## MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

BY A. C. GUNTER.

"And you can do nothing?" "Even with instruments I could not save him—the artery is so destroyed! Now will you tell him or shall I?"

'You!" says de Belloc, "for I might have received the Englishman's apology and this would not have happened. I feel as if his death was upon me!" He goes sadly to the boy upon whose forehead death has already placed his hand and made it white, and kisses him and says "Farewell!" then turns away and looks out on the water, though he can hardly see-for the moment his eyes are dim with serrow.

Kicking the pistol away with his foot, Barnes places himself beside the now almost helpless sufferer, takes his head upon his lap, moistens his forehead with the spirits Mateo has brought, and pours water down his throat; for the boy complains of thirst. Then bending down to him he whispers that he is to die!

And the dying murmurs back to him, "I have guessed that I would not live, ever since his bullet struck me. That was the reason I tried to stand up for another shot—I wished to kill him, that he might pass away with me, and I might leave my ven-geance to my sister and my kfn—but it always comes to us-in the third generation. What comes?" whispers Barnes, half

recollecting the words of Marina. "The Vendetta! I have left my sister ene!"and then he sighs, and after a gasp or two continues—"I had sooner she forgot me than that the memory of my death destroyed her life." His words are very faint now. The American suddenly thinks if he can perhaps compress and hold the artery with his hand so as to partially stop the fearful flow of blood, he may keep lite in him till his sister comes. But as he steeps down to do so, there is a noise of norses, and people dismounting in haste, and the sound of a voice in the distance, curiously like the that, massed together, make a lunacy of idea and babel of sound.

Whether in our last moment upon earth some occult power from the world we are to enter, comes to us and gives us faculty to see and know things that in the flesh would not be possible, cannot be known, for none return to tell us; but, as Barnes hears, the dying boy seems to see through the cliffs of solid rock and the white walls of the little inn and the orange grove that stands between him and the one he loves, for he murmurs, "My sister!-She is there-I see her!"-and he talks to himself, describing her dresses, and kisses her flowers and smiles, and then struggling to his feet gives one last and great cry of welcome-"MARINA!" and falls backward on the

in happy return, "Antonio! My brother ! I am here!" But as she speaks death comes and takes the boy, leaving the smile of welcome on his face.

De Belloc with a hoarse voice, after muttered prayer or curse, says—"My God.
It is his sister!" and takes up the pistol te
hide it from her. As he does so, she comes on the balcony above, turns with a little laugh to Danella and Tomasso who follow her, crying merrily, "He is here !—you heard his voice!" while she looks eagerly about for him.

From the place where Marina stands she cannot see the body on the beach below, for ecting ledge of rocks : and Barneshardly knowing what he does—covers with his handkerchief the face of her dead brother. But as he does so she sees the American's head and recognizing, waves her hand gaily to him, then laughs and calls to him, "He's down there, I suppose!" and running to the stairs, in that moment of joy, forgetful of the fatigue of her long might and morning ride, she comes down, to view the sight the passions of men have pre-

As she descends, there is no brighter and fairer picture than this girl. The gay colors of her dress—for she now wears the native costume of her country—embellish and develop the lithe grace and agile beauty of her form. Her face is flushed with expectation, and though anxious, there is in her eyes a flash of hope and love that makes them

scintillate with happiness. She is utterly unconscious of what is be-fore her, for she laughs again, and says, "Your note freightened us; but I've heard his voice—so he must be well—where is he?

Neither of the men attempt to answer her. The captain still looks at the sea, playing unconsciously with the broken pistol he has taken in his hand. The American forces himself to turn to her. As he looks, she sees for the first time the silent form upon the shingle, and gazing at it for a moment she begins to pant and gasp, for she knows the uniform her brother wears.

'Who is he?-What is that? Can you not speak?" Unable to bear the suspense she takes a step towards the figure, and says, "Let me see!" Then cries, "Holy Virgin! You are afraid?"—for Barnes' hand in pity is put out to stop her. But struggling with him, she pulls away the handkerchief, and sees her dead brother's

Barnes had hoped that she would faint, but at first she does not seem to understand, and cries, "He called to me-Marina! a cry of welcome! This cannot be!" Then stooping down she whispers his name; falls upon his face and kisses it, and fondles it as brutes do their dead young, thinking to pet them back to life. When she sees he does not answer to return her caresses. her hand goes straight to his heart and feels for the lite that is gone—and then she gives a long gasping mean of agony, for at last she believes—and slowly says, "You have brought me here—for this?" and shudders and covers her face with her hands, and sways, and is about to fall. But suddenly another thought comes to her; she becomes a different being; her eyes begin to flash and scintillate, she stands erect again—and cries, "Show me who has killed him!" —and seeing the Frenchman standing with the broken pistol in his hand—"Ah!—it was you!" and comes towards him with a look in her eyes that makes him shudder.

Andre de Belloc in his time has faced many a deadly fire and seen many a des-perate deed done both in coolness and in anger, but he turns pale, as he sees the insanity of rage that glitters in the girl's face; though he simply answers, "No!" and she believes him and asks, "Who has done this thing?-You dared not tell me of brother's death!-tell me who has killed

De Belloc, pointing to the water, says, "An efficer on that ship now leaving Corsi-

Barnes follows his hand and sees the English gun-boat has taken up the men whe pursued it, and is now well under way down

The girl's eyes reat upon the man-of-war that is fast putting its hull below the hori-son, and linger upon it as if she would draw

son, and linger upon it as if she would draw
the great ship back to her by the very power
of her will. Then she suddenly cries, "The
flag is English! I shall find him!—I will
repay! I am a Corsican!" and begins to
mutter wildly to herself.

Musso Danella and old Tomasso, who
have stood behind her while she is doing
this,—for the affair has lasted but a minute,—lock gloomily at her; perhaps a slight
smile of some cherished hope lighting Danella's face as he gazes at her loveliness, for
the girl is even more beautiful in her passion
than she was before.

Then she speaks aloud again,—and now looks like the prictors of some heathen shrine that savages have dedicated to the god of Hate,—"Ne one shall reproach me with letting my brother's murderer live! No one shall say the Rimbecco to me! I will avenge, for I have sworn a Vendetta!"

At this the old Corsican, her foster-father, kneeling reverently at her feet, says in his hate, "Responde!"

And the girl looking down at the old man, sees her, brother's corpse and moans—"It

sees her brother's corpse and moans—"It will not bring him back to me!"—and cries "Antonia!" with a scream that cannot be described; then sinks senseless as her brother upon whose clay she falls.

A few weeks afterwards the English gun-boat Sealark took part in the bombardment of Alexandria, and under the Egyptian guns ost some officers and men.

BOOK II.

AN EPISODE OF THE PARIS SALON. CHAPTER V.

A CURIOUS PICTURE.

The Paris Salon of the year succeeding the one made memorable by the occupation of Egypt by the British forces, was a fair average of those brilliant displays of art that annually attract so many who pretend to or do really admire the modern French school of painting and sculpture. Nearly everybody that was in Paris at the time, visited it; and as Paris was very full of people one morning early in the May of that year, consequently the exhibition had more than the usual heterogeneous mass of cosmopolites who come from the four quar-ters of the globe to worship at the shrine of pleasure in that gay capital of the mod-

ern world. In one of the larger rooms of the Salen, a the pietures of the season. French, English, Italians, Americans, Austrians, Germans, nearly every nationality of the world are grouped together in the crowd, while from its depths pours out a confused variety

"Disappointing!"
"Splendida!" "It will get a medal!"

"Ich halte nicht viel davon!" "Mon Dieu! Quelle foule!" "I prefer Gerome!" "This 'orrid jam is worse than Piece

"It reminds me of 'la Cigale!" "Jerusalem! It looks like Sally Spotts

swimming!" This last comes from a cattle king from Kansas, who makes the remark on the edge of the crowd, but now excitedly forces his way towards the picture; and as he has the form of a Goliath and strength of a Sampson, Mr. Barnes, who has been most of the past year in the United States, but has run ever to Europe to avoid the American summer, concludes he is a good man to do the pushing and squeezing for him, and quietly drops into his wake.

"Cracky! It is Sally Spotts!" repeats

the Westerner.

And he is right; the belle of an Ohie village has wandered to Paris and is now as celebrated for her beauty, though not, alas, for her virtue, in this capital of nations, as she once was as Sally Spotts in her rural American home. Her old father and mether mourn her as dead, and are happier than if that the little innocent child that knelt and prayed with them each night, before that celebrity of the demi-monde, whose eccentricities they have read of and shuddered at, and whose beauty makes so much of the attraction of this famous picture, for which she has consented to be the

Stimulated by this discovery, the Western giant makes a determined attempt for a nearer view, and crushes into the crowd reckless of the effects of his monstrous ex-tremities that are clothed in boots wrinkled into tremendous valleys and mountains of polished patent leather.

