

A college education is getting to be mighty expensive—for alumni.

Still this is just the weather you were wishing for last February.

That wind blown summer resort advertising begins to look very catchy.

The summer girl was never more fascinating than she is this season.

An umpire never reverses a decision, although asked to do so every day.

A Sacramento minister defended Sunday baseball, and they say he struck right out.

Worse than not being able to swim these days is not being able to go swimming.

In addition to the wireless telegraph Chicago will now have permanently noiseless peddlers.

When a man boasts about his old age it is generally found that he has nothing else to boast about.

Chicago has twice as many telephones as London. But then it has twice as much to say.

A Pittsburg scientist says there is a microbe in every kiss. Pittsburg ought to know that by this time.

A new counterfeit \$20 bill is in circulation. Watch for it when the conductor hands you your change.

Visit any store where they sell straw hats and view the impressive ceremony of putting the lid on.

Redman Wanamaker is insured for \$4,500,000, but it is not stated whether he is an aviator or a canoeist.

Warmer winters are promised. It is consoling to know that they cannot be warmer than the summers.

No first class summer resort, as you may have observed, ever has any flies or mosquitoes for publication.

When you discover two souls with but a single thought the thought concerns the coolest place within reach.

A good many of our householders are under the impression that ice is melted by the car, like diamonds.

England has just launched her first war airship. It is called the Mayfly. Probably the implied doubt is justifiable.

One who will sit out on the bleachers when the temperature is playing around 100 must really want to see the ball game.

Polo is a great game, and might be even more thrilling and spectacular if the players would ride motorcycles instead of horses.

Willie Berri's Brooklyn playmates can never brag successfully about having had the measles, for Willie stepped in the president's soup.

A New York physician says that one can escape typhoid fever by chewing tobacco. The remedy, however, is worse than the disease.

Several hundred marriages in Chicago have been declared void, thereby saving a good many people the expense of a trip to Reno.

A young woman in Brooklyn wants to marry the stepson of her father-in-law's first wife. All of which is our notion of considerable mixup.

"You'll not notice the heat if you don't talk about it," says Doctor Wiley. The trouble is that other people insist on talking about it.

A Boston court has been called on to decide whether baseball playing is labor. It seems to be when the Detroit team is playing on the other side.

Edison says that the end of the trolley car is in sight. But the boldest inventor has not yet tackled the problem of the strap-hangerless car.

A Chicago woman has had a lawyer arrested, alleging that he called her an "old cat." Call a woman a cat, if you must, but never call her an old cat.

A Chicago woman says that divorces are more common now because her sex have raised the standard of manhood. Any old kind of a husband will no longer do, she says. How does it happen, then, that so many men get married?

A Swedish astronomer gives the earth more than 10,000 years longer to live. Which looks bad for our descendants in about the three hundredth generation.

# The BRONZE BELL

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### SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lal Chatterji, "the appointed mouthpiece of The Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name.

### CHAPTER II. (Continued).

"You will have it that I must surrender my only advantage—my incognito. If I tell you how I happen to know who you are, I must tell you who I am. Immediately you will lose interest in me, because I'm really not at all advanced; I doubt if I should understand your book if I had to read it."

"Which heaven forbid! But why," he insisted mercilessly, "do you wish me to be interested in you?" She flushed becomingly at this and acknowledged the touch with a rueful, smiling glance. But, "Because I'm interested in you," she admitted openly.

"And . . . why?" "Are you hardened to such adventures?" She nodded in the direction the babu had taken. "Are you accustomed to being treated with extraordinary respect by stray Bengalis and accepting tokens from them? Is romance commonplace to you?"

"Oh," he said, disappointed, "if it's only the adventure! Of course, that's easily enough explained. This half-witted mammoth—don't ask me how he came to be here—thought he recognized in me some one he had known in India. Let's have a look at this token-thing."

He disclosed the bronze box and let her take it in her pretty fingers. "It must have a secret spring," she concluded, after a careful inspection. "I think so, but . . ."

She shook it, holding it by her ear. "There's something inside—it rattles ever so slightly. I wonder!"

"No more than I." "And what are you going to do with it?" She returned it reluctantly.

"Why, there's nothing to do but keep it till the owner turns up, that I can see."

"You won't break it open?" "Not until curiosity overpowers me and I've exhausted every artifice, trying to find the catch."

"Are you a patient person, Mr. Amber?" "Not extraordinarily so, Miss Farrell."

"Oh, how did you guess?" "By remembering not to be stupid. You are Miss Sophia Farrell, daughter of Colonel Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India."

