JOHN BURT

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

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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CHAPTER ONE.

The Prophet's Prayer.

"Kneel, children. Take off your hat, lad. Let us pray."

An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to the rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the shadows of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast from Quoddy Head to Siasconset.

The lantern's light revealed two figures under the pencil of a Hogarth. Bared to the gale, the old man's white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the time of years. The thin lips parted in a fine white surrounded by a placable tenacity of purpose, not hating at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage—selfish, relentless—the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that his legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score years and ten.

His companion on this night mission to hurricane-swept Black Reef was a boy of eight. No fear of the storm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the youth. He was garbed in a tightly buttoned red jacket and a pair of homespun trousers, necessarily tucked into copper-toed boots. The ends of a blue yarn 'comforter' fluttered in the gale.

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock.

"It's awful wet, grandfat. Can't I stand up and pray?"

"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the old man in a deep but not unkind voice. "The Lord will not harm His servants whether they approach Him in storm or in calm."

Falling on his knees, the old man raised his arms and his face to heaven, and prayed to the God who rifles on the wings of the storm. The spray stung his face, but he heeded it not. A giant surge swept the lantern away, and its last light went out as it clattered along the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1850, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency.

In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw an augury of the storm which was soon to sweep the country, as ardent Abolitionist, and a rabid advocate of Unionism, he lifted his voice that November night in a fervent eloquence which thrilled the child at his knee. Lincoln left an impress years did not efface. Amid the roaring of waters, his gray hair streaming in the wind, his arms raised outstretched over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then impending. He invoked the wrath of God on the enemies of his country, returned thanks for the coming martyrdom of the slaves, and exulted in the victory to be achieved by the Union arms. He ended with a rapture of joy for the grandson kneeling beside him—"who is the help," the old man declared, "not of one world, but of worlds alone, which are nothing in Time ayes, but are those which are the power of divination with which Thou hast graciously vouchsafed me. John Burt shall be the divining rod of the house of Burt. Withhold not, O Lord, Thy blessing from him! Amen."

The prophet's prayer ended, the water from his hair. The prophet had gone, the boy had fainted, and blood in his place. The ressentment which challenged wind and wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed:

"Where's that lantern, John? See if you can find it. We'll break our neck in trying to get back without it."

John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered complaints the old man lighted it. Holding it high on his staff, he shouted:

"Come! Follow me! Follow me!"

Jessie Carden, clinging firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoken with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess, smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

"Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Maiden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I will not be gone long. You will be very careful, won't you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Gayle. There's one of those spidery things now—the thing that reminds her first of summer in the country. For three weeks we had been living in the Bishop farm-house. So many things have happened that the memory of the Bishop mansion and Barton Jessie's come a dream. The Bishops were distant relatives of General Marshall Carden, the banker, and so there had been consigned the welfare of his daughter, in special charge of a trusted governess.

Jessie peered over the rail that watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran back and forth and threw sticks and stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the surface. Then she spied a hoop-pole which had fallen from a passing wagon. This slender rod easily reached the water, and Jessie threshed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the pole made her cap, and it fell into the creek, where the girl saw it sweep under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling beneath the feet of a horse.

"Hi! Hi! Hi! Jim!"

Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hurt you, little girl?"

Jessie Carden shook her head and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge.

"There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Gayle say? I just ran away from him!"

The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and discovered a glimpse of the cap it was carried along by the tide. Looking up the road, he placed his fingers between his lips and blew a whistled shrill. A large Newfoundland dog came across him, leaping in huge bounds.

"Hey, Prince, go after it!" he pointed to the cap, now whirling in an eddy.

Prince reached the cap, and holding it well above the water, turned for the bank. The sides were steep and slippery, but the boy took firm hold of the dog's collar and after a moderate delay, he had to wait around. Prince dropped the cap, filling the air with spray as he shook himself, and rolled his tongue out in canine self-satisfaction.

"Here is your cap," said the boy as he held a much bedraggled piece of millinery gingerly at arm's length.

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie, smiling through tears which were welling in her eyes. With a little shiver, she realized not that the governess was not in sight. Jessie patted the dog on the head, and with a rogue glance addressed her unknown companion.

"What is your name?" she asked, with the direct frankness of twelve years.

"My name is Burt—John Burt."

"My name is Jessie Carden," said the young lady. She crawled through the fence unassisted by her new acquaintance. The courtesy expected by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen, no neither suffered in the other's estimation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spidery things that swim in the water," replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had slipped erect. Just in the sticky bottom of the creek. "Oh, how I wish I could catch one!"

