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O. S. L. TIME TABLE

Passenger No. 32	Passenger No. 31
-SOUTH BOUND-	-NORTH BOUND-
Lv. Malad 7:30 a. m.	Lv. Brigham 6:10 p. m.
Lv. Garland 8:42 a. m.	Lv. Corinne 6:20 p. m.
Lv. Tremont 9:47 a. m.	Lv. Tremont 6:45 p. m.
Lv. Corinne 9:17 a. m.	Lv. Garland 6:50 p. m.
Lv. Brigham 9:49 a. m.	Lv. Malad 8:10 p. m.

MIXED TRAIN

North Bound.	
Leaves Ogden	8:20 a. m.
" Brigham	9:55 a. m.
" Corinne	10:10 a. m.
" Tremont	10:52 a. m.
" Garland	11:20 a. m.
Arrives at Malad	1:00 p. m.
South Bound.	
Leaves Malad	1:20 p. m.
" Garland	3:25 p. m.
" Tremont	3:49 p. m.
" Corinne	4:30 p. m.
" Brigham	4:55 p. m.
Arrives at Ogden	6:25 p. m.

F. F. Gross,
Local Agent,
Garland, Utah

LOCAL MAILS.

MAILS ARRIVE.	
From South	7:00 p. m.
MAILS CLOSE	
Going South	8:15 a. m.

STAR ROUTES.

Mails arrive from Penrose and way at 11:00 a. m.
Mails leave for Penrose and way at 1:00 p. m.
Mails arrive from Stone and way at 6:30 p. m.
Mails leave for Stone and way at 6:30 a. m.

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Eva C. Wilcox,
Postmaster.

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SERIAL STORY

Mr. Barnes, American

By Archibald Clavering Genter
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 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 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' boat lands on Corsica'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 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 Kochini and Romano, 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's wife, Marina, 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 well upon the porch 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. Cipriano Danella threatens to light a fuse that would blow up the tower and kill her husband unless Marina surrenders herself to his passion.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"No; life—life and love! and death to those who stand between me and her! The torch to the lone orange tree in the center of the lawn—you placed the fuse—when I give the signal to you, light it!"

"He will be blown to atoms?" screams the girl.

"Certainly, then you are free to marry me and can say your prayers with a good conscience!" laughs the count.

"My uncle, I am bound to your orders by the oath of the vendetta and thy promise to pay my gambling debts and make me rich again," said the young man. Enrico passes from the verandah and Marina sees the flame of the torch moving to the orange tree. She raises her voice and shrieks with all her force: "Edwin, my husband, you have only a minute to save your life. In some way, descend from the tower! They are going to blow it up!"

And a cry comes to her: "My wife, impossible!"

And over it are frantic curses from the American detective, and the voice of old Tomasso, crouching: "It is the will of the Devil!"

Marina shouts: "I can only give you life by being this devil's!"

The answer of the young sailor comes, calm as the voice of an English officer should be facing death: "Not at that price, darling! Don't think of me!"

Then the tortured girl begins to wring her hands and sob as she sees the men in the tower struggling to break out, struggling as men in the turret of a sinking battleship. The face she adores is before her in its death agony—the weird music from the sea comes faintly to her, telling of woman's devotion, for the barbaric ballads have been selected with uncanny subtlety. For one dread moment, Marina wildly thinks: "I'll save my Edwin's life—then I'll keep myself from this crafty fiend by death in the waves from off the vessel on which he bears me away!" But the thought shoots through her: "My dear husband will believe I am a faithless and dishonest wife!"

To Cipriano, who is triumphantly murmuring: "I see, by your blushes, you're mine!" she shouts: "Never!" and desperately would run to the base of the tower and die with her husband.

But the arms of Danella encircle her, holding her firm as hands of steel, fettered by the propinquity of her loveliness, the contact of the perfect figure he clasps, the subtle perfume of her waving hair that tosses in tresses about, Cipriano is whispering: "You have still time. Anstruther may yet live, I have not given the sig-

nal. Be mine! But one long, sweet kiss to prove it."

