

**Mr. Barnes,**  
By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER  
Author of MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK, MR. POTTER OF TEXAS, THAT FRENCHMAN, ETC.  
**A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK**  
Copyright 1907 DODD MEAD & CO., N.Y.

Catching sight of the commanding figure of the great bandit, the adroit politician bursts out rapturously: "Ah, thanks, grand Antonio Bonelli, for thy presence and countenance. You have come to say to me, Bernardo, you are a true Corsican; in you is upheld the honored custom of the vendetta to the twentieth generation." So will all here say when to-morrow I shall have the body of the one who came to Marina's nuptials and left death behind him, this American who brought with him soldiers to shoot down poor old Tommaso Monaldi.

But the savage shouts that greet this are stilled by old Tommaso, who pushes through the crowd and stands facing the platform, his eyes flashing, and says: "I, Tommaso Monaldi, tell you there is no cause of a vendetta for me, because I am alive!"

At his words shuddering cries of "Ghost!" "Spirit!" "Specter!" rise amid the tobacco smoke of the meeting, and some would slip from the door did not Antonio Bonelli command: "Let all remain!" as three of his stalwart descendants bar the entrance.

There is a sudden cry: "Father!" from a girl in black mantle and deep mourning who has been sitting with some other women in the retirement of a corner of the hall, listening to her lover's ferocious eloquence, and Eteria, with streaming eyes, is in Monaldi's arms.

"Aye, 'tis flesh and blood you're fondling, girl," laughs the great bandit, and striding to the platform he says in ringing tones: "But this is, not all!" for now the crowd are gathered about Tommaso and are greeting him with words of sympathy because for the mere killing of a man, he had been forced to take to the macchia and become a bandit.

"Attention, all!" commands Antonio. "Listen to my words. If not, my followers shall give sharper notice to you!" And the crowd wisely becomes still.

"In pursuit of your suffrages, Sallcetti has put a base outrage on our hospitality," continues the bandit chief in solemn tones. "He has abducted a young English lady and brought her to Bocognano to lure to death her husband, an American Signore who shoots well enough to be a bandit and who this night, with his own weapons, has slain Rochini and Romano, whose murders have made you all tremble as you went along mountain paths and whose outrages have caused our maids to have nightmares."

"Rochini and Romano dead? Impossible!" cries a shepherd, as a sigh of relief and then a yell of gratitude rises from the concourse.

"I saw him shoot the ruffians to death upon Del Oro, I, Antonio Bonelli. Don't dare say no!" This last is addressed to Sallcetti, who, having recovered from his astonishment, is about to open his mouth.

"Ah, you admit it. Maladetta, where is the English lady?"

And Sallcetti, being admonished to answer by a quick prick of the stiletto from a Bellacoscia youth who has stepped behind him, the young politician falters forth: "No harm has come to her. She is with my mother."

On this Barnes has looked from a distance, wisely reflecting that his battle is being fought for him, but with difficulty restraining his hands from putting a pistol ball through Sallcetti. He now cries:

"Then, for God's sake, take me to her quick!"

This brings upon him the attention of the crowd. Learning that it is he who has relieved them of the terror of Rochini, the men cry "Viva!" and embrace him, and a little girl steals up to him and timidly kisses his hand.

"Your lady shall receive you soon, Signore Barnes," remarks Bonelli. "I would like you to see Corsican justice," and at some words from him two or three of the young men having left the hall on his errand, the hawk-eyed bandit continues: "Besides, I fear common report has done wrong to the lady of our town. Marina, child, step here and make your friends love you again."

To this time, she having stood in the shadows of the rear and the lamplight of the room being very dim, in their excitement the concourse had not noticed her; but as Marina steps forward, some men turn away, a woman whispers: "Tis a pity the blood of Pasquale Paoli flows in her," and a young cavalier remarks: "We honored your wedding, Madame Anstruther, but then we did not know that you had forgotten your oath of the vendetta and were mating with the slayer of your brother."

"Gaspardo!" cries Marina, with a gasp of horror, "my childhood's friend, how dare you say this lie?" and staggering onto the platform, and seeing condemnation, horror and disgust in the faces she had known from childhood, the girl simply but with great nobility of manner, tells them how Musso Danella, inspired by devilish jealousy, had turned the articles in a dead man's trunk into evidence that the English officer whom she had married to life in the Emilian mountains and whom she loved with her whole heart, was the principal in the duel at Ajaccio, the man who had slain her brother.

The beauty of the suppliant, with the blood of the great Corsican patriot flowing in her veins, touches their passionate hearts. A lady from the little balcony seizing some of the cyclamen decorations, throws the flowers all over her, and her compatriots, whose faces had been cold to her, fly around, embrace her and beg her to forgive them.

"But there is one I will not forgive," cries the girl sternly; "this Sallcetti, Bernardo, who had known me in my youth, who spread these reports all over the mountains that I have disgraced my very womanhood in giving myself to my brother's murderer."

"A bas Sallcetti!" yells a sheep farmer from the valley.

"Demonios, his lies have dishonored our race!" growls a goatherd from the slopes of La Pintica.

"Leave him to us," says Bonelli calmly; his hawk's eyes are fixed unpleasantly on the candidate, who with muttered anathema is edging from the platform.

With this, Corsica's favorite bandit commands sternly: "Men of Bocognano, no one of you will cast your ballot at the polls for this politician who has disgraced our village. Otherwise you will hear from me. You will vote for Signore Ambrose Lucitano, the cigarette smoking statesman from Ajaccio, who begs your suffrages. He may be a greater fool, but he is not so bold."

"Attention, all!" commands Antonio. "Listen to my words. If not, my followers shall give sharper notice to you!" And the crowd wisely becomes still.

"In pursuit of your suffrages, Sallcetti has put a base outrage on our hospitality," continues the bandit chief in solemn tones. "He has abducted a young English lady and brought her to Bocognano to lure to death her husband, an American Signore who shoots well enough to be a bandit and who this night, with his own weapons, has slain Rochini and Romano, whose murders have made you all tremble as you went along mountain paths and whose outrages have caused our maids to have nightmares."

"Rochini and Romano dead? Impossible!" cries a shepherd, as a sigh of relief and then a yell of gratitude rises from the concourse.

"I saw him shoot the ruffians to death upon Del Oro, I, Antonio Bonelli. Don't dare say no!" This last is addressed to Sallcetti, who, having recovered from his astonishment, is about to open his mouth.

"Ah, you admit it. Maladetta, where is the English lady?"

And Sallcetti, being admonished to answer by a quick prick of the stiletto from a Bellacoscia youth who has stepped behind him, the young politician falters forth: "No harm has come to her. She is with my mother."

On this Barnes has looked from a distance, wisely reflecting that his battle is being fought for him, but with difficulty restraining his hands from putting a pistol ball through Sallcetti. He now cries:

"Then, for God's sake, take me to her quick!"

This brings upon him the attention of the crowd. Learning that it is he who has relieved them of the terror of Rochini, the men cry "Viva!" and embrace him, and a little girl steals up to him and timidly kisses his hand.

"Your lady shall receive you soon, Signore Barnes," remarks Bonelli. "I would like you to see Corsican justice," and at some words from him two or three of the young men having left the hall on his errand, the hawk-eyed bandit continues: "Besides, I fear common report has done wrong to the lady of our town. Marina, child, step here and make your friends love you again."

To this time, she having stood in the shadows of the rear and the lamplight of the room being very dim, in their excitement the concourse had not noticed her; but as Marina steps forward, some men turn away, a woman whispers: "Tis a pity the blood of Pasquale Paoli flows in her," and a young cavalier remarks: "We honored your wedding, Madame Anstruther, but then we did not know that you had forgotten your oath of the vendetta and were mating with the slayer of your brother."

