NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE

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PRESCOTT - - - - ARKANSAS

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.

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 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 lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. 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. Marina refuses to explain to Barnes which fact adds to his latent suspicions. 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. One of the horsemen is supposed to be Corregio. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman is suspected of complicity in the plot. The party anchors at St. Tropez. 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. 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. Barnes and Enid make arrangements for their marriage. The net tightens about Barnes. He receives a note from La Belle Blackwood, the American adventuress. Barnes 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 Saliceti, 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.

The Coming of Danella.

At the morning meal Barnes finds the rest of the party growing excited over the approaching ceremony, and Maud telling them about her maid-of-honor dress. "You'll have to lend me a pair of silk stockings, Enid," cries the putative infant. "I don't think I have any bang up enough for the ceremony. They should be corkers. Mine show, yours don't."

This oration is interrupted by Lady Chartris saying, insinuatingly: "Cousin Burton, you must have had a pretty long chat with the minister. I waited for you last evening till half-past 11."

A sly giggle from Maud sets Enid's blue eyes ablaze, though there's a whimper on her sweet lips.

"Yes, lots of details," replies Barnes, casually. "Did you have a pleasant outing with Cip, Cousin Prunella?"

"Of course I did, with such a cavalier."

"You invited Count Danella to my wedding?" asks the American abruptly.

"Of course I did," cries the widow, rapturously. "He accepted immediately; said he was very anxious to meet you."

"The pleasure will be mutual," observes Burton, grimly.

Enid and her brother look at each other solemnly, but Marina's face, when she learns that Cipriano Danella has accepted the invitation to the nuptials becomes so serious that Barnes, after breakfast, takes her husband aside and says: "Have you found out about that accursed letter?"

"No, she begged me not to ask her. She sobbed it was for my happiness that I didn't know. You'll soon discover, Barnes," remarks Edwin moodily, "that you cannot do much with a bride when she turns on the hose and washes the matrimonial decks."

This reminds Burton that he had better not start his married life with a secret, and getting Enid alone with him, which isn't very difficult, he briefly, but pointedly, tells his fiancee of his interview with la Belle Blackwood.

"Oh, I'm so glad you told me—so glad she's not all bad!" exclaims the girl, rewarding him with so rapturous a kiss that he is delighted he refused Sally's farewell salute. "I—I learned from Maud that you had received a letter from her," she adds, hesitatingly.

"You didn't doubt me?" This issues in stern reproach from the lips of the American.

"Oh, no, but—but no secrets from me please," she entreats. "There's no real love without a little jealousy;" then shudders: "And so those villains killed poor Emory?"

"I'm afraid so," answers her lover, and his tone grows very solemn. "You see how remorselessly, how craftily we are pursued, that the haven of safety I had planned for you, dear one, when I left you to put those devils forever out of the way, is now known to them. You remember the awful threat against any woman who weds me. You've—you've no wish to delay our marriage?" His eyes are very eager.

Her eyes answer his with equal passion. "No, on the contrary," answers the resolute English girl, "I am resolved more than ever."

"Then may God never forgive me if I don't save you from all harm," mutters the coming husband. "Yet we must take all precautions. Just try and see if you cannot do better than your brother."

"How?" asks Enid, eagerly.

"The knowledge of the contents of that letter to Marina may be vital, not only for the happiness of her husband and herself, but perhaps to the safety of all of us. See if you cannot in some woman's way get the information of what it contained."

About an hour after this, Enid returns and remarks disappointedly: "Not a word from Marina except that it was something entirely between her and her husband; that we would discover some day." Then she blushingly asks: "Where are you going to take me after marriage?"

This is a proposition upon which Barnes has been racking his brain. He says, meditatively: "Supposing you and I go out on the yacht?"

"What, alone together? Delightful, romantic!"

"Not entirely. I shall take Graham and three seamen, to sail the schooner. We'll only be away two or three days."

"Two or three days of happiness," whispers the girl, radiantly, and runs away to prepare for her coming nuptials.

Barnes's own preparations occupy him most of the time till the ceremony, though he contrives to discuss his yachting plans with Edwin.

"All right," answers the sailor, "Graham can take care of the schooner as well as I. You leave me the balance of the jackies and I'll guarantee everything's all a-taut when you come into port. I shall take no cruises into Nice. I have enough here to make me happy."

"If Emory should by any chance turn up," remarks Barnes, "keep him with you to help you."

They are interrupted by the French cook, who has come on shore in the dingy bearing a magnificent wedding cake that he has manufactured in

"Have You Found Out About That Accursed Letter?"

the schooner's galley. "My offering to your bride," remarks the culinary artist. "This will be the crowning glory of your noces, Monsieur Barnes. I am to cook for you on your wedding cruise. I must walk into Villefranche to get supplies."

