The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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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. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its 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, takes 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 Darjeeling; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place, and into the presence of a beautiful woman who mistakes him for Rutton. Later Amber is drugged. The Hindus plot rebellion.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued).

"Hazoor," the native quavered in fright, "it was cold upon the water and you kept me waiting overlong. I landed, seeking shelter from the wind. If your talk was not for mine ears, remember that you used a tongue I did not know."

"So you were listening!" Amber calmed himself. "Never mind. Where's your boat?"

"I thought to hide it in the rushes. If the hazoor will be patient for a little moment . . ." The native dropped down from the bund and disappeared into the reedy tangle of the lake shore. A minute or so later Amber saw the boat shoot out from the shore and swing in a long, graceful curve to the steps of the bund.

"Make haste," he ordered, as he jumped in and took his place. "If I have kept you waiting, as you say, then I am late."

"Nay, there is time to spare." Dulla Dad spun the boat round and away. "I did but think to anticipate your impatience, knowing that you would assuredly come."

"Ah, you knew that, Dulla Dad? How did you know?"

"I, hazoor? Who am I to know aught? . . . Nay, this have I heard"—he paused cunningly: "'You shall find but one way to Kathiapur.'"

Amber, realizing that he had invited this insolence, was fair enough not to resent it, and held his peace until he could no longer be blind to the fact that the native was shaping a course almost exactly away from the Raj Mahal. "What treachery is this, dog?" he demanded. "This is not the way—"

"Be not mistrustful of your slave, hazoor," whined the native. "I do the bidding of those before whose will I am as a leaf in the wind. It is an order that I land you on the bund of the royal summer pavilion, by the northern shore of the lake. There will you find one waiting for you, my lord."

He landed on the steps of the bund and waited for Dulla Dad to join him; but when, hearing a splash of the paddle, he looked round, it was to find that the native had already put a considerable distance between himself and the shore. Amber called after him angrily, and Dulla Dad rested upon his paddle.

"Nay, heaven-born!" he replied. "Here doth my responsibility end. Another will presently appear to be your guide. Go you up to the jungly path leading from the bund."

The Virginian lifted his shoulders indifferently, and ascended to discover a wide footpath running inland between dark walls of shrubbery, but quite deserted. He stopped with a whistle of vexation, peering to right and left. "What the deuce!" he said aloud. "Is this another of their confounded tricks?"

A low and marvelously sweet laugh sounded at his elbow, and he turned with a start and a flutter of his pulses. "Naraini!" he cried.

"Tell me not thou art disappointed, O my king!" she said, placing a soft hand firmly upon his arm. "Didst thou hope to meet another here?"

"Nay, how should I expect thee?" His voice was gentle though he steeled his heart against her fascinations; for now he had use for her. "Had Dulla Dad conveyed me to the palace, then I should have remembered thy promise to ride with me to Kathiapur. But, being brought to this place . . ."

"Then thou didst wish to ride with me?" She nodded approval and satisfaction. "That is altogether as I would have it be, Lord of my Heart. By this have I proven thee, for thou hast consented to approach the Gateway, not altogether because the Voice hath summoned thee, but likewise, I think, because thine own heart urged thee. Nay, but tell me, King of my Soul, did it not leap a little at the thought of meeting me?"

With a quick gesture she threw her veil aside and lifted her incomparably fair face to his, and he was conscious that he trembled a little, and that his voice shook as he answered evasively: "Thou shouldst know, Ranee."

"Thou wilt not draw back in the end?" Her arms clipped him softly about the neck and drew his head down so that her breath was fragrant in his face, her lips a sweet peril beneath his own. "Thou wilt brave whatever may be prepared for thy testing, for the sake of Naraini, who awaits thee beyond the Gateway. O my Beloved?"

"I shall not be found wanting."

Lithe as a snake, she slipped from his arms. "Nay, I trust thee not!" she laughed, a quiver of tenderness in her merriment. "Let my lips be mine alone until thou hast proven thyself worthy of them." She raised her voice, calling: "Ohe, Runjit Singh!"

