anybody. This combination of speed madness with recklessness is causing more casualties in the United States than all other causes together.—Kansas City Journal.

EDWARD'S FOOT DOWN.

The English legation in the Servian capital has been broken up. The house has been vacated and the staff dispersed to other capitals and the British Minister, Sir George Bonham, will go elsewhere. King Edward VII. informed the Servian government that Great Britain did not consider the promotion of the officers personally concerned in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga from their posts at court to higher offices in the army and in the state, as a satisfaction for the outrage perpetrated last summer. After a long suspension diplomatic relations are now permanently closed. This is an example which other powers of Europe may have to follow. The awful murder and the protection of the murderers by the man who was the beneficiary of the assassination is too much for civilization. King Edward will be respected in all sections where decent people thrive, for delivering this rebuke. There have been kings of England who have been bloody and revengeful, but they were long before the days of Edward VII., and very little of their blood runs in his veins. Edward is a modern king. The longer other rulers postpone action as to Servia the harder will it be for them to wipe out the disgrace which is already sticking to them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE Y. M. C. A.

There is no longer any disposition to scoff at the Young Men's Christian Association and among intelligent citizens everywhere its potency as an instrument of personal and civic morality is gratefully recognized. Dr. Mabie has not exaggerated its claims to respect in saying:

"Whatever may have been the defects, either in quality or in management of the association in the past, it has become a model of high and effective organization. It is an expression of the religious life which fits the temper and the need of the day and it is therefore fundamentally the right expression of that life. It is a religion of action, contrasted sometimes too sharply with the religion of meditation, but pre-eminently, in spite of its occasional overemphasis on action, the religion which the modern world needs and which can do the most for the redemption of the modern world. It stands for the broad conception of life into which the young man of today is born. It demands the health of the body as well as the health of the spirit, sanity in out-of-door life as well as integrity in social and business life."

The word "sanity" is well applied to the activities of the association. It makes no appeal to mawkish sentiment, and takes no part in the cultivation of a merely emotional religion. Its business is to foster clean and wholesome living, to encourage a desire for moral and mental growth among its members and to put within their reach such means of rational enjoyment as most of them would otherwise lack. It is an admirable institution, managed on sound principles and productive of great results.—New York Tribune.

STATISTICS DO MISCHIEF.

The announcement that the director of the Yale "commons" has been obliged to put up the price of meals to $4.50 a week henceforth and that at the old price of a dollar or so less the college has lost $20,000 a year, will doubtless fill the hearts of many patient housekeepers with unspoken gratitude. For years the American housewife has been suffering from the baleful activity of the man of statistics, who proves conclusively in the columns of endless periodicals that $3 a week will feed anybody royally, and that a delightful dinner may be given for $2.50, including flowers. A periodical ostensibly devoted to the interests of the American home once published statistics showing how a man and wife and two children had lived comfortably on $200 a year. The misery caused by those statistics, over the whole broad land, was beyond computation.—Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR TO CURE NERVOUSNESS.

Dr. B. Laquer, of Weisbaden, has published a pamphlet upon "The Proper Nourishment of the Brain," in which he puts forth the opinion that many medical procedures employed in the treatment of nervous diseases are and should be merely intended as vehicles for the real method of cure, which is psycho-therapeutical. For nervous debility Dr. Laquer recommends light, soothing poetry, steady, moderate sport, the observation of nature and everything which tends to improve the senses and muscles. Three main characteristics of the physically unstable, he says, are abnormally increased self-analysis, fear and lack of will power.

To combat these he recommends books of travel, history, biography and especially humorous works. He is even kind enough to point out some of the brands of humor which he considers to be especially adapted to the soothing of troublesome nerves, and for those who read English only he specifies the works of Dickens, Jerome K. Jerome and Mark Twain.

Of course, it is not probable that Dr. Laquer thinks he has exhausted the subject in his pamphlet. If he were to pursue his studies further he would probably be able to furnish prescriptions for the various kinds of nervousness. Dr. Laquer owes it to the humorists and to the public to go ahead with his researches, so that the world may know what brands of humor should be kept on hand and ready for use by the people who are doing the world's work in this nerve-racking age.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TREATMENT OF CONVICTS.

One of the curious phenomena of the present day is the agitation which is being conducted by life-term convicts for the virtual abolition of life imprisonment, by providing that those so sentenced shall be liberated after a fixed number of years of good conduct. There are doubtless some life prisoners who are proper subjects of clemency, but there is another class whose members cannot be out of prison a week without committing crime. The public safety demands more and not less severity to habitual criminals, and there is grave reason to doubt that the discretion of our prison authorities in permitting and apparently assisting in this appeal to maudlin sentiment in favor of a general jail delivery.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOW JACK LONDON "ARRIVED."

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds.

Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping-stone to success, he tells in The Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences:

Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself.

Fiction pays best of all.

Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6000-word story before breakfast.

Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write.

Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain.

"As soon as a fellow sells two or three things to the magazines," says Jack London, "his friends all ask him how he managed to do it," and then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him.

He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had vague ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of $10 a thousand words was paid, and figured on earning $600 a month, without overstocking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, thick manuscript envelope, a short, thin one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, modest as ever, he had figured in his mind what the offer for this 4000-word story would be at the minimum rate—$40, of course—he opened the letter. Five dollars!

Not having died right then and there, Mr. London is convinced that he may yet qualify as an oldest inhabitant. Five dollars! When? The editor did not state.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain.

Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it:

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat.

"Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4000-word story which was more lengthy than strengthy, if I would grant permission to cut it down half. Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they'd only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the $5 previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble."

And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid!

Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication.

Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the $2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, $1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town.

It has just inaugurated another contest in which $10,600 will be paid to writers in sums of from $100 to $1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn $10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can.

But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
A Woman's Remedy
For Woman's Ills.