The American is minded to call him back and caution the fellow to have a quiet tongue, but Maud breaks in upon him in all the glories of her child maid-of-honor frock, crying: "The notary is here and the minister has arrived."

Soon after the party assembles in the parlor, which has been decked with the flowers of southern France, and Miss Anstruther comes down to them looking in her fresh beauty, with her modest blue eyes filled with love, very bridelike. She is in an exquisite summer yachting costume, all lace and sheer muslin, through which her fair arms and shoulders gleam like chiselled ivory. A hat of white plumes and ribbons graces her golden hair.

"I didn't put on an evening gown," she whispered, "so I'm ready to go on board, Burton, immediately after the ceremony."

"My heavens, no bridal veil," flutters Lady Chartris; then she cries in a tone of dismay; "and Count Cipriano is late."

But without waiting for him, the English divine having made the necessary official arrangements as prescribed by the French law, the civil contract is hastily signed before the notary, Edwin acting as Enid's guardian and giving his formal consent.

Then what is to Miss Anstruther her real wedding begins, the sacrament of the English church. She standing before the divine, giving her assent modestly, but very firmly, Barnes making the responses ardently and determinedly, and thinking even as he puts the ring upon his bride's finger: "It is a kind of curious feeling, getting married with a revolver in your hip pocket ready for business."

A moment later the usual congratulations and kisses have been given, the party are about to turn to the dining-room, where the wedding supper is spread, there to drink the bride's health before she flits away.

But their steps are stayed by the sound of prancing steeds announcing the coming of the belated yet only invited guest. "Oh, at last! But you are late," cries Prunella, ecstatically, as she runs into the hall. "Just time, Count Cipriano, to toast the bride."

"Yes, an unfortunate accident to my horses," enters to them in a soft, southern voice from the hallway, where Prunella is interviewing the cavalier she has been waiting for so eagerly.

As this takes place, Edwin whispers: "I'll keep my eye on the beggar."

"And I'll talk to the gentleman as soon as I can get a chance, and if he doesn't give me a clean bill of health—"

The rest of Barnes's speech is interrupted by the entry of the object of their suspicions. Count Cipriano greets the company with extreme politeness.

Upon the ceremony Marina had looked with a very pale face, but now two hectic spots flame in either cheek as she returns the salute of Danella, who murmurs: "'Tis years since I saw you—the little girl poor Musso loved. You have grown into a beautiful woman—you who were my dead brother's ward."

But soon after, as the champagne sparkles, the count toasts the bride very gallantly, remarking on her youthful English beauty. "Signore Barnes should be a very happy man," he whispers to her, and goes on chatting so unaffectedly and pleasantly that Enid, who had looked upon his entrance as if he were Mephisto himself, begins to think this pleasant-voiced but vivacious-mannered gentleman is not so dangerous as she suspected.

Dressed in the deep mourning of southern France, the high Corsican hat he still carries in his hand lends picturesqueness to Cipriano's costume.

Notwithstanding his somber garb, soon the gentleman is laughing with Lady Chartris; Maud driving her mother distracted by crying. "I'm only 11, but I'm as tall as the bride, ain't I, mamma, dear?" and standing up back to back with Enid, making a great juvenile display of baby waist and pink silken stockings.

It's her high-heeled slippers," cries her mother, angrily. "The deceitful child is standing on tip-toe!"

"Ma foi, la petite is anxious to be married herself," smiles Cipriano.

"Ain't I?" cries Maud, merrily. "Ask mamma for me, count."

"Oh, mercy, the champagne has gone to the minx's head," gasps Lady Chartris, savagely. But Corregio has again devoted his attention to Marina. As well he may; her dark, liquid eyes carrying in their depths the passion of the south, yet always seeming to ask this man a pathetic question—one his orbs refuse to answer, though several times there is so amorous a gleam in them that the young English husband would like to take their owner by the throat.

At the first opportunity, while the ladies are gathered about Enid talking to her of her yachting cruise, Barnes says to Danella: "A few words in private with you, please, count."

"Certainly, I was about to request that myself," remarks Cipriano.

"Perhaps the garden would be more secluded," and the American, ready for action, keeping his eye upon his visitor, politely opens the door and bows him out into the grounds.

His visitor walks well into the shade of the orange ad citron trees, passing to where a rift in the foliage permits a view of the boat landing, which in the coming night is now hardly discernible. Here he pauses carelessly, his brilliant orbs occasionally directed toward the water. A moment later he observes quietly: "Your wedding made me sad, Signore."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Clean Window Shades.

We have all heard the story of the woman who told the new maid to wash the curtains, meaning the lace ones, and came into the kitchen just in time to discover the newest window shades melting in the boiler. But we do not all know that when shades are merely dust soiled the surface can be freshened by the application of hot corn meal. The shade should first be spread out flat on a large table and the meal rubbed in with a circular motion of the palm. Then if rubbed gently with a soft, dry cloth the meal and the dust it has absorbed will be removed without leaving any trace of either.—Country Life in America.