The cry rang bell-clear in the stillness, and its silver echo had not died before it was answered by one who stepped out of the black shadow of a spreading banian, some distance away, and came toward them, leading three horses. As the moonlight fell upon him, Amber recognized the uniform the man wore as that of the imperial household guard of Khandawar, while the horses seemed to be stallions he had seen in the palace yard, with another but little their inferior in mettle or beauty.

"Now," announced the woman in tones of deep contentment, "we will ride!"

She turned to Amber, who took her up in his arms and set her in the saddle of one of the stallions.

The sowar surrendered to Amber the reins of the other stallion and stepped hastily aside. The Virginian took the saddle with a flying leap, and a thought later was digging his knees into the brute's sleek flanks and sawing on the bits, while the path flowed beneath him, dappled with moonlight and shadow, like a ribbon of gray-green silk, and trees and shrubbery streaked back on either hand in a rush of melting blacks and grays.

Swerving acutely, the path ran into the dusty high road. Amber heard a rush of hoofs behind him, and then slowly the gauze-wrapped figure of the queen drew alongside.

"Maro! Let him run, my king! The way is not far for such as he. Have no fear lest he tire!"

But Amber set his teeth and wrought with the reins until his mount comprehended the fact that he had met a master and, moderating his first furious burst of speed, settled down into a league-devouring stride, crest low, limbs gathering and stretching, with the elegant precision of clockwork. His rider, regaining his poise, found time to look about him and began to enjoy, for all his cares, this wild race through the blue-white night.

They circled finally a great, round, grassless hillside, and pulled rein in the notch of a gigantic V formed by two long, prow-like spurs running out upon a plain whose sole, vague boundary was the vast arc of the horizon.

Before them loomed dead Kathiapur, an island of stone girdled by the shallow silver river. Like the rugged pedestal of some mammoth column, its cliffs rose sheer threescore feet from the water's edge to the foot of the outermost of its triple walls. From the notch in the hills a great stone causeway climbed with a long and easy grade to the level of the first great gate, spanning the chasm over the river by means of a crazy wooden bridge.

A gasp from the woman and an oath from the sowar startled Amber out of somber apprehensions into which he had been plunged by contemplation of this impregnable fortress of desolation. Gone was his lust for peril, gone his high, heedless joy of adventure, gone the intoxication which had been his who had drunk deep of the cup of romance; there remained only the knowledge that he, alone and single-handed, was to pit his wits against the invisible and mighty forces that lurked in hiding within those walls, to seem to submit to their designs and so find his way to the woman of his love, tear her from the grasp of the unseen, and with her escape. . . .

Naraini had, indeed, no need to cry aloud or clutch his hand in order to apprise him that the Eye was vigilant. He himself had seen it break forth, a lurid star of emerald light suspended high above the dark heart of the city.

Slowly, while they watched the star descended, foot by foot, dropping until the topmost pinnacle of a hidden temple semed to support it; and there it rested, throbbing with light, now bright, now dull.

Amber shook himself impatiently. "Silly charlantry!" he muttered, irritated by his own susceptibility to its sinister suggestion. . . . "I'd like to know how they manage it, though; the light itself's comprehensible enough, but their control of it. . . . If there were enough wind, I'd suspect a kite. . . ."

"Thou art not dismayed, my king?"

He laughed, not quite as successfully as he could have wished, and, "Not I, Naraini," he returned in English; a tongue which seemed somehow better suited for service in combating the esoteric influences at work upon his mind. "What's the next turn on the program?"

"I like not that tone, nor yet that tongue." The woman shivered. "Even as the Eye seeth, my lord, so doth the Ear hear. Is it meet and wise to speak with levity of that in whose power thou shalt shortly be?"

"Perhaps not," he admitted, thoughtfully. "'In whose power I shall shortly be.' . . . Well, of course!"

