

SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Gunter
A Sequel to
Mr. Barnes of New York

Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York,"
"Mr. Potter of Texas,"
"That Frenchman," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is to be the hand of the girl he loves. Enid Anstruther, sister of the English lieutenant, the four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes and Enid are married. Soon after their wedding Barnes' bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnapped and taking 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 hear that Anstruther's wife, Marina, is also missing. Barnes is compelled to depart for Corsica without delay, and so he leaves the search for Marina to her husband while he goes to hunt for Enid. Just before Barnes lands on Anstruther's shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her action by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. Barnes and Marina have unusual adventures in their search for Enid. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover Tomasso, the foster father of Marina. Tomasso learns that Marina's husband did not kill her brother. Many wrongs are righted. Barnes is surprised in the hermitage by Rochini and Tomasso, the two detested bandits, who have been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes dashes out the door. The bandits start to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Anstruther arrives to find Marina and learns that she has been lured away by the telegram which had been sent by another without his knowledge. The two start in search of Marina. Barnes and Edwin take different roads in their search. Edwin is trapped in a tower where he is made prisoner. In endeavoring to escape he opens a trap door where he finds Emory, the detective, who had been imprisoned there previously. In another secret chamber Tomasso is found imprisoned. Edwin is climbing down a wall sees upon the portico of a farm house Marina and Count Danella sitting and talking together. Barnes arrives and finds the bridge swung preventing his crossing over. He hears the voice of Marina crying for mercy. He examines his revolver.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Hastily he selects a spot with a good line of sight and stands waiting—waiting for the chance; for intervening vines trouble him, and the foliage of a great orange tree, standing alone in the garden and midway between the house and the turret, jumbles the light, which is only the faint sheen of the rising moon.

Slightly before this, Marina had been sitting on the long veranda of the Corsican farmhouse, the lighted lamps placing some tinges of ruby in her dark brown hair and giving color to the light costume that enhances her loveliness.

Quietly entering from the house, Cipriano Danella, costumed in the old time, romantic Corsican garb, gazes upon the exquisite girl outlined by the light costume.

The eagerness of his glance draws Mrs. Anstruther's eyes to him. She looks up and says: "Ah, Count Cipriano, it was very noble of you, who I had feared would hate me, to rescue me from the 'Lucchese.' At your advice, I have rested here, but to-morrow, notwithstanding the romantic serenade you have provided for me, I must go on to Bastia."

"Oh, yes, to Bastia," murmurs the count softly, and stepping nearer, says suavely, though there is a weird suggestion in his voice that somewhat disquiets the lady: "We are alone here in my old farmhouse, only old Martha, the cook, who, far away, will snore till dawn, and my nephew, Count Enrico."

"I haven't seen him," remarks the girl uneasily.

"Parbleu, you did once, the gentleman with the scar upon his face, the one who delivered the letter that caused your nerves to jump in the Marseilles railroad station. Even now his name seems to have an ill effect upon you," for Marina has started up, and the fluttering of her light skirts shows her limbs are trembling.

"Mia Madre, was he the man?" she shudders. "And was it you who penned it?" Then some divination entering her mind, she implores pathetically: "Holy Virgin, no harm has come to Edwin? Have I not kept the cruel pact? Have I not deserted my dear husband? It was the promise of that awful letter that no evil should come to Edwin if I left his arms."

"Ah, but you intended to return to them, bella mia," smiles the gentleman.

The young wife scarcely heeds the insinuation of the subtle Italian term, but stammers confused: "Why do you think that?"

"Ma foi, you were journeying to Bastia to meet your husband, lured there by a telegram I directed to be sent to you from that place," whispers the count significantly.

"The telegram was false? Edwin is not in Corsica? Edwin is safe? Madre di Dio, I thank thee!" Marina's voice rings with a hope that produces a supreme joy in Cipriano's occult mind.

This lady upon whom he has set his fervid heart, is courage personified as regards her own safety, but the great love she bears this Englishman makes her timid for him. "The Danella's plan to use for its own destruction this generous and mighty love.

"That's what I wish to discuss with you," he observes quietly, gauging upon a face to which each wave of passion adds such loveliness that he cannot restrain the monstrous proposition on his tongue. It breaks forth. "My poor brother loved you, but you gave him death," he whispers passionately. "I love you, but, per Baccho, you will not give me death—but love!"

"Love? Impossible?" Marina starts from him wildly; then scorn coming to her eyes and voice, remarks haughtily: "You are speaking to a wedded wife, Monsieur."

