

JOHN BURT BY **FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS**
 Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "Colonel Morris's Devotion," Etc.
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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.
 General Carden applauded vigorously and demanded an encore. The trio sang several songs, and the old soldier lay back in his arm-chair and let his mind drift back to the hours when the one of whom Jessie was the image lifted her sweet voice in the ballads he loved to hear. At his request they sang "Douglas, Tender and True," "Robin Adair," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Aunt Laurie," and several old war songs.

Then Jessie proposed a rubber of whist, and in the cut she became the partner of James Blake. Jessie played well and they defeated the general and Edith.
 "You don't know what a victory we have won!" declared Jessie, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Papa and Edith think themselves invincible, and this is their first defeat. Let's go to the conservatory. I want to show Mr. Blake those lovely bulbs I sent you from Holland," and leaving Edith and the general to follow, she escorted Blake to the great glass house, with its arched roof and wilderness of palms, ferns and flowers.
 "I know this is not much of a treat to you," ventured Jessie. "I had forgotten that you have spent all of your life in California." "But I have not spent all of my life in California," Blake said. "I lived in California only seven or eight years and had little chance to see the flowers. What little knowledge I have of flowers dates back to my boyhood days in New England."
 "New England? What part of New England, Mr. Blake?"
 "Massachusetts," he answered readily. "I was born in Boston, less than half a mile from where the tea was thrown overboard. My mother's name was Smith, so I'm a Yankee all over."



"So am I," laughed Jessie. "John Hancock once lived in the house where I was born, and Samuel Adams was there many, many years. I'm just much of a Hancock as Edith, though she won't admit it. Don't you like Boston better than San Francisco, Mr. Blake?"
 "Really? I remember very little of Boston," replied Blake. "When I was a small boy we moved to Quincy, and from there to a farm near Hingham. That part of New England life was most vivid in my memory clusters round the old farm in Rocky Woods."
 "Did you live in Rocky Woods?"
 "The dark eyes opened wide and Jessie looked wonderingly into Blake's face.
 "Why, yes, I lived there for several years. Do you mean to tell me that you ever heard of that desolate patch of rocks, pine, stone fences, huckleberry swamps and cranberry marshes?"
 "Certainly I have. Uncle Tom—Mr. Bishop—lived there for a generation, and spends the summers there now. I have often been there. Isn't it strange, Mr. Blake, that both of us are familiar with that out-of-the-way country? Where was your father's farm?"
 "It was then known as the old Leonard farm. Do you know where Peter Burt lived—Peter Burt, the old crazy man who used to pray at night from the top of the big rock?"
 "Yes," said Jessie softly, with a little catch at her breath as the blood rushed to her cheeks.
 James Blake watched her face intently. Both were thinking of John Burt, but with what different emotions! Blake thought the day was laid open between John Burt and James Blake.

And Jessie Carden? Intuitively she felt that James Blake knew John Burt. In a flash it occurred to her that Blake's business with her father was a subterfuge. Was he the bearer of tidings from John Burt? Perhaps John was dead? If alive, why did he not come himself?
 "And you knew John Burt? I remember now that he often spoke of you. He always called you Edith, and rarely mentioned your last name. And you ran away from home. Did you ever meet John Burt in California."
 James Blake was not deceived by the careless tone in which she asked this question. With grim fixity he searched that John's intention for an answer was still in force. He must either mislead Jessie Carden or prove false to his friend; but for the first

time the deceit was his own and not a sacrifice for another.
 "Of course I knew John Burt," said Blake with a smile. "I owe him thirty-five dollars. When I ran away from home he gave me every dollar he had, and I've not seen him since. Did you say he had gone to California? Is that so? No, I never saw him there. And you knew him? Really, Miss Carden, I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. Ah, here comes Mr. and Mrs. Bishop! I had no idea it was so late."
 Mr. Thomas Bishop was introduced, and after a brief conversation, in which Jessie acquainted her uncle with the fact that their guest was formerly from Rocky Woods, Blake excused himself. He accepted an invitation to call again.
 "Then we will continue our recollections of Rocky Woods, Miss Carden," he said.
 Instructing his coachman to drive to his apartments, James Blake closed his eyes and attempted to calmly review what had happened. He found his heart as if it were a hot iron. One emotion held mastery over him—he was in love, madly and defiantly in love with Jessie Carden. "He thought of Arthur Morris and of that conversation, in which Burt and Edith. Neither should stand in his way.
 Could she be engaged to Arthur Morris? No, that he had met Jessie Carden he found himself unconsciously repeating John Burt's indignant declaration: "It is a lie; an infamous lie!" If an engagement did exist, it should be as a barrier of mist to his ardent progress. But she did not, she could not love Arthur Morris.
 Did John Burt love her? Did she love him? These were the stinging, burning questions which seared his brain, but the clamor of his conscience was

