JOHN BURT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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

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CHAPTER FOUR—Continued.

Jim aimed a blow at John's head, which was parried. John swung to the chin, and the next instant Jim clenched and both fell eight feet into the water.

The pool was deep, and it seemed to Jim as if they never would come to the surface. When he did, and had gasped for breath, a pair of strong hands gripped his neck and he went down again. The water sang in his ears, the world grew black around him. Then it suddenly became light. The cool and splendid air filled his nostrils, and a voice sounded in his ears:

"Say 'enough,' or down you go again!"

"E-enough! E-e-enough! I'll quit," spluttered Jim Blake, throwing his arms about wildly.

With one hand firmly gripping Jim Blake's collar John Burt swam ashore with the other. It was ten minutes before Blake recovered his breath, then they shook hands with the gravity of trained pugilists.

A week later John met Jim and was told of a flogging he had received from his father, who was notorious as the village drunkard.

Thereupon developed in John Burt and James Blake that strong friendship so frequent between boys of contrasting natures. They seemed to have only two traits in common—both were frank and both generous.

When Jim Blake was seventeen years old, he decided to run away from home. The two boys talked it over many times. To the scanty hoard in Jim's possession John Burt added thirty-five dollars—all the money he had saved from sums given him at various times by Peter Burt. So, with forty odd dollars in his pocket, and with tears in his handsome eyes, Jim Blake shook hands with John Burt and went out into the world to seek his fortune.

"SAY 'ENOUGH,' OR DOWN YOU GO AGAIN!"

Little did these two boys think, as they parted that October afternoon, that their acts and passions and lives would one day be woven by fate into a web of marvelous workmanship.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Runaway.

Three years elapsed before Jessie Carden returned to the Bishop farm. John Burt was now twenty years old, and had successfully passed the examination which admitted him to Harvard. General Carden came with Jessie, delighted with the prospect of a week's rest in the old house.

General Carden was an enthusiastic horseman. Jessie was still unpacking her trunks when her father sent word that the carriage was ready, and that she was to drive with him. A few minutes later they were speeding down the old beach road. They drove for miles along the winding, shaded road. The breeze came cool and salt from the ocean, and the air was fragrant with the breath of summer.

A bit of the harness had become unbuckled. Handing the reins to Jessie, General Carden stepped to the ground to adjust it. His feet had hardly touched the ground when a prowling hunter, a few rods away, discharged a gun. The report was terrifying, and the affrighted horses leaped ahead. Jessie was thrown violently backward, the lines slipping from her hands. General Carden sprang for the horses' heads—an instant too late. He caught one glimpse of his daughter's white face as she swept past him. The agony of years was compressed into the succeeding moments.

The frenzied team dashed down the steep grade at appalling speed. At the base of the hill, and almost in front of the Burt farmhouse, was a sharp curve. Then the road skirted the cliffs for a quarter of a mile. Beyond lay a crooked hill, lined with ragged rocks—the most dangerous slope for miles around."

Through the cloud of dust the old soldier saw the team as it passed the old house. A few rods beyond, a man lightly vaulted a fence and darted towards the road. General Carden's eyes were blurred, but he saw a flash of blue and white, as if something had been hurled in front of the maddened team. It clung to the head of the off horse, and was tossed back and forth by the frantic animal. For an instant the figure seemed beneath the hammering hoofs. Could any human being hold fast in such a position.

At the turn in the road the general distinctly saw a man clinging to the horses' bits, bruised by the swaying pole—a pigmy who dared check the flight of giants. They swerved sharply at the curve. The off horse stumbled, lurched sideways and fell. There was a crash; the sickening snarl of splintered wood and clinking steel; then a silence, as the dust lifted and revealed the jagged outlines of a mass of wreckage.

As General Carden neared the fatal spot he saw an old man rush from the Burt yard and plunge into the wreck. A moment later he saw something in the rescuer's hands. A crumpled blue hat above dark curls showed plain in contrast to the white hair of the aged giant, who handled the little figure as if it were a feather, laid it gently by the side of the road, and again darted into the twisted mass.

General Carden breathed a silent prayer. He was a few rods away when Jessie moved slowly, lifted her head and sprang to her feet.

