JOHN BURT

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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," "Annie 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!" decided 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 knew 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 study 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 proudly. "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 times. I'm as 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 my New England life 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, pines, 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 mounted to her cheeks.

James Blake watched her face intently. Both were thinking of John Burt, but with what different emotions! Since the sun had set, a gulf had opened 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 'Jim' and rarely mentioned your last name. And you ran away from home. Did you ever meet John Burt in California, Mr. Blake?"

James Blake was not deceived by the careless tone in which she asked this question. With grim joy he reflected that John's injunction for secrecy 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 reflectively. "Dear old John; 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 Cardigan," he said on leaving.

Instructing his coachman to drive to his apartments, James Blake closed his eyes and attempted to calmly review what had happened. He found it impossible. One emotion held mastery over him—he was in love, madly and defiantly in love with Jessie Carden. He thought of Arthur Morris and hated him. He thought of John Burt and pitied him. Neither should stand in his way.

Could she be engaged to Arthur Morris? Now 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 fix ardent progress. But she did not, she could not love Arthur Morris.

Did John Burt love her? Did she love John Burt?

These were the stinging, burning questions which seared his brain, but the clamor of his conscience drowned the louder din of his passion. He had not yet reached a point where, with calm selfishness he could voice the brutal aphorism of moral and physical desperadoes: "All is fair in love and war." He was eager to clear himself of self-accused disloyalty to John Burt, and he clutched at any defense which would serve as possible justification or extenuation.

John Burt was his friend, the founder of his fortunes; the loyal, trustful comrade to whom he owed all he was or could hope to be. Blake knew this, and yet, with the truth confronting him and pleading for justice, the sophistic arguments and evasions of a vaulting gaoden came readily to his lips.

"How do I know John loves her?" he pleaded. "He has not told me so. He has sent her no word. He could have done so easily enough. She does not know if he be dead or alive. Is that the way for a lover to act? If John has lost her it is his own fault. Perhaps he gave her up long ago. Honestly, I believe his hate for Morris is more to him than his affection for Jessie Carden."

Thus subdued James Blake. Awakened love loosens a million eloquent tongues to plead for self, and pallsh the voice which should speak for others. The love of a man for a woman is the sublimation of his egoism; his unconscious exaltation of desire.

CHAPTER XXII.

Unreasoning Passion.

In all the vast world only two persons knew that such a man as John Burt lived—James Blake and Peter Burt.

John Burt owned stock in thousands of miles of railroads. He was an investor in other great enterprises and activities. An army of men worked under his direction, and the stock market rose and fell at the pressure of his unseen hand. For years he had rebelled at the fate which had made him a recluse, which denied him the fellowship and confidence of his peers. He felt a keen joy over the knowledge that the day was approaching when he could assume his true place in the world of vast affairs.

But of earth's countless millions there was one alive all others to whom he would tell his secrets. He impatiently awaited the time when he could look into Jessie Carden's face and read the verdict in her eyes. Were years of patient waiting and working to be rewarded or unrequited?

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 can I do? I cannot give her up. By God, I'll not give her up for any man, not even for John Burt! Would John surrender the woman he loved for me? 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 to meet John Burt with treachery in his heart and a lie on his lips.

Blake knew that John Burt was in his private office, 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 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 his companion chose traits which attract allegiance, and which hold it by unseen but powerful bands. By a display of tact which amounted to genius, John Burt had aided James Blake without patronizing him, and had forgiven his repeated mistakes without offending him.

Blake strolled slowly through the connecting offices and entered the large room reserved for customers. Those who knew the famous operator bowed respectfully. Blake gazed momentarily at a bulletin board containing the early London and Paris quotations. He read them, but they had no meaning. He was thoroughly, abjectly miserable.

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

"Why, don't you know?" exclaimed his companion. "I should have introduced you. 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 his hat in the least. "He tells a good story, sings a good song, and no man in the club can drink 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 never to keep our hearses 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 the sun's fall. 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 alive a depressing turn. I know how it is myself. 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.

DIDN'T WANT TO MISS IT.

Was His Final Chance of Seeing a Boiler Explode.

They had been talking about Englishmen of title who took up useful work. Somebody mentioned Lord Ross, who is a good practical engineer, and then somebody else told this story:

Lord Ross having once—unknown to the employes—entered the engine room of a large manufactury, the engineer's attention was attracted to by his odd behavior.

"Well, what's up now?" he growled at the peer. "What are you shaking your head and pulling out your watch for? What have you got to find fault with, anyhow?"

"Oh!" replied Lord Ross, "it is all the same to me. I have not no fault to find. I am just waiting till the boiler explodes."

"The boiler explodes? Why, you are crazy, man," exclaimed the engineer, angrily, preparing to turn the peer out as a dangerous crank.

"Why!" interrupted the latter, "if you work ten minutes longer with that loose screw there the boiler will certainly explode."

The engineer, gazing in the direction indicated by Lord Ross, paled and jumped to stop the engine.

"Why didn't you say so sooner?" he blurted out.

"Why should I?" answered the peer. "I never yet have had an opportunity of seeing a boiler explode."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

John Wesley's Ideas on "Ailing."

It is pretty generally known that John Wesley, during his unparalleled apostolic life 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." It was published in London by Barr & Co. in the year 1743.

The preface is characteristic of the author. "When man came first out of the hands of the Creator there was no place for physic or the art of healing. But when man rebelled against the Sovereign of heaven and earth the incorruptible frame put on corruption, and the immortal put on immortality."

Fashionable Shoes.

Pale grey or fawn suede shoes will be much worn this season, both by women and men. They are very light, cool and pliable, and look remarkably smart. Although they roll easily, they are readily cleaned with grey or fawn pipe-clay.

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 1905 amounted to $63,045.

SCELLANY

Taking Care of the Crops.

The greatest handicap which can be placed on a miller is to have to contend with the off-grade wheat. Wheat that has been wet in the shock, sprouted, bleached, musty stuff, mean to handle and impossible to grind, this is the worst of all evils which may beset the operative and one of the greatest sources of loss in running the mill.

There is also the wheat which has gone into the stack in apparent good shape and because of bad winds and heavy rains become soaked with water and then by heating become stack-burned and mouldy, or gone into the bins in a damp condition and come out later as unharvested wheat, which is not only deceptive stuff to buy, but which makes unsound flour and loss if by any mischance it reaches the mills.

No other subject is of more vital importance to millers than the quality of the wheat they grind. The miller, by force of business necessity, has no use for poor wheat. Unlike the statistician or the crop estimator, he thinks less of the number of total bushels raised or the given number of bushels per acre than he does of the quality of the grain and the proportion of it which finally reaches his bins in a condition which will allow it to be milled into the pure, uniform product upon which his trade is based.

In the settlement of a new country, where the production of wheat largely exceeds the local demand and the farmers are poor and have not the means to build granaries to hold their crops, there is a heavy movement of wheat "from the machine" as the quickest and easiest method of getting the grain raised off their hands. To get the money it brings into circulation is the one ambition of the farmer, and all the rains and winds have full opportunities to damage. The most promising outlook of a fine quality of wheat will be ruined in a week of bad weather while the farmer is "waiting for the machine," and as his wheat lies in the stack in the same expectant attitude, a period of bad weather succeeding harvest will ruin good grain and cause the loss of thousands of dollars in the lowering of grades.

The best and most successful farmers have learned from years of experience that it pays to stack their grain, especially their wheat. That mysterious process of going "through the sweat," by which wheat is improved in color and strength after being cut, had best be passed in the stack, for investigators and experts have found that the longer the period during which the berry remains in the chaff and straw the greater is the improvement of its quality.

The market depression which follows the custom of rushing the wheat to market immediately after harvest is too well known to need any comment. The supplies are temporarily larger than the power of absorption and prices are lowered in consequence, to the greatest detriment to the farmer himself. The miller later on suffers from this cause by having the cheap wheat exported to be brought into competition later in the crop year.

The interests of the miller in taking care of the wheat and having the farmer hold it as long as possible for gradual marketing is evident. There is nothing which can be done to regulate or control the weather, but all arrangements for the protection which can be given the crop from the elements. As the harvest season approaches farmers should be urged to stack their wheat and give it the best chance possible to be high in grade and dry and sweet when threshed. If threshed in a dry condition there is little danger of a loss of grade afterwards. A difference of 10 to 15 cents a bushel in price because of quality alone is often the result of stacking wheat in a wet season. The farmer is the winner and the miller is glad to pay full prices for the best grain, and he will want the poor stuff at any price.

The question of the best care of the crops is of increasing importance as milling demand requires more extensive buying. Bank raised farming methods grow up side by side with increased milling facilities and both are benefited. There are no two classes which are in such close dependence upon each other as the miller and the farmer. The success of the one usually means the success of the other. In no other particular do the two interests harmonize as in the improvement of the wheat crop. No other element will improve the quality more than the care of the crop after cutting. It is in the interest of every miller to urge "stacking the wheat," and both will be the gainer by better qualities.—Milling and Grain News.

Palatability of Food.

The value of any food for an animal is indicated to a considerable degree by its palatability. No matter what balances of protein and carbohydrates a food may show on analysis, if it is not palatable enough so that the animals will eat it and eat a good deal of it, it will not be of any use in the economy of the farm. This is illustrated by the experiments carried on at the Indiana Experiment station to feeding distillery grains to horses. These grains may contain a great quantity of digestible protein and certainly do, but the horses did not find them palatable and refused to eat more of them than they were compelled to. This is the report of the station, after having fed "slop" grains for a number of years. Reports were also secured from teamsters on this point and they agreed with the experience of the station experiments. There are many other kinds of food that would make good and cheap stock food if the cattle, horses and other stock cared for them; but they do not.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered-sewer-ditching, stream; 35 acres timber, 15 miles from Birmingham, 15 miles from Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish church in Royal Oak, Half mile to R. R. in splendid land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair; 65 apple trees, 160 plum trees and plenty of other fruit. Price $3,000. Terms easy.

4.

Farm of 80 acres, 40 acres improved, balance timber, 2 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles from Farmington, 2 miles from Novi, 2 miles from Northville, 6 miles from Plymouth, 20 miles from Detroit. Price $1,600. Terms easy.

5.

Elegant house and lot on best front and 50 feet deep on Maple road in Royal Oak, that has a fine barn and every modern convenience. Furnace, bath, closets, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of White Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard 18 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend st. in Birmingham, good barn, well and cistern, ordinary conveniences, 120 ft. front and 165 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

11.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres, good farm house and farm buildings following the Rochester road, 2 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles from Troy; 30 acres good beech and maple timber, a fine grafted orchard, now bearing, and stumpage will be sold to suit purchaser. Price $80 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

12.

A small farm of 3 acres, being part of the 40 of section 8, 5 miles south of Birmingham, Oakland county. Fine gravel soil, new house and barn, house and pig-pen. Buildings insured for $1,200. Young orchard of 100 trees, just coming into bearing. Fine bearing vineyard of 1,000 vines. Water from bearing well, which is piped to barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock or other purposes. This is a fine little home and a bargain at $1,500, gravelly loam in high state of cultivation, 3 acres, two-story and basement brick house, 10 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, sewerage, stone foundation, cellar, cistern and all conveniences. There are other buildings which are worth $1,000 more than the buildings cost. House and lot, 50 feet front on Maple road, in Birmingham, 165 feet deep; house contains 10 rooms and