As he does so, a miserable "Sacre!" of anguish comes from a little Frenchman whom he crushes; a groan or two from an Italian Art critic; and a "Be careful, car'nt you, now!—Oh Lord! my boots!" from an American dude, who, even in his agony does not forget his beloved English accent and pointed varnished gaiters.

The misfortunes of others are generally amusing to a looker on, and Mr. Barnes rather laughs at the recklessness of his giant advance guard; but now the smile leaves his face and glares in indignant rage at the creature whose bulk has so far made his path, even in that crush, an easy one; for he has just heard little subdued feminine shrieks, and a pathetic murmur in the softest English voice, "Oh!
Mrs. Vavassour! He has trod on them

"What! Twice?" this from a rather buxom English matron beside the complain-

ing beauty.

'Yes!—no!—O—oh! That's the third time now! I sha'nt be able to walk! And -oh mercy! the brute's torn my new dress!" this last in the voice of abject de-

Looking a little ahead he sees what is to him, the picture of the season. An English girl, whose lovely eyes beam with righteous anger, through their tears of pain, at the ruthless American vandal; as she whispers to her companien, "I could have forgiven him the assault on my feet,
—on my dress—never!" And with that
she pouts a little laugh that makes Barnes think a moue in some wemen is the most beautiful thing in nature.

The girl draws a little out of the press;

and, stooping down to inspect the damage one to her toilet, assumes so graceful an attitude, as she draws her skirt about her, outlining her exquisite figure, that her adoutlining her exquisite figure, that her admirer forgets his indignation for the vandal, in his interest for the Niebe, whose tears have now passed into a smile. The position the girl takes—bending down slightly so as to examine more closely the damage wrought to her cestume—as she raises her skirts a liatle for examination, displaying a perfect foot admirably beoted—permits Mr. Barnes to take a leng and strong glance at her, without her seeing the interest with which she is regarded. The lady with her is also studying the dress, which gives him an apportunity for inwhich gives him an apportunity for inspection without appearing impertinent, of which he takes full advantage; consequently when the young lady raises her syes again to the general world, she has been as well locked ever and criticised as been as well locked ever and criticised as any picture in the room; and, if Barnes were the committee, would receive the gold medal for the year. She is about twenty—this he guesses—and is one of those most levely things in the world—a thoroughly pretty, refined and gentle English girl

pretty, refined and gentle English girl,—
there is no guess about the last.

Her head is beautified by a great mass of
golden hair, that is natural in both color golden hair, that is natural in both color and substance; underneath this is a grand pair of honest blue eyes that are generally quite soft to those she loves; but, when she cheeses, can flash on those she hates, or shine very coldly on those she despises. Her whole face, though by ne means frivolous, has enough piquant levity about it to show that her life so far has been thoroughly happy, and therefore thoroughly pood. Her face has no traces of past passion—but immense possibilities for future leve. At present she is a beautiful girl—net simple enough te think there isn't plenty of sin and evil in the world, but too pure not to despise what portion of it is thrust before her.

While inspecting her, Barnes finds him-

While inspecting her, Barnes finds him-

self wondering if the girl has a pretty name—the next instant he hears it.
"Enid," says the older lady, "Is the disaster to your dress bad enough to make you return to the hotel ?"

"No-o," (reflectively) "only a gather gone; and in the hundred this gown has, one won't be missed! Besides I want to show you that curious picture; and to-day s my last chance !" "That isn't the one, I hope?" says her

"No! I detest such paintings, and the publicity they give a certain class of wo men like 'La Belle Blackwood!" "Oh, Enid ! you shouldn't talk of such

people," says the matron.
"Why not? they exist, don't they? I'm
not blind—I have ears. I can't ignore that
picture, and say it isn't there against that
wall; but though I may not admire the art that stoops to dignify such women and make heroines of them, I can't say I despise the woman in the picture so much as I do that man there who is talking about her." She indicates, by her glance, the Cattle King, who is eagerly asking the address of "La Belle Blackwood," and telling the man nearest to him "That he'll look her up; he's an old friend of her family's, he is—and he'll spend the price of thousand steers to give her a high timehe's in Paris for pleasure, he is; this is his week off; Mrs. Ruggles is in London!"

