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 Sophia 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.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

The servant brought from Rutton's leather trunk a battered black-japanned tin box, which, upon exploration, proved to contain little that might not have been anticipated. A bankbook issued by the house of Rothschild Freres, Paris, showed a balance to the credit of H. D. Rutton of something slightly under a million francs. There was American money, chiefly in gold certificates of large denominations, to the value of, roundly, $20,000, together with a handful of French, German and English banknotes which might have brought in exchange about $250. In addition to these there was merely a single envelope, superscribed: "To be opened in event of my death only. H. D. R."

Amber broke the seal and read the enclosures once to himself and a second time aloud to Doggott. The date was barely a year old.

"For reasons personal to myself and sufficient," Rutton had written, "I choose not to make a formal will. I shall die, probably in the near future, by my own hand, of poison. I wish to emphasize this statement in event the circumstances surrounding my demise should appear to attach suspicion of murder upon any person or persons whatever. I am a widower and childless. What relations may survive me are distant and will never appear to claim what estate I may leav
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have died or left me, however, the disposition of my effects is a matter about which I am wholly careless."

The signature was unmistakably genuine—the formal "H. D. Rutton" with which Amber was familiar. It was unwitnessed.

The Virginian put aside the paper and offered Doggott the blank cheque on Rothschilds'. "This," he said, "makes you pretty nearly independently rich, Doggott."

"Yes, sir." Doggott took the slip of paper in a hand that trembled even as his voice, and eyed it incredulously. "I've never 'ad anything like this before, sir; I 'ardly know what it means."

"It means," explained Amber, "that, when you've filled in that blank and had the money collected from the Rothschilds, you'll be worth—with what cash is here—in the neighborhood of forty-five thousand pounds sterling."

Doggott gasped, temporarily inarticulate. "Forty-five thousands pounds! . . . Mr. Amber," he declared earnestly, "I never looked for nothin' like this. I—I never—I—" Quite without warning he was quiet and composed again. "Might I ask it of you as a favor, sir, to look after this"—he offered to return the cheque—"for a while, till I can myke up my mind what to do with it."

"Certainly." Amber took the paper, folded it and placed it in his cardcase. "I'd suggest that you deposit it as soon as possible in a New York bank for collection. In the meantime, these bills are yours; you'd better take care of them yourself until you open the banking account."

"I'll keep as m[illegible]e as anywheres." Doggott considered, relocking the box. "I 'aven't 'ardly any use for mon[illegible] except, of course, to tide me over [illegible] I find another position."

"What [illegible]" exclaimed Amber in amaze.

"Yes, [illegible]," affirmed Doggott respectfully. "I'm a bit too old to chynge my w'ys; a valet I've been all my life and a valet I'll die, sir. It's too lyte to think of anything else."

"But with this money, Doggott—"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I know; I could live easy like a gentleman if I liked—but I wouldn't be a gentleman, so what's the use of that? So the w'ye I look at it, there's naught for me but go on valeting until I'm too old; after that the money'll be a comfort, I dares'y. . . . Don't you think so, sir?"

"I believe you're right, Doggott; only your common-sense surprises me. But it makes it easier in a way. . . ." Amber fell thoughtful again.

"'Ow's that, sir—if I m'y ask?"

"This way," said Amber: "Before he died, Mr. Rutton asked me to do him a service. I agreed. He suggested that I take you with me."

"I'm ready, sir," interrupted Doggott eagerly. "There's no gentleman I'd like to valet for better than yourself."

"But there will be dangers, Doggott—I don't know precisely what. That's the rub; we'll have to travel half-way round the world and face unknown perils. If Mr Rutton were right about it, we'l[illegible] lucky to get away with our lives."

"I'll go, sir; it was 'is wish. I'll go with you to India, Mr. Amber."

"Very well. . . ." Amber spoke abstractedly, reviewing his plans. "But," he enquired suddenly, "I didn't mention India. How did you know—?"

"Why—I suppose I must 'ave guessed it, sir. It seemed so likely, knowing what I do about Mr. Rutton."