"And thou wilt go on? Thou art not mind to withdraw thy hand?"

"Not so that you'd notice it, Naraini."

"For the sake of the reward Naraini offers thee?" she persisted dangerously.

"I don't mind telling you that you'd turn 'most any man's head, my dear," he said, cheerfully, and let her interpret the words as she pleased.

She was not pleased, for her acquaintance with English was more intimate than she had chosen to admit; but if she felt any chagrin she dissimulated with her never-failing art. "Then bid me farewell, O my soul, and go!"

"Up there?" he inquired, lifting his brows.

"Aye, up the causeway and over the bridge, into the city of death."

"Alone?"

"Aye, alone and afoot, my king."

"Pleasant prospect, thanks." Amber whistled, a trifled dashed. "And then, when I get up there—?"

"One will meet thee. Go with him, fearing naught."

"And what will you do, meanwhile?"

"When thou shalt have passed the Gateway, my lord, Naraini will be waiting for thee."

"Very well." Amber threw a leg over the crupper, handed the stallion's reins to the sowar, who had dismounted and drawn near and dropped to his feet.

Came Toward Them Leading Three Horses.

Naraini nodded to the sowar, who led the animal away. When he was out of earshot the woman leaned from the saddle, her glorious eyes to Amber's. "My king!" she breathed intensely.

But the thought of Sophia Farrell and what she might be suffering at that very moment was uppermost—obtruded itself like a wall between himself and the woman.

"Goodnight, my dear," he said amiably; and, turning, made off toward the foot of the causeway.

When he had gained it, he looked back to see her riding off at a wide angle from the causeway, heading out into the plain. When he looked again, some two or three minutes later, Naraini, the sowar, and the horses had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened to receive them. He rubbed his eyes, stared and gave it up.

So he was alone! . . . With a shrug, he plodded on.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hooded Death.

The causeway down which the horsemen of forgotten kings of Khandawar had clattered forth to war, in its age-old desuetude had come to decay. Between its great paving blocks grass sprouted, and here and there creepers and even trees had taken root and in the slow immutable process of their growth had displaced considerable masses of stone; so that there were pitfalls to be avoided. Otherwise a litter of rubble made the walking anything but good. Amber picked his way with caution, grumbling.

After some three-quarters of an hour of hard climbing he came to the wooden bridge, and halted, surveying it with mistrust. Doubtless in the olden time a substantial but movable structure, strong enough to sustain a troop of warriors but light enough to be easily drawn up, had extended across the chasm, rendering the city impregnable from capture by assault. If so, it had long since been replaced by an airy and well-ventilated latticework of boards and timbers, none of which seemed to the wary eye any too sound. Amber selected the most solid-looking of the lot and gingerly advanced a pace or two along it. With a soft crackling a portion of the timber crumbled to dust beneath his feet. He retreated hastily to the causeway, and swore, and noticed that the Eye was watching him with malevolent interest, and swore some more. Entirely on impulse he heaved a bit of rock, possibly twenty pounds in weight, to the middle of the structure. There followed a splintering crash and the contraption dissolved like a magic-lantern effect, leaving a solitary beam about a foot in width and six or eight inches thick, spanning a flight of twenty and a drop of sixty feet. The river received the rubbish with several successive splashes, distinctly disconcerting, and Amber sat down on a boulder to think it over.

"Clever invention," he mused; "one'd think that, after taking all this trouble to get me here, they'd changed their minds about wanting me. I've a notion to change mine."

There seemed to be no possibility of turning back at that stage, however. Kuttarpur was rather far away, and, moreover, he doubted if he would be permitted to return. Having come thus far, he must go on. Moreover, Sophia Farrell was on the other side of that Swordwide bridge, and such being the case, cross it he would though he were to find the next world at its end. Finally he considered that he was presently to undergo an ordeal of some unknown nature, probably extremely unpleasant, and that this matter of the vanishing bridge must have been arranged in order to put him in a properly subdued and tractable frame of mind.

