

Mr. Barnes,

A Sequel to MR BARNES OF NEW YORK

By ARCHIBALD CLITHERING GUNTER

SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American tourist Corcisa, rescues the young English beauty, Edith, from the hands of the notorious bandits, the Rocchini, and his fellow, who murder men and seize women, never steal from men, who fearing their knives give them wine and warning of the good-guards; but this new fellow sneaks down at night and eats his chickens. May Satan take him, he has the appetite of a table d'hotel!

"Nevertheless, we must risk the unprofessional chicken thief and go to the mountains," says Marina, determinedly, as she goes away, attended by mine host, to make preparations for her departure.

Barnes, having five minutes for a whiff, produces his cigar case, but some words entering from the two rustics amid the vines of the garden outside, cause him to forget even his last cigar.

Their trade being closed, they are now discussing local news. "Davolo," remarks the wool trader, "did you meet young Salicetti on the road?"

"Aye, that I did, three miles above the waterfall. To me he said: 'Good Luigi, shall I have your vote for deputy?' 'That you will,' said I, 'great Salicetti, when you perform your oath of vendetta against the Americano who came to Bocognano and by De Belloc's soldiers killed the man who would have been your father-in-law.' 'Then I shall have it,' he cried. 'Just wait here for a couple of hours, and you'll see it done.' But I had to meet you to sell my wool, besides I remember Rocchini and his murderous gun, and so I came along."

"Cospetto, if Salicetti does it, he has my vote also!" cries the wool trader.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mountain Chalet.

Forced to a more moderate pace, the two journeyed up the winding road between some cornfields made red by poppies. Soon after they pass into the wooded hill lands, their path bordered by myrtles and arbutus.

After a little, the way grows wilder, the hills are steeper, and climbing the lofty Colle di San Antonio they can look down upon hill vistas, beautifully wooded, that descend to the distant sea. In the sunlit gleam of the far-off water, Barnes, using his field glasses, sees the yacht lying alone at anchor. "Graham has sent back the fishing smack," he says.

"Then thank the Virgin," cries Marina, "another letter is going to my husband telling him his disobedient wife is trying to save his sister."

They descend sharply into the little valley of the Lissone, and enter the village of Vico, whose inn is now well coming the first summer visitors from Ajaccio.

Here Marina says: "T'would be wrong if I sent not a telegram to my anxious spouse." So they dismount at the little telegraph office peculiar to Corsican villages. As they slip in, a countryman slouches out and mounting a horse rises off up the main street. Her message dispatched, Marina comes from the office, says: "How hurriedly that fellow went away."

"You think he was looking for us?" asks Barnes, as he places her on her pony.

"Perhaps; Bernardo is astute. He may guess that his message to you brought you after him by water and that you would find the yacht."

"Then after him!" says Burton, and turling more to the east they follow a rapid stream, passing the Sulphur Baths of Guagno, where they can see the diligence depositing patients at its hospital for rheumatism.

They have not overtaken the man, but no one has passed them on the road, their pace has been rapid. The peasants they have seen, so many of them carrying guns that Barnes thinks he is in the Rocky Mountains, have received the usual greetings in the patois of the country from Marina, her escort wisely keeping his sombrero pulled down over his eyes and saying nothing. But now a farmer, pausing, says: "Girl, you and your man had better not go beyond Guagno. Last night the two accursed bandits, Rocchini and his mate, killed Nicolo, the sheep grower, up at his house by the lake, and carried off his daughter."

"Thank you for your advice," answers Marina politely. She glances at Barnes, but he scarcely heeds. He is urging his pony toward the mountain pass through which Enid must now be journeying.

"Who is this Rocchini?" asks Barnes, to take Mrs. Anstruther's thoughts to happier things.

"He and his fellows are the only bandits of which Corsica is not proud," answers the girl, savagely. "This wretch with his underhand murders men for money. Other bandits only kill for hate or to escape capture by the gendarmes. Also this Rocchini drags shrieking women to his lair, while other bandits dof their hats to ladies."

Then as they ride along the Corsican girl gives Mr. Barnes some curious information about bandits.