Amber sat silent, unable to bring himself to put a single question in regard to the dead man's antecedents. But after a pause the servant continued voluntarily.

"He always 'ad a deal to do with persons who came from India—niggers—I mean, natives. It didn't much matter where we'd be—London or Paris or Berlin or Rome—they'd 'unt 'im up; some 'e'd give money to and they'd go aw'y; others 'e'd be locked up with in 'is study for hours, talking, talking. They'd 'ardly ever come the same one twice. 'E 'ated 'em all, Mr. Rutton did. And yet, sir, I always 'ad a suspicion—"

Doggott hesitated, lowered his voice, his gaze shifting uneasily to the still, shrouded figure in the corner.

"What?" demanded Amber tensely.

"I alw'ys thought per'aps 'e was what we call in England a man of color, 'imself, sir."

"Doggott!"

"I don't mean no 'arm, sir; it was just their 'ounding him, like, and 'is being a dark-complected man the syme as them, and speakin' their language so ready, that made me think [illegible] 'ad a little [illegible] gs 'd con- [illegible] so, [illegible]ence Rutton."

The servant stared, visibly impressed. "Very good, Mr. Amber. I'll remember, sir. I don't ordinarily gossip, sir; but you and him being so thick, and everything 'appening tonight so 'orrible, I forgot myself. I 'ope you'll excuse me, sir."

"God in heaven!" cried the young man hoarsely. "It can't be true!" He flung himself into his chair, burying his face in his hands. "It can't!"

Yet irresistibly the conviction was being forced upon him that Doggott had surmised aright. Circumstances backed up circumstance within his knowledge of or his experience with the man, all seeming to prove incontestably the truth of what at the first blush had seemed so incredible. What did he, Amber, know of Rutton's parentage or history that would refute the calm belief of the body-servant of the dead man?

And then Amber's intelligence was smitten by a thought as by a club; and he began to tremble violently, uncontrollably, being weakened by fatigue and the strain of that endless, terrible night. A strangled cry escaped him without his knowledge: "Sophia!"

Sophia Farrell, the woman he had promised to wed, nay even the woman he loved with all his being—a half-breed, a mulatto! His mind sickened with the horror of that thought.

His very soul seemed to shudder and his reason cried out that the thing could never be. . . . Yet in his heart of hearts still he loved her, still desired her with all his strength and will; in his heart there was no wavering. Whatever Rutton had been, whatever his daughter might be, he loved her. And more, the honor of the Ambers was in pledge, holding him steadfast to his purpose to seek her out in India or wherever she might be and to bear her away from the unnamed danger that threatened her—even to marry her, if she would have him. He had promised; his word had passed; there could now be no withdrawal. . . .

An hour elapsed, its passing raucously emphasized by the tin clock. Amber remained at the table, his head upon it, his face hidden by his arms, so still that Doggott would have thought him sleeping but for his uneven breathing.

At length the young man called him and Doggott found him sitting up, with a haggard and careworn face, but with the sane light of a man composed in his eyes.

"Doggott," he asked in an even, toneless voice, "have you ever mentioned to anybody your suspicion about Mr. Rutton's race?"

"Only to you, sir."

"That's good. And you won't?"

"No, sir."

"Have you," continued Amber, looking away and speaking slowly, "ever heard him mention his marriage?"

"Never, sir. 'E says in that paper 'e was a widower; I fancy the lady must have died before I entered 'is service. 'E was always a lonely man, all the 15 year I've been with 'im, keepin' very much to 'imself, sir."

Doggott disappeared to prepare a meal, but within five minutes a gunshot sounded startlingly near at hand. The Virginian's appearance at the door was coincident with a clear hail of "Aho-oy, Amber!"—unmistakably Quain's voice, raised at a distance of not over 200 yards.

Amber's answering cry quavered with joy. And with a bear-like rush Quain topped the nearest dune, dropped down into the hollow, and was upon him.

"By the Lord Harry!" he cried, almost embracing Amber in his excitement and relief; "I'd almost given you up for good and all!"

