

# The BRONZE BELL

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## SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quinn, 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 bell. The token, into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quain. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quinn go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes an occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, taken poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Rutton and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Jaipur; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end tells her to become his wife. A Hindu confederate Amber to a secret place, and into the presence of a beautiful woman who mistakes him for Rutton. Later Amber is drugged. The Hindu plot, rebellion, and at Labertouche's instigation Amber returns to the woman Naraini to discover the secret of the conspiracy. He learns they would make him their king, and is found facing a deadly cobra in the Tent of Death when rescued by Labertouche and his friends. Naraini attacks Amber with a dagger and he falls. After long delirium he recovers to find Sophia at his side confessing her love.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Final Incarnation.

About five o'clock of an evening in April the Cunarder Caronia, four hours out from Queenstown and buckling down to a night's hard work against the northwesterly gale, shipped a sea. It was not much of a sea—merely a playful slap of a wave that broke against the staunch black side and glanced upward in a shower of spray, spattering liberally a solitary passenger who had been showing enough interest in the weather to remain on deck until that particular moment. Apparently unconcerted by the misadventure, he shook himself and laughed a sober, contented laugh, found a handkerchief and mopped his face with it, then, with a final approving survey of the lowering and belligerent canopy of wind-cloud that overhung the tortured ocean, permitted himself to be blown aft to the door of the first-cabin smoking room. Opening this by main strength, he entered. The gale saved him the bother of closing it.

Removing his raincoat and cap and depositing them on a convenient chair, he glanced round the room and discovered that he shared it with a single passenger, who was placidly exhaling the virtues of an excellent cigarette. Upon this gentleman the newcomer bent a regard steadfast and questioning, but after returning it casually the smoker paid him no further attention. Dissatisfied, the other moved toward him, and the deck slanted suddenly and obligingly the better to accelerate his progress, so that he brought up with a lurch in the seat next the smoker. The latter raised the eyebrows of surprise and hoped that the gentleman had not hurt himself.

"I didn't, thank you, Mr. David Amber."

Mr. David Amber looked the gentleman over with heightened interest.

"You've the advantage of me, sir," Amber summed up the result of his scrutiny.

"It's not the first time," asserted the other, with an argumentative shake of his head.

"No?" Light leaped in Amber's eyes. "Labertouche!"

"Surprised you, eh?" The Englishman grinned with pleasure, pumping Amber's arm cordially. "I don't mind owning that I meant to."

"Well, considering that this is positively your first appearance as yourself on the stage of my life, you don't deserve any credit for being able to deceive me. When one gets accustomed to remembering you only as a native—generally as a babu in dirty pink satin—"

"Do you know, I made all sorts of enquiries after you, but they told me, in response to my wires to Calcutta, that you'd dropped out of the world entirely. I had begun to fear that those damned natives must have got you, after all, and that I'd never see you again."

"I'd almost given up hope of ever seeing myself again," said Labertouche drily.

"But why didn't you?"

"Business, dear boy, business."

"I was needed for several days in the neighborhood of Kathlapur."

"It seems as though I'd waited several years for news of Kathlapur. The papers—"

"There are a good many things that happen in India that fail to get into the newspapers, Amber. It wasn't thought necessary to advise the world, including Russia, that half the native potentates in Hindustan had been caught in the act of letting the Sec-

ond Mutiny loose upon India." A network of fine wrinkles appeared about his eyes as he smiled enjoyment of what he seemed to consider a memorable joke.

"Go on," pleaded Amber.

"Kathlapur was a sort of mousetrap; the brutes came out by two and three, just as I said they would, for the better part of three days. It was either surrender or starve with them, and after five-sixths of them had elected not to starve we turned a couple of companies of Tommies into the place, and I don't believe they left unturned a stone big enough to hide a rabbit. One by one they routed 'em out and booted 'em down to us. Meanwhile we had rushed enough troops to Kuttarpur to keep their tails trooped."

"And Salig Singh—and Naraini?"

"Salig Singh, it turned out, was the chap that got bayoneted in the tamarisks. Naraini managed somehow to steal away the next night, under the noses of any number of sentries; beauty such as hers would bribe her way out of hell, I think. What became of her I don't know, but I can prophesy that she won't live long. She was rather too advanced in her views, for India—some centuries ahead of her race. She and Salig Singh had it all planned, you know; his was the master-mind, hers the motive-power. They were to crown you, instead of Salig's son, the next day—in the name of Har Dyal Rutton; and then you were to



"David!" She said.

die suddenly by virtue of hemp poison or some other contagious disease, and Salig was to step into your shoes as Emperor of Hindustan, with Naraini as his Empress. . . . She should have stayed home and been a suffragette."

"Better for her," said Amber. "Of course I've found out about her, from Farrell. It seems that she was brought up in England, with Sophia, and always given to believe she was his own daughter, but she was a wild thing and hard to handle. One day she found out about her parentage—how, it's not known, but Farrell suspects that the men who were hounding Rutton got into communication with her. At all events, she brooded over the thing, and when, five years or so ago, Mrs. Farrell died and the colonel sent for Sophia to join him in India, Naraini—well, she rebelled. He refused to let her leave England, and she finally took the bit in her teeth and ran away—vanished and was never heard of again until Sophia recognized her in Kathlapur."

"I myself can fill in the gap," Labertouche volunteered. "She joined some of Salig's underlings in Paris and went thence direct to Khandawar, assuming the name of one of the old queens who had elected opportunely to die. . . . Quarter case—singular instance of reversion to type."

"A mighty distressing one to the old colonel; you know Rutton kept religiously to his promise not to see the child after he'd given her into Farrell's care. Farrell lost all track of him and was unable to communicate with him, of course, when Naraini chose to strike out for herself. . . . One thing has always puzzled me; the girl called me by her father's name, pretending to recognize me as her husband; you can't reconcile such conduct."

"You can, easily enough—beg pardon, my dear fellow. Neither she nor Salig Singh was for an instant de-

ceived. But Salig had to deliver up a Har Dyal Rutton to the Council, so Naraini was set to seduce you. Their plans only required that you should be madly infatuated with her for a couple of days; after that . . . Labertouche turned down his thumb significantly. "I fancy there must have been a family secret or tradition, handed down from father to son in the Rutton line, that some day one of the family would be called upon to raise the standard of the Second Mutiny. That will explain why Har Dyal Rutton, a gentleman of parts and cultivation, dared not live in India, and why—because he was sworn to keep the secret—he laid stress on the condition that you were not to mention his name."

"Still, he gave me permission to talk to Dhola Baksh."

"True; but it seems that Dhola Baksh had been his confidential body-servant in Kuttarpur; during his too-brief reign, Rutton thought he would be able to help you, and knew that he would be loyal to his master's memory."

"Finally, what about that photograph?"

"You've Salig Singh to thank for its return, I fancy. I had nothing to do with it. But they were bent on luring you to Naraini's bower, and they figured that after receiving it you'd go anywhere to meet the man who returned it. By the way, where's Ram Nath?"

"He's staying in England as body-servant to Colonel Farrell."

"He's well off, so; his sphere of usefulness in India was at an end. So, in fact, was mine. That's why I'm here—on indefinite leave of absence. One or two things grew out of the affair of the Gateway to make me a person of interest to the natives, and when that happens in India it's just as well for the interesting person to pack up and get thence with all possible expedition. It's too bad; I was really doing some good work there. Well . . . ! When the East gets

# The KITCHEN CABINET



LET us sometimes live—be it only for an hour—and tho' we must lay all else aside—to make others smile. —Charles Wagner.