He got up and tested the remaining girder with circumspection and incredulity; but it semed firm enough, solidly embedded in the stonework of the causeway and immovable at the city end. So he straddled it and, averting his eyes from the scenery beneath him, hitched ingloriously across, collecting splinters and a very distinct impression that, as a vocation, knight-errantry was not without its drawbacks.

When again he stood on his feet he was in the shadow of the outer gateway, the curtain of the second wall confronting him.

Casting about, he discovered the second gateway at some distance to the left, and started toward it, forcing a way through a tangle of scrubby undergrowth, weeds and thorny acacia, but had taken few steps ere a heavy splash in the river below brought him up standing, with a thumping heart. After an irresolute moment he turned back to see for himself, and found his apprehension only too well grounded; the swordwide bridge was gone, displaced by an agency which had been prompt to seek cover—though he confessed himself unable to suggest where that cover had been found.

He gave it up, considering that it were futile to badger his wits for the how and the wherefore. The important fact remained that he was a prisoner in dead Kathiapur, his retreat cut off, and— Here he made a second discovery, infinitely more shocking: his pistol was gone.

Turning back at length, he made his way to the second gateway and from it to the third, under the lewdly sculptured arch of which he stopped and gasped, forgetting as for the first time Kathiapur the Fallen was revealed to him in the awful beauty of its naked desolation.

A wide and stately avenue stretched away from the portals, between rows of dwellings, palaces of marble and stone, tombstones and mausoleums with meaner houses of sun-dried brick and rubble, roofless all and disintegrating in the slow, terrible process of the years.

As Amber moved forward small, alert ghosts rose from the undergrowth and scurried silently thence; a circumstance which made him very unhappy.

The way was difficult and Amber tired. After a while, having seen nothing but the jackals, an owl or two, several thousand bats and a crawling thing which had lurched along in the shadow of a wall some distance away, giving an admirable imitation of a badly wounded man pulling himself over the ground, and making strange guttural noises—Amber concluded to wait for the guide Naraini had promised him. He turned aside and seated himself upon the edge of a broken sandstone tomb. The silence was appalling and for relief he took refuge in cheap irreverence. "Home," he observed, aloud, "never was like this."

A heart-rending sigh from the tomb behind him was followed by a rattle of dislodged rubbish. Amber found himself unexpectedly in the middle of the street, and, without stopping to debate the method of his getting there with such unprecedented rapidity, looked back hopefully to the tomb. At the same moment a black-shrouded figure swept out of it and moved a few paces down the street, then paused and beckoned him with a gaunt arm.

"I wish," said Amber, earnestly, "I had that gun."

The figure was apparently that of a native swathed in black from his head to his heels and seemed the more strikingly peculiar in view of the fact that, as far as Amber could determine, he had neither eyes nor features although his head was without any sort of covering. He gulped over the proposition for an instant, then stepped forward.

"Evidently my appointed cicerone," he considered. "Unquestionably this ghost-dance is excellently stage-managed. . . . Though, of course, I had to pick out that particular tomb."

He followed in the wake of the figure, which sped on with a singular motion, something between a walk and a glide, conscious that his equanimity had been restored rather than shaken by the incident.

He held on in pursuit of the black shadow, passing forsaken temples and lordly pleasure houses, all marble tracery and fretwork, standing apart in what had once been noble gardens, sunken tanks all weed-grown and rank with slime, humbler dooryards and cots on whose hearthstones the fires for centuries had been cold—his destination evidently the temple of the unspeakable Eye.

As they drew nearer the leading shadow forsook the shade of the walls which he seemed to favor, sweeping hastily across a plaza white with moonglare and without pause on into the black, gaping hole beyond the marble arch.

Here for the first time Amber hung back, stopping a score of feet from the door, his nerves a-jangle. He did not falter in his purpose; he was going to enter the inky portal, but . . . would he ever leave it? And the world was sweet to him.