"This murderous Rocchini is not of our commune; he has been driven from Rotondo by the farmers because of his outrages and came over to Del Oro," she remarks, excitedly. "Our own Bocognano bandits, the brave Bellocchia," Marina's tone is proud, "whose family name is Bonelli, only fled to the mountains to escape pursuit from our cruel gendarmes, because, forsooth, the elder Antonio killed Marc' Angel, who dared to marry the girl upon whom he had set his heart. The younger, Giacomo, because he would not endure the French conscription, so he slew the brigadier and his men who came to arrest him. Still Antonio Bonelli, when the Teutons overran France, offered to go over and fight the German Von Moltke with his

But the reprobate has an eye for beauty if not for political influence. A yellow-haired girl was with him, though his followers kept so close about her I could not see her face. But I give you additional warning. To-night you must stay in my inn. Toward the mountains there is another bandit, an extra one."

"An extra bandit!" Barnes opens his eyes.

"How do you know that?" asks Marina.

"How? Why, even the accursed Rocchini and his fellow, who murder men and seize women, never steal from men, who fearing their knives give them wine and warning of the good-guards; but this new fellow sneaks down at night and eats his chickens. May Satan take him, he has the appetite of a table d'hotel!"

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"The crafty politician must have the Americano trapped somehow. It was rumored that the devil fled to the Englishman whom Mademoiselle Paoli wedded, though he had slain her brother, Santos, may death come to a girl who for lust betrays her race."

To this Barnes listens impatiently but seriously.

"This political hustler wants to sacrifice me on their altar of vengeance, so as to draw their votes," cogitates Barnes savagely. "By the Eternal, he shall have an ox at his barbecue who will disagree with his stomach!"

There is a peculiar glint in the American's eyes as, five minutes later, he places Marina carefully upon her pony, and they leave the inn. He now asks almost lightly: "By the bye, Madame Anstruther, do you know a waterfall some three miles up this path?" For all traces of a wagon road have ended at Guagno, leaving only a little bridle path that runs up the foaming Lissone, which, contracted in its banks, has become a torrent.

"Marina thinks a moment; then says: 'Oh, yes; I remember a mountain trail often travelled as a girl. But it is very steep.'

"Would you kindly show it to me when we come to it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Wanted the Worth of His Money." "All we can afford to give you, miss," said the trustee of school district No. 16 to the young woman who had applied for the position of teacher, "is \$45 a month." "At that figure, of course, you wouldn't expect me to teach any fads," she said. "Fads" echoed the trustee, taken slightly aback: "why—h'm—yes, if you can teach it we'll want that, too." "But it isn't in the curriculum—" "You may as well understand, miss, that we ain't throwin' any money away. The \$45 a month is to pay for the whole thing—fads, crickalum and everything else that's gona."—Chicago Tribune.

TURNING VANITY INTO MONEY

By JOHN R. THOMPSON,
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Why is it that thousands of intelligent men working for salaries or for wages are investing their savings in the stocks of wildcat companies against the advice of friends competent to advise them and in the face of their own better judgment?

The obvious answer is: Because they expect to profit greatly by the investment—to "get rich quick," as the common saying puts it. This is only half the answer, and the other half—often the more powerful—is seldom brought out.

It can be stated in one small word—Vanity.

This is not flattering to the investors who have defied the sober counsel of experienced men of affairs and who have stifted their own natural forebodings and sense of caution, but the fact remains that vanity has, in hundreds of thousands of cases, been the one factor which has turned the tables against reason, judgment and good counsel and emptied the pockets of the wage earner and the salary worker into the coffers of the fake investment shark.

The trait of human nature does not occur to the general public of honest toilers, but the study of human nature is the everyday business of the man who is out after the savings of the workers; like the surgeon making a thorough physical examination of a patient, pressing every part of the body to locate the weak spots, so the investment schemes all his cunning to the discovery of the weak spots in the sort of human nature with which he has to deal.

And he has come to understand that there is no weakness more common among the men who have to work hard for comparatively small returns than the trait of wishing to have a part in the management of the affairs of business and, more particularly, to be looked upon by their fellows and associates as a man of affairs, with personal interests and personal influence in business councils, an administrator in the internal affairs of an industrial or financial organization.

