

# SEAL ST

## 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, and Gerard Anstruther, an English lieutenant, and Gerard Anstruther, 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, a shore Marina is discovered hiding in a corner of the vessel. She explains her absence by saying she has come to help Barnes rescue his wife from the Corsicans. When Barnes and Marina arrive in Corsica, he is given a note written by Enid 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 Enid. They come in sight of her and her captors in the Corsican mountains wilds just as night approaches. In seeking shelter from a storm the couple enter a hermitage and there to their amazement they discover the foster father of Marina, Tomasso, who was supposed to have been killed by De Belloc'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 Rochini and Romano, the two detected bandits, who had been searching for him to murder him for his money. The bandits attempt to take away Marina. Barnes starts to pursue, but as they reach the door both are laid low by Barnes' revolver. Members of the Bellacoscia enter and Barnes is honored for his great service to the community in killing the hated Rochini and Romano. The release of Enid is promised.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"That was not so," cries Marina. "The English officer who shot Antonio fell under the Egyptian guns by the hand of God. The man I love is free of any blood stain."

"Ah, the murderer of your brother fell by the hand of God. It is well. And this cavalier, is he your husband?"

"Oh, no; he is an American against whom foul wrong has been done by Saliceti," and introducing Barnes she says: "Tell this great bandit your story and he will give you justice. He has done so often in Bocognano."

Briefly the American relates the kidnapping of his wife, and listening to this, the Corsican says: "No outrage against woman was ever perpetrated in Bocognano without my avenging her, and this crime against a strange lady—ah, the hospitality of the island forbids it. Descend with me to the village, Americano, who has done such a great service in the slaying of these miscreants, who have dishonored our noble calling, and we, the Bellacoscia, will give your bride back to you and right your wrong."

"Dio mio," cries Marina excitedly. "Now that our glorious bandits love you, Burton, your wrongs will be righted!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Before a Corsican Election.

Escorted by the mountaineers, two stalwart young men carrying Made-moiselle Paoli down the dizzy path, they skirt the dread precipices of Del Oro and passing the vineyards and the clearings, come into the main road leading from Corte, then descending the hill are in the chestnut groves of Bocognano.

Then their leader turns to Marina and says: "Have no fear, Signora; your English sister shall be returned to this gentleman, but—" he lays his hand on Barnes' shoulder—"use not the weapons I see at your belt. Thy quarrel shall be my quarrel. No foreigner shall ever be compelled to protect a woman while I, Antonio Bonelli, dominate Bocognano."

"Were it not meeting night, everything would be silent save the dogs and pigs," chuckles Tomasso. "Now they'll have light enough to see I am alive."

"Cospetto, they are making a fete for you, Monaldi," laughs one of the young men, for lanterns are dangling from the overhanging boughs of the main street of the little village; some of the houses are illuminated, and round the communal building and the wine shops are gathered many men.

The little party tramp through the lantern-lighted streets, and coming to the door of the municipal building, the loungers who are smoking their pipes make way for them, doffing their hats and saying with great reverence: "The Bellacoscia!"

Near the entrance are two illuminated placards, one reading: "Vote for Saliceti, who upholds old Corsica!" The other: "Cast your ballots for Bernardo, the man who kills!"

Surrounded by the young men, Tomasso in the dim light is not noticed, and Marina has drawn her mandible close about her face.

The party enter the low hall of the municipal, which is lighted by lamps and decorated by myrtles and cyclamen flowers. It is well filled by a crowd of farmers, peasants, wool growers and shepherds. These are now being fervidly addressed by young Bernardo Monaldi.

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 nuptial bed and left death behind him, this villain who brought with him so many to shoot down poor old Tomasso Monaldi."

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

At his words shuddering cries of "Ghost!" "Spirit!" "Spectre!" 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 Ethe-ria, 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 Tomasso and are greeting him with words of sympathy because for the mere killing of a man, he had



"Gaspardo!" Cries Marina.

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, Saliceti 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 Saliceti, who, having recovered from his astonishment, is about to open his mouth.

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

And Saliceti, 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 Saliceti. 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 to me?" 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 nursed to life in the Egyptian hospitals 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 Saliceti, 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 Saliceti!" yells a sheep farmer from the valley.

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

"Leave him to us," says Bonelli calmly; his hawk's eyes are fixed un-pleasantly 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 great a rascal as our fellow townsman! Don't you even dare vote for yourself!" he cries, as the abashed Saliceti flies from the room pursued by jeers and execrations and even the taunts of his own sweetheart, who is still clasped in old Tomasso's arms.

"Now, reparation to you, Signore Barnes, the only one we can make. We will bear you in honor to Marina's home, where your bride now awaits you. Your wedding fete was postponed in Nice, I understand," the grim man smiles slightly. "We will give you in Bocognano a nuptial procession to a bride whose lips are as unsullied as when she made vows to you."