"And never dare to look on the face of any true man or woman? No, no!"

Frantically she has broken from his arms; she is running towards the torch, desperately hoping to snatch it from the hands of the satyr holding it ready to apply it to the fuse.

After one unsuccessful step to overtake her swift feet, Danella cries savagely: "Fire the mine!"

Enrico, the fuse in one hand, the blazing torch in the other, is applying the flame to it.

There is a sharp whiff of the still night air like the faint snap of a distant whip and the man with the scar falls, as if struck from Heaven.

"Diavolo, what mystery is this? Myself to light the fuse!" cries Cipriano, and runs to the flambeau flaring on the ground.

But Marina, her eyes baneful with agony, mutters: "I am a Corsican," and as he picks up the torch, the desperate girl seizes him with her delicate hands and struggles with him frantically.

But her slight strength is naught to that of his wiry frame. Danella picks up the torch. "Take your choice," he whispers. "The Englishman lives and you are my mistress; he dies, and you are my honored wife!"

He is holding her down with one knee pressed on her. He is moving the torch slowly to the fuse; he is giving her a chance to save the life she loves by despairing surrender—he is giv-



"Monte!" Cipriano, Springing High in the Air, Falls Stark Dead Beside Marina's Prostrate Form.

ing himself just one more chance to win the beauty of the woman who loathes him—when, even as the flame is licking the fuse, another whiff rips the atmosphere, and from a spot midway between his long eyes spouts something that is red in the torch flame, and with one shrill scream, "Morte!" Cipriano, springing high in the air, falls stark dead beside Marina's prostrate form.

The detective and Edwin are thundering at the tower door. Marina staggers to it, with a great effort turns the key and lifts up the steel bars, and stands faintly leaning against the stone masonry as Edwin, springing out, catches her in his arms.

"What did it? What wondrous thing wrought our deliverance?" he asks between kisses that make the girl wife think she is in heaven.

"By gun, was it lightning?" asks the detective, scratching his head. Then hearing a cry he runs down the chasm and moves the swinging bridge into place across the crevice.

Over this comes Mr. Barnes, leisurely walking, humming the sweet romantic tune the minstrels are sending up from the distant sea.

Looking at the two dead men, Tomasso, in his old-time Corsican way, is saying solemnly: "'Tis the hand of God!"

But Marina, running to the American, cries: "I know the 'hand of God'!" and sinks down uttering blessings on the great pistol shot.

"By Goliath, 'tain't possible to do that with a revolver in this light," mutters Emory, pacing off the distance. "Holy smoke, you should be proud of them shots."

"It was that wondrous Orezza water that did it. That toned up my nerves after two days of devilish misery," remarks Burton modestly.

"But grub's what I'm thinking about," says Emory; "you haven't been fed on spoon-victuals for two weeks!" and he dashes into the farmhouse.

Edwin, after slapping Barnes upon the back, has carried his wife, half-swooning now with joy, onto the verandah, when of a sudden, with a roar like that of a hundred-ton gun, the whole tower rises from its base and falls tumbling, a mass of ruined masonry, and on high there is a flight of rocks like fireworks. Fortunately the explosion has been so strong that the missiles nearly all fall into the sea, with great splashing of the water. They can hear the cries of terror from the minstrels in the boat as they hastily row away.

"My last shot wasn't quick enough," says the American dolefully. "Hang me, if Cip didn't get the torch to the fuse before he died." Then Barnes suddenly questions: "Where's my wife? Can't anybody tell me where is my wife?"

"She was not in that tower, anyway; that we know," answered Edwin. "We examined every portion of it, trying to escape."

"Your wife?" cries Marina. "You should know! I left you going up the stairs to her chamber in Bocongnano."

"She wasn't there?" mutters Burton.

"Wasn't there? My servant said she was there. Who was the lady?"

Barnes doesn't answer, but says moodily: "Then I've got to find Enid. My horse is just on the other side of the crevice."

"But you are too tired."

"I'm never too tired to find my best girl," says the poor worn-out fellow, trying to be cheerful, and steps down toward the bridge.

