

# The BRONZE BELL

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## SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shoot, is visited by his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been mounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is a member of the "Bell" and addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box "the Token" into his hand, disappears in the woods. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and Quain goes missing. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and come lost. Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as his occupant an old friend, Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. Miss Farrell is mentioned by Rutton as having been arrested. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a notorious band. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji.

## CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

Suddenly Rutton started and wheeled round, every trace of excitement smoothed away. Meeting Amber's gaze he nodded as if casually, and said, "Oh, Amber," quietly, with an effect of faint surprise. Then he dropped heavily into a chair by the table.

"Well," he said slowly, "that is ever."

Amber, without speaking, went to his side and touched his shoulder with that pitifully inadequate gesture of sympathy which men so frequently employ.

"I killed him," said Rutton dully.

"Yes," replied Amber. He was not surprised; he had apprehended the tragedy from the moment that Rutton fled his hit.

After a bit Rutton turned to the table and drew an automatic pistol from his pocket, opening the magazine. Five cartridges remained in the clip, showing that two had been expended. "I was not sure," he said thoughtfully, "how many times I had fired." His curiosity satisfied, he reloaded the weapon and returned it to his pocket. "He died like a dog," he said, "whimpering and blaspheming in the face of eternity . . . out there in the cold and the night . . . it was sickening—the sound of the bullets tearing through his flesh . . ."

"Didn't he resist?" Amber asked in wonder.

"He tried to get me away from the revolver until it was empty. . . ."

"How long did you wait?"

"I waited until he was dead."

"For his life; I gave him mercy. . . . But it had to be as it was. That was fate."

With a wrench Amber pulled himself together. Rutton, he demanded suddenly, without premeditation, "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" Rutton looked up, his eyes perplexed. "Why, what is there to do? Get away as best I can. I presume—seek another hole to hide in."

"But how about the law?"

"The law? Why need it ever be known—that has happened tonight? I can count on your silence—I have no need to ask. Doggott would die rather than betray me. He and I can dispose of it. No one comes here at this time of the year save hunting parties; and their eyes are not upon the ground. You will go your way in the morning. We'll clear out immediately after that."

"Suddenly better take no chances."

"Fondly I return your snorts," he swore strangely, his voice quivering with joy. "I had not thought of that!" He jumped up and began to move excitedly to and fro. "I am free! None but you and I know of the passing of the Token and the delivery of the message—none can possibly know for days, perhaps weeks. For so much time at least I am in no danger of—"

"He shut his mouth like a trap on words that might have enlightened Amber."

"Of what?"

"Let me see: there are still waste places in the world where a man may lose himself. There's Canada—the Hudson bay region, Labrador."

"A discreet knock sounded on the door in the partition, and it was opened. Doggott appeared on the threshold, pale and careworn. Rutton paused, facing him."

"Well?"

"Yes; orders, sir?"

"Yes; begin packing up. We leave tomorrow."

"Very good, sir."

Rutton replenished the fire and stood with his back to it, smiling almost happily. All evidence of remorse had disappeared. "Free!" he cried softly. "And by the simplest of solutions. Strange that I should never have thought before tonight of—"

"He glanced carefully toward the window; and it was as if his lips had been wiped clean of speech."

"Amber turned, turning, his flesh creeping with the horror that he had divined in Rutton's transfixed gaze."

"Outside the glass, that was lightly smothered with frost, something moved—"

the spectral shadow of a turbaned head—moved and was stationary for the space of 20 heartbeats. Beneath the turban Amber seemed to see two eyes, wide staring and terribly alert. "God!" cried Rutton thickly, jerking forth his pistol.

The shadow vanished.

With a single thought Amber sprang upon Rutton, snatched the weapon from his nerveless fingers, and, leaping to the door, let himself out.

The snow had ceased; only the wind raved with untempered force. Cautiously, and, to be frank, a bit dismayed, Amber made a reconnaissance, circling the building, but discovered nothing to reward his pains. Only, before the window, through which he had seen the peering turbaned head, he found the impressions of two feet, rather deep and definite, toes pointing toward the house, as though some one had lingered there, looking in. The sight of them reassured him ridiculously.

"At least," he reflected, "disembodied spirits leave no footprints!"

He found Rutton precisely as he had left him, his very attitude an unuttered question.

"No," Amber told him, "he'd made a quick getaway. The marks of his feet were plain enough, outside the window, but he was gone, and . . . somehow I wasn't overkeen to follow him up."