"That's easy," said John. He climbed into the wagon. "Wait for me, Jim, with the horse and I'll show you how. Want some catchin', you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mystery. His implement which consisted of a hook on a stick got at the cap of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with interest. The boy took a piece of stringy meat, bent and securely fastened a piece of tough raw hide to it, then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip-net not in the water, but on the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide-opened eyes.

Slowly and carefully John raised the string. At last the meat showed beneath the surface of the creek. As it came to the surface John drew the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—no, ten—I couldn't count them twice. Isn't he bite!" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the foundering crab. Her little dark eyes glittered, the claws clashed helplessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard. Look out, he's got his snarled the crab from the twine and meat. Run over to the wagon and bring the basket."

Delighted to be of assistance in so novel undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the crab in the wagon and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, he can catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please—John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

Jessie left the squirming mass of crabs and sprang to John's side.

"Reach down as far as you can," John directed. "That's right. When you feel something pull or jerk, pull up—slowly, though, or you'll scare him. Do you feel anything?"

The boy kind of twitches," whispered Jessie.

"Raise it up slow. He careful. There's one on, sure! Now jam the net under him!"

Jessie made a swing with the net, and dipped low. A huge crab dropped from the meat, struck the edge of the net and foundered back into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame! Why, he was big!"

"Go on; try again," said John, good naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she brought the net below the meat and raised it from the water.

(To be continued.)

DESERVED TO WIN BRIDE

How Hindoos Lover Secured the Maiden of His Choice.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a sword. Recently at the wedding of a daughter of a leading Hindoo family twelve were present among the guests, dancing in excitement and fear lest the bridegroom should not be the lucky one. To his satisfaction, while the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to the bride and, without any ceremony, what his object was, pulled out a thrust from his pocket and quietly tied it around the bride's wrist, which was a bubbled and parental lamentations rose with the wedding bride, but so great is the veneration for the sword among Hindoos that no one dared to interfere. From the sword the bride, the maid who went to the wedding with the sword, they left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

Where Gun Barrels Are Made.

The Belgian gun barrel is manufactured only at Neasovaux, Liege, Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. The work is done under the law, successfully withstand the government test before it is admitted for sale. The barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes and delivered to the inspectors, who combine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that the United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold $273,000 worth to the United States last year.

Japan's Population.

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United States.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

HIGH SCHOOL LEAGUE CONTEST

Marion and Murphysboro Are Tied for the First Honors.

In the intellectual contest of the Egyptian High School league at Carbondale the first prize was won by Marion and Murphysboro, twenty-four each, Cairo, Metropolis, and third, Anna and Jonesboro. The summary of winnings follows: Spelling—Marion, first, Anna and Jonesboro third. Arithmetic—Metropolis first, Anna second, Jonesboro third. Algebra—Jonesboro first, Metropolis second, Marion third. Geometry—Murphysboro first, Metropolis second, Jonesboro third. Latin—Murphysboro first, Metropolis second, Cairo third. Comfort Butler of Cairo, son of Judge W. N. Butler, won the essay contest, having for his subject "National Significance of the Campaigns of Gen. Geo. H. Clark." The next meet will be held at Murphysboro. The following officers were elected: President, Supt. E. E. McLaughlin of Anna; secretary-treasurer, Elias H. Rogers of Murphysboro.

GOOD WEATHER AIDS FARMERS

Average Condition of Wheat is Reported to Be Greatly Improved.

The weekly crop bulletin says: "This week has been the most favorable of the season for farming operations, and plants growth and vegetation made rapid progress. Much ground has been prepared for corn and some planting done. Under favorable weather conditions a large acreage will be planted this week. The outlook for oats is uniformly encouraging. The crop is practically all in the ground. While wheat in some places is not doing well, the average condition has greatly improved during the week. Rye is in a thrifty stage. Meadows have improved. Gardens are now doing well. Early potatoes are up, and, except peaches, is very promising, and a heavy yield is indicated."

Rescues Bake From Cistern.

Thomas Fisher, Edwardsville teamster, made a daring rescue of his 4-year-old daughter. The little one accidentally fell into a cistern, and the screams of the family attracted Mr. Fisher, who was working near by, and he jumped into the cistern, ran down up to his neck and held the child until neighbors secured ladders and assisted both out.

NEW G. A. R. COMMANDER.

