

# Mr. Barnes, American

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING QUINTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

Author of "MADONNES OF NEW YORK" and "THE FATHER OF THE FUTURE"

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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 Paoli, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the land of his choice. He loves, Ed Anstruther, sister of the English Lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseille on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues them, and 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 their journey. Barnes and Ed are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taken to Corsica. The groom searches for his bride, and is about to start in pursuit of his bride's captors when he hears a scream from the hills and rushes back to hear the Anstruther wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay and to leave the search for Marina to her husband while he goes in to find Ed. Just before Barnes' boat lands on Corsica's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel, she claims her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica Ed is given a note written by Edna informing him that the kidnapping is for the purpose of entrapping Barnes so the vendetta may kill him. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Ed. They come in sight of her and her captors in the Corsican mountains wild just as the night approaches. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their astonishment they discover Tomasso, the foster father of Marina, who was supposed to have been killed by Edna's soldiers, and for whose death Barnes had been vendettized. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not kill her brother. Many wrongs are righted. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Edna and Constantine, the two best of bandits, who had been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina but Barnes darts out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Members of the Bellaosina enter and Barnes is honored for his great services to the community in killing the bandits. Edna is pronounced dead. Ed is conveyed in triumph to Bellaosina. Marina acquiesces to the Bellaosina with Salotti's plot against her husband and the people are instructed to vote against him at the coming election. Barnes is taken to the mansion of the Paoli by the Corsicans. Marina receives a telegram. She starts for Bastia to meet her husband, entering the room to greet her husband. Barnes is bewildered to find the adventuress La Belle Bellaosina, but not Edna. She had been substituted for the American's bride by a sordid plot. Edna Anstruther arrives to find Marina and learns that she has been lured away by the telegram which had been sent by the other without his knowledge. The two start in search of Marina.



"It Doesn't Matter How She Was Driven, No Lady Has Arrived Here, Gentlemen."

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"So they spring off their horses and dear old Monsieur Staffe, recognizing the American, is about to offer them rooms when they both suddenly question him and learn to their concern that no lady has arrived from the interior this day at his hotel.

"She is drawn by two horses driven by an old Corsican with a beard several weeks old," says Barnes.

"It doesn't matter how she was driven, no lady has arrived here, gentlemen."

"Then Marina must have gone to inquire at the steamer offices as to when I'll arrive," cries Edna.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculates Monsieur Staffe, his eyes lighting up, "you are the young English naval officer whose wedding to Mademoiselle Paoli created such an excitement in the island two weeks ago. Believe me, Monsieur, your wife is not in Bastia, or I should have heard of it. Everybody here knows the name of Paoli—and your sweet spouse is very much loved for her own dear self."

Despite Monsieur Staffe's assertions, the two young men stride out of his hotel, and though desperately fatigued, make inquiries at the offices of the Frasinet and the Florio Rubalino companies, but no lady asking for arriving boats has been there, at all events, none answering Marina's description.

"We may have passed her on the road," remarks Barnes sympathetically, his anguish making him feel for his companion. "We'll give her two hours to come in and overtake us—two hours of rest, the poor fellow stretches his limbs wearily. 'I'm flesh and blood, Anstruther. You didn't climb mountains all yesterday, as I did."

But Edna, being unaccustomed to horseback exercise, though wily enough upon the ship's deck, is stiff and sore. Compelled from very fatigue, the young men contrive to limp back to the Hotel de France, where they are very well taken care of, and two hours' sleep measurably revives them. Barnes has had a shave and would look almost delectable at noon, but comes down to breakfast at noon, but the cavities which hold his eyes abnormally brightened by anxiety give the lie to any appearance of lightness.

Anstruther is even more worried than before—and now as the day draws on, without his wife appearing, a look of fear comes into the young man's face that is horrible.

Gazing at him, Barnes mutters: "Are you good for another ride?"

"Yes—where?"

"We must take the back track," says the American. "We rode too rapidly this morning, thinking Marina was just ahead of us, for a critical investigation."

"Get under way," answers the lieutenant, and the two ride out of Bastia, making inquiries at every village and learning nothing.