Blake arrived at his office at an unusually early hour on the morning following his introduction to Jessie Carden. He had spent a miserable night. No sleep came to his blood-shot eyes, and for hours he restlessly paced the floor.
 "I love her; my God, how I love her, but I also love John!" he exclaimed again and again, as the night hours crawled slowly away. "What shall I do, what shall I do? I can't give her up. By God, I'll not give her up for any man; not even for John Burt! Would John surrender the thirty-five dollars? What am I to do? I must decide before I see him. If I tell John she is in New York he will see her inside of twenty-four hours. That will be the end of my hopes. She shall love me! She must love me! I cannot live without her! Oh, why did I ever see her!"
 In this unequal contest between loyalty and passion in a weak and self-indulgent nature, passion won the battle, but at a frightful sacrifice. His judgment warned him that he was doomed to defeat, but with the frenzied desperation of a gambler he staked everything—honor, friendship, loyalty, his business career—all on the turn of a card, and dared meet John Burt with treachery in his heart and a lie on his lips.
 Blake knew that John Burt was in his apartment, but for the first time in his life he hesitated to enter it. Prosperity had erected no wall of formality between these two. From the day that they fought their boyish battle, on the edge of the fishing pool, they had called each other "John" and "Jim." In tacitly accepting John Burt's leadership, Blake recognized in his companion those traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands. By a display of tact which amounted to a regular art, Blake had managed to make himself a companion to those traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands. By a display of tact which amounted to a regular art, Blake had managed to make himself a companion to those traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands.

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"Who is that gentleman?" asked a smooth-cheeked and dapper young man, who had embarked on his first speculative venture by raising the major part of his quarterly allowance.

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed his companion. "It should be a name you know. That's James Blake—the famous and only James Blake. Five years ago he didn't have a dollar. Twenty millions in five years is his record! And it hasn't enlarged him a hat in the least. He tells a good story, sings a drink song, and no man in the club can grin him under the table."

(To be continued.)
 NEVER SEE HEARSE AT NIGHT.
 New York Undertaker Explains Why They Are Not Sent Out.
 "Nobody gives us fellows credit for having a large bump of sensitiveness," said a west side undertaker, "but the fact is, we go to a good deal of trouble to safeguard the feelings of the general public. For one thing, we try to avoid getting our ears in the street after dark."
 "Of course, in the case of afternoon funerals and long distances we cannot avoid getting home late, but, even so, we make it a point to get under cover as soon as possible after nightfall. And we do that absolutely out of consideration for the public. By nine people out of ten the sight of a hearse on the street at night is taken as a sure sign of impending death and disaster."
 "Even in the daytime a hearse is a gloomy affair, but to run up against one at night is pretty sure to give the most jovial fellow a depressing turn. I know how it is myself. I'm accustomed as I am to handling hearses, I don't like to bump into one unexpectedly at a dark corner."
 "Most men in the business feel the same way, therefore we strive to be considerate. That we succeed remarkably well is apparent to anybody who will take the trouble to count the hearses he has seen out at night. These are so few that I'll wager the most confirmed gadabout cannot recall more than three or four of them."
 —New York Times.

John Wesley's idea on "Alling."
 It is pretty generally known that John Wesley, during his unparalleled travels of half a century, traveled 250,000 miles and preached 40,000 sermons, but comparatively few are aware of the prodigious amount of literary work he managed to accomplish.
 His most curious and eccentric book was entitled "Primitive Physic; or, An Easy and Natural Method of curing Most Diseases," and was published in London by Barr & Co. in the year 1743.
 The preface is characteristic of the author. "When man came first on the hands of the Creator there was no place for physic or the art of healing. But when man rebelled against the Government of heaven and earth the incorruptible frame put on corruption, and the immortal put on immortality."

