

Keytesville, Chariton Co., Missouri
 H. O. MILLER O. P. RAY
 CLERK ASST. CLERK

A. W. JOHNSON
 Attorney - at - Law
 (NOTARY PUBLIC)
 Will Practice in all the State Courts
SALISBURY, MISSOURI.

DR. A. C. SEISER
DENTIST
 (Office over Farmers' Bank)
 PHONES—OFFICE 84 RESIDENCE 2
KEYTESVILLE, MO.

Administrator's Notice.
 Notice is hereby given that letters of administration, with will annexed, on the estate of C. J. Hampton, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court of Chariton County, Missouri, on April 1, 1911. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to exhibit the same to us for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any of the benefits of said estate; and if such claims are not exhibited within two years from said date they will be forever barred. This April 4, 1911.

A. N. HARDING,
W. D. RICHARDS,
 Administrators.

Administrator's Notice.
 Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Peter Frandson, deceased, were granted to the undersigned Public Administrator within and for Chariton County, Missouri, by the Probate Court of said county, on March 20, 1911. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to exhibit the same to me for allowance within one year from date of said letters or they may be precluded from any of the benefits of said estate; and if such claims are not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters they will be forever barred. This April 4, 1911.

O. P. RAY,
 912 Public Administrator.

Executor's Notice.
 Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the estate of Sherod Tucker, deceased, were granted to the undersigned executor of said estate, by the Probate Court of Chariton County, Missouri, bearing date January 9, 1911. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to exhibit the same to me for allowance within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any of the benefits of said estate; and if such claims are not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters they will be forever barred.

SAMUEL LEWIS,
 912 Executor.

Notice.
 Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Chariton County, Missouri, will, on Monday, May the first, 1911, receive proposals from banking corporations, associations or individual bankers in said County as a Depository of the funds of Chariton County, Missouri. The funds will be divided into two parts: viz: County Revenue, County Judges and County Pauper, in Chariton; and County School, Chariton, and all Criminal Justice Costs, and all Drainage Districts and other funds in part two; in accordance with the Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1909.

Given under my hand and seal of the County Court of Chariton County, Missouri, this first day of April, A. D. 1911.

C. C. PARKS,
 911 Clerk County Court.

THE DRAGON
BELL
BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
 AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

"Home, James," he told the ghar-wallah, in great conceit with himself. "I mean, the Great Eastern hotel—and jiddee jao!"

The driver wrapped a whip-lash round the corrugated flanks of his horse and the ghar turned the corner with gratifying speed. In half a minute they were in the Chitpur road. In 15 they drew up before the hotel.

A Bengali drifted listlessly past, a bored and blasé babu in a suit of pink satin, wandering home and interested in nothing save his own blind self and the native cigarette that drooped languidly from his lips. He passed within a foot of Amber, and from somewhere a voice spoke—the Virginian could have taken an oath that the babu's lips did not move—in a clear yet discreet whisper.

"Tomorrow," it said; "Darjeeling."

Amber hitched his cloak round him and entered the hotel.

CHAPTER XI.

The Tonga.

"Badshah Junction, Mr. Amber . . . Badshah Junction . . . We'll be there in 'alf an hour."

Inexorably the voice droned on, repeating the admonition over and over. Muttinous, Amber stirred and grumbled in his sleep; stirred and grumbled wakened to another day. Doggott stood over him, doggedly insistent.

"Not much time to dress, sir; we're due in less than 'alf an hour."

"Even a tonga will be a relief after three days of this, Doggott," he observed, surrendering himself to the ministrations of the servant.

It was the third morning succeeding that on which he had risen from his bed in the Great Eastern hotel in Calcutta, possessed by a wild anxiety to find his way with the least possible delay to Darjeeling and Sophia Farrell—a journey which he was destined never to make. For while he breakfasted a telegram had been brought to him.

"Your train for Benares," he said, "leaves Howrah at 11:00. Imperative." It was signed: "Pink Satin."

He acted upon it without thought of disobedience; he was in the hands of Labertouche, and Labertouche knew best. Between the lines he read that the Englishman considered it unwise to attempt further communication in Calcutta. Something had happened to eliminate the trip to Darjeeling. Labertouche would undoubtedly contrive to meet and enlighten him, either on the way or in Benares itself.