In fact, the peasants, as they get nearer Pointe-à-Leccia, are too much excited over the election of the morrow to talk about much else. "Voting-day is to be celebrated by a race riot of the Lucchese," says one whom Barnes is questioning on the highway just where the Morosaglia road leaves it leading to the Tuscan sea.

Edna has dismounted and is slouching morosely about the road to ease his tortured legs.

"Why don't they wipe out these murdering Lucchese?" says the officer in quaterdeck tones as they get on their horses again.

"Then the native Corsicans would have to work. These Lucchese come over here from Italy and do the man-

tracted man, though he dismounts often, discovers no cyclamen flowers lying in the road. But he doggedly keeps on, hoping to find some of the flowers that may indicate he is following Marina.

"It's the only clew we have now to Marina, and it may lead me to Cipriano," he mutters, as he struggles to keep himself in the saddle.

Finally, arriving at Belgodere in the early morning and learning from the innkeeper that no carriage has passed through, exhausted, worn out and disappointed, even Barnes succumbs to nature. He has been 48 hours under headway, 30 of these on horseback and eight of them climbing precipices; and despite despair and anxiety, sleep claims him—the terrible sleep of utter exhaustion.

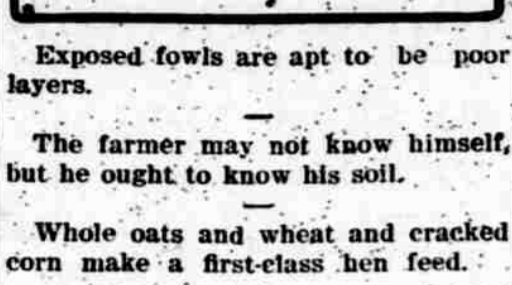
It is late when he opens his eyes again and with a start wonders where he is. He looks over the brilliant mountains, he sees the vines and only a few miles away, the waters beside which stands Isola Rossa. The innkeeper says "Breakfast, Signore," and serves him with crabs and lobsters from the Gulf of Fiorenza. Mine host's little daughter places a bouquet of wild flowers on the table. In it gleams the red cyclamen. Barnes remembers and orders a fresh horse.

While this is being saddled he forces himself to eat. "Anstruther has not followed me," he reasons. "I'll have a long ride to overtake him and when we meet Cipriano Danella I want to be fit-to-kill." Mounting a fresh steed, he gallops off, retracing his steps, all the time in his heart one question: "Where is my stolen bride?"

The night before, Edwin, turning to the east, begins to climb the awful hill leading to the Morosaglia. A few minutes after he has left the Corte road,

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Exposed fowls are apt to be poor layers.

The farmer may not know himself, but he ought to know his soil.

Whole oats and wheat and cracked corn make a first-class hen feed.

Three requisites to early potatoes—Early soil, early planting, early variety.

It is the early hatched chick which, if properly reared, becomes the profit earner in the fall.

Not only the right amount, but the right kind of food counts in encouraging the hen to lay.

Cross-breeding of sheep requires both judgment and skill. Don't attempt it if you are a novice.

Remember at this season of the year that it is important to keep the hogs out of the wet and to keep pens and beds dry.

A cow turned out to pasture in good vigorous condition will respond to the fresh feed 50 per cent. better than the animal which is run down.

With so many men out of work throughout the country, it seems a shame that farmers are so hard put to it to get the help they need.

Stinky feeding is followed by scant giving. What have you gained if you have saved a pound of one-and-a-half cent feed and lost a pint of five-cent milk?

Don't let the first few warm, bright days of spring make you forget that there will be cold, raw, wet days a plenty. Look out for the stock in such weather.

Take a hint from the politicians and begin to repair your fences, if you have not already done so. Look carefully. The stock will find the weak places if you do not.

The farmer who has raised sheep and finds them profitable says that the right kind of a flock in the hands of the right kind of a farmer is one of the best kind of investments.

The boy who is brought up to feel a personal responsibility in the farm or some feature of the farm and who reaps the direct reward of such devotion, is seldom anxious to pull away from the farm to the city.