"And I you," said Amber, watching curiously and somewhat distrustfully a second man follow Quain into the vale. "Who's that?" he demanded.

"Only Antone. We've him to thank. He remembered this old camp here—I'd completely forgotten it—and was sure you'd taken refuge in it. Come inside." He dragged Amber in, the Portuguese following. "Let's have a look at you by the light. Lord! you seem to be pretty comfortable—and I've been worrying myself sick for fear you—" He swept the room with an approving glance which passed over Doggott and became transfixed as it rested upon the hammock-bed with its burden; and his jaw fell. "What's this? What's this?" He swung upon Amber, appraising with relentless eyes the havoc his night's experience had wrought upon the man. "You look like hell!" he exploded. "What's up here? Eh?"

Amber turned to Doggott. "Take Antone out there with you and keep him until I call, please. This is Mr. Quain; I want to talk with him undisturbed. . . . But you can bring us coffee when it's ready."

The Signature Was Unmistakably Genuine.

Quain motioned to Antone; the Portuguese disappeared into the back room with Doggott, who closed the communicating door.

"You first," said Amber. "If you've fretted about me, I've been crazy about you—what time I've had to think."

Quain deferred to his insistence. "It was simple enough—and damned hard," he explained. "I caught the Echo by the skin of my teeth, the skimmy almost sinking under me. She was hard and fast aground, but I managed to get the motor going and backed her off. As soon as that was all right we got a wave aboard that soused the motor—like a fool I'd left the hatch off—and short-circuited the coil. After that there was hell to pay. I worked for half an hour reeffing, and meanwhile we went aground again. The oar broke and I had to go overboard and get wet to my waist before I got her off. By that time it was blowing great guns and dead from the beach. I had to stand off and make for the mainland—nothing else to do. We beached about a mile below the lighthouse and I had the four-mile tramp home. Then after I'd thawed out and had a drink and a change of clothes, we had to wait two hours for the sea to go down enough to make a crossing in the launch practicable. That's all for mine. Now you? What's that there?"

"A suicide; a friend of mine—the man Rutton whom we were discussing the night I came down. And that's not half. There's a man out there somewhere, shot to death by Rutton—a Bengali babu. . . . Quain, I've lived in Purgatory ever since we parted and now . . . I'm about done."

He was; the coming of Quain with the ease of mind it brought had snapped the [illegible] nervous tension which had sustained Amber. He was now on the edge of collapse and showed it plainly. But two circumstances aided him to recover his grip upon himself: Quain's compassionate consideration in forbearing to press his story from him, and Doggott's opportune appearance with a pot of coffee, steaming and black. Two cups of this restored Amber to a condition somewhat approaching the normal. He lit a cigarette and began to talk.

For all his affection for and confidence in his friend, there were things he might not tell Quain; wherefore he couched his narrative in the fewest possible words and was miserly of detail. Of the coming of the babu and his going Amber was fairly free to speak; he suppressed little if any of that episode. Moreover, he had forgotten to remove the Token from his finger, and Quain instantly remarked it and demanded an explanation. But of the nature of the errand on which he was to go, Amber said nothing; it was, he averred, Rutton's private business. Nor did he touch upon the question of Rutton's nationality. Sophia Farrell he never mentioned.

Nevertheless, he said enough to render Quain thoughtful. . . . "You've set on this thing, I suppose?" he asked some time after Amber had concluded.

"Set upon it, dear man? I've no choice. I must go—I promised."

Quain went to the hammock-bed, turned back the sheet, and for several minutes lingered there, scrutinizing the stony, upturned face.

"So!" he said, coming back. "Here's news that'll help you some. You were blind not to see it yourself. That man's—was, I should say—a Rajput." He waited for the comment which did not come. "You knew it?"

"I . . . suspected, tonight."

"It's as plain as print; the mark of his caste is all over him. But perhaps he was able to disguise it a little with his manner—alive; undoubtedly, I'd say. He was a genius of his kind—a prodigy; a mental giant. That translation of the 'Tantras'—! Wonderful! . . . Well, he's gone his own way: God be with him. . . . When do you want to start?"