Turks Tax the Greeks.
 The Porte having issued orders for the collection of license taxes from Greeks in the Turkish dominions, it is feared at Athens that there will be fresh trouble, especially at Smyrna.

Irish Parliamentary Fund.
 The Irish parliamentary fund for the year 1910 amounted to \$43,045.

IMPORTANCE OF THE ARMY MANEUVERS AT MANASSAS
 A friend of the home—A foe of the Trust
Galumet Baking Powder
 Complies with the Pure Food Laws of all States.

Why He Stayed at Home.
 Mrs. Oranger looked at her suburban neighbors and decided that a person with such a becoming hat must be in a state of vanity to need chastening of spirit.
 "Isn't it a real treat to have Mr. Joyce so close to the new club?" she said, in a soft tone fraught with tender sympathy. "Mr. Oranger, of course, likes the club, and we go sometimes, but just as soon sit quietly at home with me, evening after evening."
 "It's lovely for you," said Mrs. Joyce, and she raised the becoming hat that was sweet and guileless; "but then, you know, the two men have always been different ever since they were boys together. Mr. Joyce always wants a good deal of pleasure and entertainment, whereas Mr. Oranger has never cared for anything of the sort."
 —Youth's Companion.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for their laundry, they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound of starch. Defiance Cold Water Starches are put up in 3-pound packages, and the price is the same, 16 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is so pure and so chemically perfect, if you ever try to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 oz." Demand Defiance Starch. It saves much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

"Hilda" (one of the late publications of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.) was designated as "one of the Lord's own people." Here for the first time in literature we have the greatest, the capable woman of the Texas plains truly depicted. Sunshine attends her; her optimism is unshakable. Here is the strength and freedom of the story of the wild cattle country. Is exciting, amusing and inspiring.

Couldn't Think of Ciesing Word.
 A relative of the late Mr. Walter B. Brooks tells of a dinner upon one occasion at that gentleman's house when a clerical guest was requested to ask a blessing.
 The reverend gentleman complied, but once started on his flow of invocation he was so much taken by the he ever intended to stop. On and on swept the stream of eloquence while the soup turned stone cold and the hostess looked appealingly at her husband.
 Suddenly Mr. Brooks broke into the blessing with a fervent and final "Amen."
 "The clergyman stopped and with beaming eyes ejaculated, 'Oh, thank you, thank you. I could not think of the word amen to save my life.' —Baltimore Sun.

Cure for the Blues.
 An Atchison girl said goodby to her dear home in a letter that was going away to be gone two months. It was a painful ordeal, for with floods, fevers, railroad accidents, and other women, there was no telling if she would ever see her home again.
 She sobbed till the sound of his footsteps had died away, when, feeling that she needed something to eat, she drank three bottles of ginger ale, and ate a plate of cold ham, three pieces of fried chicken, half a cake, and a piece of blackberry pie, and drank three bottles of ginger ale. Then she went upstairs, slept sound, and next morning felt so well and happy that she found time to write him a letter telling him she was wretched without him.—Atchison Globe.

WHAT'S THE USE
 To Keep a "Coffee Complexion."
 A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion. I had purchased the famous Willard School for American Girls in Berlin. The school has a record, having had a number of prominent American girls on its roster during its eighteen years of existence. It was at the Willard school that Mrs. Grover Cleveland spent two years before her marriage. Miss Linn is a graduate of the school, and among other honors has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Heidelberg university."

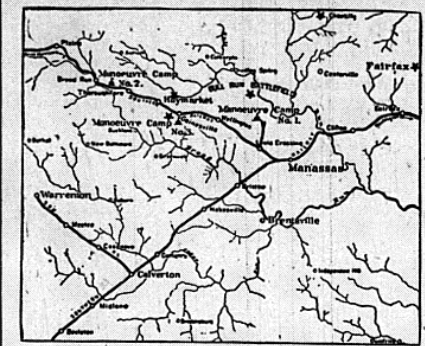
When Traveling Incognito.
 The following are the names assumed by noted Britons when traveling incognito. King Edward, duke of Lancaster; Queen Alexandra, Mrs. Stephens; Princess Charles of Denmark; Miss Mills; Princess Louise, Lady Southborough; the Christian Countess Gravenotz; Princess of Battenberg, Lady Carlisle; princess of Wales, countess of Killarney; Countess of Cornwall, countess of Sussex. Empress Eugenie travels as Countess De Pierrefonds and the late Queen Victoria used the title countess of Balmore.