He chuckled cheerfully over his triumph of deductive reasoning. "You are visiting the Quains for a few days, while en route for India with some friends whose name I've forgotten—"

"The Rolands," she prompted involuntarily. "Thank you. . . . The Rolands, who are stopping in New York. You've lived several years with your father in India, went back to London to 'come out' and are returning, having been presented at the court of St. James. Your mother was an American girl, a schoolmate of Mrs. Quain's. I'm afraid that's the whole sum of my knowledge of you."

"You've turned the tables fairly, Mr. Amber," she admitted. "And Mr. Quain wrote you all that?"

"I'm afraid he told me almost as much about you as he told you about me; we're old friends, you know. And now I come to think of it, Quain has one of the few photographs of me extant. So my chain of reasoning's complete. And I think we'd better hurry on to Tanglewood."

"Indeed, yes. Mrs. Quain will be wild with worry if that animal finds his way back to the stable without me; I've been very thoughtless."

"How much longer shall you stay at Tanglewood, Miss Farrell?" "Unhappily," she sighed, "I must leave on the early train tomorrow, to join the Rolands in New York."

"You don't want to go?" "I'm half an American, Mr. Amber. I've learned to love the country already. Besides, we start immediately for San Francisco, and it'll be such a little while before I'll be in India."

"You don't care for India?" "I've known it for less than six years, but already I've come to hate it as thoroughly as any exiled Englishwoman there. It sits there like a great, insatiable monster, devouring English lives. Indirectly it is responsible for my mother's death; she never recovered from the illness she contracted when my father was stationed in the Deccan. In the course of time it will kill my father, just as it did his father and his elder brother. It's a cruel, hateful, ungrateful land—not without the price we pay for it."

"I know how you feel," he said with sympathy. "It's been a good many years since I visited India, and of course I then saw and heard little of the darker side. Your people are brave enough, out there."

"They are. I don't know about government; but its servants are loyal and devoted and unselfish and cheer-

ful. And I don't at all understand," she added in confusion, "why I should have decided to inflict upon you my emotional hatred of the country. Your question gave me the opening, and I forgot myself."

"I assure you I was thoroughly shocked, Miss Farrell."

"Will you tell me something?" "If I can."

"About the man who wouldn't acknowledge knowing you? You remember saying three people had been mistaken about your identity this afternoon."

"No, only one—the babu. You're not mistaken—"

"I knew you must be David Amber the moment I heard you speaking Urdu."

"And the man at the station wasn't mistaken—unless I am. He knew me perfectly, I believe, but for reasons of his own refused to recognize me."

"Yes—?" "He was an English servant named Doggott, who is—or once was—a valet in the service of an old friend, a man named Rutton."

She repeated the name: "Rutton? It seems to me I've heard of him."

"You have?" "I don't remember," she confessed, knitting her level brows. "The name has a familiar ring, somehow. But about the valet?"

"Well, I was very intimate with his employer for a long time, though we haven't met for several years. Rutton was a strange creature, a man of extraordinary genius, who lived a friendless, solitary life—at least, so far as I knew; I once lived with him in a little place he had in Paris for three months and in all that time he never received a letter or a caller. He was reticent about himself, and I never asked any questions, of course, but in spite of the fact that he spoke English like an Englishman and was a public school man, apparently, I always believed he had a strain of Hungarian blood in him—or else Italian or Spanish. I know that sounds pretty broad, but he was enigmatic—a riddle I never managed to make much of. Aside from that he was wonderful: a linguist, speaking a dozen European languages and more eastern tongues and dialects, I believe, than any other living man. We met by accident in Berlin and were drawn together by our common interest in orientalism. Later, hearing I was in Paris, he hunted me up and insisted that I stay with him there while finishing my big book—the one whose title you know. His assistance to me then was invaluable. After that I lost track of him."

"And the valet?" "Oh, I'd forgotten Doggott. He was a cockney, as silent and self-contained as Rutton. . . . To get back to Nokomis: I met Doggott at the station, called him by name, and he refused to admit knowing me—said I must have mistaken him for his twin brother. I could tell by his eyes that he lied, and it made me wonder. It's quite impossible that Rutton should be in this neck of the woods; he was a man who preferred to live a hermit in centers of civilization. . . . Curious!"

"I don't wonder you think so. Perhaps the man had been up to some mischief. . . . But," said the girl with a note of regret, "we're almost home!"

"They had come to the seaward verge of the woodland, where the trees and scrub rose like a wild hedge-row on one side of a broad, well-metalled highway."

To the right, on the other side of the road, a rustic fence enclosed the trim, well-groomed plantations of Tanglewood Lodge; through the dead limbs a window of the house winked in the sunset glow like an eye of garnet. And as the two appeared a man came running up the road, shouting.

"That's Quain!" cried Amber; and sent a long cry of greeting toward him.

"Wait!" said the girl impulsively, putting out a detaining hand. "Let's keep our secret," she begged, her eyes dancing—"just for the fun of it!"

"Our secret!" "About the babu and the Token; it's a bit of mystery and romance to me—and we don't often find that in our lives, do we? Let us keep it personal for a while—between ourselves; and you will promise to let me know if anything unusual ever comes of it, after I've gone. We can say that I was riding carelessly, which is quite true, and that the horse shied and threw me, which again is true; but the rest for ourselves only. . . . Please. . . . What do you say?"

He was infected by her spirit of irresponsible mischief. "Why, yes—I say yes," he replied; and then, more gravely: "I think it'll be very pleasant to share a secret with you, Miss Farrell. I shan't say a word to any one, until I have to."

As events turned he had no need to mention the incident until the morning of the seventh day following the girl's departure. In the interim nothing happened and he was able to enjoy some excellent shooting with Quain, his thoughts undisturbed by any further appearance of the babu.

But on the seventh morning it became evident that a burglary had been visited upon the home of his hosts. A window had been forced in the rear of the house and a trail of burnt matches and candle-grease between that entrance and the door of Amber's room, together with the somewhat curious circumstance that nothing whatever was missing from the personal effects of the Quains, forced him to make an explanation. For his own belongings had been rifled and the bronze box alone abstracted—still preserving its secret.

In its place Amber found a soiled slip of note paper inscribed with the word, unformed handwriting of the babu: "Pardon, sahib. A mistake has been made. I seek but to regain that which is not yours to possess. There will be naught else taken. A thousand excuses from your humbl. obt. svt., Behari Lal Chatterji."

### CHAPTER III.

#### Marooned.

A cry in the windy dusk; a sudden, hollow booming overhead; a vision of countless wings in panic, sketched in black upon a background of dulled silver; two heavy detonations and, with the least of intervals, a third; three vivid flashes of crimson and gold stabbing the purple twilight; and then the acid reek of smokeless drifting into Amber's face, while from the sky, where the V-shaped flock had been, two stricken bundles of blood-stained feathers fell slowly, fluttering.

Shotgun poised abreast, his keen eyes marking down the fall of his prey, Amber stood without moving, exultation battling with a vague remorse in his bosom—as always when he killed. Quain, who had dropped back a pace after firing but one shot and scoring an unqualified miss at close range, now stood plucking clumsily, with half frozen fingers, at an obstinate breechlock.

"Just my beastly luck!" he growled. "It wouldn't've been me if—I! How many 'd you got, Davy?"

"Only two," said Amber, lowering his weapon, extracting the spent shells, and reloading.

"Only two!" The information roused in Quain a demon of sarcasm. "Only

but white of crests. Beyond, seen dimly as a wall through driving sheets of snow, were the darkly wooded rises of the mainland.

But, in the gloom, their little catboat lay occult to his searching gaze. Quain's voice recalling him, he turned to discover his host stumbling through a neighboring vale, and obeying a peremptory wave of the elder man's hand, descended, accompanied by an avalanche in miniature.

"Better hurry," shouted Amber, as soon as he could make himself heard above the screaming of the gale. "Wind's freshening; it looks like mean weather."

"Really?" Quain fell into step at his side. "You stonish me. But the good Lord knows I'm willin'. Whereabout's the boat?"

"Blessed if I know: over yonder somewhere," Amber told him, waving toward the bay-shore an arm as vaguely helpful as his information.

"Thank you so much. Guess I can find her all right. Hump y'osef, Davy."

They plodded on heavily, making fair progress in spite of the hindering sand.

A little later they came to the water's edge and proceeded steadily along it, Quain leading confidently. Eventually he tripped over some obstacle, stumbled and lurched forward and recovered his balance with an effort, then remained with bowed head, staring down at his feet.

"Hurt yourself, old man?" "No!" snapped Quain rudely. "Then what in—"

"Eh?" Quain roused, but an instant longer looked him blankly in the eye. "Oh," he added brightly—"oh, she's gone."

"The boat—?" "The boat," affirmed Quain, too discouraged for the obvious retort ungracious. He stooped and caught up a frayed end of rope, exhibiting it in witness to his statement. "Ain't it hell?" he inquired plaintively.