"Gaspardo!" cries Marina, with a gasp of horror, "my childhood's friend, how dare you say this lie?" and staggering onto the platform, and seeing condemnation, horror and disgust in the faces she had known from childhood, the girl simply but with great nobility of manner, tells them how Musso Danella, inspired by devilish jealousy, had turned the articles in a dead man's trunk into evidence that the English officer whom she had married to life in the Emilian mountains and whom she loved with her whole heart, was the principal in the duel at Ajaccio, the man who had slain her brother.

The beauty of the suppliant, with the blood of the great Corsican patriot flowing in her veins, touches their passionate hearts. A lady from the little balcony seizing some of the cyclamen decorations, throws the flowers all over her, and her compatriots, whose faces had been cold to her, fly around, embrace her and beg her to forgive them.

"But there is one I will not forgive," cries the girl sternly; "this Sallcetti, Bernardo, who had known me in my youth, who spread these reports all over the mountains that I have disgraced my very womanhood in giving myself to my brother's murderer."

"A bas Sallcetti!" yells a sheep farmer from the valley.

"Demonios, his lies have dishonored our race!" growls a goatherd from the slopes of La Pintica.

"Leave him to us," says Bonelli calmly; his hawk's eyes are fixed unpleasantly on the candidate, who with muttered anathema is edging from the platform.

With this, Corsica's favorite bandit commands sternly: "Men of Bocognano, no one of you will cast your ballot at the polls for this politician who has disgraced our village. Otherwise you will hear from me. You will vote for Signore Ambrose Lucitano, the cigarette smoking statesman from Ajaccio, who begs your suffrages. He may be a greater fool, but he is not so bold."

"Yes, I can understand that. The front room on the second floor, you said," whispers Burton, and turns to spring up the great oaken stairway to the upper story.

"You are in a great hurry," says Marina, laying a light hand upon his arm. "You will hardly be coming down for some little time and in two minutes I shall be on my way to Bastia, so I will have to bid you good-by now."

"To Bastia?" queries Barnes, turning to her, astonishment in his face.

"Yes, I shall see my husband to-morrow morning," she remarks, in joyous excitement. "Here is a telegram from Edwin telling me he will be in Bastia by noon. I must meet him there. Everything in the house is yours, dear Burton. I know you will be as happy here with your bride, as I shall be with my husband. Ah, Tommaso is already at the door."

"For at this moment there is a noise of wheels and hoofs upon the avenue. "Better wait for the diligence to-morrow," dissents Barnes.

"No, Tommaso shall drive me to-morrow Bastia through the night. Besides, going by the diligence, at the post-stations there will be gendarmes, and my foster father is still a fugitive. It will be best that Edwin and I take him out of Corsica entirely. I have given orders to my servants—make this place your home as long as you like." She has already stepped out upon the porch.

"You had better see Enid first," remarks Burton, following her.

"No, I think not. Your interview should be before mine and I haven't time. The drive to Bastia is so long," Barnes hurriedly puts her into the vehicle. "May you be happy as I am," she calls to him, and the young Corsican wife is driven rapidly down the great avenue of chestnut trees, Tommaso being, apparently, also eager to leave the gendarmes that have hunted him over the mountains.

**CHAPTER XV.**

**A Little Surprise for Mr. Barnes.**

The American springs up the steps to the house again, and rapidly ascending the stairway to the second floor, sees a very faint gleam of light shining under the doorway of the great guest chamber in the front of the old Corsican mansion.

He knocks almost reverently and a faint, sweet voice answers timidly: "Come in."

His heart lighted by hope and love, his whole form trembling with anxiety to take his bride within his arms, the thought that she is his and safe making his flashing eyes very tender, the eager bridegroom opens the door.

Reclining on a lounge in a white robe her head bashfully turned from him, the long, beautiful, almost diaphanous hair streaming over her shoulders, is his rescued bride.

She is in a nook of the big room well from the faint candle light. He passes an arm about her slender waist and kisses her passionately. Her lips respond as sweetly and clingingly as ever did those of a young bride.

But even in the midst of the kiss, Barnes starts back with a sharp amazed cry of almost horror: "My God, Sally Blackwood!"

And the lady turning to him so that the candle light shines upon her radiant features that are almost laughing, says archly: "Yes, I'm all here, La Belle Blackwood. It is a little surprise, is it not, my ardent bridegroom, Mr. Barnes of New York?"

"My heaven, how did you come here?" Burton's voice is hoarse with amazement.

"How? In Cipriano's swift yacht and afterward on a Corsican pony."

"And why?" An awful anxiety has crept into his voice.

"Why? To save your life!"

"To save my life?" Burton's tone is incredulous.

"Yes, I guessed from Cipriano that they were luring you to Corsica for your death. I came here to warn you."

"And Mr. Ruggles?" remarks Barnes, still astounded.

"Oh, Ruggles quarreled with me; got jealous of you or Cipriano, I don't know which. I was tired of Dan. Then bizzar Cipriano, he is so funny—he said to me: 'Ma chere, you want to even yourself with Barnes of New York?' I had told him you were such a gallant knight you wouldn't even kiss an old sweetheart because you were going to be married to a pretty-faced, fair-haired, blue-eyed English ingenue, and so, at Cip's suggestion, I came over to Corsica."

"But where is Enid and by what devil's chance did you take my bride's place?" asks Barnes.

"Oh, the Corsicans—they wanted you to follow them. They expected that. They didn't intend for you to get your bride, at all events not until you had given them several chances to kill you. So I was on the shore at Sagone waiting for them when Sallcetti arrived per schedule on the Seagull. I saw them from a distance. They brought your bride off the yacht all right. Great Scott, she has a fine nerve, that young lady of yours. Haughty as a captured goddess."

"By the Eternal, have they killed her?" Barnes is white to the lips.

"Oh, not yet anyway. Sallcetti, with two friends, hurried her on a long way ahead of me through the mountains. Some dark-eyed gentleman escorting me gave you a distant chance to see us. You were never on the same road as your wife after you left Vico—you were pursuing me!"

"My God!"

"It was such an exciting affair," she half laughs; "something so out of the ordinary, an adventure so bizarre that I liked to do it. Word was brought you were in pursuit up the mountain path. I knew they wanted to ambush you. So I told a shepherd to give you warning at the inn of Guagno. I hope you got it."

"Where did they take my wife?"

"That I shall not tell you—at least, not without a bribe. Shall I have a farewell kiss for the information?"

"Never!"

"Oh, Burton, don't kill me!" she gasps, for Barnes' hand, in his agony and rage, is nearly on her white throat.

"Pish, you are not worth it." Uncompromisingly he tears himself from her and commands: "Tell me where I will find her now; tell me so that I can go back to her and dare to kiss my wife's lips, knowing that I am true to her. Think—think what you once were when your father and mother in Ohio loved you and believed in their little girl. By heaven, I know there is good in you. Sally—only let it come out, just this time," he entreats.

"Just tell me where I can find my darling, so that I can rescue her in time, for you know these are villains who have stolen her from me."

A being of impulse, La Belle Blackwood wrings her hands, her head droops and she sobs: "Then, Burton, I'll forgive you and tell you. There is a little good in me—I'll tell you all I know of your bride, which is very little. I think the road they took her was north of the path that we followed. But where Enid is, I know not."

"Then Sallcetti! I'll tear it from him!"

"I hardly think he can tell you. His followers were strangely frightened and embarrassed when the Bellacoscia young men demanded your bride from them, and as an evasion, substituted me." Then, noting the fearful look on Barnes' face, she cries: "Don't waste your time here; ask the man who knows."

"Ah!"

"Cipriano Danella! The head of this affair didn't want you to find her—not until they killed you, if it were possible. Oh, this Corsican count who is playing with you is a great man—not a boy."