He took firm hold of his reason and went on across the dark threshold, took three uncertain strides into the limitless unknown, and pulled up short, hearing nothing, unable to see a yard before him. Then with a terrific crash like a thunder-clap the great doors swung to behind him. He whirled about with a stifled cry, conscious of a mad desire to find the doors again, took a step or two toward them, paused to wonder if he were moving in the right direction, moved a little to the left, half turned and was lost. Reverberating, the echoes of the crash rolled far away until they were no more than as a whisper adrift in the silence, until that was gone. . . .

Digging his nails into his palms, he waited; and in the suspense of dread began to count the seconds.

One minute . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. . . .

Seven . . .

He passed a hand across his face and brought it away, wet with perspiration. . . .

Nine . . .

In some remote spot a bell began to toll; at first slowly—clang! . . . clang! . . . clang!—then more quickly, until the roar of its sonorous, gong-like tones seemed to fill all the world and to set it a-tremble. Then, insensibly, the tempo became more sedate, the first clamor of it moderated, and Amber abruptly was alive to the fact that the bell was speaking—that its voice, deep, clear, sound, metallic, was rolling forth again and again a question couched in the purest Sanskrit:

"Who is there? . . . Who is there? . . . Who is there? . . ."

The hair lifted on his scalp and he swallowed hard in the effort to answer; but the lie stuck in his throat; he was not Rutton and . . . and it is very hard to lie effectively when you stand in stark darkness with a mouth dry as dust and your hair stirring at the roots because of the intensely impersonal and aloof accents of an inhuman bell-voice, tolling away out of nowhere.

"Who is there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wants Longer Nights.

"Have you joined the More Daylight club?" he asked.

"I should say not. It's all I can do now to get home before daylight," replied the old rounder.—Detroit Free Press.

JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE

How Could the Listener Know What His Friend Was Trying to Say?

If any man ever admired his wife, that man was Howler. And when the Fitzboodles asked Mrs. Howler to get up and sing, "There is a Garden in My Face," the husband glowed with pride.

No matter that she had a face like a hippopotamus and a voice like an elephant, he sat beaming as she sang, and could not refrain from bending over to his neighbor and whispering: "Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?"

"What?" said his neighbor, who was a little deaf.

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" repeated Howler.

"What?"

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" roared Howler.

"Sorry!" returned the neighbor, shaking his head. "Can't hear a word you say. That awful woman over there is making such a frightful row singing."

Longevity Personified.

Senator Benjamin F. Tillman relates an amusing anecdote about a colored man named Jeff, who has been with a neighboring South Carolina family since before the war.

"One day," said Mr. Tillman, "his mistress was rather surprised when old Jeff asked to have a few days off to go, as he put it, 'up to de old state of Bosting,' to see his aunt.

"'Why, Jeff,' said the lady, 'your aunt must be pretty old, isn't she?'

"'Yes'm,' he replied, 'yes'm; mah aunt must be pretty ole now—she's 'bout ah bundred an' five years ole now.'

"'One hundred and five years!' exclaimed his mistress, 'what on earth is she doing up there in Boston?'

"'Deed, I's denno what's she's doin', ma'am,' rejoined old Jeff, in all seriousness, 'she's up dere livin' wid her gran'mother.'"

Death Bad Jest.

Among what may be called death-bed jests, that of the Rev. James Guthries of Stirling, one of the Covenanter martyrs, deserves a high place. Lord Guthries recalls the story in "From a Northern Window." Mr. Guthries was executed at the Cross in the High street, Edinburgh. The night before he asked for cheese for supper. His friends wondered, for the physicians had forbidden him to eat cheese. But he said, with a smile, "I am now beyond the hazard of all earthly diseases."—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Proved.

"There's no question about it," said Scribbleigh. "England is the place for an author to live in who wishes to write perfect English. We become merely the expression of our environment, after all, and I wish to do my work in an atmosphere in which the language I use for the expression of my ideas is spoken in all its prestine purity. Do you not agree with me, Lord Miggleton?"

