MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

an honorable mention, I threw the Italian's complaint into the fire !"

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"A picture from a girl receive mention at the Paris Salon?" Mr. Barnes gasps in unbelief.

"I think it was as much the subject, as the treatment, secured its success; for with true girlish vanity she had painted herself," laughs the Count, as they enter the house. The next instant Barnes sees the original, and then only wonders that the copy, if half a likeness, did not gain the gold medal of the year.

As she rises to receive them, the girl drapes her modern Parisian dress about her, like some old Grecian robe, and outlines a form perfect as her face, which is of the most bewildering, dazzling, Southern beauty, animated by a soul, that, shining through it with changing piquancy of expression, makes it indescribable. To love her would have been to love, perhaps, within the hour a Juliet and Madonna; and, perchance, in one dread moment of her life, a Lady Macbeth--all strangely beautiful and each Marina Paoli.

Barnes, whose descriptive adjectives are limited, called her "a stunner," and was right as regards his own sensations, for she simply appalled him, not perhaps when he first saw her—but afterwards.

As she comes toward them with a smile of welcome, the Count presuming on his guardianship is about to kiss her lips;—the smile changes to a flash of hauteur as she coldly says: "I've grown older now—my hand, please."

While the man of the world with his forty years of Parisian life that cost him fifty, smiling behind his white teeth bends over her fingers, Barnes suddenly thinks that Musso loves her; and that the young girl with her sex's instinct has placed a rampart between his passion and herself.

As Mr. Barnes is introduced, her smile is back again ; she exclaims, "An American ! a freeman ! you can kiss my hand also !"

"You like republicans?"

"I hate tyrants and despise slaves. I should only bow to a Russian or a Turk, but an American—it is different!"

"I'm glad I'm an American," says Mr. Barnes, kissing her hand; and that kiss gave him interest enough in her