"As soon as possible—sooner. I've not a day to lose—not an hour."

"Urgent as that, eh?" Quain peered keenly into his face. "I wish I knew what you know. I wish to heaven I might go with you. But I'm married now—and respectable. The morning train leaves Nokomis at 7:30. You can make that, if you must. But you need sleep—rest."

"I'll get that on the train."

"'Knew you'd say that. Very well. This is Tuesday. The Mauretania—or the Lusitania, I don't know which—sails tomorrow. You can catch that, too. It's the quickest route, eastwards—"

"But I've decided to go west."

"That means a week more, and you said you were in a hurry."

"I am; but by going westwards it's barely possible I may be able to transact or wind up the business on the way."

As a matter of fact Amber was hoping the Rolands, with Sophia Farrell, might linger somewhere en route, remembering that the girl had discussed a tentative project to stop over between steamers at Yokohama.

"Very well," Quain gave in; "you're the doctor. Now as for things here, make your mind easy. I'll take charge and keep the affair quiet. There's no reason I can see for its ever getting out. I can answer for myself and Antone; and the two of us can wind things up. Get ready now to trot along, and I'll take care of everything."

"There's no way of thanking you."

"That's a comfort. Call Doggott now and tell him to get ready. You haven't much time to lose."

While they waited for the servant to pack his hand-bag—it being obvious that to take the trunks with them was not feasible; while Quain was to care for Amber's things at Tanglewood until his return from India—Quain was possessed by an idea which he was pleased to christen an inspiration.

"It's this," he explained: "What do you know about Calcutta?"

"Little or nothing. I've been there—that's about all."

"Precisely. Now I know the place, and I know you'll never find this goldsmith in the Machua bazar without a guide. The ordinary, common-or-garden guide is out of the question, of course. But I happen to know an Englishman there who knows more about the dark side of India than any other ten men in the world. He'll be invaluable to you, and you can trust him as you would Doggott. Go to him in my name—you'll need no other introduction—and tell him what you've told me."

"That's impossible. Rutton expressly prohibited my mentioning his name to any one in India."

"Oh, very well. You haven't, have you? And you won't have to. I'll take care of that, when I write and tell Labertouche you're coming."

"Hang Your Promise."

"What name?"

"Labertouche. Why? You don't know him."

"No; but Rutton did. Rutton got that poison from him."

Quain whistled, his eyes round. "Did, eh? So much the better; he'll probably know all about Rutton and'll take a keener interest."

"But you forget—"

"Hang your promise. I'm not bound by it and this is business—blacker business than you seem to realize, Davy. You're bent on jumping blindfold and with your hands tied into the seething pool of infamy and intrigue that is India. And I won't stand for it. Don't think for an instant that I'm going to let you go without doing everything I can to make things as pleasant as possible for you. . . . No; Labertouche is your man."

And to this Quain held inflexibly; so that, in the end, Amber, unable to move him, was obliged to leave the matter in his hands.

A sullen and portentous dawn hung in the sky when the little party left the cabin.

Between two sand hills the Bengali lay supine, a huddled heap of garish color—scarlet, yellow, tan—against the cold bluish-gray of snow.

At a word from Quain the Portu- [illegible] began to dig. Quain, Amber and Doggott went on a little distance, then, by mutual consent, halted within sight of Antone.

"I wouldn't leave him if I were you," Amber told Quain, nodding back at the Portuguese. "It mightn't be safe with that other devil skulking round—heaven knows where."

"Right-O!" agreed Quain. His hand sought Amber's. "Goodby, and God be with you," he said huskily.

Amber tightened his clasp upon the man's fingers. "I can't improve on that, Tony," said he with a feeble "Goodby, and God be with you." He dropped his hand and turned away. "Come along, Doggott."

The servant led the way baywards. Behind them the angry morning blazed brighter in the sky.

In the sedge of the shore they found a rowboat and, launching it, embarked for the power boat, which swung at her mooring in deeper water. When they were aboard the latter, