

Mr. Barnes, American

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves, Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes sets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at his own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women, Barnes arranges to have Lady Chartris lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Correggio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the safety of the party are carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Correggio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook detected diving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid. The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

To avoid the curiosity of passing boats, Edwin has anchored near the beautiful side of the bay. Upon this Barnes now directs his glass. Looking it over, the American thinks it will be much more probably the location of Lady Chartris, as it has a number of pretty villas, nestled among olive, almond and orange trees, a good many of them having a possession of boat landings, as he suggested. But on none of them floats the flag of France, which he had asked Lady Chartris to use as a signal to locate her villa. He is almost putting his glass aside preparatory to a journey on shore to determine the location of Lady Chartris when he suddenly exclaims: "Hang that Maud!"

"Maud!" cries Edwin, who has been busy in making the vessel shipshape. "Is she above the horizon?"

"Very much," laughs Barnes. "Notice that overgrown girl romping with the big dog and waving the French flag at him. That flag, I imagine, was to have been our signal." Then he inspects the villa carefully and is pleased to see that a good solid brick wall of sufficient height to exclude any but very energetic intruders surrounds its pretty garden. Only on the water side are its lawns open to view, and this portion of the quiet bay appears at present devoid of boats.

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In a few minutes the American is at the little landing stage. As he runs up the stone steps, Maud's bright eyes light upon him. The girl stops her romping with the big dog, and crying: "Glory, glory, Mr. Barnes of New York. I thought you were in London!" flies down to him with additional exclamations of surprise and delight.

"Where is your mother, Maud?" remarks Burton, pleasantly, as the girl snuggles one of her rather solid hands into his.

"She's in the house, there. She's so blessed easy, I think I'm going to have a step-papa," answers Miss Chartris, gaily.

"Ah, Von Bulow," remarks Barnes, sentimentally.

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"This news is not at all satisfactory to Mr. Barnes. The more followers Lady Chartris has lounging about, the less will be the retirement of the villa."

"Very well, run off and play, Maud; I'll see you a little later," he remarks, slumily.

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Leading him into a delightful drawing-room, she adds: "You must see what a charming home I have for all of us. Marina and Enid are on the yacht, I suppose?"

"Yes, the ladies will be here this evening, my dear Lady Chartris," assents Barnes. Then he asks, desirous to know if the privacy of the villa has been preserved: "You have driven into Nice once or twice since you arrived?"

"Yes, I've only been here five days, and have been literally overwhelmed with attentions," Prunella remarks, rather grandly. "My horses—Barnes had paid for them—take me into Nice in 25 minutes over that beautiful forest road."

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"Lady Chartris Runs Up Stairs, and Returning, Places an Epistle in Burton's Hand."

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As he leaves the house he asks: "Are there any letters for me?"

"Why, yes. A Mr. Emory, who acts as your agent, I presume—has paid your bill at the Grand hotel—came to me as I was leaving Marseilles and asked me to deliver this personally." Lady Chartris runs upstairs, and returning, places an epistle in Burton's hand, adding: "Here is also another addressed in the same hand that arrived three days ago, under enclosure to me." The contents of the first makes him knit his brows.

It reads:

My Dear Mr. Barnes, Marseilles, May 27, 1883.

I send this by Lady Chartris. Any further communications until I again see you will be mailed under cover to that lady, as I dare not give our adversary any chance of finding your location by the post, for we have to deal with somebody whose devilish ingenuity beats that of Old Nick himself. The way he substituted his own assassins in place of the two Frenchies I had hired to ride behind your carriage and guard you when you left Marseilles, will prove this.

He must have got into me immediately after you employed me. Someone must have followed you and seen our chat at the Hotel des Deux-Mondes and guessed that you engaged me. All that day I must have been shadowed so stick I never suspected it. By this means they not only followed you but they carried the two men after you till they jumped me at the Roucas Blanc. I have questioned them and they admit that a bystander asked them to drink wine with him.

In addition, if it isn't too late, I want to warn you about the cook for the Seagull, whom Graham hurriedly engaged.

Graphic Battle Picture.

In Lew Wallace's autobiography appears this battle picture: "Then at a signal—a bugle call properly—the army having attained its proper front, it started forward slowly at first. Suddenly, after the passage of space, arms were lifted, and, taking to the double quick, the men raised their battle cry, shouting, sounding across the field and intervening distance, rose to me on the height, sharper, shriller and more like the composite yelling of wolves than I had ever heard it. And when to those were presently superadded a tempestuous tossing of guidons, waving of banners and a furious tramping of the young cavalry that flew before them like splashed billows, the demonstration was more than exciting—it was really fearful; and watching it I understood, as never before, the old Vandal philosophy which taught that the sublimest inspiration of courage lay in the terrible."

