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MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

BOOK I.

THE DUEL AT AJACCIO.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING.

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"Yes, I rather imagine this is the exact spot," says Mr. Burton H. Barnes, of New York, to the venerable host of the very old and very dilapidated little inn that stands on the shores of the Gulf of Ajaccio, near where the Bastia road turns inland, and, following up the Gravana torrent, first through the orange and citron groves of the fertile Campoloro and then over hills covered with the vine and olive, is lost in the chestnut woods that hide the lower slopes of the great Monte del Oro.

Nothing can be in more vivid and striking contrast than the man and his surroundings; the light civilization of an exponent of New York fashion of the year 1882 stands face to face with the barbaric romance of the old Corsican scene and the mediæval picturesqueness of the native costume of the old inn-keeper, who curiously asks, in his soft, southern *patois*, ignoring the French in which Mr. Barnes has addressed him, "The spot for what, Signor?"

"The spot where there is going to be a first-class duel this morning, as soon as there is light enough to kill."

"To kill what?"

"Each other! Don't you know what a duel is?" Here Mr. Barnes gives a short dissertation on the code of