"Right," said the elder man dejectedly. "I might have known Chatterji would not have come alone. So my crime was futile." He spoke without spirit, as if completely fagged, and moved slowly to the door.

"David, a little while ago I promised to ask you a little if ever the time should come when I might be free to do so; I said, 'That hour will never strike.' Yet already it is here; I need you. Will you help me?"

"I know." One moment's patience, David. . . . Rutton glanced at the clock. "Time for my medicine," he said; "that heart trouble I mentioned . . ."

He drew from a waistcoat pocket a small silver tube, or phial, and uncorking this, measured out a certain number of drops into a silver spoon. As he swallowed the dose the phial slipped from his fingers and rang upon the hearthstone, spilling its contents in the ashes. A pungent and heady odor favored the air.

"I shan't," said Rutton indifferently. "I shan't need it again for some time." He picked up and restored the phial to his pocket. "Now let me . . ."

a sunbeam. Tonight Destiny chose to throw us together for a little space; tomorrow we shall be irrevocably parted, for all time."

"Don't say that, David."

"It is so written, Rutton." The man's smile was strangely placid. "After this night, we'll never meet. In the morning Doggott will ferry you over . . ."

"Shan't we go together?"

"No," said Rutton serenely; "I must leave before you."

"Without Doggott?"

"Without Doggott; I wish him to go with you."

"Where?"

"On the errand I am going to ask you to do for me. You are free to leave this country for several months."

"Quite. I corrected the final galleys of my 'Analysis of Sanskrit Literature' just before I came down. Now I've nothing on my mind—or hands. Go on."

"Wait." Rutton went a second time to the leather trunk, lifted the lid, and came back with two small parcels. The one, which appeared to contain documents of some sort, he cast negligently on the fire, with the air of one who destroys that which is no longer of value to him. It caught immediately and began to flame and smoke and smoulder. The other was several inches square and flat, wrapped in plain paper without a superfluous blot of red wax.

Rutton drew a chair close to Amber and sat down, breaking the seals methodically.

"You shall go on a long journey, David," he said slowly—"a long journey, to a far land, where you shall brave perils that I may not warn you against. It will put your friendship to the test."

"I'm ready."

The elder man ripped the cover from the packet, exposing the back of what seemed to be a photograph. Holding this to the light, its face invisible to Amber, he studied it for several minutes, in silence, a tender light kindling in his eyes to soften the almost ascetic austerity of his expression. "In the end, if you live, you shall win rich reward," he said at length. "He placed the photograph face down upon the table."

"How a reward?"

"The love of a woman worthy of you, David."

"But—!" In consternation Amber rose, almost knocking over his chair. "But—Great Scott, man!"

"Bear with me, David, for yet a little while," Rutton begged. "Sit down. 'All right, but—!' Amber resumed his seat, staring."

"You and Doggott are to seek her out, wherever she may be, and rescue her from what may be worse than death. And it shall come to pass that you shall love one another and marry and live happily ever after—just as though you were a prince and she an enchanted princess in a fairy tale, David."

"I must say you seem pretty damn sure about it."

"It must be so, David; it shall be so! I am an old man—older than you think, perhaps—and with age there sometimes comes something strangely akin to the gift of second-sight. So I know it will be so, though you think me a madman."

"Well! I don't, indeed, but you . . ."

"I'll give it up," Amber laughed uneasily. "Go on. Where's this maiden in distress?"

"In India—I'm not sure just where. You'll find her, however."

"And then—?"

"Then you are to bring her home with you, without delay."

"But suppose—"

"You must win her first; then she will come gladly."

"But I've just told you I loved another woman, Rutton, and besides—"

"You mean the Miss Farrell you mentioned?"

"Yes. I—"

"That will be no obstacle."

"What! How in thunder d'you know it won't?" Amber expostulated. A faint suspicion of the truth quickened his wits. "Who is this woman you want me to marry?"

"My daughter."

"Your only child, David."

"Then why won't you—my love for Sophia Farrell interfere?"

"Because," said Rutton slowly, "my daughter and Sophia Farrell are the same. . . . No; listen to me; I'm not raving. Here is my proof—her latest photograph." He put it into Amber's hands.

Dazed, the younger man stared

blankly at the likeness of the woman he loved; it was unquestionably she. He gasped, trembling, astounded. "Sophia . . .!" he said thickly, coloring hotly. He was conscious of a tightening of his throat muscles, making speech a matter of difficulty. "But—but—" he stammered.