The devil who's running this vendetta on you may have got to him also in some way, though everybody about the docks says that Leboeuf is square.

I shall be in Nice not later than June 4, as from what you said to me I reckon you won't be back before that time.

Yours anxiously,
ELIJAH REUBEN EMORY.

Then he opens the second letter: from the American detective, dated June 2d. It contains a receipted bill from the Grand, that he had paid for Mr. Barnes, and also a statement that young Bernardo Saliceti had arrived from Ajaccio on the Wednesday boat, but so far as Emory could discover, had met no one in Marseilles though he had received some telegrams.

"I am onto this young Corsican cock-a-doodle," wrote the detective, "and as I find he is leaving for a trip along the coast toward Nice, I shall follow him to see if he will lead me to the head villain."

"I've also written to Perrier, whom you can trust, to look out for you. His address in Nice is 329 Rue Palermo. You mention to him 'Vendetta,' and he'll know you and reply, 'Marseilles.'"

It ended with a curious postscript: "I have just discovered that young Saliceti's first stop is St. Tropez."

Mr. Barnes has very little time to turn these communications over in his mind, for he is interrupted by a sudden swish of short skirts and Maud, standing beside him, demands: "How much for mamma's other suit?"

"I don't believe I want him, Miss Bribery and Corruption," mutters Burton, being anxious to reflect upon Emory's letters.

"Not curious to know of the man who brought mamma home yesterday?"

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THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

WESTERNIGHT the year lay dying:
By his lowly couch we met,
Bringing ivy-leaves, and trying,
Some with smiles and some with sighing
To remember—or forget.

Now the nursing year is waking,
And we gaze into his eyes,
Headless of his sure forsaking,
In his cradle he is taking
Gifts from earth and sea and skies.

Dawn of gold and sunset gleaming,
April eve and Juneteide morn,
Things of truth and not of seeming,
These have glorified his dreaming,
He the heir, the newly born.

In his tiny grasp he treasures
Riches that may soon be ours—
Sunlight gold in brimming measures,
Meadow fragrances and pleasures,
Honeyed wine distilled of flowers.

Soon the child will frolic lightly
O'er his father's grass-green grave:
Day shall be his playmate brightly,
And his sleep be sweetened nightly
By the songs of wind and wave.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

New Year Irresolutions

By HELEN ROWLAND

The Widow Discusses Them With the Bachelor.

"I DON'T" it hard, said the widow, glancing ruefully at the holly-wreathed clock on the mantel-piece, to know where to begin reforming yourself?"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the bachelor, "you are not going to do anything like that, are you?"

The widow pointed solemnly to the hands of the clock, which indicated 11:30, and then to the calendar, on which hung one fluttering leaf marked December 31.

"It is time," she sighed, "to begin mental house-cleaning; to sweep out our collection of last year's follies and dust off our petty sins and fling away our old vices and—"

"That's the trouble!" broke in the bachelor. "It's so hard to know just what to throw away and what to keep. Making New Year's resolutions is like doing the spring house-cleaning or clearing out a drawer full of old letters and sentimental rubbish. You know that there are lots of things you ought to get rid of, and that are just in the way, and that you would be better off without, but the minute you make up your mind to part with anything, even a tiny, insignificant vice, it suddenly becomes so dear and attractive that you repent and begin to take a new interest in it. The only time I ever had to be taken home in a cab was the day after I promised to sign the pledge, and the bachelor sighed reminiscently.

"And the only time I ever overdid my bank account," declared the widow, "was the day after I had resolved to economize. I suppose, she added pensively, "that the best way to begin would be to pick out the worst vice and discard that."

"And that will leave heaps of room for the others and for a lot of new little sins, beside, won't it?" agreed the bachelor cheerfully. "Well," he added philosophically, "I'll give up murdering."

"What!" the widow started.

"Don't you want me to?" asked the bachelor plaintively, rubbing his bald spot. "Or perhaps I might resolve not to commit highway robbery any more or to stop forging or—"

"All of which is so easy!" broke in the widow sarcastically.

"There'd be some glory and some reason in giving up a big vice," sighed the bachelor, "if a fellow had one. But the trouble is that most of us men haven't any big criminal tendencies, merely a heap of little follies and weaknesses that there isn't any particular virtue in sacrificing or any particular harm in keeping."