Barnes knows that queen of the demi-monde, and as he hear's the Euglish girl's remark he feels ashamed of himself. But he feels much more ashamed, a moment after, when the cattle magnate, who has found French rather unintelligible to those near him, turns round and recognizing him, cries out in English, "Hello, Barnes, of New Yerk! Tell me the address of 'La Belle Blackwood!'"

For a moment Barnes has a surging in mass of people are striving to see one of his ears, as the blood rushes to his face, and he thinks he catches from the English matron the words, "Deprayed wretch!" not made much more palatable to him by the girl's, "Who would have believed it from his face!"

But summoning up desperate assurance, he replies nonchalantly, "Everyone knows that who lives in Paris; it's 42 Rue du Helder. You'd know it too, if you could read French, Ruggles. I saw it in this

morning's Figaro! "
"Ah! much obliged," says Ruggles.
"You young bloods, are always a leetle shead of us old boys!" He gives him a leer (for which Barnes could have killed him), and jots down the address.

If mental curses could destroy, the Cattle King would have a stroke of paralysis on the spot, for the would-be-innocent Barnes sends him to the lower regions, under his breath, with a vigor and earnestness that would settle a much tougher subject, as he reflects on the probable pleasing effect this little passage may produce on the young lady's opinion and reception of him, when she first meets and knows him, as he has now firmly made up his mind she shall do. "Egad, I'm glad I've given the beggar the right address;" he thinks to himself savagely. "If 'La Belle Blackwood' gets her clutches on the old feel she will avenge

He does not dare to turn round and look at the girl, but has an idea that she is trying to see if he has a very wicked and de-praved face behind the back of his blushing nesk. This idea becomes a certainty as he hears the British matron say to her, "Enid, don't look at that medern Faust any

Anstruther, by a gentleman who stops to speak to the two ladies. I knew she had a pretty name, thinks Barnes, for he has been putting two and two together; and two and two in this case

A moment after she is addressed as Miss

He moreover catches her saying to the gentleman semething about meeting "Dear Edwin" in Nice. "Dear Edwin" makes him meditate. It must be the chap she's engaged to, is the unpleasant thought that comes to him. She's too nice a girl not to have half England running after her. In any other case he would not have made this mistake; and would knew that the last man a girl of her type would call publicly, dear, would be man she loved; that "Dear Edwin" might be a friend, cousin, brother; but lover — never! But philosophy left Barnes; for the first time in his life he has become temporarily insane—tor he is now

Common courtesy forbids him to linger longer so close to Miss Anstruther, for her bright eyes are beginning to notice his glances; so he moves a little away, making sure that he is in the path the ladies are taking—but in advance of them; so that, apparently they are following him; not he, them.

To do this effectively, he has to perform a good amount of scientific skipping and hep ping about, for the ladies seem to have little time to spend in the place, and fly from one picture to another, as bird do

from cherry to cherry.

Barnes fears this will attract the young ady's attention, and is delighted when she points to a smaller epartment saying,
"There's the room of the curious picture.
When I have explained why it is curious to
me,—I'll take you to it."

Knowing that he will meet the girl there
in a few minutes again, he apparent acci-

in a few minutes again, by apparent accident, the American promptly enters the room of the curious painting, suddenly gives an exclamation of astonishment, and stands petrified—for almost in front of him is a picture of the duel on the beach at Ajaccio, as vividly true and cruelly life-like as on that fatal morning a year before.

CHAPTER VI.

The incidents peculiar to that event in Orsica had by no means left the mind of the American: but in the life of the world of to-day, with its railroad rapidity of change in incident, and extraordinary varie-ty in idea and action, a man of the present generation has little time to think of the past; he can only put it away in some closet of the brain, to be produced for future reference when called for.

Barnes, face to face with the picture, produces his memories of Corsica and pro-ceeds to apply them to the subject before

His first impression is one of surprise that the view in front of him is se wonderfully correct in some details, and so false in others. The picture is a complete representation of the scene. The shelving shore, the blue waters of the bay, the boat with its native fishermen waiting for the English officers, the little inn with its balcony and table set with the remains of Barnes' break-fast, the decayed wooden stairs and the Corsican mountains in the background, are so absolutely real that he almost feels him-self standing upon the beach again. But the figures and groupings are not all so cor-

The canvas presents two portions of the action of the duel that occurred at two different times. Either with the object of giving greater effect to the picture as a work of art, or for some ether unknown reason, these two episedes are placed to-gether as if they had taken place at the

gether as if they had taken place at the same mement.