"Not legally wedded, I have hopes. My brother, poor Musso, perchance by his lips in private gave his consent to your nuptials, but of that I have no proof. There is no written document. You are still a child—but 29—according to the French law, you cannot wed without the consent of your guardian for several years. Anstruther, in his careless English way, thought not of it; you were too eager for his wooing to note the omission. By my poor



"Edwin, My Husband—My Flowers Brought You to This!"

brother's death, his authority as your guardian passes to me."

"Fish! I was wedded in Musso's very presence," answers the girl, proudly; then cries: "I am Edwin Gerard Anstruther's wife, by the church and by my love."

"'Tis a pity; you compel me to make you his widow."

"Edwin's widow?" At that awful word, Marina shudders and sinks over come into a chair.

"Listen to me!" Cipriano's voice is deep with menace, yet soft with passion. "On the further cliff down the coast are quarries of dazzling-green green Orezza marble that is taken from this island to deck palaces."

"Orezza marble, what has that to do with Edwin's life?" half scoffs the girl.

"But it may have something to do with his death," observes Danella. "For the blasting of the rock is used much dynamite. I have robbed the quarries and have mined the base of yonder turret with the explosive. In it are three men: one, old Tomasso, whose knife entered my brother's heart; the other, an American detective who has placed his Yankee nose into this vendetta, unfortunately for himself. Emory is in that turret. You will give something for these men's lives?"

"For Emory and dear old Tomasso? Certainly—anything in reason." The lovely eyes are filled with a strange alarm.

"Ah, but it must not be in reason—it must be in a passion as exalted as my own—for you. When I direct my nephew, who is bound to me not only by ties of blood, but of gratitude, and who is inflamed against you all by his oath of vendetta for the murdered Musso, he will light the fuse leading to the mine, and puff!—that tower, with every man who's in it, goes into the air!"

"Murderer!" shudders Marina, who has listened astounded.

"Ah, you have sympathy for these poor fellows! That is well; I shall love you more for your tender heart," continues Cipriano softly.

"But the law!" half screams the lady.

"Pah—in Corsica—in a vendetta. Besides, the blown-up tower will be thought but another outrage of the rioting 'Lucchese.' Oh, this is no worse than dagger thrusts or blows from bullets which always come in a blood feud. And in that mined turret," Cipriano's voice is low but terrible, "there is another man, who following the cyclamen flowers you dropped in the road and a few more we added to lead him into that fatal tower—"

"Edwin!" Marina's limbs hardly uphold her.

"The man you foolishly call husband." The finger of the suave wooer points to the turret's upper floor.

Then the game is on!

Her eyes following his gesture, a shuddering cry, low, broken, despairing yet full of tenderest love, issues from the girl's lips that have now become white as death itself: "Edwin, my husband—my flowers brought you to this—following for love of me—"

"He is caught like a rat in my trap!" smiles the count.

"Not without warning, wretch!"

She would spring from the veranda and run over to the base of the tower and call up to the man whose face she sees outlined against the grille of the upper window, through whose iron bars he is struggling to force his way.

But Cipriano's strong hand clutches her white arm; he pulls her back into the seat and commands: "Not until you've heard my words, which may save his life!"

"His life? Tell me!"

"I have explained you are not legally this man's spouse," Cipriano's voice is trembling with desire. "Become mine! I had proposed in Nice to give you a very cruel death for what you had to do with my brother's killing, but when I saw your beauties and knew that the little child I had once seen had grown into a Venus, but no marble one, to myself I said: 'Corpo di Baccho, 'tis in the blood of the Danellas to love this woman. I am enamored of her as wildly as poor dead Musso. 'Tis a medieval idea; instead of slaying her, I'll have revenge in winning her—against herself, the wife—also against the husband.'"

"Not against Edwin! You have no cause of hate against him."

"Vendettas are caused by love as well as hate! He dares to call you wife. Each moment my eye rests upon you increases thy sweetness to me. You are Corsican—so am I—no foreigner should stand between us."

"Holy Virgin, you expect me to love you?" stammers the girl.

To this he answers with Machiavellean subtlety: "Of course not now, but that may come in time. At present you love Edwin! Because of this devoted love, to save this gentleman you adore—give yourself to me."

At his hideous mathematics the girl utters a cry of horror.

"If you would save the life of this Englishman whom I should dispatch by my oath of the vendetta, at once your kisses."

"Would Edwin wish to live, his wife untrue? Monster!" Marina's face blazes with shame.