In the long, tiresome, eventless journey that followed his faith was sorely tried; nor was it justified until the train paused some time after midnight at Mogul Serai. There, before Amber and Doggott could alight to change for Benares, their compartment was invaded by an unmistakable loafer, very drunk. Tall and burly; with red-rimmed eyes in a pasty pock-marked face, dirty and rusty with a week-old growth of beard; clothed with sublime contempt for the mode and exalted beyond reason with liquor—a typical loafer of the Indian rail-ways—he fung the door open and himself into Amber's arms, almost knocking the latter down; and resented the accident at the top of his lungs.

"You miserable, misbegotten blighter of a wall-eyed American!" At this point he became unprintably profane.

English and abusing him scandalously in impurest Hindi, stinging at him in sibilant tones untranslatable soaps of basest Billingsgate. For, as he explained in an audible aside to the ticket agent, this sahib was an outlander and, being as ignorant as most sahibs, could not understand Hindi. At this the Eurasian turned away to hide a grin of delight and the driver winked deliberately at Amber while he broadly sketched for him his ancestry and the manner of his life at home and abroad.

Thunderstruck, Amber caught himself just as he was on the point of attempting to drag the driver from his seat and beat him into a more endurable frame of mind. He swallowed the hint and gave up the contest.

"Oh, very well," he conceded. "I presume you're trying to say there isn't another tonga to be had and it can't be helped; but I don't like your tone. However, there doesn't seem to be anything to do but take you. How much for the two of us?"

"Your servant, sahib! He cannot ride in this tonga," asserted the driver impressively.

"He can't. Why not?"

"You can see there is room for but two, and I have yet another passenger."

"Where?"

"At the first dak-bungalow, sahib, where the mail tonga broke down last night. This tonga, which I say is an excellent tonga, an aram tonga, a tonga for ease, is sent to take its place. More than this, I'm bidden to go in haste; therefore there is little time for you to decide whether or not you will go with me alone. As for your servant, he can follow by this afternoon's mail tonga."

Upon this ultimatum he stood, immovable; neither threats nor bribery availed. It was an order, he said; he had no choice other than to obey. Shabash! Would the sahib be pleased to make up his mind quickly?

Perforce, the sahib yielded. "It'll be Labertouche; he's arranged this," he told himself. "That loafer said he'd gone on ahead of us." And comforted he issued his orders to Doggott, who received and nodded to them with all the flourish imaginable. He was to remain and follow to Kuttarpur by the afternoon's tonga.

Climbing aboard, the Virginian set-
 tled himself against the cushions dis-

length of rude platform received them and their two small traveling bags. They stood, then, forlorn in a howling desolation. For signs of life they had the station, a flimsy shelter roofed with corrugated iron, a beaten track that wandered off northwards and disappeared over a grassless swell, a handful of mud huts at a distance, and the ticket agent. The latter, a sleepy, surly Eurasian in pyjamas, surveyed them listlessly from the threshold of the station, and without a sign either of interest or contempt turned and locked himself in.

Amber sat down on his upturned suitcase and laughed and lit a cigarette. Doggott growled.

Presently the sun rose in glory and sent its burning rays to cast a shadow several rods long of an enraged American beating frantically with clenched fists upon the door of an unresponsive railway station.

He hammered until he was weary, then desisted his task to Doggott, who resourcefully found him a stone of size and proceeded to make dents in the door. This method elicited the Eurasian. He came out, listened attentively to abuse and languidly to their demands for a tonga to bear them to Kuttarpur, and observed that the mail tonga left once a day—at three in the afternoon. Doggott caught him as he was on the point of returning to his interrupted repose and called his attention to the unwisdom of his ways.

Apparently convinced, this ticket agent announced his intention of endeavoring to find a tonga for the sahib. Besides, he was not unwilling to acquire rupees. He scowled thoughtfully at Amber, ferociously at Doggott, went back into the station, gossiped casually with the telegraph sounder for a quarter of an hour, and finally reappearing, without a word or a nod left the platform for the road and walked and walked and walked and walked.

An hour passed as three. The heat became terrific; not a breath of wind stirred. The face of the world lost its contours in warring mirage.

