

The BRONZE BELL

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ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.
David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting party with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady who has been frightened by a bear. He is attracted to her, and she to him. He is attracted to her, and she to him. He is attracted to her, and she to him. He is attracted to her, and she to him.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)
The servant brought from Rutton's leather trunk a battered black-japaned tin box, which, upon exploration, proved to contain little that might not have been anticipated. A handbook issued by the house of Rothschild Freres, Paris, showed a balance to the credit of H. D. Rutton of something slightly under a million francs. There was American money, chiefly in gold certificates of large denominations, to the value of, roughly, \$20,000, together with a handful of French, German and English banknotes which might have brought in exchange about \$250. In addition to these there were merely a single anvelope, superscribed: "To be opened in event of my death only. H. D. R." Amber broke the seal and read the enclosures once to himself and a second time aloud to Doggott. The date was barely a year old.

"For reasons personal to myself and sufficient," Rutton had written, "I choose not to make a formal will. I shall die, probably in the near future, by my own hand, of poison. I wish to emphasize this statement in event the circumstances surrounding my demise should appear to attach suspicion of murder upon any person or persons whatever. I am a widower and childless. What relations may survive me are distant and will never appear to claim what estate I may leave that an appropria- to have died or left me, however, the disposition of my effects is a matter about which I am wholly careless." The signature was unmistakably genuine—the formal "H. D. Rutton" with which Amber was familiar. It was unwithdrawn.

The Virginian put aside the paper and offered Doggott the blank cheque on Rothschilds. "This," he said, "makes you pretty nearly independent. Yes, Doggott."

"Yes, sir," Doggott took the slip of paper in a hand that trembled even as his voice, and eyed it incredulously. "I've never had anything like this before, sir; I hardly know what it means."

"It means," explained Amber, "that when you're filled in that blank and had the money collected from the Rothschilds, you'll be worth—worth what cash is here—in the neighborhood of forty-five thousand pounds sterling." Doggott gasped, temporarily inarticulate. "Forty-five thousand pounds!" "Mr. Amber," he declared earnestly, "I never looked for nothing like this. I—I never—I— Quite without warning he was quiet and composed again. "Might I ask it of you as a favor, sir, to look after this?" he offered to return the cheque—"for a while, till I can make up my mind what to do with it."

"Certainly," Amber took the paper, folded it and placed it in his card-case. "I'd suggest that you deposit it as soon as possible in a New York bank for collection. In the meantime, these bills are yours; you'd better take care of them yourself until you open the banking account."

him and Doggott found him sitting up, with a haggard and careworn face, but with the same light of a man composed in his eyes.

"Doggott," he asked in an even, toneless voice, "have you ever mentioned to anybody your suspicion about Mr. Rutton's race?" "Only to you, sir."

"That's good. And you won't?" "No, sir." "Have you," continued Amber, looking away and speaking slowly, "ever heard him mention his marriage?" "Never, sir. 'E says in that paper 'e was a widower; I fancy the lady must have died before I entered 'is service. 'E was always a lonely man, all the 15 year I've been with 'im, kep' in very much to 'imself, sir."

"I'll go, sir; it was 'is wish. I'll go with you to India, Mr. Amber." "Very well," Amber spoke abstractedly, reviewing his plans. "But," he enquired suddenly, "I didn't mention India. How did you know?" "Why—I suppose I must 'ave guessed it, sir. It seemed so likely, knowing what I do about Mr. Rutton."

"I don't mean no 'arm, sir; it was just their 'ounding him, like, and 'is being a dark-complected man the same as them, and speakin' their language so ready, that made me think 'e was 'is own race."

"Doggott hesitated, lowered his voice, his gaze shifting uneasily to the still, shrouded figure in the corner. "What?" demanded Amber tensely. "I always thought 'e was what we call in England a man of color, 'imself, sir."

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which he was pleased to characterize as inspiration.

"It's this," he explained. "What do you know about Calcutta?" "Little or nothing. I've been there—that's about all."