"This is all you can tell me? Is it the truth?"

"Yes, as God will never forgive me—yes."

"Very well," says Barnes, "I thank you for the information. I will now see that you get out of Corsica safely."

"How?"

"My friend, the great Bellacoscia, will do it for me."

"The great bandit! He will take me from Corsica? Diable, the magnificent bandit—that would be an adventure," laughs the volatile lady airily. "The ferocious bandit I have read of! This Bellacoscia who kills gendarmes as if they were flies! That's greater than even a pork packer, a cattle man or a Count Danella, isn't it? I thank you for the bandit, Mr. Barnes."

Barnes runs down the stairs and steps out upon the porch.

A happy-faced young man with elated air and dust-covered clothes is spurring hastily up the avenue, a native boy trotting beside him. Seeing the American, he calls out: "Glad to 'ear you and Enid are again yarr'um to yardarm; though you look love-sick enough, Barnes of New York."

Awaking with a start, Burton looks at him and gasps, "Edwin, you here?"

"Easy enough. I found a letter left with Lady Chartis' housekeeper by my wife to be delivered to me this morning, which told me Marina had come to Bocognano. So I rushed into Nice. By good luck I found Allingham's yacht was coming straight to Ajaccio. For my sake he put on steam. I made the 25 miles up here from the Corsican capital on a horse, arriving before they extinguished the lights in the inn. There they told me of my noble wife and how Marina's words had banished our vendetta from Bocognano."

This is spoken as he springs off the horse, tosses the bride to the boy, and runs up the stairs. "Marina is inside, I imagine," he says, and calls through the doorway.

"Marina left for Bastia over an hour ago," says Barnes.

"Why did she leave for Bastia?"

"A telegram," answers Barnes, "purporting to come from you stating that you would be at that place to-morrow morning. Notwithstanding her fatigue, she went on by carriage to meet you."

"A telegram? Impossible! Bastia is at the north end of the island. I arrived at Ajaccio, the south end. Besides, I sent no telegram."

Edwin is interrupted by a short cry from Barnes: "Cipriano Danella!"

With an execration Anstruther asks hoarsely: "Do you think he has ought to do with this?"

Continued on page 10.

**Health Insurance at little cost**

**CALUMET BAKING POWDER**

\$1,000.00 reward is offered to anyone for any substance injurious to the health found in Calumet Baking Powder.

Purity is a prime essential in food. Calumet is made only of pure, wholesome ingredients combined by skilled chemists, and complies with the pure food laws of all states. It is the only high-grade Baking Powder on the market sold at a moderate price.

Calumet Baking Powder may be freely used with the certainty that food made with it contains no harmful drugs—it is chemically correct and makes Pure, Wholesome Food.

**LIBRARY THIEVES.**

Assorted Into Four Classes by a Library Official.

"Library thieves fall into four classes," said the librarian. "The first and most numerous is the umbrella class, gender, I regret to admit, feminine."

"This lady lounges about your library with an unrolled umbrella in her hand. If she sees a book she wants, a magazine or a newspaper, pop it goes into the umbrella's capacious folds. Her type is well known. Never carry an unrolled umbrella into a library if you would escape the surveillance of the watchers and attendants."

"Another class—male—steals weeklies. This daring thief rolls a weekly into a cylinder, slips his hand through it and works it up his sleeve. Fancy running such risks for a five or ten cent weekly!"

"A rare genus, feminine again, is the partitive or installment thief, who steals a book a few pages at a time. Though this genus is known to librarians, I have met with but two specimens in ten years. One stole a Hall Caine and the other an H. A. Vachell volume in installments. Both were more or less daft."

"The most numerous class of all is the open, daring one. These people bluff. They walk out with a stolen book or paper under their arms as if it were their own. And hang it, they escape, too, if they are careful that our label doesn't show."