The desire—conscious or unconscious—of the small investor to be able incidentally to remark to his fellows: "I'm interested in the Solid Rock Investment company," or "I've got to lay off to-morrow to attend the stockholders' meeting of the Sure-thing Securities corporation, in which I'm interested," has landed quite as many fairly hard-headed men of small means in the net of the investment schemes as has the simple desire to make money without work.

When this appeal is put to a man who has always worked under others, who has never been consulted by a business man, whose opinions on business matters have never been asked by any person outside his own family circle, the temptation to a new and delightful feeling of self-importance is almost inevitable. There is not a clerk bending over a desk or a counter, a mechanic toiling at his lathe or bench, or a laborer working in street or field who has not at times felt that he has had ideas about some feature of business worth considering, who has not harbored a secret longing to have a place and standing among the men who pull the wires which move the machinery of business. When such a man and a legion of his kind—receives one of these artful and insinuating appeals to his vanity he is rarely poised and gifted with common sense above his fellows if he does not feel that at last he has come into his own; that his abilities have finally been appreciated and that the stranger in the business world has understood him better than his associates, his neighbors, his familiar friends and those under whom he works. The flattering of this appeal outweighs his shal-

lowed judgment and his obvious cheap vanity. But the real cunning of this attack upon his vanity is the fact that it appeals to his "independent judgment" and classifies him among the men who see things shrewdly and in a big way and who scorn timidity. If he listens to this argument—and generally he does—he feels a new sense of self-importance and of independence and a corresponding disinclination to listen to the advice of those whose familiarity with business and finance would enable him to steer clear of the rocks of disaster. His judgment is split against them and he is aroused to a determination to "show them" that his opinion is better than theirs.

This antagonism against the reception of advice from men of experience is the one thing which the investment promoter desires to awaken in the prospective victim, for it will prevent him not only from seeking sound advice but from acting upon it when it is put in his way.

The schemers who have learned how irresistibly the argument of "manage for yourself" appeals to the man who has never had a chance to try his hand at managing a business have not stopped there. In fact, they have also learned that men in the humble walks of life are clannish and inclined to think and act together. Along with

For the Hostess

Chat on Topics of Many Kinds, by a
Recognized Authority

Announcement Birth Cards.
Will you kindly tell me the proper form for birth cards? I think I have read somewhere that the parents' visiting cards and a smaller card with the baby's name were all included in one small envelope. Is this right? And since the name cannot be determined until the baby's arrival, would it be proper to write that name instead of having it engraved? D. P. M.

Stationers on a rush order will get out the engraved cards within a week, and that is ample time to send the announcements.
The name should be engraved (not written) on a tiny card attached to the large card by a white satin ribbon, all to be enclosed in a small envelope. If the address is not on the mother's card it is well to have it on the outside of envelope, on the back or in upper left-hand corner.

Contest for Bride-Elect.
Will you kindly give me suggestions for guessing contest to be used at an entertainment for a "bride to be"? MILLICENT.

Trouseau Contest? Take the articles and transcribe the letters thusly: Shoes becomes "hoses," veil is "liev," etc. Write about 20 or 30 articles on pink, heart-shaped cards. There is another contest in which "heart" begins the words, like: "What her going away causes?"—heartache; "How are congratulations given?"—heartily, etc. You can see how to work it out.

For a Birthday Party.
Will you kindly offer me some suggestions for a birthday party, and what do you think would be nice for a lunch? The guests are between 14 and 16 years of age. P. L. A.

You do not say whether the party is to be in the afternoon or evening. At any rate, unless they are to be entertained at one o'clock you would not serve luncheon, but refreshments. The crowning piece for such an affair is the cake, which should be decorated with candles, and then I think there should be ice cream. Charades are having a grand revival these days and I really think they are great fun. When I was the age you are they were my delight. Try this scheme:

Give to each guest two sheets of tissue paper, one white and one colored, and ask each to make a hat for her right-hand neighbor. Provide pins. The creations will be very novel and pretty, and the girls will have much fun trying them on and wearing them during refreshments. A prize may be given for the most becoming hat. One girl might be chosen for a model and the hats tried on her.