"I'm not hurt, papa!" she exclaimed bravely. "I am not hurt a bit. Oh, what has happened?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" He caught Jessie in his arms, gazed fondly into her eyes, and tenderly embraced her.

General Carden turned to the aid of Peter Burt. Tangled in the harness, a horse was plunging and struggling in an attempt to regain his feet. The other horse was dead, and beneath his shoulder was pinioned the leg of a young man. Blood was trickling down his face, and he lay in the dust of the road, limp and deathlike. His right hand still grasped the bit; his head was near the hoofs of the frantic animal.

"Hold that horse's head down!" ordered the old man. General Carden threw his weight on the beast's neck. Jessie was hovering near, wringing her hands in pity and excitement.

"When I lift that horse will you drag my boy's leg from under?"

"Yes, sir; oh, hurry, sir!"

Crouching down, Peter Burt threw the head of the dead animal across his shoulder. He grasped the trace with one hand and the foreleg with the other. In his prime he had raised twelve hundred pounds, dead weight. With a heave of his massive shoulders he raised the forward part of the horse clean from the ground, and Jessie quickly released the pinioned limb of the motionless young man.

The old man gathered the body in his arms, and carried it to a grass plot by the side of the road. He rested his gray head for a moment on the young man's chest, and heard the faint flutter of the heart. In accents which thrilled Jessie Carden he exclaimed:

"He lives! He lives! Praise God, my boy is not dead!"

At this moment Jasper appeared and was dispatched for Dr. Randall. General Carden cut the traces, and the uninjured horse regained his feet. Mrs. Jasper brought a basin of water, and when General Carden joined the silent group Jessie was washing the dust and blood from the white face and smoothing back the curling locks.

"Why, it's John Burt! It's John Burt, papa!" she exclaimed, tears starting to her beautiful eyes. "Will he die, Mr. Burt? Will he die? Oh, papa, is there nothing we can do?"

"He will not die, my child," said the old man in a clear, calm voice. "It is written that he shall live these many years."

Just as Dr. Randall arrived, John regained consciousness and begged a glass of water. Jessie and her father waited anxiously for the physician's verdict. The old man appeared first, and though he spoke not, his radiant face told the story.

"He is badly bruised and bruised in several places, but no bones are broken," said Dr. Randall. Jessie clapped her hands for joy. "He will be up and about in a week."

Jasper was ready with the Burt family carriage; and, leaving a kindly message for the grandsire, they returned to the Bishop house. Jessie found that she had a few bruises, but she laughed at her aches, and talked only of the heroism of brave John Burt. The next day she sent him a beautiful bunch of roses, and another each succeding day until word came from Dr. Randall that the young man was able to sit up and might receive visitors. They drove to the farmhouse and were ushered into the library—John's study-room for seven years.

General Carden advanced and grasped John's hand. "My boy, God bless you! I do not know how to thank you, Jessie, have you nothing to say to the young man who saved your life?"

"I never thought," said Jessie, placing her hands in his, "that the boy who taught me how to catch crabs would one day save my life. But you know I always told Miss Malden that you weren't riffraff, and you see I was right!"

John looked handsome as he lay back in the great arm-chair. "I'm glad I had a chance to be of service to one I had met before," he said, as Jessie took a seat beside him, "though I confess I should not recognize you as the little girl who visited here several years ago. You are a young lady now, and I should hardly dare address you as Jessie, and that's the only name I knew you by in those days."

"I am not yet sixteen, and you can call me Jessie until I tell you not to. Can't he, papa?"

"I suppose so," said General Carden. "She is a spoiled child, Mr. Burt," turning to the old gentleman, "and I have ceased making rules, lest she should break them."

During the hour which followed, Jessie and John talked of a score of topics, John deftly turning the conversation from the runaway accident.

How dainty, yet how healthy, Jessie looked! The July sun had begun its etching of tan. The slender neck, where the brown tresses protected it, was dazzling, shading away to cheek and brow in blendings of cream, pink and tan, which defied touch of brush or skill of words. The arched eyebrows and the dark silken lashes framed eyes which glowed with the smouldering fires of dawning womanhood. The mouth was not too small, and the lips were ruddy as ripe cherries.

And this was the being he had saved from mutilation against the cruel rocks! As he looked at her, heard the rippling music of her voice and felt the subtle inspiration of her presence, the thought came that there was something selfish in his joy and pride.