"And which you always do keep, in spite of all your New Year's vows," remarked the widow ironically.

"Huh!" the bachelor laughed cynically. "It's our New Year's vows that help us to keep 'em. The very fact that a fellow has sworn to forego anything, whether it's a habit or a girl, makes it more attractive. I've thrown away a whole box of cigars with the finest intentions in the world and then gotten up in the middle of the night to fish the pieces out of the waste basket. And that midnight smoke was the sweetest I ever had. It was sweeter than the apples I stole when I was a kid and the kisses I stole when—"

"If you came here to dilate on the joys of sin, Mr. Travers," began the widow coldly.

"And," proceeded the bachelor. "I've made up my mind to stop flirting with a girl, because I found out that she was beginning to—"

"I understand," interrupted the widow sympathetically.

"And, by Jove!" finished the bachelor, "I had to restrain myself to keep

pledge, serve him wine with every course. If you want him to hate a woman, invite her to meet him every time he calls, and tell him how 'suitable' she would be."

"And if you want him to love you," finished the bachelor, "don't ask him to swear it, but tell him that he really ought not to. The best way to manage a donkey—human or otherwise—is to turn his head in the wrong direction and he'll back in the right one."

"Then," said the widow decisively, "we ought to begin the New Year by making some irresolutions."

"Some—what?"

"Vows that we won't stop doing the things we ought not to do," explained the widow.

"All right," agreed the bachelor thoughtfully, "I'll make an irresolution to go on making love to you as much as I like."

"You mean, as much as I like, Mr. Travers," corrected the widow severely.

"How much do you like?" asked the bachelor, leaning over to look into the widow's eyes.

The widow kicked the corner of the rug tentatively.

"I like—all but the proposing," she said slowly. "You really ought to stop that—"

"I'm going to stop it—to-night," the widow looked up in alarm.

"Oh, you don't have to commence keeping your resolutions until tomorrow morning," she said quickly. "And are you going to stop refusing me—to-night," continued the bachelor firmly.

The widow studied the corner of the rug with great concern.

"And," went on the bachelor, taking something from his pocket and toying with it thoughtfully, "you are going to put on this ring"—he leaned over, caught the widow's hand and slipped the glittering thing on her third finger. "Now," he began, "you are going to say that you will—"

The widow sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "In a moment we'll be making promises!"

"We don't need to," said the bachelor, leaning back nonchalantly, "we can begin by making—arrangements. Would you prefer to live in town or at Tuxedo? And do you think Europe or Bermuda the best place for the—"

"Bermuda, by all means," broke in the widow, "and I wish you'd have that hideous portico taken off your town house, Billy, and—"

The rest of her words were smothered in the bachelor's coat lapel—and something else.

"Then you do mean to marry me, after all!" cried the bachelor triumphantly.

The widow gasped for breath and patted her hair anxiously.

"I—I meant to marry you all the time!" she cried, "but I never thought you were really in earnest and—"

"Methinks," quoted the bachelor happily, "that neither of us did pro- too much." We haven't made any promises, you know."

"Not one," rejoined the widow promptly, "as to my flirts."

"Nor as to my clubs."

"Nor as to my relatives."

"Nor my cigars."

"And we won't make any vows," cried the widow, "except marriage vows."

"And New Year's irresolutions," added the bachelor.

"Listen!" cried the widow softly, with her fingers on her lips.

A peal of a thousand silver bells rang out on the midnight air.

"The chimes!" exclaimed the widow. "They're full of promises."

"I thought it sounded like a wedding bell," said the bachelor, disappointedly.

"Maybe," said the widow, "it was only Love—ringing off."—Los Angeles Times.

Little Jeffrey's New Year Luck

LITTLE Jeffrey was an orphan and whose father was killed in a railroad accident when Jeffrey was a tiny baby in his mother's arms. And the mother had been made so ill by the sudden death of little Jeffrey's father that she was no longer able to care for her baby and a few months later she went to join the father and baby Jeffrey was left all alone in the world.

Then friendly neighbors who had too many babies of their own to find room for this little fatherless and motherless boy had him taken to an orphan asylum and he grew up with other boys and girls who had no mother or father.

Little Jeffrey remembered nothing of his parents, but some of the older children who came to the home had memories of dear mothers and fathers and they had told Jeffrey of them.

When Alice Lane came to the home she was eight years old. Her mother and father had died within a few weeks of one another and it was a sad-eyed little girl who crept about the big rooms of the home. Little Jeffrey had a big heart and he felt very sorry for Alice.