"Her mother," said Rutton softly, looking away, "was a Russian noblewoman. Sophia is Farrell's daughter by adoption only. Farrell's once my closest friend. When my wife died . . . He covered his eyes with his hand and remained silent for a few seconds. "When Sophia was left motherless, an infant in arms, Farrell offered to adopt her. Because I became, about that time, aware of this horror that has poisoned my life—this thing of which you have seen something tonight—I accepted on condition that the truth be never revealed to her. It cost me the friendship of Farrell; he was then but lately married—and I thought it dangerous to be seen with him too much. I left England, having settled upon my daughter, the best part of my fortune, retaining only I never saw her or heard from Farrell. Yet I knew I could trust him. Last summer, when my daughter was presented at court, I was in London; I discovered the name of her photographer and bribed him to sell me this." He indicated the photograph.

"She must never know!" Rutton leaned forward and caught Amber's hand in a compelling grasp. "Remember that. Whatever you do, my name must never pass your lips—with reference to herself, at least. No one must even suspect that you know me—Farrell least of all."

"Sophia knows that now," said Amber. "Quain and I spoke of you one night, but the name made no impression on her. I'm sure of that."

"That is good; Farrell has been true. Now . . . you will go to India."

"I will go," Amber promised.

"You will be kind to her, and true, David? You'll love her faithfully and make her love you?"

"I'll do my best," said the young man humbly.

"It must be so—also must be sought to love you. It is essential, imperative, that she marry you and have in you with you without a day's delay."

Amber sat back in his chair, breathing quickly, his mouth tense. "I'll do my best, but Rutton, why? Won't you tell me? Shouldn't I know—I, who am to be her husband, her protector?"

"Not from me. I am bound by an oath, David. Some day it may be that you will know. Perhaps not. You may guess what you will—you have much to go on. But from me nothing. Now, let us aside the details. I've very little time. He glanced again at the shabby tin clock with a slight but noticeable frown."

"How's that? It's hours till morning."

"I shall never see the dawn, David," said Rutton quietly.

"I have but ten minutes more of life. . . . If you must know in a word: poison. That's all. That'll be saved a blacker sin, David. . . ."

"You mean the Miss Farrell—the silver phial?" Amber asked, sick with horror.

"Yes. Don't be alarmed; the bow but sure and painless. But it works infallibly with half an hour. There'll be no agony—merely the drawing of the curtain. Best of all, it leaves no traces—a diagnosis would call it heart-failure. . . . And thus I escape that. He looked coolly toward the door."

"But this must not be, Rutton!" Amber rose suddenly, pulling back his chair.

"Doggott—"

"Not so loud, please—you might alarm him. After that, all is done. But now—it's almost midnight. Be kind to me, David, in this case of mine extremity. There's much still to be said between us . . ."

CHAPTER VI.

Red Dawn.

Presently Amber rose and quietly exchanged dressing gown and slippers for his own shooting jacket and boots—which by now were dry, thanks to Doggott's thoughtfulness in placing them near the fire.

The shabby tin clock had droned through 30 minutes since Rutton had spoken his last word. In that interval, sitting face to face, and for a little time hand in hand, with the man to whom he had pledged his honor, Amber had thought deeply, carefully weighing ways and means; nor did he move until he believed his plans mature and definite.

But before he could take one step toward redeeming his word to Rutton, he had many cares to dispose of. In the hut, Rutton lay dead of poison; somewhere among the dunes the babu lay in his blood, shot to death—foully murdered, the world would say. Should these things become known, he would be detained indefinitely in Nekomis as a witness—if, indeed, he escaped a graver charge.

It was, then, with a mind burdened with black anxiety that he went to Amber's room.

"Mr. Rutton is dead, Doggott," he managed to say with some difficulty. Doggott exclaimed, "Heard!"

"Heard!" he cried in a tone of incredulity. "You mean the old man who was kneeling by the altar? The most curious examination, however, failed to resolve his every doubt."

"Dead!" whispered the servant. He rose and stood swaying, his lips a-tremble, his eyes blinking through a mist, his head bowed. "E always was uncommon good to me, Mr. Amber," he said brokenly. "It's a bit 'ard, comin' this w'y. 'Ow—'ow did it—"

He broke down completely for a time.

When he had himself in more control Amber told him as briefly as possible of the head at the window and of its sequel—Rutton's despairing suicide.

Doggott listened in silence, nodding his comprehension. "I've always looked for it, sir," he commented. "I'd warned me never to touch that silver tube; 'e never said poison, but I suspected it, 'e being blue and melancholy-like, by fits and turns—'e never told me why."