Sadness Is Penalty of Humor.

All the great humorists are sad—Cervantes, Moliere, Swift, Sterne, Heine, Richter, Balzac, Dickens—for sadness is the penalty which nature has annexed to that deep- searching knowledge of life we call humor. Hence is the tragedy of literature. If the man did not weep sometimes, we would cease to laugh at his jests—in the end he weeps too much, and then we talk of the failure of art!—Michael Monahan in Papyrus.

What She Should Do.

They were interested only in their own affairs and didn't seem to care who heard them. "Gave me the icy elbow on Main street yesterday, didn't you?" he began. "Cross my heart, I didn't mean to," she replied. I just didn't see you. "But you looked right at me." "Can't help it, I didn't see you." "Huh! Well, if you didn't you ought to go to one of these octogenarians and get your eyes fixed."

SLEEP IN A CITY TREE.

New York Boy Makes His Summer Home in a Big Walnut.

New York.—Sleeping outdoors in a rudely constructed house erected among the branches of a high walnut tree in the heart of Flatbush a young Polytechnic institute student has adopted a novel method of "getting near to nature." The tree sleeper will commence this way of sleeping just as soon as the weather begins to show signs of summer. Last year he tried this method of outdoor life, starting in the early spring and continuing until the first real snowfall of the season.

The "tree house," as the people in the neighborhood call it, is located on the lawn surrounding the home of Mrs. W. T. Lees, who lives on Flat-

The Bedroom in the Tree.

bush avenue, near Avenue I, Flatbush. W. Thompson Lees is the tree dweller.

A wooden stairway winds around the tree's trunk leading to the single chamber above, allowing an easy ascent to be made. The entire structure is made of wood and was designed by young Lees and his chum, Vail Applegate, a freshman at Dartmouth college. The boys built the house a little more than two years ago, but it is only lately that they have converted it into a sleeping place.

At first their intention was simply to build a "crow's nest" where they could seclude themselves on rainy afternoons and days when it was too hot for active exercise. The "crow's nest" did not prove to be large enough, so the boys added a large platform which forms what they call their piazza. This piazza is roomy enough for an ordinary sized dining-room table and comfortably accommodates six or eight diners.

After Lees and Applegate had the house completed their parents took an interest in it. They recognized that it would be a fine place to sit in the warm weather. Mrs. Lees suggested that a stairway be added to enable the older folk to climb to the tree top. It took the boys three months to build it.

It was last summer that Lees and Applegate decided that they would like to see how it would feel to sleep out in the open. They covered the top of the house with panes of glass and this gave them all the light, day or night, they needed. The trial worked so well tha they declared that thereafter they would, while the weather was warm, sleep in the tree.

ANCIENT HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

Church in City of Mexico Oldest in North America.

City of Mexico.—The chapel of the Conception, in the City of Mexico, is the oldest house of worship on the North American continent. By this it is meant that it was used longer for that purpose than any other building. It was erected in 1541 and has served almost continuously since that

Chapel of Conception in City of Mexico.

date as a place where daily devotions were held. This ancient building is still in a splendid state of preservation. It is situated in the Conception plaza or square. It is small but attractive architecturally, and never fails to interest antiquarians who visit the city. In the early days of its history a large convent was situated adjacent to it, but with the growth of the city, streets were cut through the convent buildings and nothing now remains to indicate that they were once a part of the church property. It is stated that for a century or more after its erection this chapel was the most fashionable church in the city. Its devout worshippers numbered many of the people of wealth and high social standing.

Wins Prize for Kidney Research.

Dr. Norman Ditman has received the Gibbs prize of $20,000, offered by the New York Academy for the best original research work on the kidneys. The prize was founded to create an interest in the study of Bright's disease. Dr. Ditman's investigations tried to account for the unnecessary two-thirds of man's meat diet, and to see if this had any close connection with the poisons present in the system of a person afflicted with Bright's disease.

London Companies' Gas Supply.

The 11 London gas companies supply among them 46,403,852,000 cubic feet of gas to 1,101,896 consumers

CALLS EXTRA SESSION

Acting Governor Hamiter Gives As Reasons the Needs of New Capitol and Status of Revenue Laws,.

Little Rock, Ark.—Acting Governor Allen H. Hamiter Monday night issued a call for a special session of the state legislature. He calls the legislature to meet in Little Rock at noon Monday, May 18, for the purpose of taking up the matter of completing the new state capitol and also to arrange for the monthly payment of state tax money into the general revenue fund in order to prevent deficit in that fund, a condition of affairs which has been threatening under the present arrangement of tax payment for some time.

