

# Mr. Barnes, American

By ARCHIBALD CLAVING GUNTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

## SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Constantinople, meets the young English Constantine, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Anstruthers, the most devoted vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl, he marries her. The four fly from Ajaccio to Florence on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at the station, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is married by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to lead the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charlotte, the Countess of Anstruther, and her husband, the Count of Anstruther, to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The next morning Barnes, who is in the yacht, receives a note from La Bella Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes hears that the man supposed to be the vendetta, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Saliceti, a friend of the count, and that Count Correggio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's departure. Barnes decides to go to the island of Corsica to find out who Saliceti is and to see if he can be traced to the vendetta. Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' wife disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica. The groom secures a fishing vessel and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the villa and rushes back to learn that the Anstruthers' wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without her. He leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to hunt for Enid. Just before Barnes' boat lands on Corsica, Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying that she came to Corsica to rescue her husband from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive at Corsica he is informed that the kidnapping is for the purpose of securing the vendetta. So the vendetta may kill him. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid.

## CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"They dash up the gorge for half a mile and alight sharply. 'It is here,' pointing to a steep ascent that, cumbered by ferns and wild flowers, makes a most unpromising roadway. Then she catches her breath and whispers: 'You expect an ambush?' for the American has now his rifle in the saddle in front of him, western fashion, and his pistols ready in his belt.

"I do," answered Barnes and relates the words of the shepherd.

"Quick!" cries the girl. "This trail will take you right up Del Oro, where you can look down on Bocognano. By it, you will get between your enemies and your destination."

"My destination is my wife. She is in this valley with those men."

"Oh, I think not. Saliceti is too crafty. He is still conveying Enid to Bocognano and has left only some of his followers to stay you. Come on."

Barnes follows his guide up the steep little path, that covered with vines and wild flowers is difficult to discern, but after they had gone a few hundred yards, the rocks growing larger, the trail more precipitous, Marina says: "Here we must leave our ponies and climb on foot." So they pasture the two hardy little brutes in a vale full of soft grasses and leave them munching contentedly. Barnes, slinging his haversack over his shoulder, Marina having nothing to carry with her.

Before her now strides the American, his alert eyes always glancing down the steep declivities to their left, for the almost unused trail they are following is hundreds of feet above the travelled bridle path that keeps to the valley. After nearly an hour of this, the noise of a waterfall strikes their ears, gradually growing louder.

Five minutes later, Barnes holds up his hand cautiously. Marina's glance follows his; far below them, concealed in the big rock that skirts the stream at the little bridge near the waterfall, are several crouching, armed men. A little farther down the rapid, in the top of a big beech tree, is perched another, his hand shading his eyes from the rays of the declining sun that shines in his face as he looks down the pathway coming from the east.

"These gentlemen are waiting for me," remarks the American, in his face the supreme joy of a sportsman who will bag not only one head, but a battle. He puts his rifle on the ground, loosens both revolvers in his belt and says: "The way to descend the precipice from here."

"Why?" falters the girl.

"Why? Because I am now the hunter," answers Barnes. "Do you think I am going to spare the wretches who have stolen my wife? None of them! Quick, the path by which I can intercept them and cut them off to the last man!"

Marina looks at his fatal pistols and shudders: "Thank God, there is no path!"

"Ah, then I will have to be content with the scurry, that follow in the beech tree there."

"My God, if you kill any of them," gasps Marina, "you will never get back out of the island alive. You came to save her, not to murder her." She puts a white imploring hand on Barnes, who is already preparing his rifle. Then she suddenly half cries: "Your wife! You want her!" and points far up to the top of the pass between the two great mountains, Rotondo and Del Oro, and Barnes' eyes following her hand, he sees figures silhouetted against the clear blue Alpine air. All are mounted, and one is surely a woman.

"You think that is my wife?"

"I am sure of it. Saliceti has only left some of his men behind to waylay you if you come on unguardedly."

Barnes doesn't even answer her. His quick steps are carrying him so rapidly in pursuit along the dizzy mountain path that Marina, though

the poor girl half runs, can scarce keep up with him.

Their path leads along the precipices, now and again reaching some little mountain valley through which a stream trickles between stunted pines, and about whose rocks are growing the sweet forget-me-nots and violets of Corsica.

But as they near the summit of the mountain, darkness comes also and a blinding mist, cold with the chill of melting snow, descends upon them, and enveloping them with a fleecy sheen, the rocks and lichens about the path are shrouded from their gaze.