A Progressive Dinner.
Seven of our high school girls wish to give a progressive dinner and would like your advice on what to serve in each course. We do not care for any-

thing too elaborate, but want something simple and dainty. X. L.

Each hostess should keep her center piece, place cards and menu a secret, to there will be seven surprises in store, which adds greatly to the enjoyment of all. For the first course, grape fruit; second, raw oysters; third, soup, chicken patties, sweet potato croquettes, peas, rolls, olives, nuts; for the fourth, salad and wafers; for the fifth, dessert of charlotte russe, individual fruit gelatine or ice cream, fruit of all kinds with coffee, water biscuit and cheese.

Gifts for a Bride-Elect.
Please tell me how to present the gifts to a bride for whom I wish to give a shower. Could I use two little five-year-old girls in any way? POPPY.

Ornament a clothes basket with white ribbons, cover with white tulle and harness the two little five-year-olds to it with ribbons and garlands of flowers and let them draw it into the room, stopping in front of the bride-elect. It is not much trouble to make gauzy white wings, and the children will be very good Cupids, messengers of that busy, just now much-overworked, little girl "Love." MADAME MERRI.

NEW POINTS TO THIS.



The popular kimono sleeve is brought into elaborate use on the bodice of this gown, which is Copenhagen blue chiffon voile. The artistic arrangement of folds and the V of all-over lace give a more distinctive finish than the regulation kimono sleeves. The buttons on each side of bodice and the revers on either side of lace V are black velvet. Just above the deep hem of skirt there is a wide band of lace matching that used on bodice, and the long full skirt is tucked over the hips.

Simple Bed-Table



Every one knows what an awkward proceeding it is to have a meal in bed, even when we are in good health and lazily inclined, but it is more awkward still when illness confines us to our bed and limits our actions. The sketch of the bed-table we give should therefore be of service to some of our readers, as it is so simple in construction that any amateur may easily "knock it together" for a very small cost. It consists of three pieces of wood of the shape shown, firmly nailed or screwed together at the edges. The side pieces should be of sufficient height to keep the upper part of the table in any way pressing on the bed, and if a semi-circular piece of wood is cut away in the upper board (the dotted line explains this), the table may then be drawn close to the patient, which is an advantage in case of illness, when perhaps one is not well enough to sit quite upright or lean forward. For anyone who is for a time obliged to remain in bed an arrangement of this kind will be found of the greatest convenience, not only for meals, but for writing purposes also. The table can, of course, be made to suit requirements, but to suggest rough measurements the legs or sides should be about nine or ten inches in height, and the size of the upper board about two feet six inches by 15 inches.

Latest Hosiery.
Openwork stockings are out of date for the day time and for evening wear as well. They are seldom seen unless in effective combination of lace and embroidery. The finest lisle thread hose are preferred, with canvas and buckskin pumps and ties, but with a long gow silk stockings are alone correct with the white calf slippers. These silk stockings may be distinct from those worn in the evening. They are quite plain, but of the finest weave. Occasionally but not often, these silk stockings are embroidered in some simple design, but lace and openwork are debarred. Colored silk or lisle hose with white shoes are sometimes worn with sash and parasol of corresponding color, but the fashion is not so popular, and has never acquired any special favor.

Colored Handkerchiefs Not Popular.
Possibly the English women and those of France love the colored handkerchiefs more than Americans. American women will wear the colored ones with tailored frocks, but leave them severely alone for other purposes. Where one does not care to have a colored one of solid effect there are some styles in white show in effective combination of mauve, brown, red and blue outlines. There is no denying the fact that the pure white linen handkerchief has established itself so firmly to be ousted by the faddish little bits of color, though why one must hang so tensively to a certain style? For to take up with a fad makes one appreciate all the more the simple styles when they are again adopted.

Damask Tablecloth.
In selecting tablecloths remember that the heavier damask not only wears longer than lighter fabrics, but does not crease or rumple so easily. It is more easily laundered. The first expense, therefore, should not be considered. It is better to get a good quality even if one must economize in something else. In buying table linen watch sales; that is, if you are a good judge of materials, otherwise deal only with some one you know and whose judgment you can trust.