Keep records and accounts both of the livestock and the crops of the farm. The value of knowing what it costs to produce the products on your farm lies wholly in the possibility afforded by its use in comparing your system of farm management with that of others.

With body rested by the winter let up and the mind stimulated by the lectures of the farmers' institutes and the studies of the short course at the agricultural school, and the reading of the good farm journal, which of course you take, you are ready for the work of the coming season.

Good dairying includes good cows, good pasture in summer and good feed in winter, good shade in summer and good shelter in winter, good water and good care all the year round, and good machinery to run the separator, the churn, etc. If the farmer has good eyesight, he can easily see the good points of the above declaration.

The heavy horse of the draft type is the horse for the farmer to raise. Prof. F. C. Minkler of the New Jersey experiment station has this to say in reference to the disposition of some farmers to raise road horses: "If you are going to be a jockey and run a race horse stable, it is all right to go into the road horse business, but for the sake of your own success, if you are a grain or live stock farmer, don't meddle with sulky carts and fast horses. It has ruined nearly every farmer who ever attempted it, besides the environment is far from wholesome or even decent. It is just like trying to paint a barn with a feather when brushes are plentiful and cheap. Stick to the draft horse."

Putting \$20 worth of milk into the calf and producing a ten-dollar animal does not pay. And it is not necessary. Try the plan of taking the calf from the cow on the third day and teaching it to drink from the pail, which is easily done by inserting the two middle fingers in the calf's mouth and gently lowering its head until its nose touches the milk and it begins to draw up the liquid. Then while the calf is thus drinking without the fingers, still letting the hand remain in the milk so as not to disconnect the little fellow. A few times thus trying and he will drink without further trouble. Now begin to substitute other food for the full milk. Gradually get the animal on skim milk in which a little oil meal and corn meal is put. Have a box in which a little dry bran is placed where the calf can get at it, also hay for him to munch on. Hay tea, made by pouring boiling water on good clean timothy hay and left to stand 12 hours, can be substituted gradually for the skim milk if desired.

Prof. E. T. Hart of the University of Wisconsin has devised a new milk test for the discovery of the casein content of the milk, and which is of special interest to the cheese maker. His test consists of placing a quantity of milk into a tube with chloroform and acetic acid thoroughly mixed. The tube is then revolved, as in the Babcock test, 2,000 revolutions a minute for eight minutes. This distributes the ingredients so that the chloroform and the fat in solution are at one end and clear water and the milk solids on the top. The casein is found in a white mass between these two and may be measured by the scale marked on the tube.

Cut out the suckers. The tree is weakened by them.

Try a scrog or a whistle with the chores. Makes them go easier.

Sour milk fed to the chickens will be returned to you in more eggs.

Arrange the stock buildings so as to minimize the work of caring for the animals.

It will pay you to have a feed mill if you are feeding from 20 to 25 bushels of grain a week.

Be on the lookout for new ideas. Little danger that you will ever know too much about farming.

As the American farmer is known abroad—"American butter" is the name given in Syria to oleomargarine.

Overfeed or underfeed, irregular feeding or improper feed are mistakes to be avoided, if stock raising is to prove profitable.

Be careful and do not let the young horses strain themselves under the heavy spring work. An injury done will be hard to overcome.

Use a spring wagon when hauling fruit or vegetables. If you haven't one get the springs for your farm wagon to be used when needed.

Make up your mind now that next winter you will take that short course at the agricultural college which you had half a mind to try this year, but just didn't.

Fodder which is scattered on the ground and run over by the sheep is practically waste, for they will not touch it, although perhaps suffering from hunger.

Not a bad idea as the horses come into the hard work of the spring to clip them. A heavy coat of wet hair is not very comfortable in a cold spring breeze.

Never think of marketing a thin horse. The food it will take to put him in good flesh will more than come back to you in the better price you will get for the animal.

Take a day off sometime and work out a scheme whereby you can sell some of your produce direct to the consumer rather than paying most of the profit to the commission man.

In pan-raised cream you have the pans to wash and where separator is used you have the separator to wash. Where is the difference? This lot of those to answer who object to the separator because of the work of washing it.

