Prevention of Disease.

Keep the mouth, nose, and teeth clean.

Bathe regularly, winter and summer.

Unseasonable weather is unhealthful weather.

Dress according to weather, not according to season.

Dry dust moves dust, it does not remove it.

Don't let garbage and filth accumulate in your yard.

Do advance preventive work against next summer's flies and mosquitoes.

If flies, mosquitoes, impure water and contaminated milk are responsible for typhoid and other diseases, why not remove the cause?

Every unvaccinated person is a fit subject for smallpox and a menace to the community.

Anti-vivisectionists believe in sparing the rat and killing the person.

Many states still believe in spending a thousand times as much for the protection of cattle and swine, as they do for the protection of human lives.

Observe well established rules of hygiene. Keep your body in a normal condition and you won't "run down."

Biting and cleaning finger nails with the teeth has infection from kissing beaten to a frazzle.

Don't waste money on pastries and sweets. Eat good, plain, wholesome food, and enough of it. A hungry man can't work, and a starving child soon peters out.—Buffalo Sanitary Bulletin.

Chances are even that the shoe you are attempting to put on isn't intended for you.

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MRS. WM. E. HILL.

Found.

A good coat on road from Keytesville to Salisbury. Owner call, identify and pay for this notice and [illegible]

The Bronze Bell

By Louis Joseph Vance

Through them, too, he could see patches of unclouded blue, athwart which now and again gulls would sweep on flashing, motionless pinions.

His eyeballs seems to move reluctantly in their sockets, and his head felt very light and empty, although so heavy that he could not lift it from the pillow. But he managed to shift his gaze from the window until it rested upon a man's face—a quaint, impressive brown face illuminated by steady and thoughtful eyes, filled with that mystic, unshakable spirit of fatalism that is the Genius of the eastern peoples. The head itself stood out with almost startling distinctness against the background of pure white. It was swathed with an immaculate white turban.

The sick man felt that he recognized this countenance—had known it, rather, in some vague, half-remembered life before his latest death. The name . . . ? He felt his lips move and that they were thin and glazed. Moistening them with his tongue he made another attempt to articulate. A thin whisper passed them in two breaths: "Ram . . . Nath . . ."

Hearing this, the dark man started out of his abstraction, cast a swift, pitiful glance at the sick man's face, and came to hold a tumbler to his lips. The liquid, colorless, acrid, and pungent, slipped into his mouth, and he had to swallow whether he would or no. When the final drop disappeared, Ram Nath put down the glass, smiled, laid a finger on his lips, and went on tiptoe from the stateroom.

After awhile the man without an identity fell asleep, calmly, restfully, in absolute peace. When again he awakened it was with the knowledge that he was David Amber, and that a woman sat beside him.

"Sophia . . ."

His voice sounded in his own hearing very thin and brittle. The girl turned her gaze upon him swiftly, the soft smile deepening, the dream-light in her eyes burning brighter and more steady. She bent forward, placing over his wasted hand a hand firm and warm, strong yet gentle, its whiteness enhanced by the suggested tracery of blue veins beneath the silken skin, and by the rosy tips of her slender, subtle fingers.

"David!" she said.

He sighed and remembered. His brows knitted, then smoothed themselves out; for with memory came the realization that, stood he was there and she by his side, God was surely in his heaven, all well with the world!

"How long . . . Sophia?"

"Five days, David."

"Where . . ."

"At sea, David, on a Messageries boat for Marseilles. Dear . . ."

He closed his eyes in beatific contentment: "David . . . Dear . . ."

"Can you listen?"

"Yes . . . sweetheart."

Her voice faltered; she fumbled adorably. "You mustn't talk. But I'll tell you. . . . They refused to let us go back to Kuttarpur; an escort took us across the desert to Nok, you in a litter, I on horseback. There we took train to Haidarabad and Karachi. Ram Nath came with us, as bearer, it being necessary that he too should leave India. My father and your man Doggott joined us at Karachi, where this steamer touched the second day."

"You understand, now—?"

"Everything, dearest."

"Labertouche—?"

"He told me nothing. I haven't seen him since that morning, when, just after you were wounded, we started for Nok. He posted off to Kuttarpur to find my father. . . . No; it was you who told me—everything—in your delirium."

"And . . . you forgive—?"

"Forgive!"

He smiled faintly. "That photograph?"

"I had it ready to return to you that morning, David."

"Knowing what it meant to me?"

"Knowing what it meant to me—what it meant to both of us, David."

"So you weren't offended, that night?"

"I loved you even then, David. I think I must have loved you from that first day at Nokomis. Do you remember . . ."

His eyes widened, perplexed, staring into her grave, dear eyes. "Then why did you pretend—?"

With the low, caressing laugh of a happy child, the girl knelt by the side of his berth, and laid her cheek against his own. "Oh, David, my David! When do you expect to understand the heart of a woman, dear heart of mine?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The Final Amendment.

About five o'clock of an evening in April the Gulf Quetta, outward bound, lay drowsing down to a night's anchorage off Suez, the gentle breeze scarcely enough to fill her sagging sails. It was the hour when most of the crew, satiated with a day of idleness, were asleep, the officers of watch were [illegible] the quarterdeck, and the passengers, [illegible] and [illegible] in a variety of ways, [illegible] the [illegible] of a military passenger who had been showing growing interest in the weather for several days, and who was now pacing the quarterdeck [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] 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 exhausting 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-o?" 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—?"

"Bastadin, dear boy, bastadin. . . . I was needed for several days in the neighborhood of Kathiapur."

"I think so though I'd visited several yogis for news of Kathiapur. 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 population in Hindustan had been caught in the act of letting the Second 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.

"Kathiapur was a sort of mousetrap; the brutes came out by two and threes, 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 rooted 'em out and booted 'em down to us. Meanwhile we had rushed enough troops to Kuttarpur to keep their tails quiet."

"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 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. Brown Pariah—it appears that she was brought up in England, with Sophia, and believed, I'm [illegible] she was his own daughter. But she was a wild young [illegible] to handle. One day she learned the truth about her parentage—[illegible] the man who was bayoneting Rutton got into communication with her. At all events, she betrayed your [illegible] the [illegible] and when, five years or so ago, Mrs. Farrell died and the colonel sent for Sophia to join him in India, [illegible] and relations. He refused to let her leave England, and she finally took the bit in her teeth and [illegible] and was never heard of again until Sophia recognized her in Kathiapur."

"I myself can fill in the gap," Labertouche volunteered. "She joined some

"David!" She Said.

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. . . . Queer 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 deceived. 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 Bahsh."

"True; but it seems that Dhola Bahsh 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 best on during full to Naraini's honor, 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 into a fellow's blood, he's a hopeless, incurable case; I shall go back, I presume, some day. If the big trouble comes in my lifetime—and I think it will; come it will unquestionably, soon or late—I shan't be able to keep away, you know." He glanced at his watch and rose. "Time to dress for dinner," said he; and as they were moving to the door, he added: "Whatever became of that emerald ring, Amber?"

"The Eye?" Amber laughed. "Well—it was silly enough; but women are superstitious, you know — Sophia dropped it overboard one day as we were coming through the Mediterranean. She said she was afraid of it . . . and I don't know but I sympathize with her."

"I'm certain I do. And yet, in your case, it was the means of introducing you, wasn't it? . . . But there! It's been on the tip of my tongue a dozen times to ask, but other things got in the way. . . . How is Mrs. Amber?"

"You shall see for yourself," said Amber, "when we meet for dinner."

THE END.

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