What was it? Is love selfish?

CHAPTER SIX.

Summer Days.

John Burt sprang into his saddle with an ease that showed complete recovery from the runaway accident, and cantered to Jessie Carden's side. They waved their hands gaily to Mrs. Bishop, and galloped away under the arching maples that formed an avenue before the old mansion. It was John's fourth visit since Jessie's arrival, and his suggestion of a ride to Hull had been smilingly accepted.

An hour later they stood on the heights above Point Allerton. Below, the wide crescent of Nantasket Beach swung to the south and east, within it "crawled the wrinkled sea." Every foot of ground was hallowed by history and legend. From that point their ancestors watched the Chesapeake as she sailed proudly out to fight the Shannon; there they had wept when they learned that the brave Lawrence had gone to his death shouting encouragement to his crew. Thence Captain John Smith first sighted the harbor. The red warriors of King Philip camped where they stood. A short distance away the Mary and John had anchored with her freight of pioneers. A mile to the north stood Boston Light, and they pictured Lord Howe's fleet sailing past it, swelling disdainfully out to sea.

(To be continued.)

GAVE UP HER MEAL TICKET.

Comical Mistake Made by Woman in New York Theater.

At a recent matinee in a New York theater a middle-aged woman bought a single ticket for the gallery, and mounted the stairs to the upper part of the house, says the New York Times. She handed to the ticket taker at the gallery entrance a check of the size and shape of the gallery tickets, which gave no coupons attached. He dropped it into the box, and the little woman hurried to find a good seat.

The first act had been on but a little while when the woman hurried, almost out of breath, to the ticket taker and cried:

"Let me have my ticket, please!"

"What?"

"The ticket I gave you. Let me have it again!"

"But it's in the box, locked up," replied the man, coldly.

"Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!" the little woman wailed.

"What's the matter?" asked the man, growing very slightly sympathetic.

"I gave you the wrong ticket," she said, weeping. "Here—here's yours." And she drew from her handbag the ticket that should have been taken up.

"But what was the other one?" demanded the man in astonishment.

"It was my meal ticket," she sobbed, "and I can't eat."

The little woman would not go back to her seat until she had been assured by the man that she should have her meal ticket, which she afterward recovered.

Gen. Wheeler and Peaches.

A Michigan officer in the Spanish war had a negro attendant whose ideas of military discipline were strict. Owing especially to the thieving proclivities of some of the Cuban hangers-on, he was under strict command not to let anything go from the officers' quarters without a personal order from him.

One evening, as the officer and Gen. Wheeler met some distance from the camp the general said, with a smack of his lips:

"I hear, sir, that you received some very fine brandied peaches from home."

"Yes, General, they're prime, and I'm going to send you some. Meantime you had better stop at my tent on the way in and have my man give you a can."

When the officer reached his quarters he was approached by his attendant with an elaborate salute, who said:

"Did you tell dat Gen'l Wheelah, sah, dat he could call heah, sah, and procu' a can ob dem brandied peaches, sah?"

"Yes; of course, you gave them to him?"

"No, sah; I knows my duties, sah. I done tole Geh'l Wheelah dat all men look alike to me, sah, an' if he didn't hab no ordah he couldn't hab no peaches, sah, 'less he oba-come me by powah of superiah numbers, sah."

"Why, you black rascal, what did he say?"

"He jes' grin and bo' it, sah."

Johnson Together.

"Where's that dude hunter?"

"Oh, he left me to go after a bear."

"When's he coming back?"

"Whenever the bear does."

Not a Shopper.

She—She's very mannish, isn't she?

He—Yes, indeed. She can't force her way through a crowd at all.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AGRICULTURE

Winter Manuring.

As the country becomes older, the land, unless carefully protected, will become deteriorated and will produce less and less each year. But I believe if we are careful we can keep it up to a high standard and even increase its producing power by applying the proper ingredients. One sure and speedy way of building up the soil is by sowing clover. Another, but not quite so effective, is a rotation of crops. For instance, a good corn crop nearly always follows oats, and a better one is rape. A third way that is very effective, but is a little slower, is hauling out manure. And what I want to speak of especially is applying it in the winter. Many a man who has but little stock to care for is not going much all winter. How much better, be he renter or land owner, if he would haul out every load of manure he could scrape up and apply it to the land. If he got the use of it one year as a renter and it increased his yield 10 bu. at 40c, the present price for corn, it is time well spent.