"Oh, no, not monster; simply a man who has gone crazy for thee. Understand, if you are mine, the man in that tower lives. To-night on the vessel that is anchored here, I'll bear you away to some far distant isle of Greece."

"My husband would follow us forever!"

"Not if he knew you were faithless! 'Tis not their English way. A woman who is dishonored is no more to them than a tainted orange."

"Dishonored in his eyes? Never!" cries the girl. "I'd sooner you killed him—sooner you killed me, much! I'm in your power; I'm alone here, helpless in your hands. Kill me. Let my darling go."

As Danella has clutched her, the old neck fastenings of the ancient gown have given way; she plucks its laces further apart over her dazzling bosom and begs: "Bury your stiletto here, but spare my husband."

Her pose only makes her the more alluring to his devouring eyes.

"What, kill the being I adore! I shudder Cipriano. 'I have no stiletto and I have taken care no knife is near your desperate hands, my lady. Besides, I'll never let you go. If you will not leave your husband as his wife, leave him as his widow.'"

"Here, Enrico!" he calls.

The young cavalier with the scar above his eyebrow comes onto the veranda and says: "My uncle, I honor thee, you have decided to give this woman death?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUILDING OF A WITICISM.

Point of Joke the Same Though Under Changed Conditions.

The Bohemian had an article entitled, "How a Joke is Made." In it Marshall P. Wilder, the well known humorist, cites this story as an illustration of one method. "Here is a story with a joke in it about Labouchere, the genial editor of London Truth. When he was standing for the borough of Northampton for the English parliament a little girl came up to her father and said: 'Papa, who made Mr. Labouchere?' 'Why, Providence, my dear,' answered the somewhat astonished parent. 'And what for, papa?' inquires the child. Now that isn't a bad joke. It was natural, anyway. But listen to one of mine, which really has the same point, though it is brought out in a different way. A child and her mother are on the cars. Opposite them sits a young man dressed in the height of fashion. Says the child: 'Mamma, what is that?' and, as she asks the question, she points to the young man opposite. 'Hush, my dear,' answers the mother. 'But, mother, I want to know.' To quiet the child the mother whispers in her ear: 'He is what we call a dude, dear.' The child persists as usual in gaining some more information. 'And who made him, mamma?' 'Why, Providence, dear, of course,' replies the mother sotto voce, whereat the child exclaims: 'Oh, mother, doesn't Providence like to have fun sometimes? You see, the stories are really alike. At all events, the point is the same.'"

A Matter of Taste.

Cynic Philosopher—You should be careful to address all men in honeyed speech.

Student—Why so?

Cynic Philosopher—Because then it will not be so hard on you when you have to eat your words.—Baltimore American.

Trade With Colonies.

The trade of France with her colonies for 1926 aggregated over \$200,000,000, of which \$129,947,800 consisted in exports of manufactured products from France.

NORTHWEST NOTES

Something over half a million pounds of wool was sold last week by the wool growers of Rock Springs, Wyo., to eastern buyers. The highest price paid was 23 cents.

J. P. Mooney, a Northern Pacific railway engineer residing in Missoula, was badly hurt while switching at Stuart, Mont. His skull was crushed, but it is believed he will live.

Ellwood C. Hughes, for twenty years a lawyer of Seattle, has been tendered by President Taft an appointment to the newly created federal judgeship in Washington state.

The Linwood Land company has ordered a White steamer automobile to be used in carrying land seekers between Rock Springs, Wyo., and their lands in Linwood and Lucerne valleys.

John Kirshweng of Butte, a noted inventor of smelting apparatus, killed his wife and two children and committed suicide, April 29, on his brother's ranch near Ada, Mont. Kirshweng was an escaped lunatic.

Fire of incendiary origin destroyed two large hay warehouses at Bozeman, Mont., April 28, entailing a heavy loss. Indisputable evidence of incendiarism was found, and a reward of \$500 has been offered for the culprits.

The Chicago police say that George B. Kerth and N. Lawrence, under arrest in Seattle, charged with swindling, are members of a gang that has robbed eastern business men of one million dollars by a fake directory game.

Ranchers and prospectors in the vicinity of Helena are almost unanimous in the opinion that Montana is likely to experience a flood this spring similar to that which occurred last year, when millions of dollars' worth of damage was done.

After clubbing a Chinaman into unconsciousness and locking him in the cellar, four men robbed the Casino, a big gambling resort of Reno, Nevada, of between \$4,000 and \$5,000. A night-watchman, who intruded, was captured and locked in a closet.