They are above the timber line and the great bare granite blocks bruise Marina's tender feet as they stumble among them.

The girl lays her hand upon her companion's arm. "We may reach the summit before darkness," she pants, out of breath, "but the dizzy descent on the other side is impossible without daylight."

"I remember," answers Burton. "I have passed down it hunting mouflon." Then he takes off his hunting coat and places it carefully over the delicate shoulders of his fragile companion, already shivering in her light summer garment under the icy mist about her. "I am thinking of some shelter for you, for we must pass the night upon the mountain," he says tenderly; then asks anxiously: "Do you know one?"

"Yes," she replies, her teeth chattering. "If we can reach it in this storm. The little chalet where poor old

Tomasso sometimes took me when he brought me here as a child to pluck the flowers of the mountain."

With this she turns abruptly to the left, and Barnes following her, they struggle up a couloir filled with massive boulders, but nearing the summit the mist becomes colder, the wind sharper and the gloom more deep. Surrounded, as they are, by frightful precipices, this is appalling.

"I've lost my way," mutters Marina, her voice low with faintness, but a moment after she cries: "Ah, see the granite cliff. Follow its wall! The cabin is beneath it. But beware! beyond the cabin there is a very deep crevice."

The wind howls about them. The night is even blacker, but keeping the sheen of the cliff close at his left, Barnes stumbles over the granite slabs almost carrying the exhausted girl. Finally, compelled by the howling of the wind, he calls into her ear: "Courage! I see the hut. Thank God, someone has a fire inside it."

"Perhaps it is made by the awful bandits, the Rocchini and Romano who murder a many poor travellers," shudders Marina.

But undeterred by this, using the light as a beacon, her escort rapidly approaches the open door of the little cabin, from which issues a cheerful gleam.

Suddenly they pause, for a deep tone issues threateningly from its interior: "Hoh, if you are gendarmes, beware of me!"

"Madre mia," gasps Marina, with a low scream, "that voice."

"Bandit or no bandit, you shall give us warmth and shelter!" calls Barnes in answer. Then he too, stands astounded, as from the rough door strides a man, and outlined by the flickering blazes and surrounded by the mists of the mountains is a face that makes Marina tremble and shrink: "Holy Mother of God, a ghost!"

For it is the countenance of her foster father, old Tomasso Monaldi, whom everyone had thought dead from the night of her wedding.

But now the goblin recognises her; it cries: "Marina! daughter of my heart! you have come to rescue your poor old hunted Tomasso," and sinking on his knees, it catches the half-fainting girl's hand, and kisses it reverently.

"You, alive, dear old Tomasso! Impossible!" half-shudders, half-sobs the girl, sinking down beside the spirit and looking into his deep, dark eyes that gleam so lovingly upon her.

"Two weeks ago, on the morning of the tragedy, De Belloc's soldiers reported to that officer in my presence that they'd killed you," says Barnes impressively.

"Bah!" sneers the ghost; "the sergeant, I suppose, told his officer they shot me. The soldiers fired. It was easier for me to fall down behind a granite boulder than stand up and let them shoot again, though it was the darkness of the early morning. Then I came up on the mountain here, and fearing the soldiers would again pursue me, I have been a hermit, descending at night to the lower valleys to garner chickens and steal sheep."

"Holy smoke," grins the American, "here's the fellow for whose death they have vendettated me, alive and talking!"

The storm fairly howls about them, but Marina forgets it as Tomasso half-sobs: "Your coming here, dear mistress, shows you forgive me for the killing of the Englishman, your husband, the one who murdered Anstruther in the duel," and the flickering light revealing Barnes' face, he exclaims: "The American who saw your brother slain. Ah, now you agree with me this accursed Anstruther's death was just."

"Thank God, you didn't murder him!" cries the girl. "Your stiletto ended the heart of Musso Danella, who deserved death for his lies."

"I killed poor Musso Danella!" stammers the old Corsican. Then he mutters as if he can't believe: "No, no, I heard his groan as I struck through the curtains."

"'Twas the groan of Musso Danella," answers Marina. "That you

# Joe-Dad's Bee Tree

AN EPISODE IN WOODS AND WATER EXPLOITS

By Ernest McCallie

Author of *Peeps of Gun and Red, Etc.*

"See that," said old Joe-Dad, as he rose from the skiff and peered into the surrounding timber. "Mmm," went on the ancient "pusher," "I reckon they're about ready to go. Bob throws the rope over one of its limbs an' hitches to a tree close up so't the saplin's bound to come down on the dead limb. Well, sir, down comes Mr. Saplin square across the dead limb a few feet from the big sycamore itself. But it didn't bust the limb. Some o' the bees they come out but went back agin', an' Bob an' me we jist stood an' looked."