Then, reverently, they took up the body and laid it out upon the hammock-bed. Doggott arranging the limbs and closing the eyes before spreading a sheet over the rigid form.

"And now, what, Mr. Amber?" he asked.

"Mr. Rutton spoke of a dispatch box, Doggott. You know where to find it?"

"Yes, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Every legal expedient for delay having been exhausted, and their appeal for executive clemency having been made in vain to the president, the wealthy Alabama lumbermen have entered the federal prison at Atlanta to serve penal sentence; for the crime of perjury. They will be returned to the families of these men, but the event itself cannot but be regarded as one of the most important and significant in the whole course of the recent awakening of the public conscience. It is a demonstration to the country that only by holding to personal accountability the men responsible for violation of the law can respect and obedience to law be enforced. The futility of fines as a punishment in such cases has been shown; but it will only require a few such applications of the law as in these Alabama convictions to instill a wholesome regard for law everywhere.—Exchange.

Contrary Enthusiasm.

Funny, wasn't it, how that lectures warmed up to his subject."

"Why so?"

"Because it was on cold storage,"—a Baltimore American.

The visitor learns after awhile, however, that this confusing use of names instead of being due to ignorance is in reality the result of a native custom which is highly poetic.

Thus if a girl is born soon after the death of a brother the latter's name is given to her in the belief that his spirit and all his good qualities have been transferred to her. On the other hand, if a boy is born after the death of a sister he takes the latter's name and, as the Samoans believe, inherits her unchangeable life.

Names in Samoa.

Travelers visiting Samoa are puzzled at first by the fact that many boys bear feminine names, while girls are frequently named after men.

French press, and the demand is made that France immediately prohibit the export of the sale or destruction of buildings whose historical associations of architectural merit render them to a certain extent the property of the nation.

Already most of this architectural gem has been taken down, each piece carefully numbered in preparation for its export to the nation. It is

them can forget the beauties of Montreuil or San Paolo fuore le Mura.

If rumor is true, one of the most beautiful cities in France is coming to America; the name of the millonaire in question is still a secret, but an American. Who else could have at the same time the money and the willingness to spend it on more artistic beauty?

A Chateau in the region of the

## AMERICA TO GET CLOISTER.

Beautiful Structure of the Cordeliers at Charlevoix Is to Be Lost by France.

To many travelers the most beautiful things seen in Europe are the cloisters of churches and monasteries, perhaps for the very reason that the cloister is so opposed to the spirit of modern America. No one who has seen

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Lotre, Cordeliers—or stood—the cloister of the standers, a superb specimen of gothic art as elaborated in the fantasies of the 14th and 15th centuries. Every column is ornate, every capital bears ornamentation in the form of grotesque heads; garlands trail over the arches, with vines, palms and acanthus; hardly an inch of stone but bears some decoration.

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## CONFORMATION OF GOOD MATRONS



Draft mares should possess great conformation, good style and excellent action, says a writer in the Horse Breeder. They should be deep and broad and long, with smooth bodies and clean and smooth limbs well set. Mares should be as symmetrical as possible, avoiding extremes in any direction. If the legs are too long or too short, it denotes a poor, slovenly traveler is certain. Size is of great importance, but do not turn a mare down simply because she is small, providing she possesses the other good qualities in a large degree. The size can be increased by careful breeding and feeding much easier than the other defects can be eliminated. I have sold mares and horses that weighed 1,800 pounds. The great-dams of these horses would scarcely have weighed more than 1,000 pounds.

## TO GRADE UP CATTLE

Clairborne Parish Practically Free of Injurious Tick.

Dipping Vat Has Made It Possible to Reach That Stage of Improvement—Carload of Aberdeen-Angus Bulls Imported.

Dr. W. H. Dairymple of the Louisiana State veterinary department of the Louisiana State University, has issued a letter showing what Clairborne parish has done in the way of improving its cattle breed since the eradication of the tick and he urges this as a reason for the eradication of the tick in other sections of the state. He says: "In some of our previous communications we made mention of the fact that that of the good results of tick-eradication in the parish would be the possibility of importing bulls of the improved breeds from other sections of the country to grade up our cattle."

Both beef and dairy stock, without the danger of their being from Texas fever transmitted by the tick, have been imported by the parish.