So, attended by the whole of the Bellacoscia and many girls, who have pulled down the floral ornaments of the communal room, waving the flowers about him, and young men shooting off their guns in his honor, Barnes, with Marina on his arm, is escorted beneath the lantern-lighted chestnut trees to the old mansion of the Paolis. As they pass along the main street a girl comes running from the telegraph office and places an envelope in Marina's hand. After glancing at it, a wild elation is in the young wife's face. She whispers some hurried directions to old Tomasso, and tripping to Barnes' side her step is as buoyant as his.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### PENALTIES OF GREAT PLACE.

Thrice Servants Those Who Have Risen to High Estate.

Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power, and to lose liberty, or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains, and it is sometimes base and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery and the regret is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. "Cum non sis qui fueris, non esse cur velle vivere." (Since you are not what you were, there is no reason why you should wish to live.) Nay, retire—men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privacy even in age and sickness which requires the shadow; like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn.—From Lord Bacon's Essay, "Of Great Place."

### Why Is It?

The seats were in the orchestra, on the theater's left. "The left side of the house always sells out first," said the box-office man. "Everybody seems to prefer it to the right. I don't know why. 'Boxes, especially. We can sell two left to one right box every time. Nobody takes the right side for choice. And there is no reason for this. As such goes on in the right extremity of the stage as in the left—we proprietors always look after that—and you see just as much from the right as from the left side. Why, then, is the left side always at a premium?"

## GATHERED SMILES

### HOW HE WOOS.

Yes, it is true. I've been in love before. How many girls? Oh, I forget—a score. Perhaps. But when you came upon the scene.

I knew they were but handmaids to a Queen—

But make of honor, who had played their part Preparing for the Princess of my heart—

A kingdom small, but blest if one so fair Enthroned in state might reign forever there!

Too small a realm, the life I have to live.

But, Sovereign Lady! 'Tis all I have to give!

Your kingdom now a lovely land appears, Warmed by your smiles and blighted by your tears.

Bounded by Heaven, beneath it and above,

Its coin is kisses, and its law is love. Will you reign there? None may your rule dispute—

If it is a monarchy, and absolute. Your subjects are my thoughts; none are more true.

And none more loyal than my thoughts, to you.

If they do wrong (for thoughts will sometimes err),

Your frown shall be their executioner. Be it then supreme, in more than royal state.

And know that, should you ever abdicate,

The crown will rest upon no other's head.

When the queen leaves, the kingdom will be dead!

"Gee!" says the guy who springs this little rhyme.

"That does work yet! It brings 'em every time!"

—Ted Robinson, in *Cleveland Leader*.

### SOMETHING LIKE.



Zig—You will find, old boy, that that's something like a cigar.

Zag—You're right. There is a slight resemblance.—*New York Herald*.

### Those Conferences.

When a statesman meets his fellows

They confer.

Do you think they loudly bellow?

Hardly, sir.

They converse in whispers mellow

As it were.

To confer in secret sitting

Off they go.

There is no and stealthy flitting

To and fro.

What about? It isn't fitting

That we know.

—Puck.

### An Ignorant Customer.

Customer—How does it happen that these things have suddenly gone up 50 per cent?

New Boy (amused at customer's ignorance)—Why, haven't you heard? The tariff duty on these things has gone up five per cent.—*New York Weekly*.

### TOO LATE, THEN.



Mother—Don't eat too much when mummy's out, will you, dear?

The Dear—But it doesn't feel like too much until afterwards.

### Not for Ladies.

"Did you present that bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I'll tell you, sir, if you'll request the stenographer to leave the room for a few minutes. If she doesn't mind!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

### Crushing.

Cholly—He called you an insignificant little noodle, did he?

Freddy—Ya-as, but I got even with him, bah Jove! I wrote him a letter, signed it "yours respectfully," and then scratched out the "respectful-ly," bah Jove!—*Chicago Tribune*.

### One Sure to Go.

Bacon—Do you always throw a banana skin off the sidewalk?

Egbert—I do it see it.

"And if you don't see it?"

"Oh, then it's liable to throw me!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### The Past.

Tommy—Papa, I wish you would tell me something.

Papa—Well, what is it?

Tommy—When you were a little boy who was my papa?

### SOMETHING SOULFUL.



"You are going to say something soulful," declared the fiancee. "I see it in your lovely eyes."

"What I was going to say is this," responded the fiancee. "Won't you wear a rubber band around your head nights, so as to train your ears not to stick out?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### The Smooth Book Agent.

"That man in the next room is a fool," said the stranger.

"What makes you think so?"

"Would you believe it, he actually refused to buy this set of books, which I am offering at a dollar down and two a month for 12 months," said the book agent, spreading out a folder and prospectus. "Where will you have your set delivered?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

### Just What He Wanted.

Reporter—How many were in attendance at that ward caucus you held the other night?

Politician—Why, I can give you only a rough estimate, but—

Reporter—That's exactly what I'm after. How many roughs were there?

—*Chicago Tribune*.

### THEIR RESERVATION.



Bronson—I tell you, a bald head is expensive.