Justice Edgar M. Cullen Appointed by
 Col. George M. Moulton of Chicago, who was elected grand master of the Knights Templar at the San Francisco convention, has held office in the grand lodge of the Knights Templar and has long had the esteem of both bench and bar. So general was the appreciation of his services on the court of appeals that he was nominated by both parties and elected in 1894. The Republicans expect to nominate him for chief judge of the court of appeals and an overwhelming sentiment in the Democratic party is for him also. Judge Cullen was born in Brooklyn sixty years ago. He began active life as a civil engineer and later turned to the law.

Preacher and Athlete.
 Rev. Mr. Strother, a native of the Bermuda Islands, who is a Methodist preacher in the circuit, taking in the roughest sections in the mountains in Tucker and Preston counties, West Virginia, stands out unique. He will run a race with any man and has beaten a ten-mile race. Some time ago he preached in the Denison school house, on Location ridge, near the Preston county line. When he stepped down from the pulpit it was just one hour of the time he was due at St. George, nine miles distant. He took the road without hesitation, and struck an Indian trail, which he never broke during the nine miles. At the end of the hour he was in his pulpit at St. George reading the opening hymn of the service and gave not the least sign of fatigue.

Will Make Home in Berlin.
 Miss Alice H. Luce, one of the few American women receiving rare honors from a European university, has recently decided to make her permanent home in Germany, and with this end in view has purchased the famous Willard School for American Girls in Berlin. The school has a record, having had a number of prominent American girls on its roster during its eighteen years of existence. It was at the Willard school that Mrs. Grover Cleveland spent two years before her marriage. Miss Linn is a graduate of the school, and among other honors has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Heidelberg university.

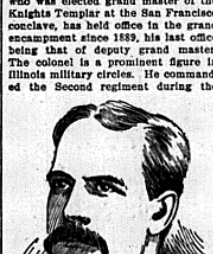
Keen on Oriental Lawbreakers.
 Hugh Reilly, a Philadelphia policeman, is one of the most valuable men on the Quaker City force. This is because of his intimate acquaintance with the Chinese language, of which he has made a study. Reilly, who is an Irishman by birth, has arrested several Oriental lawbreakers here in the past few years. He has been an officer many a time he has taken his life in his hand while chasing slant-eyed criminals through dark alleys of the East. On several occasions his uniform has been ripped to pieces by knives in unseen hands, but so far he has escaped serious injury.



Bull Run Battlefield, Scene of Army Maneuvers.

the lessons of our last war have been taken to heart, as we believe they have been, the public will find in the improved morale of the army service a cause for satisfaction and serenity of mind. At the same time it will find in the certain disclosure of some existing deficiencies a powerful argument in favor of a continuation of such maneuvers. "In time of peace prepare for war. If the preparations are sufficient through, there may not be any war."

NEW KNIGHTS TEMPLAR HEAD.
 Col. Moulton of Chicago Honored by His Associates.
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COL. GEO. M. MOULTON.

troublesome times of the great railroad strike of 1894 and served with the regiment during the Spanish-American war. He is a native of Readsboro, Vt., and was born in 1851. His parents went to Chicago two years later.

Comes to Represent Panama.
 Panama, having taken its place as a national power, is quietly establishing her various state departments and has already selected the men who are to constitute her diplomatic corps and her consular officers. Panama has been recognized as an independent state. Senator De Obaldis was sent to the United States because of his intimate knowledge of canal affairs. For many years he has been a member of the Central American republics in retarding the construction of the water way. Panama has commissioned Senator De Obaldis to give our government every possible assistance in furthering the work.

Keen on Oriental Lawbreakers.
 Hugh Reilly, a Philadelphia policeman, is one of the most valuable men on the Quaker City force. This is because of his intimate acquaintance with the Chinese language, of which he has made a study. Reilly, who is an Irishman by birth, has arrested several Oriental lawbreakers here in the past few years. He has been an officer many a time he has taken his life in his hand while chasing slant-eyed criminals through dark alleys of the East. On several occasions his uniform has been ripped to pieces by knives in unseen hands, but so far he has escaped serious injury.

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