On the third day after her arrival he walked up to her and planting himself in front of her he said:

"Alice Lane, why do you cry so much? Why don't you play?"

He was such a funny, freckle-faced little fellow that Alice smiled a faint little smile. It was the first one since her mother's death. Then the tears came again and she sobbed:

"I want mamma, Jeffrey. I want papa, too, and my own home. This is big and lonesome and they don't love you like mamma and papa."

From that time on Alice and Jeffrey were the best of friends. He was such a cheerful little fellow and often so droll that many times Alice laughed in spite of herself.

But when Alice began to talk much of her home and her mamma and papa he began to wish for one, too. The wish grew and grew until at last he felt that there was nothing in the world that he wanted except a mother and a father and a home. When Christmas time came and the children wrote their wishes on a piece of paper one of the house mothers read in Jeffrey's: "Ples, I don't want nothing but a father and a mother and a home with flowers in the window."

From time to time children were taken from the orphan's home by people who had no children of their own. The house mother hoped so much that little Jeffrey would be chosen and his wish granted. But the people who came passed by the eager little fellow who eyed each newcomer hopefully. One had to know little Jeffrey to love him and his homely freckled little face did not attract visitors.

They chose the prettier children and seemed not to notice that Jeffrey's gray eyes were very honest and his mouth very firm and his walk very manly. They seemed only to see the freckles, the pug nose and the sandy hair.

So Christmas day passed and Jeffrey received sweets and warm clothing and an iron engine, but not the father and mother and home.

He cried himself to sleep that night and Alice had to turn comforter for the next few days.

"Mamma always said New Year's was the lucky day and maybe you'll get them then. And if you don't, then you will some other time, 'cause Mother Burns said she'd try."

On New Year's morning Jeffrey was awake early, and his first thought was:

"Maybe the mother'll come to-day."

A few hours later a very pretty woman dressed in velvet and furs followed by a tall man came to the home. Little Jeffrey looked up hopefully. But the woman seemed not to see the boys for her eyes were scanning the faces of the little girls. When she came to Alice she started:

"That's the one, Jerome," she said eagerly. "The same gentle face and blue eyes and golden hair. We must have her. It will seem like having our little Alice back again!"

When she learned the name of the little girl she had chosen she was still more interested.

"You would like to go home with me, dear, wouldn't you?" she asked Alice.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Alice, "but I couldn't go without Jeffrey, 'cause he's been my friend and he wants a father and a mother so bad."

"Oh, but I don't want a little boy, dear. I just want one little girl to make it seem as though my own Alice were living," answered the lady.

"Then I can't come," said Alice, "unless they make me go."

For a few moments the man and woman talked together and the man seemed to see in little Jeffrey all the things that other people had missed. He saw the honest blue eyes, the firm mouth and the manly walk, and he saw years ahead when the same little boy might be his partner in business. Then he said to Jeffrey:

"We want a son, as well as a daughter. So we will take you home and give you a happy New Year."

"New Year's is the lucky day, isn't it?" answered Jeffrey, beaming into the faces of his new parents. And the smile won the lady's heart and she took him as gladly as she did Alice.

So Jeffrey found his father and mother and home and a sister all on a happy New Year's day.—Farmers' Review.

New Year's Day in China.

The Breakfast is a Poetic and Religious Rite.

Except at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn one "cash," a copper coin with a square hole in the middle of it, worth the twentieth part of a cent; but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time, or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens, writes Bertha Runkle in St. Nicholas. We used to say to each other: "Why, where are the children? Haven't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had.

This is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off firecrackers. (We borrowed our custom of firecrackers for the Fourth of July from Chinese New Year's.) All the people put on their very best clothes, and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boys and girls so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boys, of course, is braided in a pigtail, and the girl's is done up on her head with silver pins, or, if she's a very grand little girl, with gold and jade. Thus decked out, the children go walking with their proud papas and mammas, and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they all grow up.

New Year's Calls.

The custom of visiting and sending presents and cards on New Year's day is recorded almost as far back as history goes. The practice of using visiting cards can be traced back for thousands of years by the Chinese. Their New Year's visiting cards are curiosities. Each one sets forth not only the name, but all the titles of its owner, and, as all Chinamen who have any social position at all have about a dozen, it makes the list quite appalling. These cards are made of silk or are of fine paper backed with silk and are so large that they have to be rolled up to be carried conveniently. They are, indeed, so valuable that they are returned to their owners.

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