Woodson—In what way?

Bronson—In many ways. For instance, when I used to go to the theater I could sit anywhere. Now I have to sit in the front row or attract attention.

### That's Why He Asked Him.

Reckless Nephew—Have a cigarette, uncle?

Rich Uncle—No; Why, don't you know cigarettes shorten life?

"Yes, I know it, uncle!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### Her Specialty.

He—I saw you on the ice, this afternoon.

She—Oh, did you see skate?

"No; every time I looked, you were sitting down!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### Favorite Side.

Patience—They say a man's mustache grows longer on the right side.

Patrice—That's the reason a girl tries to get on the right side of a man, I suppose!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### HER BOWLING SOUVENIRS.



Maude—No, I'll never take Edith to the bowling club again. She's got the souvenir craze until it's dangerous to go out with her.

Gertie—Why, what did she do at the club?

Maude—She carried home one of the biggest balls she could find.

## Bluff and Stuff

By H. H. HUDSON.

Dr. Bluff and Dr. Stuff practiced in the same city. Progress was slow. This was another phase of the situation. They looked so much alike that identities were mixed.

"I say, Stuff," said Bluff one day, "I have a plan which will bring success. We will tear up stakes and enter a town of about 20,000 population. I will go ahead and engage an office. You will come on later and enter the town at night. We will then take turns at the business. We are both lazy; but if I take the fore part of the day and you take the latter portion of the day, the town will see the greatest doctor that ever lived."

"You know two heads are better than one, and a practice in a town like that, with country drives thrown in, would kill one man, anyhow. We can dress alike, do a little acting before the mirror and work the town. Both of us will then make a big toad in a small puddle. Besides, Stuff, I like you too well to work against your interests any longer."

And so they agreed.

The "new doctor" was in town. Bluff went at the game with a smile, backed up by all the nerve his little fat body could muster. He got a shave, and then drove about town for awhile to let people size him up. He then went to the office and pretended to be reading a medical journal each time a stranger called. He next went to lunch. Upon his return he made a few hasty notes of names and impressions, and, turning them over to Stuff, went to bed.

Stuff took a turn. He went down and got a shave. The barber nearly fell in a heap with surprise, but Stuff, realizing the situation, said that he had made a mistake and had washed his face with a preparation which had caused the skin to shrink, thus making another shave necessary. He then went to lunch. The waiter was astonished, but Stuff said he had been fasting and that another meal was in order.

He returned to the office, and after meeting some callers, went for a drive.

The people awoke to the fact that a hustler was in their midst. They agreed, however, as time wore on, that the doctor was very much absorbed in his work—so much so, in fact, that he often failed to recognize those whom he had treated a few hours before.

They forgave him, nevertheless, for he seemed to be successful in each undertaking.

Diphtheria struck the town, but the dismal howl of the dog foretelling death was not heard during the entire epidemic. The people failed to realize that while one was out, the other had time to read up on a line of procedure.

Another thing they couldn't understand was the fact that the doctor kept getting fatter and fatter. The work didn't seem to wear on him at all.

The girls thought he was a little queer, for he frequently took them for a buggy ride, but often seemed to have forgotten all about it a few days or even hours thereafter. It was a common remark that if he was interrupted by a stranger in the forenoon he would tell him to call at the office in the afternoon. On the other hand, if he met a stranger in the afternoon, he would tell him to call the following forenoon. His mind seemed to dwell more upon professional efficiency than names and faces.

It was queer how public sentiment was divided over the doctor. They all agreed, however, that he was the most versatile man they ever knew.

One day a fire broke out in the grocery store below. It originated in the room where oil and gasoline were kept and spread rapidly. Unfortunately, Bluff and Stuff happened to be in the office above at the same time. Their egress was cut off.

A crowd gathered. The fire department rushed to the scene. Anxiety was intense. The good doctor might be sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion brought about by his zeal for the people. The smoke grew dense and was wafted in great puffs from the windows. A ladder was run up, and Bluff and Stuff descended to the joy and amazement of all.

The riddle of a strange personality was solved. They were forgiven, for it was agreed that they had done more for the community than any one doctor could have done. They still practice in the same place, but Bluff wears a red vest, and Stuff wears a blue one. They subsequently married twin sisters.

### Saving Energy.

I lunch daily at a place where Japanese of the higher order take their meals, and have been impressed by the apparently well-conserved energy of their demeanor. In talking there is nothing wasted in gesture. The talker's periods are acknowledged by the listener with a quiet "Ha" or "Ha, ha," as denoting deeper interest, much as we say "Yes," or "Yes, yes." There is always a dignity of bearing, and while what is wanted is asked for politely, there is no room left for doubt of the intention to get what is wanted. The Latins throw off in the air, as it were, a lot of spirit force, but the Anglo-Saxons, of whose ways we Americans partake largely, indulge in little or no gesticulation. Doesn't all this have something to do with world predominance?—*New York Press*.