## DISHES FOR THE SICK ROOM.

The food for the invalid or convalescent is of vital importance, as often the return to health depends entirely upon the food taken to repair waste tissue. The physician's orders in regard to food should be carefully followed, as the nature of the disease from which the patient is suffering modifies the kind and amount of food taken. The following are a few that every home keeper may be glad to know how to prepare:

**Koumiss.**—Dissolve a half a yeast cake in a half cup of tepid water. Mix it with a quart of milk, new milk if possible, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Put into bottles and tie down the corks with a stout cord. Let stand twelve hours in a warm place, then place on ice as needed. If the bottles are left upside down they are not so apt to throw out the corks, which they may do if not securely fastened. Such milk may often be taken by persons who dislike ordinary milk.

**Quickly Made Beef Tea.**—Broil a slice of round steak for a minute on each side, then lay on a plate and score with a sharp knife, cutting only half way through. Turn and score closely on the other side at right angles. Pour hot water over the meat to half cover and set in a warm place. Turn often, pressing with a fork until the meat begins to look white. Squeeze in a meat press until quite dry, then add salt and serve either hot or cold.

**Broth.**—Young meat of any kind is not good for broth, as it lacks flavor and is not so nourishing as well-developed animals.

Allow a pound of meat and bone to a pint of cold water. Cut the meat in small pieces and have the bones cracked. After soaking for an hour let the water come slowly to a boil and allow it to simmer for three or four hours. Strain and remove all fat. Season and serve full strength or dilute to suit the taste.

**Chicken Custard.**—Take half a cup of strong chicken broth, a half cup of rich milk, a whole egg and the yolk of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the egg, add the liquid and strain into two small cups. Set the cups in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven.

VERY generous nature desires to make the earning of an honest living but means to the higher end of adding to the sum total of human goodness and human happiness. —Frances Willard.

## COMPANY DISHES.

Roll a cream cheese into balls an inch in diameter, then roll in chopped pistachio nut, that has been previously blanched. Pile the balls in the center of a chop plate and surround with a wreath of orange or grapefruit marmalade. Surround the marmalade with hot toasted crackers. Serve at the close of a dinner or luncheon in place of the usual pudding.

**Chestnut Pudding.**—Wash and wipe a lemon, pare the thin yellow rind from half of it, and add it to a cup of milk; let this scald. Remove and add two eggs beaten and mixed with two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a cup of preserved chestnuts, half a cup of bread crumbs, the juice of a lemon and a fourth of a teaspoon of salt. Mix well and cook until firm in the center.

When cool spread over the top a meringue made of the whites of two eggs beaten dry and four tablespoonfuls of sugar added with a half teaspoon of vanilla. Place in the oven and brown.

**Ginger Ale Punch.**—Melt a cup and three-fourths of sugar in a cup of lemon juice and stir in a quart of ginger ale. When the sugar is dissolved freeze to a mush. Serve in cocktail glasses with or after the meat course.

**Mashed Potatoes, Nantais.**—Press hot boiled potatoes through a ricer. For each quart add a teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of butter. Add hot milk and cream to make of the right consistency, and pile into a baking dish. Brush over with white sauce and sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Set into a hot oven and bake until brown.

W E MEASURE success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most. —Henry Van Dyke.

## HOLIDAY CANDIES.

On of the most delicious candies and very cheap to make is:

**Peanut Candy.**—Take a pound of brown sugar and add six ounces of butter (12 level tablespoonfuls) and place

over the heat, when melted, watch carefully stirring to keep it from scorching, let it boil ten minutes, not too rapidly, and then add a quart of peanuts that have been shelled and rolled until coarsely broken. Turn into a buttered pan and when cool mark in squares and cut. Wrap in waxed paper.

The foundation for French candies is another simple process and if the directions are followed will be successful.

To a pound of sugar add a cup of water and a fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil without stirring until a little dropped in cold water makes a soft waxy ball when rolled between the thumb and finger. When the syrup is boiling wash down the sides of the pan with a swab dipped in cold water, to prevent the graining of the sugar. When it is tested and found sufficiently boiled pour the syrup out on a buttered slab or large platter to cool. When cool enough to bear the finger commence to stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture is white and creamy. It is now ready to be flavored and molded with nuts or fruit into any desired form.