He cast the rope from him in disdain and wheeled to stare baywards. "There!" he cried, leveling an arm to indicate a dark and fleeting shadow upon the storm-whipped water. "There she goes—not 300 feet off. It can't be

Together they put their shoulders to the bows of the old, flat-bottomed rowboat, with incredible exertions uprooting it from its ancient bed, and at length had it afloat.

Fanting, Quain mopped his forehead with a handkerchief much the worse for a day's association with gun grease, and peered beneath his hand into the murk that veiled the bay.

"There she is," he declared confidently: "aground." He pointed. "I'll fetch up with her in no time."

But Amber could see nothing in the least resembling the catboat, and said so with decision.

"I'm coming, too," Amber said quietly.

"The hell you are! D'you want to sink us? What do you think this is, anyway—an excursion steamer? You stay where you are and—I say—take care of this till I come back, like a good fellow."

He thrust the butt of his shotgun into Amber's face, and the latter, seizing it, was rewarded by a vigorous push that sent him back half a dozen feet. At the same time the pointer slipped from his grasp and Quain, lodging an end of the ell-pot stake on the hard sand bottom, put his weight upon it. Before Amber could recover, the boat had slid off and was melting swiftly into the shadows.

After a bit Quain's voice came back: "Don't fret, Davy. I'm all right."

Amber cupped hands to mouth and sent a cheerful hail ringing in response. Simultaneously the last, least, indefinite blur that stood for the boat in the darkness, vanished in a swirl of snow; and he was alone with the storm and his misgivings.

Twenty minutes wore wearily away. Falling ever more densely, the snow drew an impenetrable wan curtain between Amber and the world of life and light and warmth; while with each discordant blast the strength of the gale seemed to wax, its high hysterical clamor at times drowning even the incessant deep bellow of the ocean surf. Once Amber paused in his patrol, having heard, or fancying he had heard, the staccato plut-plut-plut of a marine motor. On impulse, with a swelling heart, he swung his gun skywards and pulled both triggers. The double report rang in his ears loud as a thunderclap.

In the moments that followed, while he stood listening, with every fiber of his being keyed to attention, the sense of his utter isolation chilled his heart as with cold steel.

A little frantically he loaded and fired again; but what at first might have been thought the faint far echo of a hall he in the end set down reluctantly to a trick of the hag-ridden wind.

An hour passed, punctuated at frequent intervals by gunshots. Though they evoked no hope of any sort, hope for Quain disappeared in Amber's heart. Resolutely he turned to a consideration of his own plight and problematic way of escape.

His understanding of his situation was painfully accurate; he was marooned upon what a flood tide made a desert island but which at the ebb was a peninsula—a long and narrow strip of sand, bounded on the west by the broad shallow channel to the ocean, on the east connected with the mainland by a sandbar which half the day lay submerged.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### QUEENS BOROUGH TIN HORSES

How Nightmares, Hobbies and Boats of Beer Were Put on the City's Pay Roll.

"What's all this talk I hear about tin horses in Queens borough?" "I'm surprised at your ignorance. Tin horses are a mere term used to designate equines which never existed, part of a graft game."

"Explain some more, please." "Well, it was like this. If a fellow with a pull wanted some extra money he would have a couple of nightmares, report to the powers that be that he had a team, and they would be hired, at so much a day, for city work."

"Did all of the grafters have to have mares?" "O, no; one of the gang had his wife's two clothes horses, drawing full pay."

"He was a genius." "Yes, another man had a hobby about not wanting to work, his son had a hobby horse, and so he doubled them up and sent in bills for a team, at least, so I hear."

"That's interesting." "Yes, rather. There was a rumor going around the other day that a man who owned a pair of ponies of beer also figured in the game."

"I suppose if one of the gang's wife and daughters owned pony skin coats they could have got on the pay roll too."

"Sure thing; it was a pony skin game, all the way through."

"And all that these fake horses ever drew was pay?" "That's true, although they have set tongues a-wagging."—Brooklyn Times.

### The Siamese Cat.

Siamese cats, with their curious markings and loud, discordant voices, are favorite pets.

In many respects these animals of Siamese breed are unique among felines. They follow their owners like dogs; they are exceedingly affectionate and insist upon attention, and they mew loudly and constantly, as if trying to talk. They have more vivacity and less dignity than usually falls to the lot of cats.

In color they vary from pale fawn through shades of brown to chocolate. There are two varieties, the temple cats and the palace cats, the principal difference between the two being that the palace breed is darker in color.



They Had Come to the Seaward Verge of the Woodland.