"It's a case o' climb, sez he."

"Now belin' that I wuz nacherly the best climber in the world, I allows I'll go up. Bob sez 'Cut her off as near the butt as you kin, an' I'll sling you the rope up after the limb busts off, an' you kin tie her to the green limb you'll be standin' on, throw down your ax an' slide down the green limb with a couple o' bullets an' there you are."

"So I ties the ax tight to me an' up I goes. It wuzn't very hard, an' I gets up to the spot in a few minutes. Then I unties the ax an' begins choppin' on the dead limb. I hadn't got her half off when the weight of the saplin weakens the limb an' it tears off an' falls, takin' with it the left o' the honey, but leavin' about seven bushels o' bees at the butt o' the limb an' along on one side o' the limb the direction the bee went, the

plans and specifications for raiding the bee-tree were elaborately discussed.

"We've got plenty o' rope," said the "pusher," knocking the ashes out of his short-stemmed pipe, "and two good axes. We may have to build a 'amidge,' and agin mebbe we won't have to."

"You must have been an interested party in some bee scrape, Joe," was my answer.

"Fur awhile, fur awhile," was the "pusher's" response. "Yes, I reckon I was about the most pizenously interested feller in a chunk o' rope that ever happened into the timber."

"Why, that sounds like a story, Joe," said I, "tell me about it."

"Well," begun Joe-Dad, it was this-away. I was young, an' I wuz green as to bees. I wuz the best climber next to a squirrel that ever shinned up a saplin. I'd lived in the woods, an' yit I wuz so busy huntin' an' fishin' that I'd never been huntin' fer bees trees more'n four or five times. But I wuz mighty shore I wuzn't a skeered up yer bee that ever drew a slinger."

"So one night over comes Bob Early to the cabin, an' he's got a bee tree sighted that's plumb full o' honey to hear him tell it, an' nothin' to do but fer him an' pap to git out after it next mornin'." But the old man's got a line o' traps he's got to 'run,' an' he says fer me to go 'long 'th Bob. So bright an' soon the next mornin' Bob an' me's pinter for this here bee tree. Bob's got an ax, I've got an ax, an' Bob's carryin' a long rope."

"What's the rope fer, Bob," sez I.

"Jist to hang ourselves of we miss findin' that bee tree," says Bob.

"I didn't say nothin' to that, fer I knew Bob Early was raised on bees, an' that he wasn't packin' that quoll o' rope fer fun."

"An' so perty soon we got to a clearin' down in the timber, an' Bob took a squint through the brush, an' at last he sez, 'straight out from this here log to'rds the river.' So we starts to plough through the awfulest tangle you ever seen. Buck-bresh, black-berry briars, pieces o' swamp, old logs an' the devil's own mix-up o' wood an' water. Finally old Bob halts close to the river, an' lookin' up at the edge up an openin' in the woods he sez 'We've hit fer, here she is.'"

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# The diary of a daughter of Eve

Parasols, which are now being shown in the shops, are altogether lovely. Chiffon, gauze, silk and linen are all represented and in the most fascinating developments. The loveliest in the group is a white liberty satin embroidered with a design of a flight of swallows and shades ranging from a rich cream to golden brown. This is mounted on ivory ribs and has a stick to match. The white linen sunshades show open embroideries in pale pastel colorings quite as often as the all white needlework.

One of the pretty dancing costumes worn recently was a rose-colored chiffon, with a border of flowered gauze. A fold of bias panne velvet of the same shade over the shoulders lent a soft line to the neck, while a fringe of chenille hung over the waist line, giving the figure the required straight effect.

Another pretty frock was of green crepe, with drapery fastened on the shoulder with a buckle. The gown was made empire and showed just a touch of black velvet here and there. In both cases the slippers matched the gown. This is a nice idea and precludes the possibility of wearing the wrong combination.

Conventional figures and polka dots prevail among the new designs in embroidery this season, both in the sheer white goods and in flannel.

I saw such a dainty pattern among the latter that would be pretty for babies' long skirts. It was hemstitched, the hem decorated at intervals with little curlycues worked in white silk, while above was a decoration of dots in satin stitch. It was only 69 cents a yard, and was much to be preferred to another by its side which was decidedly more elaborate, though less in price.

