

"Wish that beggar would sail before her time; it would perhaps save me making a fool of myself." Then rolling a cigarette, he turns, and looking inland up the Bastia road, continues: "No sign of Marina yet. I sent the courier for her at ten o'clock last night. If Corsican horseflesh can do it, she should be here in time. But Corsican horseflesh is at best only polo-pony horseflesh; the roads are slow, and (looking at his watch) it is seven o'clock now. If I can't stop these fellows making fools of themselves, and anything happens to him, Heaven pity her! it's a hard world."

With a sigh, Mr. Barnes goes off into a brown study, meditating what a fool he has been to come to Corsica, moufflon shooting, when he might just as well have been shooting some other wild animal, on some other part of the earth's surface.

Mr. Barnes is not a typical New Yorker. At first sight he is always suspected of being what is now contemptuously called a dude; but if his dress from its elaboration, almost to the point of affectation, might make an observer suppose him one, his bearing and manner would in a very short time prove that he was also a man, and a man who knew and understood both the world and himself pretty thoroughly. Mr. Barnes' occupation in the twenty-eight years of his life has been killing time. Being blessed with an ample fortune, he has never earned his own living; though he once thought he ought to have a profession, and studied surgery till he discovered that the death rate of the world was ten a year to every practicing physician; whereupon, glad of the excuse, Mr. Barnes said he would let his ten men live, and refused to take out his diploma. Being compelled to kill time, he has mostly killed it by killing wild animals. A crack shot of the New York Rifle Club, he has once or twice saved an International match by literally having no nerves at the critical moment when it was absolutely necessary to shoot a bull's eye to win; consequently, before dangerous game, especially tigers, Mr. Barnes is very deadly.

Not averse to the chase in any form, he would gladly have hunted in the preserves of Belgravia and Fifth Avenue, for he had the *entrée* to both English and American society, but he despised a long flirtation with its im-