In the simple fulness of Asiatic time a tonga came from heaven knew where. Amber got up and looked it over with a just eye and a temper none the sweeter for his experience. It was a brute of a tonga, a patched and ramshackle wreck of what had once been a real tonga, with no top to protect the travelers from the sun, and accommodation only for three, including the driver.

The Eurasian ticket agent alighted and solicited rupees. He got them and with them Amber's unvarnished opinion of the tonga; something which was not received with civility by the driver.

He remained in his seat—a short, swart native with an evil countenance and, across his knees, a shrouded talwar—arguing with Amber in broken



It Was Signed: "Pink Satin."

and Doggott fell upon him with the laudible intention of throwing him out. In the struggle Amber caught his eye, and it was bright with meaning. "Pink Satin!" he hissed. "He's gone ahead. . . . You're to keep on to Agra. . . . Change for Badshah Junction, Rajputana Route. . . . Then tonga to Kuttarpur. . . . Farrell's there and his daughter. . . . That's right, my man, throw me out!"

His downfall was spectacular. In his enthusiasm for the part he played, he had agreed to the extent of delivering a blow in Doggott's face, more forcible, probably, than he had intended it to be. Promptly he landed sprawling on the station platform.

And the train continued on its appointed way, bearing both Amber and the injured Doggott.

Thus they came to the heart of Rajputana.

In the chill of dawn they were deposited at Badshah Junction. A country

aram tonga—a tonga for ease? There was no shade and no breeze, and the face of the land craved with heat-bred haze.

To a crisp crackling of the whip-lash over the backs of the two sturdy, shaggy, sea-bitten ponies, the tonga swept away from the station, swift as a hunted fox with a dusty plume.

Amber leaned forward, watching the driver's face. "Your name, tonga-wallah!" he enquired.

"Ram Nath, sahib." The man spoke without moving his head, attending diligently to the management of his ponies.

"And this other passenger, who awaits us at the dak-bungalow, Ram Nath—is he, perchance, one known both to you and to me?"

Ram Nath flicked the seething ponies. "How should I know?" he returned brusquely.

"One," persisted Amber, "who might be known by such a name as, say, Pink Satin?"

"What manner of talk is this?" demanded Ram Nath. "I am no child to be amused by a riddle. I know naught of your 'Pink Satin.'" He bent forward, shortening his grasp upon the reins, as if to signify that the interview was at an end.

Amber sat back, annoyed by the fellow's impudence yet sensitive to a suspicion that Ram Nath was playing his part better than his passenger, that the rebuke was merited by one who had ventured to speak of secret things in a land whose very stones have ears. For all that he could say their every move was watched by invisible spies, of whom the rock-strewn waste through which they sped might well harbor a hidden legion. . . . But perhaps, after all, Ram Nath had nothing whatever to do with Labertouche. Undeniable as had been his wink, it might well have been nothing more than an impertinence.

Meanwhile the tonga rocked and bounded feebly over an infamous parody of a road, turning and twisting between huge boulders and in and out of pebbly nullahs, Ram Nath tooting it along with the hand of a master. But all his attention was of necessity centered upon the ponies, and presently his tuiwar slipped from his knees and clattered upon the floor of the tonga. Amber saw his chance and put his foot upon it.

"Ram Nath," he asked gently, "have you no other arms?"

"I were a fool had I got." The man did not deign to glance round. "He hath need of weapons who doth traffic with the Chosen of the Voice, sahib."

"Ah, that 'Voice!' cried Amber in exasperation. "I grow weary of the word, Ram Nath."

"That may well be," returned the man, imperturbable. "None the less it were well for you to have a care how you fiddle the revolver in your pocket, sahib. Should it by chance go off and the bullet find lodgment in your tonga-wallah, you are like to hear more of that 'Voice' and from less friendly lips."

"I think you have eyes in the back of your head, Ram Nath." Amber withdrew his hand from his pocket, and laughed shortly as he spoke.

There is a saying in this country, sahib, that even the stones have ears. Agent have ears to hear and eyes to see and tongues withal to tell what they have seen and heard."

"Ah-h! . . . That is a wise saying, Ram Nath."

"There be those I could name who would do well to lay that saying to heart, sahib."

"You are right, indeed. . . . Now if there be aught of truth in that saying, and if one were unwise to speak a certain name, even here—"

"The echo of that name might be heard beyond the threshold of I certain Gateway, sahib."