It has been our practice for years to always have a sled or low wagon with an old box on, and clean out the barns and sheds and haul to the fields and scatter pretty heavily on the ground. We give an abundance of bedding, and this in turn goes to manure. It is easily forked or scraped up from the floors and is readily applied. We scatter the higher ground first and then as it is completed, go to the lower which does not need it so badly but is materially benefited. We plow this under in the spring and it never fails to produce a good crop of corn. We often scatter fine manure from the sheds of cattle yards on fall plowing with good results. Haul out two or three loads of straw or hay and let the cattle on good days when the ground is frozen feed on it and you will be surprised at the amount of manure they will leave on the weak places. While pursuing this plan, since having our present farm, its condition has been improved, rather than weakened, although it has produced a good crop every year. Such labor inevitably brings good profits.

Edwin E. Sedwick.

Warren County, Ill.

Shrinking of Soils.

The shrinking of soils on drying is a matter of no little practical importance. This shrinking is of course offset by an increase of bulk when the soil becomes wet. In variable weather we have therefore constant changes of volume occurring, says Professor Johnson in "How Plants Feel." Soils rich in humus experience these changes to the greatest degree. The surfaces of moors often rise and fall with the wet or dry season, through a space of several inches. In ordinary light soils, containing but little humus no change of bulk is evident. Otherwise, it is in clay soils that shrinking is most perceptible; since these soils only dry superficially, they do not appear to settle much, but become full of cracks and rifts. Heavy clays may lose one-tenth or more of their volume on drying, and since at the same time they harden about the rootlets which are embedded in them, it is plain that these indispensable organs of the plant must thereby be ruptured during the protracted dry weather. Sand, on the other hand, does not change its bulk by wetting or drying and when present to a considerable extent in the soils, its particles, being interposed between those of the clay, prevent the adhesion of the latter, so that, although a sandy loam shrinks not inconsiderably when drying, yet the lines of separation are vastly more numerous and less wide than in pure clays. Such a soil does not "cake," but remains friable and powdery. Marly soils (containing carbonate of lime) are especially prone to fall to a fine powder during drying, since the carbonate of lime, which, like sand, shrinks very little, is itself in a state of extreme division, and therefore more effectually separates the clayey particles. The unequal shrinking of these two intimately mixed ingredients accomplishes a perfect pulverization of such soils. On the cold, heavy soils of Upper Lusatia, in Germany, the application of lime has been attended with excellent results, and the larger share of the benefit is to be accounted for by the improvement in the texture of those soils which follows liming.

Feeding Unhusked Corn.

Farmers have been feeding a great deal of corn in the bundle and a good many acres, perhaps 10 per cent of the whole crop, is still in the field open down. After being forced by the early and violent winter to suspend husking and then from necessity feeding the machine harvested corn, in the bundle, farmers have found that it is not a bad way and many will plan to feed a considerable part of the crop hereafter in this way. Husking corn in the present condition of the help question is expensive business, anyway. It is not likely that farmers have found the best, most economical way to handle the corn crop for husking by machinery, but many who have used the method have reckoned that it has cost them 6 to 10 cents per bushel to complete the work. This is too large a part of the value of the crop to give for husking. I am fattening 21 steers by feeding silage (made from well-matured corn) once, clover hay once, and corn bundles at night. They have done very well. Others have fed in a similar way without the silage and are well pleased with results.—S. W. Gibson, Eaton Co., Mich.

* * *

Some feeders practice the feeding of unhusked corn all the time. They claim that the cattle chew the corn more and that the husk going into the stomach with the grain improves the chances for its digestion. It is certainly a saving in labor. We would like to hear from others that have been feeding it in the way mentioned.

COCKTAILS AID TO EDUCATION.

Unusual Point Brought Out in Lecture Before Body of Architects.

The fact that a knowledge of cocktails and dancing are requisite to a technical education in engineering and architecture was laid before members of the local chapter of architects at the meeting at Ohio Mechanics' Institute a few nights ago in a discussion on the subject of "Technical Education," led by Prof. Herman Schneider of the Cincinnati university.