A good carriage horse will bring from \$200 to \$300 in almost any horse market, while scrubs that cost almost as much to raise will bring only half that sum. While you are in the horse-raising business breed to a good sire and get an animal that is worth while.

Put in the raw material and bring forth the finished product is what the farmer does when he fertilizes his soil and cultivates it and grows his crops. Such a farmer is in profitable manufacturing business. But he who takes from the soil and puts nothing in the place of the crop removed is like the miner taking riches from the ground and making no return.

Asparagus and rhubarb need lots of manure, and scarcely too much can be applied to the soil. Whatever may be said concerning the typhoid bacillus in horse manure and its dangers to strawberries, certain it is that it does not apply to rhubarb and asparagus, for the latter plants are cooked before eating so that any germs which might be present would be destroyed.

A herd of 23 cows in Wisconsin is reported to have yielded an average of 6,700 pounds of milk, which contained 327 pounds butter fat. These cows returned on an average of \$31 per head. Allowing that it cost this man \$30 per head to feed them, and that the calf and skim milk were worth the labor he expended, \$60 per head looks like a mighty good profit. This shows what can be done with good stock, good care and a man with brains.

Millet seed is recommended by a poultry raiser, who says that he has found it to be one of the best feeds for baby chicks, given just before they are put to bed for the night. A very good bacon pig can be obtained by mating the ordinary sow of the country with a male of the bacon breeds. Two litters are usually obtained from the sows, they having the spring litters sufficiently early to allow the second litter to be weaned before cold weather sets in.

Rotation of crops not only enriches the soil, but it brings it into better tillth. The advantage of rotation is freshly emphasized in a bulletin recently issued by the agricultural department, the specific example being a South Carolina farm which eight years ago did not produce more than a quarter of a bale of cotton to the acre with 250 pounds of fertilizer. By changing the crops and methods of management, using only stable manure as fertilizer, this same land now yields somewhat more than \$50 an acre.

That Fishing Feeling. "I've got the fishing feeling so bad," he said, "that I just must throw down everything and take a two weeks' trip to Florida. I'll pack my grip right now."

"John," said his wife, "come here." She opened a closet. A gallon jug stood before him.

"There!" she said. "Cut out the Florida trip. It's too expensive."

"Maria," he said, "you're a wonder."—Atlanta Constitution.

Against European Extravagance. Mulai Hafid, the newly-acclaimed sultan of Morocco, is half-brother to Abd-el-Aziz, the legitimate ruler. He is about 30 years old, a year or two older than the other, who was the son of a more favored wife. Mulai Hafid is an intelligent man, possessing great legal and religious learning, and is a strictly orthodox Mohammedan. He is a foe to European extravagance and tried in vain to restrain his brother from listening to the commercial agents who were always persuading him to buy bicycles, gramophones and other modern incon-

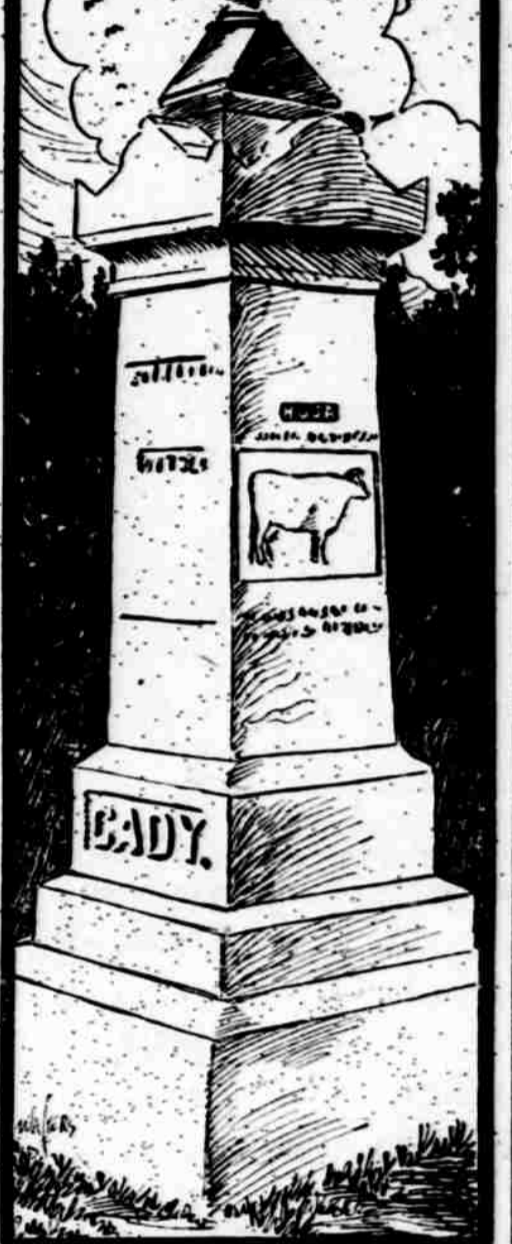
### COW AND VIOLIN ON TOMBSTONE.