But from a distance a pretty feminine voice is heard crying excitedly: "This is the way to the explosion, young Signore Bellacosca!"

Then Barnes' voice rings, really happy for the first time in twenty-four hours: "Enid, that you? This way, little girl. Look out for the crevice, and his long sought for bride comes cantering across the bridge followed by two young bandits, who announce themselves as Conrad and Rodrigo Bonelli. The next second Enid has been lifted in Barnes' arms from the saddle.

"Where have you been all this time?" he asks eagerly.

"Following you ever since this morning, when the great Bellacosca sent me on with these two gentlemen, his nephews, charging them with their lives to deliver me safe into your hands. I came from Bocongnano."

"And where were you two nights ago when I was seeking your home?"

"I was asleep at Salletti's home under the influence of a narcotic. Oh, mercy, don't look at me so," stammers Enid. "I was beneath the care of Salletti's mother."

"Asleep under a narcotic?"

"Yes; when they were planning the ambush for you, I struggled so that Salletti and his men forced an anodyne down my throat. When I became conscious, they told me that when the great Bellacosca demanded my surrender Bernardo was afraid to explain to him, and some other woman was substituted for me. But when Salletti learnt that Bonelli for his deceit had declared against him a vendetta that meant his certain death, he went to the great bandit, confessed and surrendered me to him. Whereupon, with many kind words, Bonelli sent me to his dear friend, Monsieur Barnes, of New York, the celebrated pistol shot."

"Oh, the most divine pistol shot upon earth," calls Marina, running out and embracing him. "By his skill, Burton has killed the man whose life forever would have been a menace to us." Then gazing at Barnes, she laughs: "And I supposed you happy for the last twenty-four hours. You remember I left you going up to your wife's chamber in Bocongnano."

"Going up to my chamber in Bocongnano?" almost yells the young English bride. "I cannot understand; I was asleep under opium in charge of Salletti's mother."

"Oh, no, you were at my house. You were waiting for Burton in the guest chamber on the second floor. Mr. Barnes went up to you—Good gracious, Edwin, don't! Dio mio, what are you squeezing my hand so for?"

"A word in private with you, Mr. Barnes," whispers Enid in suppressed tone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEE'S MARK MAN'S COMING.

Wild Ones All Descended from Those Once Domesticated.

All the honey bees in this country having originally been imported from Europe or Asia, there is no racial difference between the wild ones and the domesticated; those that live in trees are simply the descendants of those that from time to time have taken "French leave" from their owners' hives and reverted to a state of nature. The vast bulk of the wild bees are of the German or black race, while the standard domesticated bee is the Italian; but that, however, is only because the Germans were the first to be introduced here. Just when the Germans came is in doubt, but it was some time in the seventeenth century; certainly it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that any bees were found west of the Mississippi. The Indians used to say they could mark the advance of the white man by the appearance of bees in the woods. The Italian bees were first imported in 1860. Better tempered and more industrious than the Germans, they have become popular with apirists; but as many still keep the German bee, and others have the hybrid formed by the crossing of the two races, while countless Italians now have taken to the woods, there is no sure way of distinguishing between the wild bee and the domesticated.—Outing Magazine.

SENT IT TO THE BAR.

Orchestra Leader Miread Request for Schubert's Serenade.

While dining at one of the hotels recently a Washington girl said to her escort, "I wish that orchestra would play Schubert's 'Serenade.'" "All we've got to do is to have the waiter tell the orchestra leader," said the man. "But you'd better write it. The waiter will be sure to get the message wrong if you don't." So on the back of an envelope the young woman wrote, in a beautiful, angular hand her request for Schubert's "Serenade," and told the waiter to take it to the leader. The waiter was gone a long time, but at last he appeared with a foaming beaker. "It took some time," he said apologetically. "I understood you to tell me the message was for the orchestra leader, so I took it to him. He read what you wrote and then laughed and told me to carry the order to the bar, for that was the place to get a seltzer lemonade." And angular writing had scored another triumph.

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