

# Mr. Barnes, American

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

Author of MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK, MR. PUTTER OF TEXAS, THAT BOY IN CHAIN, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolla, 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.

**CHAPTER II.**—Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is marked by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Chartris leave a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht.

**CHAPTER III.**—Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be Corregio Danella, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. She refuses to explain to Barnes, which fact adds to his latent suspicions.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Barnes plans for the safety of the party are learned by the Corsicans. The carriage carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men, are supposed to be Corregio, and they try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is suspected.

**CHAPTER V.**—The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Enid.

**CHAPTER VI.**—The cook is found to be innocent of the supposed plot and is forgiven. The party arrive at Nice and find Lady Chartris and her daughter Maud domiciled in the villa rented with Barnes' money. Barnes is amazed to find that Count Corregio is at Nice and is acting the role of admirer to Lady Chartris.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, an American adventuress and hears that Elijah Emory, his detective, has been murdered by the Corsicans. He learns that the man supposed to be Corregio, who followed the party on their way to the boat, was Sallet, a nephew of the count, and that Count Corregio had been in Nice for some time prior to the party's arrival. The count warns Barnes not to marry Enid unless he would have her also involved in the murderous feud.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Barnes and Enid are married. Soon afterward the bride disappears. Barnes discovers she has been kidnaped and taken to Corsica.

**CHAPTER X.**—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 to rescue his wife from the Corsicans.

"Yes. Graham did that for me," and Barnes hurriedly tells the young English officer the arrangements he has made, adding: "You stay here, old man, and trust me to bring your sister back."

Again Marina, her face full of generous enthusiasm, cries: "Let me go to Corsica. You are a foreigner, dear Mr. Barnes. In my own island I can do what you could not do—they all love me!"

"What! When they've been hunting you like a wild beast and sending you letters that make you faint!" shudders her husband.

"You're quite right, Lieut. Anstruther," returns Danella, "in not permitting your wife to go. One unfortunate, helpless woman in that wild land amid the passions of their barbaric feud is pitiable to think of. To subject another, whose life is already threatened by the dagger of the vendetta, to a similar risk, would be hideous."

"I do not fear my kindred," answers Marina proudly. "My words, the rustles of my commure will believe. I should go."

"And have them murder you?" shudders her husband. "Never!"

His young wife's only response is a plaintive sigh.

"Again you are right, Monsieur Anstruther. Of course, we know they loved Marina; still they might not believe," observes the count, his ardent eyes resting upon the excited girl, whose very enthusiasm renders her more lovely. "I am now returning to Nice, where Lady Chartris knows that I am at her command to do anything to aid her in this unfortunate matter. I shall drive out to-morrow. May you have good fortune, Signore Barnes, in your efforts. But remember one thing: in that barbaric island, they want your blood. You can only rescue your wife by risking it, but no suggestion from me is necessary to a brave and determined man!"

Danella would bow himself out, but Marina says eagerly: "Two words in private with you?"

"Certainly," answers the count, and Barnes notes as the beautiful woman whispers to him a look of astonishment enters his mobile face.

After he has answered her, the girl says curtly: "I thank you, Signore."

"You may trust me, Madam," is the count's reply; and courteously kisses the trembling fingers of Anstruther's beautiful wife, his eyes seemingly filled with a new and strange passion.

This is scarce noted by the American, whose misery distracts him.

A few moments later, Burton selects for himself a rough shooting costume that he has fortunately with him.

Then he hurriedly slings a field glass over his shoulder; puts one or two little trinkets, mementoes of his lost love, in his pocket; takes his va-

lance and a few steps from the door almost runs against Edwin. In the darkness the frenzied men seize each other, for Anstruther is now as frantic as himself. Recognizing him, Barnes asks: "What's the matter?"

"By heaven! Another blow in the dark! My wife has gone also!"

"Marina? Impossible! You have looked the grounds over? You have searched the house?"

"Here's a note from her, left in her chamber, begging me to forgive her, saying it is to save my life."

"My God, what horrible plot is it that has bereft us both in a moment?" asks Barnes. "If she had only told you the contents of that devilish letter."

The two are in the hall together, in their anguish, their voices ring out loudly. A frightened-eyed, short-skirted creature runs to them, and tremblingly asks: "Did you want Marina's knock-out letter very much, Barnsey? The last part of it?"

"It was perhaps Enid's life, perhaps the life of Edwin's bride."

"Well, then, I—I—oh, forgive me! I lied to you. I've got the letter—the last part of it; I was going to sell it to you for marrons glued—I'll get it for you. It is tucked in my lucky stocking for fear ma'll see it. It said something about murder! I'll—oh, don't look at me so awful!"

Maud flies upstairs and a moment later dashes back bringing the portion of the epistle.