Monument with Odd Inscription at Plainfield, Conn.

Boston.—It is no uncommon occurrence for persons to mark the burial places of their pet dogs and favorite cats with monuments, but the town of Plainfield, Conn., has the somewhat peculiar honor of being the only place so far as known where a monument is to be seen in a cemetery telling the virtues of a favorite cow.

The man who was responsible for this curious burial shaft was Gurdon Cady, who was widely known 50 years ago throughout central Connecticut.

The monument is pointed out to visitors as one of the sights in Ever-



Gurdon Cady's Monument.

green cemetery, in Plainfield. On one side of the shaft are these words:

"Rosa, my first Jersey cow. Record 2 lbs. 15 oz. butter from 13 quarts, 1 day milk."

On the opposite side is this inscription:

"All ready, Mr. Cady—At rest," with a violin and bow carved between the words.

The man whose body lies beneath this somewhat unusual tombstone was widely known as a prompter and musician. His reputation as a fiddler assured the success of any dance for which he was engaged. He had a large frame, and was as big-hearted as he was big corporeally. He was accustomed to sing while he played, and chanted old-fashioned dance dances in perfect tune.

Besides his love for music, Mr. Cady took much interest in his cows, of which he had a fine herd of Jerseys. Then the Jersey cow was not so well known as now. Mr. Cady used to take his herd to all the cattle shows in his vicinity, and won a large collection of blue ribbons.

Before he died he made arrangements to have his favorite cow and his beloved violin carved on his tombstone.

### ALL IN THEIR OWN HANDS.

One Reason for Success of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas.

At a complimentary dinner given to Sir William S. Gilbert at the Savoy hotel, London, the guest, in responding to the toast of his health, described himself as "an idle singer of an empty day," and made a striking reference to his copartnership with Sir A. Sullivan. "During our regime at the Savoy my distinguished coworker and myself invariably exercised the most absolute and undisputed control over the production of our pieces. By arrangement with our excellent impresario, D'Oyly Carte, we selected our own cast; we directed our rehearsals in every detail. We superintended the modeling of the scenery, the designing of the dresses. Our company was always admirably in hand, the best possible feeling existed between them and ourselves, and, speaking for my share of the result, I can truthfully say that the impression conveyed to the audience was almost invariably a reflex of my conception. To few authors indeed has such absolute control been accorded, and it is to that absolute control that I attribute a large measure of the success that those pieces achieved on their original production."

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars of state routes, and time to go and where to locate, apply to

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### "NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.



Voice (in a plaintive whisper)—Do! Just one, Maud!

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

"There's a man who buys champagne on a beer income." "How can he do it?" "He's a brewer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 50 cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

He who lives but for himself leads to a little life.—Damon.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, relieves inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough. See a bottle.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.

## A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

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For proof of this statement read the following letters:

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman."

Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorstown, N. J., writes: "I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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160 Acres Grain-Growing Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 50 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Laws with Low Taxation. Splendid Railroad Facilities and Low Rates. School and Church Connections. Satisfactory Markets for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Good Cattle for Profitable Investment.

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