"Precisely. Now I know the place, and I know you'll never find this goldsmith in the Machua bazar without a guide. The ordinary common-garden guide is out of the question, of course. But I happen to know an Englishman there who knows more about the dark side of India than any other ten men in the world. He'll be invaluable to you, and you can trust him as you would Doggott. Go to him by name—you'll need no other introduction—and tell him what you've told me."

"That's impossible. Rutton expressly prohibited my mentioning his name to any one in India."

"Oh, very well. You haven't, have you? And you won't have to. I'll take care of that, when I write and tell Labretouche you're coming."

"Labretouche. Why? You don't know him?" "No; but Rutton did. Rutton got that poison from him."

"Labretouche is your man."

WHAT IS RIGHT?

By Rev. William Phillips

TEXT—Finally, however, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things. Philippians, IV. 8.

There are today more people ever before asking the question, "What is right?" They have been led to ask this question by an arousal of conscience from lethargy that at one time seemed to be as binding as prison chains. In this reawakening the church has played a most important part, but its appeals have been seconded by moralists and even by statesmen. Today the question, "What is right?" is asked not only in personal morals, but in the larger affairs of life, and to the extent that there is greater effort for higher standards of morality and of religious practices.

The question is an old one. It has been asked by man since first he knew there was right which might be distinguished from wrong. It has been discussed in all its phases, and St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians exhorts them in the words of our text. He tells them that right is "what is true, what is honest, what is just, what is pure and lovely and of good report." His exhortation is as pertinent today as then, and his definition as complete. Let us first consider men, not things.

A great many men are true so far as their standards permit them to be. There are others who seek constant elevation of standards so that they may be nearer the ideal true man. To be a true man means to be truthful in thought, in speech, in act, to be devoid of dissimulation, to be right and to be just what you seem to be; to be loyal to all that is good and devoted to the furtherance of good. Such a man invariably answers the question "What is right?" correctly, and his answer has the respect of his fellow men.

A great many men are honest so far as the demands of relationship with other men may go, and few go beyond this point and are honest with themselves as well as with their fellows. In their transactions they have no doubts, no regrets, no sufferings of conscience. They make every transaction a closed transaction in every sense of the word. They are right. Such men are the examples of honesty that should be emulated.

Men are just in the measure that they mete to their fellow men; and some of them are just to the extent that they heap the measure to overflowing. They neither weigh to the ounce, nor exact their pound of flesh as old Shylock did. If anything, they are just to the point of generosity and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have given full value or full credit to all with whom they come in contact.

Men who are pure in thought and in action, and whose thoughts are always upward, are men of good report. They have unassailable reputations supported by impeccable characters. They ask the question, "What is right?" from the innermost recesses of their souls, and answer it with all the enlightenment of conscience and spiritual guidance that God can give them. They are always men of good report and always will be so long as they possess the virtues that the apostle has enumerated.

I know that the apostle tells the brethren to "think of things that are true, honest, pure, lovely and of good report." It is by thinking of these things that men become honest, true and just. The apostle asks that they only to think but to reason, for he says that "if there is any virtue in these things, if there be any praise" thinking of them will bring them into their lives and cause them to be grateful for the good they receive. Men who think honestly, men who try to be conscientious gain for themselves all the good that can be derived from right thought and pure thinking. And that good is ability to think straight, and answer correctly the question, "What is right?"



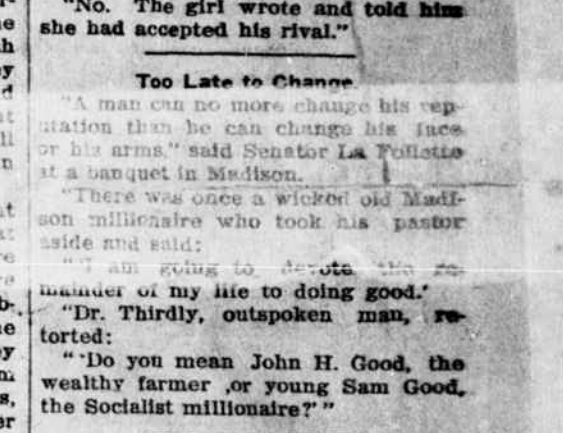
"Hang Your Promise."



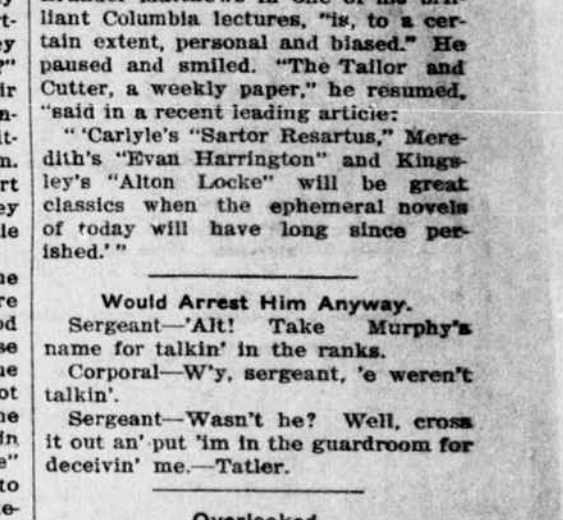
The Signature Was Unmistakably Genuine.



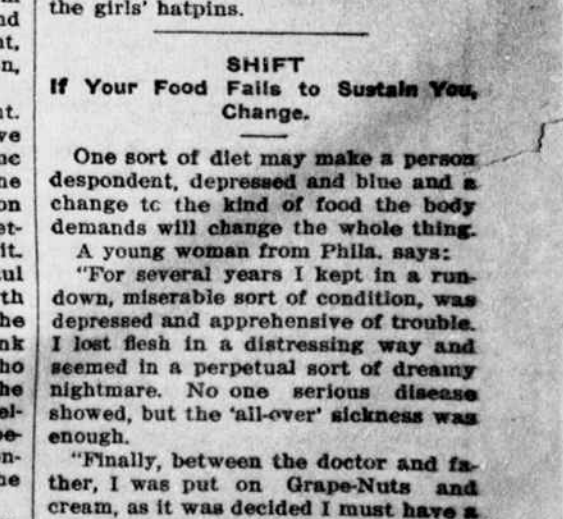
Too Late to Change.



Would Arrest Him Anyway.



Overlooked.



SHIRT If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change.

HE TOOK MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Broker-Banked "Friend's" Check After the Borrower Thought He Had Protected His Money.

"See that heavily built guy who just came in?" said the broker to his friend in the cafe. "You may have noticed that he caught my eye, but passed on without a sign of recognition. Well, he's a promoter. He and I used to be great friends—ostensibly. He rushed into my office one afternoon in a state of great excitement, saying that a little deal he was putting through made \$50 necessary at once, and would I save him a little trouble by cashing a check for the sum. He always seemed to have plenty of money, so I gave him the cash and took his check. I did not see him again, and on my depositing the check it came back marked 'No funds.' I looked up his bank, and found he had had a deposit there at one time. I deposited

the check again and again it was returned. A week later I tried again, with the same result. More for amusement than anything else, I sent the check to the bank for the fourth time, and this time it went through!

"Soon after that our friend calls me up on the telephone, and in the most outraged tone of voice asks what I mean by taking advantage of him that way. He could not have been more indignant had I double-crossed him in a straight deal. And that explains why he no longer speaks to me."

Let the Fairies Alone! Another good but misguided woman has undertaken a campaign for the abolition of "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland" and fairy stories of all kinds. She declares that these stories are lies and ought not to be tolerated. In her opinion Mother Goose is worse than a witch, and as for Lewis Carroll—well, this "Mrs. Gradgrind," of Boston, would have him hanged on the highest hill. An, but it would be a sad old world if all the men and women in it were Gradgrinds.

During these days we hear a great deal of women's rights which are really women's wrongs. I know not whether women will ever get what they term equality with men. Man and woman are equal in the sight of God, but here below woman occupies a different station. She was created to be man's helpmate and to supplement what he lacked. She was to be kind and gentle under long suffering.—Bishop J. J. Nilan, Roman Catholic Hartford, Conn.

Hair Indicates Strength. Short, thick, curly hair is an index of great natural strength.

All human culture rests on a willingness to make sacrifices to the truth.