At the left of the scene, is young Paoli in his French naval uniform, dying in Barnes' arms; who is supporting his head in the same manner as Marina first saw him—his hand is upraised, however, pointing to the English lieutenant with a gesture of disapprobation. At the center, stands de Belloc, sternly looking at the British officer with a glance of surprised horror, while upon the stairway is old Mateo gazing

ject of general condemnation, standing rather to the right of the picture, is holding in one hand his ship's pistol apparently just discharged, as it is still smoking; while in the other, upraised, he grasps the lucky crown piece with Paoli's bullet flattered against it, and looks at it with triumphant

not an ideal, it's a portrait!"
"Why do you think that?" exultation and joy. This effect is also duplicated in the figure of the Englishman's me so interested in the picture—that letter from Egypt. It rather reminded me of the second, who seems equally elated at his affair, especially that lucky penny episode ompanion's success.

The figures of Paoli, de Belloc, old Mateo, on the canvas; so I came to see the picture several times and got to studying the mor-bid horror of the thing, and then became interested in the faces—especially in his— but I wasn't very desperate about him till

became jealous.'

"What?" gasps Mrs. Vavassour.
"I feared I had a rival!" this last wit

"A rival?" almost screams the now

astounded British matron. "Great Heavens! Did you think that canvas thing

could be false to you?"
"No! But I feared another loved him also; a Spanish, Italian foreign girl used to

"And she?" suggests Mrs. Vavassour-

away, and I found out, by questioning the attendants, that she had painted the pio-

ture of her brother's murder-a nice, mor-

"Not a bit more morbid than giving your heart to a man on canvas," suggests Mrs.

"Do you think so? I find it very con-

enient. I can have a rendezvous with him

whenever I please; and he never makes

love to me in return, nor says things that

make me hate him, nor squeezes my hand

till my fingers suffer, nor does somethin

that causes me to get on my dignity and

last interview, I've brought you with me,

"Enid! you're not insane enough to ever

'No such luck, I'm afraid," says the girl

"And if you did?"
"And if he looks like that I should adore

him! The rest"—and she points to the picture—"have triumph, hate or rage in their faces—but pity, none! My darling," here the girl almost laughs at her conceit,

'has pity. I know he could fight as well

as the bravest of them, and love-much

better !" and she gives the Mr. Barnes on

the canvas a look of such bewitching ten-derness that she makes the Barnes of flesh

of this conversation, but he has caught enough to make him slightly imbecile, and he new has wild dreams of introducing

himself as the earthly representative of the

being she loves. However, a little remain-

ing sanity prevents this impertinence.
"But if you meet him, would you marry

him?" asks Mrs. Vavasseur, who now with

in making a match for the girl, even with a

"Who can tell? We seldom marry fires

leves-what nonsense! Of course we'll

never see each other; and if we did, I should probably hate him!"—Then turning

to the picture, Miss Anstruther said: "Good-bye, my darling; if I were rich 1'd

buy you; and we'd never part; but pov-

erty so often separates lovers in this world."

the last part of this speech, rushes off to find the picture dealer. He will purchase

maniac's fervor, to one grand central idea,

and that is that the girl who leves the Barnes of canvas shall leve the Barnes of

either consideration or trousseau.

husbands into rapture. Wonders whether she'll give him one night a week off for his

club, and if she'll make a very big battle

against eigarettes, eigars, and his other pet mannish frovolties and dissipations. And

many other wild masculine ideas fit

through his brain, some of which would

probably make her blush, if the girl could

Mr. Barnes finds the picture dealer with-out much trouble—for that worthy has

she wants for it and communicate with me of Hetal Mourice."
"What name?" inquires the picture dealer—but by this time Barnes is half way

across the room, in pursuit of Miss Anstruther, who has just left the apartment.

He shouts back "Motel Meurice! I'll

leave word for you at the office !" hurries on, and pushing his way in the crowd, over-takes the ladies just as they reach the ves-tibule. Here he catches these words pass-

ing between them. Enid, you must have some lunch before

"I can't! I must catch the express train—Lady Chartris goes upon it, and my maid will be with her." With this the

young girl steps inte a hack and drives away. As she does so, Barnes gets into

another, whispering to the driver, "Twenty francs if you don't less sight of that carriegs ahead of you! And drive like blazes!" As the American whirls away the picture

dealer, accompanied by the two men with whom he had been in consultation, comes out of the door; he mys to them, "Re-member—den't let him escape you—fellow

CHAPTER VII.