**Maple Sugar Candy.**—Break in pieces a pound of maple sugar, put into a saucepan with three-fourths of a cup of cream and a fourth of a cup of water. Boil together until a soft ball is formed when a little is dropped in cold water. Remove from the heat and beat until creamy, adding two thirds of a cup of broken walnut meats. Cool and mark in squares.

**Velvet Molasses Candy.**—Take a cup of molasses, three cups of sugar, a cup of boiling water and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, cook all together, at the first boil add a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, when it is brittle when tried in cold water, it is ready to pour into buttered pans. When nearly cooked add a half cup of butter and a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda.

I HAVE learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed. —Booker T. Washington.

## MEAT DISHES.

As a variety in the preparation of meats is something the housewife is constantly aiming for, the following will be new to many:

**Smothered Beef.**—Cut a pound of lean beef in dice, season with a teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of sugar and dredge with a tablespoon of flour. Cover closely and cook at least an hour. Some meat will require more time to be tender. At serving time pour off the gravy that will have gathered; add an equal bulk of water and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed to a paste in cold water. This is also excellent with the addition of vegetables.

**Cannelloni of Beef.**—Mix together a pound of uncooked beef chopped fine, the yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper, the juice of half an onion, and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Form into a roll six inches long and bake thirty minutes. Baste every five minutes with butter melted in a cup of boiling water. Serve with tomato sauce poured around it.

**Paprika Schnitzel.**—Cut two pounds of thick veal steak into small pieces, roll in seasoned flour and fry brown in fat from several slices of salt pork. Remove the meat from the pan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour to the remaining fat; brown lightly and pour in gradually the strained liquor from a can of tomatoes. Add a slice each of onion and carrot, a bayleaf and a bit of mace, then return the meat to the sauce. Cover closely and simmer three-fourths of an hour. When done remove the meat, season the sauce with salt and paprika and strain on a platter.

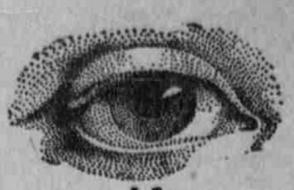
**Chicken With Macaroni.**—Free cold chicken from skin and bone, cut in inch bits and simmer till very tender. Cook macaroni or spaghetti to make an equal bulk, mix with cooked chicken, adding any gravy that has been left over. If not moist enough, add a little cream or milk. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake until hot and well browned.

Nellie Maxwell.

## "An Autumn Soap."

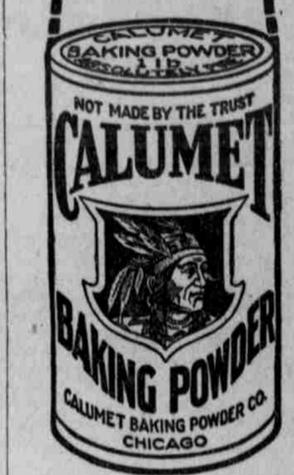
Under this heading a helpful magazine issued by a Chicago grocery company instructs the reader: "For creme marren take one quart of chestnut meats, which have been skinned, stew till tender in water enough to cover them. Press through a fine sieve, add one quart of white stock, heat to a boiling point, then add ample pinch of salt, a dash of white pepper, a few drops of nutmeg, onion and celery essence, lastly, one pint of beaten cream. Color a rich green with a few drops of spinach extract."

This reads like a very interesting soap, but for ourselves we prefer a soap without the salt and pepper. It gets in our eyes.



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SOUNDED LIKE IT.



The Talker—I tell you, no man has got a right to be sick nowadays! The Joker—you've evidently been reading some patent medicine advertisements.

in High Life. "So the Filptons have separated?" "Yes." "Do you know any of the particulars?" "She keeps the poodle."

The bright side is sure to be the right side.—Mary D. Brine.

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