Mrs. Joe Burnes and Mrs. S. Campbell, wives of loggers, fought a bloody duel with butcher knives at Lester, Wash., as a result of which the former has a fatal gash below the heart. The women quarreled over the borrowing of kitchen utensils.

Thomas Hennessey, hotel detective in the employ of the Albany hotel, in Denver, and formerly house detective at the Auditorium hotel, Chicago, was shot and instantly killed April 29, by a man named Selkirk. The shooting was the result of an old grudge.

The Laramie rolling mills of the Union Pacific railroad, which have been idle for a year, will resume operations at once. The mills produce the continuous rail joints, tie plates, bolts, nuts and spikes used by the Union Pacific in new construction work.

Alive and conscious and scarcely injured, John Watkins has been rescued, after being buried twenty-six hours beneath twenty-eight feet of snow in the valley of the Cascade river, near Rockport, Wash. An avalanche had overwhelmed an engineer's camp, all of the other men escaping.

D. C. Corbin, the millionaire railway builder of Spokane, is the central figure in the largest mining deal made in Spokane in several years. He has taken an option on the Wagner group of claims on Hall creek, a tributary of the Duncan river, in British Columbia. The price is stated to be \$3,000,000.

A coterie of residents of Helena, who represent their wealth to be in excess of \$1,000,000, have filed a petition in the district court to restrain the municipality from issuing or disposing of an issue of bonds of \$500,000, voted at a special election for the purpose of constructing and installing a municipal water plant.

Twenty-six of the leading lumber manufacturers of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, who control, to a large extent, the rail shipments of the product from that section to the east, met last week and attempted to reduce the production of lumber 40 per cent. The order to the mills will go out probably within two days.

The state of Montana was last week the purchaser of the \$500,000 bond issue authorized by the last legislature for the erection of new wings to the capitol. This action was taken by the state board of land commissioners, and the funds from which it is to be taken will be those of the various state educational institutions.

Governor Shafroth of Colorado has signed the campaign expense bill and the unique measure becomes law in ninety days. The bill provides that the state shall contribute for campaign expenses every two years a sum equal to twenty-five cents for each vote cast at the preceding general election, the sum to be divided among the political parties according to the vote cast for their respective candidates for governor.

H. E. Ott, councillor in the department of agriculture and commerce for the Japanese government, has been appointed commissioner general to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, and will come to Seattle immediately to take charge of the Japanese exhibits.

The state pure food commission of Wyoming has ignored the recent government ruling relative to artificially aged or whitened flour, and dealers will be given until September 1 to dispose of their present stocks. Nearly all the flour sold in the state is imported.

The first work of grading on the new Shield River railway began April 23, when 300 men and many teams began operations just east of Livingston, Mont. Another large crew of men will begin work at Myersburg, a point about forty miles north from Livingston.

MINES AND MINING

Utah's mining exhibit at the Seattle exposition will probably be the most complete in the history of the state.

During the first four months of this year seventy-seven American metal mines and works paid dividends of \$21,479,427.

The Croesus mine at Hailey, Idaho, is prepared to ship between 600 and 700 tons of ore as soon as the roads are in good condition.

The Round Mountain Mining company cleaned up \$40,000 profits during March, and it is believed when the reports for April are in, increased profits will be shown.

A genuine gusher is said to have been opened in the Bluff oil field by Thomas Brice. Considerable new drilling has been started in various portions of the field.

Fifty leases on Manhattan, Nevada, placers are being worked, the average production being about \$1,000 a day and new strikes of rich gravel are reported almost daily.

It is announced that negotiations for the purchase of control of the Bingham Amalgamated Copper company have been reopened, with good prospects that a deal will be made.

Five metallurgical works, with an issued capitalization of \$210,169,350, paid to shareholders during the four months of the year \$4,556,944, and since organization \$87,638,293, a return equivalent to 42 per cent.

The sensation in southern Nevada mining camps at this time is the Hampton stope in Goldfield Consolidated, where the company has in sight \$3,000,000 of ore, no portion of which it had three months ago.

The biggest thing in a lease in Nevada, since the days of the Hayes-Monnette bonanza, is the Lucky Boy lease at Hawthorne, which, it is said, is producing high grade silver-lead ore at the rate of \$10,000 a day.

Word comes from the Philadelphia-Western property at Hilltop, Nevada, that the breast of the tunnel is showing a two-foot vein of remarkably rich gold ore, about the finest gold rock so far found in this property of rich ore.