THE LYONS BETTOWN

As Miss Amstruther drives up to the Lyons depot she sees that the train is a most ready to move, and having her tlaket in her pocket, and no time to find her

him and telegraph !"

make her laugh, and some of which would

have known them.

his last erratic inspiration.

Barnes, who drinks in with extended cars

Mr. Barnes has not overheard the whole

and blood almost crazy with rapture.

se, morbid taste, wasn't it ?"

expect to meet this man !"

in playful sadness.

man on canvas.

Vavassour.

"She said, 'It is the dving man I look at

he was my brother!' Then she went

simulated melodramic intensity.

and even the two Corsican fishermen who row the waiting boat, are all absolutely cor-rect in every detail. In fact, that of Antonio is painted with a care and delicacy, and his face given an ideal beauty of expression that makes him look more like a martyred saint, than a man dying with the desire of another's blood upon his soul; proving that whoever painted the picture, could only regard him as absolutely unsinning in the affair that caused his death. In marked contrast to this, Mr. Barnes' face is by no means a good likeness, and could only have been painted from a passing memory; while the figures of the two English been produced by one who had never seen them, and at best had had but a description of their persons and appearance. The artist, furthermore, had evidently been disposed to do them little justice, as the countenance of the principal in the affair, though lighted up by triumph, is darkened and shaded by malice, murder and cowardice in vivid, yet

most repulsive combination. Over this scene is thrown the rising, tropic sun, giving the brilliant lights and shadows of a southern picture, and develop-ing the passions on the faces of the men till the thing seems no work of the imagination, but a horrible and cruel reality.

As an artistic production the picture ot great; for it is evidently the work of an artist who is not thoroughly cultured in his style, nor technic; but as a concentration of human passions, real and awful in their intensity, it makes its mark. It has been hung pretty near the the line and has quite often a little crowd of morbid gazers about it. Its effects are heightened by artificial means, as it is deeply framed in dead black, lustreless ebony; and has in red letters upon its sombre frame, its title, "Murder-

If the committee are idealists, it will re eive no prize, thinks Mr. Barnes; but if a majority of them are realists in art, it will certainly gain an honorable mention, perhaps more. Anyway, Marina might have made me better looking, thinks the young man, for he has almost immediately determined from whose brush the picture must have come. Everything the young Corsican girl knew accurately of the affair had been accurately painted. The portrait of Barnes, of whom she had but a memory, was defective: while the faces of the two Engish officers she had never seen, were en tirely creations of her imagination. Thinkng this, he looks at the corner of the picture to see the artist's name; but only finds the inscription "Finem Respice!" Mr. Barnes, whose knowledge of Latin is already rusty, copies into his pocket-book, and a few days after discovers means, "Look to the end!

At Barnes' first exclamation and start of surprise at the picture, an old man some little distance in the background, but still near enough to notice any one standing before it, has gradually appreached; and while he has been examining the painting has carefully been scrutinising him. New as he turns about to see if the English girl has not yet entered the room, this man who has the appearance of printing dealers and the appearance of a picture dealer, and my of the general attributes of the speen lator who loves the art for the shekels that it brings, drops alongside of him and says impressively in English, with a slight for-eign accent—"Horrible!"

"Horrible, indeed!" returns Barnes with almost a shudder, for the picture is so vivid that he feels the dying boy again in his His emotion seems to excite the curiosity

of the man beside him as he suggests, "Monsieur is interested in the picture?" "Very much!" "Indeed?" (a slight inquiry on the word).
"It is not a great work; the artist is young,

believe! "You know her then!" "Her?" the man looks confused, but after a moment suddenly says, "Yes! I've seen her once; you see I thought if I could get the thing cheap I'd buy it. It's so beastly horrible. Some people are morbid in their tastes and will pay more for a first-class murder than for a masterpiece from the

brush of Gerome or Detaille, -I am an art "So I guessed!" replies Barnes. "I sup-pose if Meissonier weuld deify some brutal modern assassination by his genius, you'd give a good deal for it!' "A fortune!—if he'd but embody a crime

I once investigated—" Here the man checks himself suddenly and says, "You wish to purchase this, Monsieur?" "No! I wouldn't have it for a gift! It brings back unpleasant memories too vivid-ly; I almost see it now!" and the American again thinks of the fatal morning and be-

comes grave.