"By Jowve, you're bally right, old top!" replied his lordship.—Harper's Weekly.

Tree Destroyers.

Porcupines are good climbers, and when unable to get enough apples wind-blown to the ground, swarm a tree and cut down the finest bearing limbs as quickly and neatly as a beaver can sever the trunk of a young hemlock. Besides that, when other food is scarce they nibble the bark off young apple trees, and can destroy a newly planted orchard in a short time. They also are a great enemy to the young spruce, but why they cut them is a mystery, as it is not found that they even eat the tenderest shoots.

Mad About It.

"Binks is just crazy about being up-to-date."

"How does he show it?"

"He is trying to get his parrot a wireless cage."

Squelched.

Gerald—What do you think of this recall idea?

Geraldine—One call will be enough, thank you.

"A wife," says the sage brush sage, "has to have a lot more patience to let the cat in and out than she has for her husband, because if she didn't the cat would leave."

THE REASON.

Little Wallace—Pa, why does popcorn pop?

His Pa—Because, my son, like men, it doesn't know any better.

Insulted.

A strapping German with big beads of perspiration streaming down his face was darting in and out of the aisles of a Philadelphia department store.

His excited actions attracted the attention of all salespersons, and they hardly knew what to make of it. A hustling young man of the clothing department walked up to him and asked, "Are you looking for something in men's clothing?"

"No!" he roared; "not men's clothing; vimen's clothing. I can't find my wife!"—Lippincott's.

Distinction.

Senator Lotsmaun—Who is this McCrumkerson that want a consulship, and what claim has he on me for a political job?

Private Secretary—He says he's the only man who hasn't been mentioned as a candidate for governor of Illinois.

Rubbed Hard.

The Venus of Milo explaind her missing arms.

"I tried to get the tan off," she said.

Herewith she rejoiced she hadn't used the same method on her neck.—Harper's Bazar.

Force of Habit.

First Suffragette — Do you think Miss Lazybones will carry her district?

Second Suffragette—Not if she can get a porter to carry it.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you herewith the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CORKRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

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Sheared Puppy's Hot Coat

Story About William B. McKinley That Reveals the Wealthy Congressman's Kindly Heart.

Although William B. McKinley of Illinois is almost the wealthiest member in congress, he is one of the quietest and most unassuming of men. Those who know him at close range tell many a story of his kindly heart and generous nature.

"One hot day," says a man associated with Mr. McKinley in business, "we were at work in the office when a little dog came sneaking in to escape the misery of blistering sidewalks. A worse specimen of tatterdemalion dog I never saw. It was mud-stained and owned a bushy, unkempt coat that made hot weather a horror to it. Its ears were ragged, and there was a hunted, homeless look in its pathetic eyes. It turned these pathetic eyes on McKinley, who was trying to catch up with a hard day's work. In a few minutes he laid down his pen, left the room and returned with a bowlful of water. I was called away. When I came back I found the congressman with a newspaper spread over his knees, and upon it stood that dog. A pair of scissors which had cut off millions of dollars in coupons was shearing away at the ragged coat of the wretched little beast.

"'What are you doing?' I asked.

"'I'm getting the hot coat off this poor little pup. He's in misery,' answered the congressman, in his quiet way.

"Since that day McKinley has had a shadow in the shape of a small mongrel that any dog fancier would cast outside the pale of classified canines."—Leslie's.

Good Use for Old Wire Rope.

Old wire rope is used in certain French mines for reinforcing old timbers, especially the cap pieces of sets. The old rope is stretched longitudinally around the timber, the ends being held fast between the roof and the top of the cap piece so they cannot slip. When a timber starts to bend under the weight of the roof part of the tension is taken up by the wire cable, enabling a miner to put in additional supports before a fall occurs. The ends of the cap pieces are tapered and grooved deep enough to receive the rope and prevent any part of it projecting beyond the bearing ends of the timber pieces.