"Our percentage of thefts? Well, we count to have about two books in every hundred stolen."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A BORN TRADER.**

He Was a Bit Unlucky, but Then He Had No Dull Times.

"One hundred dollars seems an awful high price to pay for a typewriting machine," said Mr. Jenkinson, who had just bought one. "It may seem so to you," answered his friend, Mr. Hankinson, "but I have one at my house that cost me \$750, and I don't suppose it's half as good as yours."

"You needn't tell me such a"—

"It's a fact," broke in the other.

"Why, how in the world?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A year and a half ago I bought an automobile for \$600. After I had paid \$150 for repairs, storage, fines and other expenses connected with it I traded it for a suburban lot."

"The lot proved to be in the middle of a swamp, and when a real estate man offered me a horse and buggy for it I took him up."

"The horse ran away one day and smashed the buggy into kindling wood. I traded the horse for a gold watch."

"The watch wouldn't keep good time, and I swapped it for a bicycle. One day I fell from the bicycle and put a finger out of joint. Then I exchanged the machine for a secondhand typewriter."

"I see."

"And I've no use for the typewriter. Do you know of anybody that would give me a good dog for it?"—Youth's Companion.

**The Runner's Attitude.**

They were walking through the office of a big athletic club when one of the men stopped and said:

"Do you see anything wrong with that painting?" indicating a mural decoration up above the clerk's desk.

"No," said the other, "I can't say that I do."

"Well, it's a thing that most persons wouldn't notice," said the first man. "That runner there who is just passing the finish line has his left leg forward and has his left arm out at the same time. If ever you've had anything to do with athletics you'll know that the arm extended always is the opposite to the leg, to keep the balance. You'll notice that sort of thing all the time in athletic pictures made by those who don't study the subject."—Washington Post.

**How It Works.**

Once there was a struggling young author who was blessed with many friends, all of whom told him that he was the coming great writer of the country.

So one day a bright thought struck him. He said:

"I will publish my book, and all my friends who admire it so much will buy my book, and I will be rich."

So he printed his book.

And all of his friends waited for him to send them autographed copies of his book.

And so his books were sold as junk. And ever after he didn't have any friends.—Success Magazine.

**Arcaidian Bliss.**

You frequently hear folks say they wish they were millionaires. But our idea of happiness is the one that owns forty acres of land in the hills, doesn't owe a cent, has a wife and seven children, five good coon dogs, a sorrel team of mules, a good shotgun, forty-seven miles from a railroad and right on a good stream of fish. If that would not be happiness "unalloyed" we would like to know where you would go to find it.—Aukvassie (Mo.) Review.

**Misfortunes.**

It's an old French saying that "misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicine. Each is at first disagreeable, but as the bitters act as corroborant to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition."

**A Genius.**

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a genius? Pa—A genius, my son, is a man who as a boy the neighbors said would never amount to anything.—Chicago News.

The haughty are always the victims of their own rash conclusions.—LeSage.

**An Occasional Treat.**

"I like to cater to the appetites of my boarders as far as the market will permit," said the landlady blandly. "Mr. Ontime, is there anything special that you would like for dinner tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, if it isn't asking too much."

"That is all right. Speak right up. What is it you want?"

"Well, since you insist, it is food. That's always a favorite with me."

**Wise.**

"The best way to learn is to learn by experience."

"Yes. But I would like to add a little bit to that."

"Well, add."

"I much prefer that it shall be the experience and expense of the other fellow."

**Occasional Treat.**

It's very seldom that you hear Of persons who eat crow, But still they serve spring chickens In the boarding house, you know.

**Making It Attractive.**

"Do you think women smoke, as reported?"

"Well, there is some circumstantial evidence."

"Where do you see it?"

"In the store windows. I notice some bargain day offerings in cigars from time to time."

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**

The man who has a certified meal ticket good for the next year is about the only man who is wearing his hat jauntily these days.

Perhaps the reason that it is so hard to live up to New Year's resolutions is because in doing so it carries with it the added task of living down