The man at this is evidently about to ask him some question, but Enid Anstruther and Mrs. Vavassour enter the room, and Barnes has now no thought of anything but her. He moves away from the picture and ensconces himself in an obscure corner where he can see the girl without coming himself prominently into view. From this time forward, however, the gaze of the man who has spoken to him follows him greedily, as if there was a great deal of money in not losing sight of the foreigner who is interested in the picture. A moment later, seeing that Barnes has no thought of leaving, he steps out of the room and reterns with two others, who, after a short consultation, put their eyes upon and keep them on the foreigner who has been startled by

on the foreigner who has been startled by the picture; seemingly to fix him in their minds, and after a moment saunter leisurely out unnoticed by Barnes, who has just been reduced to practical lunacy by the peculiar actions of his English enchantress.

Miss Anstruther, after one quick glance about the room with her shining blue eyes, apparently in search of somebody she does not see, leads Mr. Vavasseur straight to the canvas frem which Barnes has turned away; and, standing before it laughs to her companion and says, "That's the one I told you about! That's he! That's the creature I adore with all my heart?" pointing eagerly adore with all my heart?" pointing eagerly to the picture.
"Which one? Miss Impressionable!"

laughs Mrs. Vavassour, feeling for her "That one! The ugly one!" and the girl directs her finger straight at the figure and face intended for Barnes.

The men jump hastily into a hack that has been waiting for them, and the three cabs take the direction of the Beulevard face intended for Barnes.

At these astounding words a spasm of ecstacy flies through that young gentleman's soul. After recovering his senses a little, he meditates savagely: if Marina had only painted him better looking, the girl would recognize him, and them—rapture!

This flattering view of the situation is materially tempered, however, as he hears Mrs. Vavassour remark, inspecting the picture closely with her eye-glass, "Why! he samewhat resembles that horrid modern young Faust we saw in the other room!"

"Not at all! My darling"—the girl lingers on the word and gazes coquetishly at the Barnes on canvas—"is much handsomer. Say you think so, Mrs. Vavassour, or I sha'n't like you!"

"Indeed he is not!"

"Oh, yes, he is! He has such an exmanses and Lyons railway station—the young English girl in the first, unconscious of pursuit; Mr. Barnes in the second, equally anocent that any one is on his track; and two very ordinary looking Franchmen in the third, one of them chuckling to the other, "I wonder what frightened our bird? That was a bright eard he played, telling Casper to find him at the Rotel Meurice, when he's new driving like mad to the Lyons railway season?"

"Oh, yes, he is! He has such an exquisite moustache, and Faust had none!"

Barnes here curses the barber who shaved him and robbed him of the ornament.

After a little pause Mrs. Vavassour, who

You have plenty of flesh and blood adorers, Enid!"

Everything for the Garden. The reply makes Barnes start.
"Oh! he's flesh and blood too; this is

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Corner Kent and William Streets.

this part of the picture," and she points to Barnes supporting the dying boy. "A Frenchman generally was with her; and one day—I presume she had noticed my interest in the picture-she came to me and asked HUGHAN & CO.. me point blank why I looked at that can-vas so much. As I did not care to tell her the Egyptian story, I said I was epris with WATCHMAKERS, ENGRAVERS. she said to me in a little sad smile, 'Yes, he

pitied-but be careful, don't love him toe much; he lives!' To which I replied, 'You We would remind our customers that we are constantly replenishing our stock in all its de-partments, and they will always find something new and in the latest patterns and styles. had better take care of your own heartyou look at him quite tenderly your Give us a call and you will be surprised to find how cheaply we can fit you out. Looking

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keep him at a distance; but, as this is our Farm Implements at Prices and Terms which Cant be Beaten Mrs. Vavassour, that our parting may not be too tender?" laughs the girl.

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it and asteund his darling—his Emid, by presenting it on the wedding morning, is ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. He has got to calling her "his Enid !" im his mind already, has this rapid young man—for though, during the extraordinary conversation he had just listened to, he had probably not had one moment of real absolute sanity, he has still clung, with all a

KENT STREET, LINDSAY.

clay, and marry him with very short delay, Undertakers and Cabinet Makers. In fact he has, even now, wild dreams of Como and the honeymoon, with her by his side, robed in delicious morning gowns and other entrancing toilets that drive young

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