The speaker, in making the statement, cited instances where inquiries had come to the Lehigh university for engineering graduates who knew how to drink cocktails, who could dance, and whose personal appearance was good and who possessed a good education in engineering.

The inquiry came from a large eastern bridge company, and two men answering the description were employed at $150 per month, and Prof. Schneider stated that they were drawing $4,000 a year.

"Engineers," said he, "must now have a broad education and be able to put up a good front and go into any kind of society. Firms want men who can go out to meet prospective big customers, entertain them and be able to talk intelligently about the wine they are drinking, social topics and also on engineering matters."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GRASS TO HOLD CANAL BANKS.

Experiments Made by the Engineers in Charge of Ditch at Suez.

It has been discovered by the engineers who are occupied with the maintenance of the Suez canal that the best of all methods of protecting the banks from crumbling and decay is provided by the natural growth of reeds which fringe the channel for some distance below Ismailia on the African side, and some rather interesting attempts have been lately made to plant new reeds in other parts of the canal.

It is stated that the local species of reed with which the experiment has been so far made will not live in salt or very brackish water in the early stages of its growth, though it will bear transplanting later, and that at present the serviceableness of the natural means of protection is consequently limited.

Where the water is sufficiently free from brine, however, the network of roots is found to put a facing on the loose soil of the banks more successful and permanent than a wall of brick or stone, and it would probably not be difficult to discover and establish some coarse sedge or other plant of the sea marshes.—Country Life.

AT HOME ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Bashful Contractor Not Fitted for Public Speaking Gives Odd Excuse.

Elmer E. Johnston, executive commissioner of the Washington World's fair exhibit is attracting a great deal of favorable attention in St. Louis. Recently Mr. Johnston gave the St. Louis people some strong advice against extortion, and the other day he told a reporter a little story.

"Seeing all these buildings up," he said, "reminds me of a hospital dedication that I attended last October. We had the builder of the hospital there and we called on him to make a speech. He was a big, ruddy chap, timid and embarrassed. He got up, bowed awkwardly and began:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I guess I am better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'"

Overstepping the Limit.

When Meredith P. Gentry was defeated for the governorship of Tennessee by Andrew Johnson, afterward president, he was much chagrined, principally, he said, because he "had been run over by that great calf," as he contemptuously designated Johnson. Gentry's melancholy over the result of the election increased as time passed and he went into a decline. So some of his friends visited him in order to cheer him up and, as was the custom in those days, emptied several demijohns of whisky during the evening. It was very late before they thought of retiring and then Gentry announced that, as there was a clergyman present (Parson Brownlow), he would request him to offer up a prayer before the company went to bed. Brother Brownlow, whose specialty was exhortation, began to pray. He included everything in his petition and at last said: "and O Lord, if in thy infinite mercy it be possible, have mercy also upon Andrew Johnson." Gentry was on his feet in an instant. "Stop, Mr. Brownlow, stop!" he exclaimed. "You will exhaust the fount of infinite mercy."

Lack of Cuss Words in Japan.

The poor, benighted heathen cannot swear

In Japan;

They possess no ardent cuss words over there

In Japan.

When the wind blows off their hats,

When their darlings prove untrue,

When they slip and crack their slats,

O I wonder what they do

In Japan?

Does the hammer never fall upon a thumb

In Japan?

Do insistent bill collectors never come

In Japan?

When they think they've got downstairs

And the bottom's far away,

At the man never swears,

O I wonder what they say,

In Japan?

Do they never miss the last car out at night

In Japan?

Do they never fall the sidewalk when they light,

In Japan?

When they put in all their cash

And are therefore brought to grief

When the market goes to smash,

How do they obtain relief,

In Japan?

Do the people never chance to step on tacks

In Japan?

Do they never get their fingers caught in cracks,

In Japan?

When they don new clothes and find

At the office, far away,

That they've left their keys behind,

O I wonder what they say,

In Japan?

Not on the Mouth.

Nell—He has been very attentive to me and last night he tried to kiss me.

Belle—Well, it's all right to be attentive, but that was overdoing it.

Nell—Oh, no; he underdid it. He only succeeded in kissing me on the chin.

Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period — how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"To Young Women:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—Miss Agnes Miller, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 14—1904

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