Robert Mann Woods of Joliet, elected commander of the Illinois department, G. A. R., is one of the founders of the great organization of veterans. For thirty years he has been an ardent worker in the ranks of the Grand Army and, should occasion arise, can assisted in the founding of many new posts. Commander Woods is the author of the declaration of principles of the Grand Army of Joliet, and last fall was indorsed by the G. A. R. for the office of department commander. His election at Springfield was unanimous, and his friends predict that his regime will be among the most successful of the year, the inception of the Illinois organization.

ROBERT M. WOODS

Sustains Assessment.

The Illinois supreme court has sustained Warden Gardner's board of assessments in the matter of the increase of the assessment in the estate of the late Ira Lee Brown. After the death of Mr. Borden, more than a year ago, the inventory of his estate placed a valuation upon his personal and real property of more than $1,000,000.

Fewer Hours for Barbers.

After meeting of the Cairo Barbers union held recently it was decided to close the shops on Sundays beginning May 15, except on Saturdays, when they would close at 10:30 p. m. On holidays and Sundays the shops will close at noon.

Burial of Judge Gilchrist.

The body of Judge Charles K. Gilchrist, who died at Salt Lake City, Utah, was brought to Carrollton and interred in the city cemetery. Judge Gilchrist was principal of the schools there from 1857 to 1859.

Memorial Day Orator.

Rev. A. L. Whitcomb, pastor of the First Methodist church and president elect of Greenville college, has accepted the invitation to deliver the Memorial day address in Greenville, May 30.

BURGLARS CRACK FOUR SAFES

Get $1,000 and Stamps and Postal Orders at Lafayette.

Burglars broke open the safes in the postoffice and three stores in Lafayette, Stark county, securing $1,000 in money, $250 in stamps and the blank postal money orders. They escaped without arousing the town. Two suspicious characters were arrested a year ago for the crime of the robbery, and when searched the blank postal money orders were found upon them. A Chicago United States marshal has gone to Alpha. One of them gives the name of Noonan.

WOMAN HAS HARD FIGHT.

Mrs. Hill, who was appointed postmistress at Mackinaw, in Tazewell county, when her husband died during Cleveland's first term as president, is making a hard fight to retain her office. She has given satisfaction in the position and no attempt was made to remove her until two years ago, when charges of carelessness in the general appearance of the office were made. A candidate for the office suggested Col. Cummings, of congress, but Mrs. Hill organized the township for Graff and rounded up enough votes to send a Graff delegation to the county convention. The county was for Graff, and the town now the man who wants the postoffice happens to be a supporter of Graff. Mrs. Hill is getting signers to a petition asking that she be retained in office and has obtained many indorsements.

MRS. HILL

FIGHT OVER SALOON LICENSE

Wrangle in Greenville Council Causes Mayor to Lose Gavel.

A wrangle in the Greenville city council between the license and anti-license factions resulted in Mayor De Moulin and Aldermen Van Deusen and Liddel leaving the council. Alderman Bass was immediately placed in the chair as mayor pro tem. by the four temperance members. Alderman Bass then appointed the committees and also made the city appointments of J. Dowell, cemetery sexton, and E. Davis, night watchman. An ordinance was passed combining the offices of city marshal, superintendent of the streets, health inspector and superintendent of the waterworks into one, at the salary of $15 a month. There are no applicants for the position yet.

Waterson Overlooks Date.

The board of directors of the Centralia township high school will make a demand upon Henry Waterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, to explain why he overlooked the date on the evening of May 4 when the entertainment advertised the opera house was well filled. Mr. Waterson failed to keep his appointment and the money paid for admission had to be refunded.

Would Retain Superintendent.

Since Supt. Whitaford's appointment as superintendent of the public schools of St. Joseph, the Moberly school board met and re-elected him superintendent with an increase in salary. It is believed, however, that Mr. Whitaford will accept the new appointment and that Prof. J. C. Lilly, who has been principal of the high school during nearly the whole of Prof. Whitaford's school work at Moberly, will be elected to succeed him.

Early Closing.

An agreement has been reached between the Retail Clerks' association and the Blue Ribbon Commercial club, whereby Bellerville stores are to be opened at 7 a. m. and closed at 8:30 p. m. the year round, with the exception of the groceries, which are permitted to be opened at 6:30 during May, June and July.

Get Swine Estate.

The five surviving children of Karl Durheim, Jr., of Paxton, have just received the sum of $4,000 from a fund of $4,000, as their share in the estate of the grandfather, Karl Durheim, Sr., deceased, late of Berne, Switzerland.

