

JOHN BURT

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Klappanad Wilderness," "Colonel Murren's Deception," Etc.

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CHAPTER NINE—Continued.

Two warm arms were clasped around his face, and with tears nestled for a moment on his shoulder, and she kissed him twice, with the intention, it came from the heart of a woman whose affection 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 shaded 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 stood in the gloom of the night, two miles to Peter Burt, and he soon reached the gloomy old house. A figure stood by the door. 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 and disappear beyond the vines which shaded the veranda."

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 a stone of the pioneer Burt who, two hundred years before, had talked the dangers of the wilderness. "Now we can talk," he said. "Tell me what has happened."

Quickly John Burt related the incidents of the night, and his grandfather held an anxious note. "The old man made no sign during the recital, and was silent for minutes after John had ended.

"He deserved to be killed," 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

A MICHIGAN MAYOR SAYS: "I Know Pe-ru-na is a Fine Tonic for a Worn Out System."

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 laid 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 Horn's door; and, much to his surprise, that gruff old mariner was up and dressed.

"Come in! I've been expecting you," he said as he opened the door. "Welcome 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 Segreant. Captain Horn 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 the conditions of the public in case of a storm.

Not until the Segreant 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 postscript declared that he had found a rich deposit of gold, and that he was working to get 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 was near. The map showed a small island in the way of his dreams of wealth.

There was also a parcel with an envelope which John unwrapped it, and disclosed a large, old-fashioned wallet, which he recognized as having belonged to his grandfather. In it he found a few layers of United States Treasury notes of large denominations. His fingers touched a small, old-fashioned pocket watch, which he had owned as near as John looked at those bits of paper.

It seemed and incidents of that night—thousand mile—around Cape Horn are worthy of extended recital, but are not an essential part of the story. One bright afternoon the Segreant sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and a week later John Burt was a passenger on the steamer *Italciano*, bound for San Francisco.

A thousand leagues away, Jessie Gordon treasured the secret of a senator's strange love. With the return of the love, on the walls of her classroom was a large map, and she loved to point to the spot where the land of sea-bell John Burt.

(To be continued.)

Women who work, whether in the house, store, office or factory, very rarely have the ability to stand the strain. The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women, and adds further proof that woman's great friend in need is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"GOOD BYE, DEAR! THERE'S WIFE TALKING IN THE SILENT VOICE."

best—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 Burt.

"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 today 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 unproven world is yours to conquer. It is the sign that you are at once to depart from fields you have tilled, and to enter upon your work in that broad sphere which is waiting for 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 tonight, and God will be with you. Hush! He hears the hoofs of horses!"

The old man jumped to his feet. "Others are coming," he said in a low voice. "I will meet them. Remain here till I return. Hold that horse by the nose which is waiting for you. As John sprang to the horse, 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's wife, who was in a dressing, then lighted a lamp and ran to the hallway. The pounding had been repeated at intervals, and gruff voices were heard in the distance. "Who's there?" demanded the old man.

"We are officers of the law, Mr. Burt," they said. "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 on no man, let us in, or we will pound your door down, and take you along with your murderer's grandson!"

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

Growing threats, the men retired. In a minute they returned, armed with a gun. Used as a battering ram, it was hurled against the door. Peter Burt, 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 com-

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