In the parish of Clairborne, where the work has been going on for some time, and which is now practically free of ticks, there is going to be organized a beef cattle growers' association for the purpose and with the expectation of placing a carload of Aberdeen-Angus bulls in that parish for the purpose of improving the breed of their cattle. Here, then, is a good illustration of what tick eradication can do for a parish. Such a venture would have been ridiculous, if not impossible, a year or two ago, on account of the risk of losing everyone of these animals from tick fever. But now that that parish is practically free of ticks, the risk has been eliminated, as there are no ticks present (in that part of the parish where they transmit to introduce these bulls) to transmit the fever.

"And that which applies to the introduction of beef bulls, may also apply to bulls of the dairy breeds. As soon as we rid our parish of ticks, we can introduce either, or both, with impunity, to improve both our beef and dairy industries. But Clairborne has in the neighborhood of 100 dipping vats, and without these she would not have been in the position to consider the proposition of importing a carload of these fine Angus bulls. It is her freedom from ticks, alone, that has made this important step possible. This means that in a year or two the parish of Clairborne will be in a position to ship to any market she thinks best a grade of beef steers that will do credit to any market in the country, and without any quarantine restrictions whatever."

"The dipping vat has made it possible for Clairborne parish to reach this stage of progress, and it will do the same for other parishes, if we will only hurry things along. Let us get those public dipping vats going! The sooner we get to work, the sooner will we reach the stage of progress attained by our neighbor in the northern part of the state. And why shouldn't the capital parish be a leader in this important work?"

Pastures Are Needed.

The way to raise cheap pork is to keep the hogs on thoroughly good permanent pastures and on good pasture crops such as peas, oats and vetch, rye, sorghum, peanuts, soy beans, velvet beans and so forth. It is an easy matter to have a rotation of pasture crops that last for twelve months in the year. Keep the plan of good pastures and pasture crops going all the time.

We must not attempt to produce cheap pork on corn alone. That cannot be done in any state. Corn is often worth about one dollar per bushel. Corn at such a price can only be used as a supplement to the other cheap feeds by the hogs themselves makes the growing of hogs profitable.

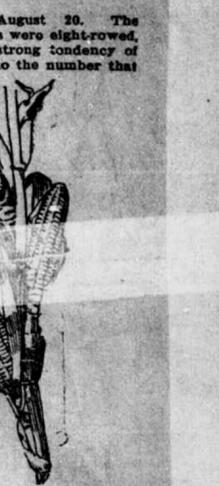
Lack of Good Animals.

The main reason why so few good animals are raised on the farms is because very little attention is given to pastures, rolling crops, silos, leguminous crops and diversified farming.

## NEW VARIETY OF SWEET CORN

New Jersey Experiment Station Has Developed Some Remarkable Strains by Crossing.

The New Jersey Experiment station has, during the past few years, developed some remarkable strains of sweet corn through crossing. One of the best, according to Professor Byron D. Halstead, is the Golden Bantam Premier Cross, planted last year with yellow grains from two twin ears with 12 and 14 rows of kernels respectively. These matured August 20. The majority of the ears were eight-rowed, thus showing the strong tendency of the cross to keep to the number that



A Stalk of Golden Bantam Premier Sweet Corn.

prevails in Golden Bantam, and frequently met with in Premier.

There were many plants with more than three ears, but these involved ears produced by suckers. Stalks like the one shown in the picture give much promise of bearing liberally early in the season.

Of the whole number of ears saved, one-third were solid yellow. By eliminating the white grains, the chances for the next crop will be reduced to one in nine.

## Feeding Chickens.

In feeding chickens always remember that they are provided to produce fresh eggs for human food, and therefore their own feed should be just as pure as that we eat ourselves. The hot sun will cause young goslings and ducklings as well to topple over and die. Provide shade for them until they are strong on their legs.

## Silage Crops.

Alfalfa has the highest composition of the digestible nutrients, but nevertheless corn is the staple crop of the northeast. Soy beans are often mingled in the silo with corn and clover, and this is considered a good combination.

## GENERAL FARM NOTES

A good animal eats no more than a scrub.

Charcoal should be kept before the ducks at all times.

The proper time to wean pigs is about eight weeks old.

Bread pudding makes an excellent ration for young turkeys.

Don't believe those who tell you that chickens do not pay.

A noted veterinarian says that heaves in horses is incurable.

No orchardist of any account now shakes apples from the tree.

Falls and cans having rusty iron spots will cause talcum milk.

Crowded birds tend toward contracting diseases of respiration.

Abundance of chicken lice can be raised by neglecting the chickens.

Pumpkins are excellent feed for hogs about to be put on green corn.

A remunerative way of growing rhubarb is to force it out of season.

Crowded chicks in close brooders suffer for want of needed pure