Better a little fine embroidery than a cheap, gaudy pattern.

A white or colored cotton dress usually becomes creased and crumpled long before it is soiled sufficiently to warrant its dispatch to the laundry. A little thin starch, made with cold water, will, however, be found excellent as a means of stiffening the skirt where it has become limp, a sponge dipped in the starch being used with which to dampen the material. The garment should then be spread over an ironing board and pressed all over by degrees, says Woman's Life.

One of the loveliest of the luncheon dresses is made of rose-colored cloth, with a long, plain drooping skirt. The waist is a little affair in ivory-colored lace. But the coat is one of those elaborate little French coats, cut away in the front and finished with velvet collar and cuffs. The hat is a wide black one, with an immense feather going almost entirely around the brim and hanging off at the back.

A spring costume of graceful outlines is noticeable for the lining which shows on the moderately wide three-quarter length sleeves and beneath the points of the godet jacket skirt. This costume was fashioned by a woman of considerable renown as a fashionable modiste, and certainly the costume does her credit. The material used is a rich-looking green broadcloth, a color which is almost black, yet shows the verdure tinge. The style is simple, the only noticeable feature being displayed in the pointed godet arrangement of the jacket. It is lined with burnt orange silk. These two colors, while so very different, have combined splendidly in this costume. The idea of a wholly different color for a lining is, indeed, a new move toward more originality and less imitation of other fine frocks.

As simple and dainty as yoke for a chemise as you could find is made from two handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs should not be lace-trimmed, but may be daintily embroidered around the plain hemstitched hem. The two handkerchiefs are used for the yoke, front and back, and for little sleeve caps. The handkerchiefs are cut in half, from one corner to the other, so as to make four triangular pieces. The cut edges of two of the pieces are used for the tops of the front and back yokes. This makes the opposite corner extend into the chemise in a point. The chemise is cut to form a point and the hemstitched edges of the pieces are sewed to the chemise to form the point. The back of the chemise is made in the same manner, and the cut edges are neatly hemmed.

The other two pieces of handkerchief are then hemmed neatly on the raw edges and the two smaller corners are firmly fastened, one each to one end of the front and back of the chemise, so as to make the larger and uncut corner fall in a pointed cap over the arm. Lace is then sewed to the four upper sides of the handkerchiefs, which form the top of the yoke. At each side of the arms, where the shoulder cap joins the yoke pieces, a dainty bow of ribbon is placed.

The fancy apron now plays a more important part in the wardrobe of the up-to-date woman than for some time past. The popularity of the chaffin dish has been a factor in this development and the young girl or matron who does not own one or more fancy aprons is an exception. Fine, sheer materials naturally have the preference, and white takes the lead, but among the daintily-figured stuffs they are so alluring are many that serve admirably for the fashioning of these aprons.

In the accompanying sketch is shown a particularly fetching apron of figured lawn. As indicated, it is made from two squares of the material, the apron part simply requiring a little feather stitching around the hem on three sides and a little rounding out at the waist line to be ready. The bib and neatly finished. The two squares are adjusted at the waist measured and fastened with a buttonhole. A feature that distinguishes this apron from others similarly fashioned is that the bib in the back comes down to meet waist line and is attached to the belt button. Large handanna handkerchiefs are serviceable for aprons of this type, which are practical as well as pretty.

Kimono Much Liked.

That graceful and fascinating garment the kimono, which Americans have borrowed from the Japanese, has found much favor in the eyes of women of the Occident, and it has evidently come to stay.

But of the thousands of women who dwell in its easeful folds for that delightful hour when they loaf and invite their souls and the confidences of their friends, how many know that the Japanese, men and women alike, invariably wrap the kimono from left to right? Only when they perform the last toilet for the dead do the Japanese reverse their custom and wrap it from right to left.

Since American women have marked the kimono as their own, they might do well to adopt its traditions along with it and wrap it from left to right.

Rich Wedding Gown.

A rich effect in gold lace and white satin was shown in the gown worn at a recent house wedding. It was a heavy white satin princess, with a collar and upper yoke of point lace followed by a deep yoke of gold lace. The sleeves, ending at the elbows,

What He Panted For.

Little Tommy Whacken was taken by his mother to choose a pair of knickerbockers, and his choice fell on a pair to which a card was attached, stating: "These can't be beaten."—Current Literature—