Governor Hamiter and his friends claim that Acting Governor X. O. Pindall, who is now in Washington, D. C., and whose place as governor of Arkansas was assumed by Governor Hamiter during his absence from the state, cannot revoke the call for the special session, and that nothing can prevent the extra session.

Following the issuance of the call Acting Governor Hamiter named three new members of the General Assembly to take the place of legislators who have either resigned or died since the last session. He appointed Henry Stillwell as representative from Ashley county to take the place of W. A. Roby, resigned. He also appointed Scott Harris as representative from Clark county to take the place of R. G. McDaniels, present state corporation clerk in the secretary of state's office, resigned, and Arthur J. Johnson as senator from the Sixteenth senatorial district, to take the place of Senator Amis, who died a short time ago.

In a statement made Monday night shortly after the issuance of the call for the special session Acting Governor Hamiter outlined his reasons for calling the legislature together. He stated that he thought it best to have the new state house completed at once, assigning several reasons for his belief, among which was that the present state house building is unhealthy and unsafe and that it is unwise to allow the new state capitol building, partially completed, to stand open to the weather. He also stated that the condition of the general revenue fund for the past several months has made it necessary for the legislature to pass some sort of an act that will prevent future deficits in that fund.

Who will be president of the Senate and what will Governor Pindall do, are being asked on every side since the issuance of the call for the special session.

"John Ike Moore will be president of the Senate," the acting governor and his friends say. They hold that under the provisions of Section 17, Article 5 of the constitution, Mr. Moore, who was elected president of the Senate at the last session of the legislature, is still president of that body and will continue to hold that office until the expiration of his term in September.

According to their views, Governor Pindall will be a member of the Senate, but not president.

The question as to what Governor Pindall will do remains unanswered. It is believed he will lose no time in returning to Little Rock, probably accompanied by George W. Donaghey of Conway, Democratic nominee for governor, who, in statements made heretofore, has shown that he did not favor a special session. What the governor will do when he returns to the state is only a matter of conjecture.

Some prominent politicians are of the opinion that Acting Governor Hamiter and his friends will attempt to keep Governor Pindall from resuming his place as governor, although neither Governor Hamiter nor his friends as yet have stated that they had any such intentions. They have refused, however, to make any statements on the matter, and their silence is considered ominous. It is believed that they will claim that John Ike Moore is the rightful acting governor.

Hanna Shot Up in Cowboy Style.

Shawnee, Okla.—One man dead, one dangerously wounded by pistol shots, and one with two legs broken, is the result of three men shooting up the town of Hanna, northeast of Shawnee. George Strong, Henry Whiet and Will Stevens rode into the town in a buggy and began shooting at everything they saw, and when Deputy Sheriff Abbans called on them to surrender they turned their guns on him. In the fight, Strong was killed, White shot in the arm by the deputy, and Stevens attempted to get away in the buggy, but overturned the vehicle and broke both legs.

Fumes Beat Burglar.

Memphis.—Rendered unconscious by fumes from a bottle of ammonia broken during his dash through the bath room to liberty, George Williams, a negro burglar, was caught and turned over to police Monday night by Dr. Walter McClean, whose residence he had broken in. He had almost escaped, but the ammonia probably saved his life, as the physician was in close pursuit with pistol drawn when the ammonia exploded.

The New Baby.

A young woman of a religious turn of mind wished to announce to a friend the birth of her first-born child. She sent the following telegram: "Isaiah, 9-6," which, being interpreted, read, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given."

The friend, more literal and less familiar with the prophets, read the message, and said to her husband: "Margaret has a boy, but why on earth did she name him Isaiah? He must be a healthy chap, though, for he weighs nine pounds and six ounces."—Woman's Home Companion.

Hanging Scaffolds.

With the modern skyscraping office building has come a new form of building scaffold. Instead of constructing the scaffold from below, which is impossible in the cases of buildings ranging from 10 to 50 stories high, platforms are suspended from the steel girders above. On these swinging platforms the bricklayers work and the scaffold is raised as the work progresses.—System.

Laid Off.

"And you say you are looking for work?" asked the kind lady of Frazzled Franklyn.

"That's right, mum, but I can't find anything to do."

"How did you lose your last position?"

"I was pardoned, mum."

Amiability Plus Science.

The public expects much of the modern nurse—the same self-sacrifice, righteousness and pureness of living as in the past, but combined with a technical skill and an amount of learning unknown to our predecessors.—The Nursing Times.

The Problem.

"Literature is very difficult," said one authoress.

"Yes," answered the other. "The problem is to be a financial success without being a social failure."—Exchange.

The Reason.

"Wouldn't you be better off without your husband?"

"I don't think so—his life isn't insured."

Ambition and Love.

Ambition is like love; impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.