Amber granted and said no more, contented now with the assurance that he was in truth in touch with Labertouche, that this Ram Nath was an employee of the I. S. S. The wink was now explained away with all the rest of the tonga-wallah's churlishness.

As the tonga swiftly lessened the distance, his gaze, penetrating the thinning folds, discerned the contours of a cotton-wain drawn by twin stunted bullocks, patient noses to the ground, tails sewitch. Beside his cattle the driver plodded, good in hand, a naked sword upon his hip.

Deliberately enough the carter swerved his beasts aside to make way for the tonga, lest by undue haste he should make himself seen other than what he was—a free man and a Rajput. But when his shrewd, hawk-like eyes encountered those of the dak traveler, his attitude changed abruptly and completely. Recognition and reverence fought with surprise in his expression, and as Ram Nath swung the tonga past the man he leamed profoundly. His voice, as he rose, came after them, resonant and clear:

"Hail, thou Chosen of the Gateway! Hail!"

Amber neither turned to look nor replied. But his frown deepened. The incident passed into his history, marked only by the terse comment it added from Ram Nath—words which were "sung curtly over the tonga-wallah's shoulder: 'Eyes to see and ears to hear and a tongue withal . . . sahib!'"

The Virginian said nothing. But it was in his mind that he had indeed thrust his head into the lion's mouth by thus adventuring into the territory which every instinct of caution and common-sense proclaimed taboo to him—the erstwhile kingdom of the Maharaja Nar Dyal Rutton.

(Continued on Page 7)

FREE DELIVERY OF MEATS TO ANY PART OF TOWN

The following grocery firms will deliver orders for meat where groceries are included:

C. L. White, W. H. Burns, B. F. Brewer, jr., Wm. Willett.

Highest market price paid for hides and pelts.

JOHN LEWIS, MEAT MARKET.

Old Trusty Incubator

An absolutely honest incubator, made and guaranteed by M. M. Johnson, a practical poultry man known throughout the United States. We have the agency at Keytesville. See Incubator now hatching. **J. M. Halley Mfg. Co.** Phone 29.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—Is Practically Indestructible

AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft.

We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

We are also agents for the Full Ball Bearing New Home Washing Machines, and Nancy Hanks Force and Chain Pumps.

Come in and examine our stock. We would be pleased to show you our line; as we feel confident that we have one of the best lines in Chariton county.

W. D. VAUGHAN
 THE OLD RELIABLE HARDWARE DEALER
 KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI.

EATS WHAT HE LIKES AFTER TAKING FREE SAMPLE

It will be welcome news to dyspeptics to learn of a remedy that, in the opinion of thousands, is an absolute cure for indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble, and, better still, it is guaranteed to do so. The remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

We all know the value of pure pepsin in indigestion, and add to this some exceptional laxative ingredients and you have a truly wonderful remedy. Mr. T. W. Worthy of Forsythe, Ga., got to the point where he could not even eat or digest vegetables and after many years of seeking he found the cure in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Rudy Kanner of Moline, Ill., was in the same bad predicament with his stomach, took Syrup Pepsin and is now cured.

Hundreds of others would gladly testify. It is a guaranteed cure for indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headaches, gas on the stomach and similar complaints. A bottle can be had at any drug store for fifty cents or a dollar, but if you wish to make a test of it first, send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will supply a free sample bottle, sent direct to your address. You will soon admit that you have found something to replace salts, cathartics, breath perfumes and other temporary reliefs. Syrup Pepsin will cure you permanently.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 402 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

CHEAP TICKETS TO CALIFORNIA

Will be on sale daily March 10 to and including April 10, 1911. For example: \$25 from Kansas City to Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, as well as to many intermediate points. The same or corresponding fare from many other points.

☞ The Santa Fe runs new tourist sleepers through to California. They are electric lighted and have extra large dressing rooms for women and smoking rooms for men.

☞ Three fast trains leave Kansas City daily at 11:30 A.M., 2:35 P.M. and 9:35 P.M.

☞ If you want to make an economical trip, better complete your arrangements today, as tickets will be

On Sale for a Limited Time Only

For further information, sleeping car rates and descriptive literature, apply to:

GEO. W. HAGENBUCH, General Agent
 905 Main Street Kansas City, Missouri

Your ad is working for you 24 hours each day.