The Wabash mine at Park City, again hopelessly flooded despite the improved pumping facilities installed some months ago, is likely to remain closed until arrangements can be made to construct an adequate drainage system.

At Pioneer, in the Bullfrog district of Nevada, two new strikes are reported on the Starlight property, while the original Pioneer lease is greatly increasing its production. The new mill at the Mayflower mine is proving a success.

The rejuvenation of Gold Circle, following the recent disclosures of great bodies of rich ore in that camp, is being materially felt at Golconda, which is the nearest railroad point to the camp, says a camp correspondent of the Humboldt Star.

The Seven Troughs Merger Mining & Leasing company has let to Klayser & Ray the contract to sink 200 feet in the shaft in the company's lease on the Thierien group. The shaft is now 135 feet deep. At 235 feet a crosscut will be run to the vein.

Twelve Canadian properties, all but one located in the Cobalt section, have during the past four months paid in dividends \$2,591,429, and since incorporation, but a few years ago, \$9,297,950. Nipissing leads with \$600,000 for the first four months of the year.

N. F. Rasmussen, one of the owners of the Lost Cave group of claims, in Four Mile district, Beaver county, reports the opening in the property of a vein which shows good values in gold, silver and copper. The vein is ten feet wide with values clear across.

The number of men killed in mine accidents in the United States, for each one thousand men employed, has been increasing steadily for ten or fifteen years. During 1907, the last year for which complete records have been received, the number killed reached 3,200, and about three times as many were injured.

The Humboldt Queen, one of the old-time mines of the Humboldt range of Nevada, is to have reduction works to treat the thousands of tons of low-grade ore blocked out and left in the stopes by former operators, as well as the new ore that is being developed.

The towns of Hawthorne and Lucky Boy, Nevada, a few miles distant, are both booming in consequence of the now startling production record of the now famous Lucky Boy Mine, a silver-lead proposition. Leases are in great demand and much new work has been started.

Shareholders of North Butte are demanding that officials of the company make an official statement in regard to conditions in the mine—a statement of more definite nature than those which have come from the directors, according to Boston dispatches.

Development work is to begin at once on the Western Utah Copper property in the Deep Creek region of Utah. Development work has been abandoned in this property for the past two years, although it is known there are vast bodies of ore awaiting the owners.

The Pioche, Nevada, Record announces that the Salt Lake Route has decided to haul to the Tintic or Salt Lake smelters all ores for \$1.75 per ton, whose precious metallic contents do not exceed \$5 per ton. This is a direct helping hand to all the mines in that district.

"Beaver county, Utah, never had as many men working as at the present time, nor were there so many different properties counted among the active ones, and the results undoubtedly are better than they have ever been," is the statement of a well known operator.

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PATENTS

Advice as to patentability and Procedure FREE upon request. Send sketch and description of your invention. Harry J. Robinson, Attorney at Law and Solicitor of Patents, 304-5 Judge Building, Salt Lake City

The Conjurer Confesses. "That 'the hand is quicker than the eye' is one of those accepted sayings invented by someone who knew nothing of conjuring—or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: 'The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice, in short, by his acting, he must produce his effects.'—St. Nicholas.

\$30 California Round Trip. If contemplating any coast tour, write at once to Kenneth Kerr, D. P. A., Salt Lake Route, 169 S. Main, Salt Lake City.

In the Nature of a Slur. Sir Hubert von Herkomer says he once saw the reproduction of a picture called "The Coming Storm" advertised for sale in a shop window and under the title there were the words in large type: "Suitable for a wedding present."

The Stock Gambler's Voice. As a rule, great manipulators have high, thin voices and take a distrustful view of securities. Their vocal peculiarity must be left as an arbitrary fact; as to their bearish slant of mind, it is easily accounted for. It comes of the fact that their services are more often solicited by men having something to sell than by men wishing to buy—in the ratio of about five to one. Nevertheless there is no instance of a bear manipulator's having died rich. It is a bull's country.—Everybody's Magazine.

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Well-Trained Memory. "I do not recall anything on that point," said the witness. "Oh, you don't!" sneered the lawyer. "You'd better take memory lessons." "Excuse me," rejoined the witness suavely, "but my memory has been trained by one of the highest-priced lawyers in the business."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Element of Danger to Society. The real danger to modern institutions is not in the difference in the size of fortunes or that some live in mansions and others in huts. The real danger is that the current of sympathy which should circulate freely among the entire citizenship is obstructed.