Changes Superintendents.

Prof. F. J. Snapp, former superintendent of the Mt. Carmel schools, has been employed as superintendent at Sandoval, Mo. Prof. J. A. Davis of Sandoval has been employed at Kinmundy.

ROOSEVELT INSTRUCTS ISTHMIAN COMMISSION

Work at Panama Will Be Carried on Under the Direct Supervision of the War Department.

Washington dispatch: President Roosevelt has given his formal instructions to the Isthmian canal commission. The instructions, embodied in a letter to Secretary of War Taft, after recalling the steps taken under legislative authority as a preliminary to the work of actual construction, direct that the work be carried on under the supervision of the war department.

The commission is authorized to make the necessary rules for the correct administration of civil, military and judicial affairs of its possessions; to establish a civil service for the government of the strip; to do all the necessary work and supervise it; to make and cause to be executed all needful contracts; to acquire real property necessary to the United States in the construction of the canal; to make all necessary rules for the correct disbursement of and accounting for all funds; and to make recommendations to the Secretary of War for the needed laws.

The President adds that the inhabitants of the canal zone must be protected and disposition made as possible in their customs and avocations so as to interfere as little as possible, interest substantially as little as possible the change. The governor of the zone subject to the supervision of the commission, will appoint a judge for the zone, who is to have the power usually exercised in Latin countries by a judge of a court of first instance. The laws of the last session of congress, Feb. 26, 1904, shall continue in force. As the President states, there are "certain great principles of government, which have been made the basis of an enforced order in a nation, which we deem essential to the rule of law and the maintenance of order and which shall have force in the zone." These principles are the main provisions of the constitution.

The commission is given the power to legislate on all subjects not inconsistent with the laws and treaties of the United States, including the enactment of sanitary ordinances for the cities of Colon and Panama.

Major General Davis, who is to be the governor of the zone, is directed to see the laws faithfully executed. He is invested with power to grant reprieves and pardons. He may also, call, if necessary, for the services of any available United States military or naval force.

The commission is required to report yearly to Congress. Rear Admiral Walker and Colonel Hecker of the commission are designated members of the joint commission provided for by the canal convention.

SULPHATE OF COPPER KILLS WATER GERMS

Dilution of One Part in 100,000 is Said to Be Fatal to Typhoid and Asiatic Cholera.

Washington dispatch: Typhoid fever and Asiatic cholera germs and the disagreeable odors which often taint drinking water, which are already reputatively due to algae in the reservoir, can be taken, can be destroyed by copper sulphate in a dilution so dilute as to be colorless, tasteless, and harmless to man.

This is the report made to the Department of Agriculture by George T. Moore, who has charge of the laboratory of plant physiology, and Carl F Dodge, who is his assistant.

By a series of comparative tests they found that one part of copper sulphate in 100,000 parts of water destroys typhoid and cholera germs and other forms of bacteria in three or four hours. Ordinary temperatures and in less than twenty-four hours in the cooler weather. When the germs have been killed the copper can be quickly precipitated by some soluble hydroxide of calcium.

PICKERELS BITE KILLS MAN

Leads to Blood Poisoning and Victim Dies in Hospital.

St. Paul, Minn., dispatch: The bite of a pickerel resulted in the death of John E. Beckman of Amery. Mr. Beckman was baiting a fish when it clamped its jaws upon his fingers, lacerating every joint and inflicting hoose remedies. Beckman thought nothing further of the wound until it became sorely inflamed and the wrist and arm became infected. He was brought to a hospital here, but his case was beyond hope.

PARROT FEASTS ON DIAMONDS

Bird Has Banquet of Society Women's Valuable Jewels.

Des Moines, Iowa, dispatch: Diamonds valued at $1,000 made a feast for Polly, a parrot belonging to Mrs. H. Holland, a wealthy society woman of this city. Mrs. Holland was cleaning her jewels and the bird was intently watching the work. Leaving her jewelry in a receptacle, she turned to find her earrings, finger ring and other valuable diamonds and in the mouth of the bird a $200 stone which she swallowed.

Find Body of Missing Woman.

Keokuk, Iowa, dispatch: The body of Miss Ella Hill, of Warsaw, Ill., was found floating in the Mississippi yesterday morning. Miss Hill was the daughter of the late Judge J. W. Marsh, and was a niece of Congressman Marsh of Illinois.