As they try to decipher its cramped foreign hand, Lady Chartris, coming out wildly from her chamber, for now she fears she will be abducted herself, and is half crazy with fright, suddenly, looking over their shoulders, cries, half shrieking: "Oh, heavens, Cipriano's writing!"

"You are sure?"

"I fear, I fear! I've got three love notes from him—this looks quite like his hand."

And the astounded and dismayed widow wrings her hands, her face pallid with jealous chagrin.

"This is the most crafty, subtle and satanic plot against your married happiness, Edwin," whispers Barnes. "As near as I can make out, this devilish missive says that Marina must desert you, her accursed English husband; then they will spare your life. If she remains with you, your fate will be hers. Your safety from death is offered as a bribe to your young wife if she deserts your bed and leaves herself open to the stilettoes of these devils. If she stays with you and clings to you, you will be assassinated, even in her arms."

"Then the wife of my heart has left me fearing as the attack upon my sister's liberty has been successful their efforts against my life will be equally so," shudders Edwin; next cries out almost angrily: "She was mad not to trust me."

"Marina knew you wouldn't let her go if she did," suggests Burton more calmly.

But the other breaks in: "She is helpless in that devil's hands, who's tricked us both. This man means to kill her!"

"Not as you fear," mutters Barnes. "Cipriano doubtless came here, in his mind some infamous plot against your life and hers, but now I think the same crazy passion for Marina that was in his brother has entered him. Never did your wife look more lovely than when she so nobly offered to go to Corsica to try and bring your sister back."

"Bring my sister back? That's why she's gone," asserts Anstruther. "Do you suppose any other consideration would have induced her to leave me? She thinks her word is potent among the friends of her childhood in Bocognano. Marina is going to Corsica, Barnes, and I go with you. The vessel is there—come!" Anstruther's rapid strides are carrying him to the door of the hallway, but the American's voice stays him.

"She will never get to Corsica," says Barnes, sadly.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Danella longs for her. Couldn't you see his uncanny passion gradually growing as he looked upon her loveliness? No, she will not be permitted to get very far away from him. Don't you suppose his emissaries are alert now—the man with the scar over his eye that delivered this dastard note to her?" Then the tone of the American changes; he says very solemnly: "And yet, I think you can thank God that the passion of the lover has entered this devil's heart and taken the passion of the assassin from it; for otherwise, with his thugs about her, your wife would now be dead. You stay here and try and find Marina. As for me, my duty is to go to that island and if she is living, to bring back my bride—if she is dead, avenge her!" continues Burton.

"That is my duty here, rescue or avenge Marina!" cries the Englishman.

Barnes leaves his brother-in-law arming himself and making ready to go out of the villa in pursuit of the loved one he has lost, and hurries down the path to the water. The darkness is now so great he can scarce discern the little fishing vessel still tied up to the landing stage. He rapidly springs over her low freeboard, and calls: "Get under way!" The alert Graham is already at her helm; her big lateen sails are hoisted flapping in the soft air, and a moment later under a smart breeze the little craft is gliding toward the entrance of the Bay of Villefranche.

The illuminations of Nice fade away in the darkness of the night to the American upon the deck of the fishing vessel, which now, under a fresh and increasing breeze, is bounding through the water.

Graham is still at the wheel, Barnes pacing the little deck of the silent craft. His steady eyes peer into the

gloomy blank ahead of him. His fire seems a blank also. To-night he had expected the loveliest eyes of his fairy bride to be beside him on a honeymoon cruise. Now! He smites his hands despairingly together.

He turns to Graham at the wheel and asks: "How long before we reach Corsica?"

"With this breeze, I dinna think before early to-morrow."

"You are carrying all the sail possible?"

"Every cloth she has."

Barnes turns to step into the cabin. "You're going down to try and get a wee bit of sleep, I ha' hopes," remarks the Scotch mate sympathetically.

"Sleep?" the American laughs as if in mockery of the idea, yet goes below and tries to force his mind to the common sense of this strange abduction.

The next morning with the first rays of the sun, Barnes is on deck again, peering toward the east, and before him is a blue haze that Graham, who is again at the wheel, says is Corsica.

But now some few feet from the stem of the little vessel, a figure that has been crouching under the low bul-

lance of the vessel, rises, half shrouded by the sea fog, before him. After two glances to make his rounded eyes believe, he gasps: "Marina!"

For the wife of Anstruther, with some wraps thrown over her fete costume of the night before, stands before him, the fresh breeze twining the garments about her figure till she seems risen from the mists of the morning.

"My God, why have you come here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Bitten by a Spider**

Through blood poisoning caused by a spider bite, John Washington, of Bosqueville, Tex., would have lost his leg, which became a mass of running sores, had he not been persuaded to try Buckle's Arnica Salve. He writes: "The first application relieved, and four more healed all the sores." Heal every sore. 25c at R. C. Hardwick Druggist.

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