

perceptible advances and calculated manœuvres, which he stigmatized as "Snaring canary birds and not true sport."

Too languid to dance in a ball-room, he would climb the Rocky Mountains to kill a big-horn; consequently, when over a game of Baccarat at a Parisian club, a passing acquaintance, Count Musso Danella, a Corsican, invited him to visit his estates on the island for the purpose of killing moufflon, Mr. Barnes accepted, and within the three weeks preceding the day we meet him, had shot all the moufflon he desired, traveled generally over the island, but had missed seeing what he was most curious about—a *vendetta* in actual progress, and was at Ajaccio, en route for France, when he became engaged in the morning adventure that now occupies him, not on his own account, but for the sake of a young lady he had met in the interior of the island.

The next estate to that of his host in the fair valley of the Gravona, below the far spreading chestnut and beech woods of Bocognano, was one belonging to a family in whose veins flows the blood most honored and most loved in all Corsica, that of the old-time patriot and liberator, Pasquale Paoli, and the young lady was one of the last of that ancient name.

Count Musso Danella was the guardian of both the girl and her brother,—their father having died while they were children,—and had invited Barnes to visit, with him, his young ward who had just returned from an Italian boarding school, in order to meet her brother, a young naval officer in the service of the French Republic, expected home from a three years' cruise.

"She will return to school no more; they write they will not have her back," says the Count as they ride up the avenue of olive trees, toward the low, Corsican house.

"Indeed! Why?" asks Barnes.

"*Per Bacco!* she is too Corsican for them; she loves liberty too well. She ran away from school to hear Gerster sing in Florence one night, and threatened her painting master with an unknown vengeance if he dared to desecrate with daubs from his no-school modern Italian brush, a painting she had just finished. The Italian sent her picture unaltered to me with his complaint; I sent Marina's picture to the Salon, and when it received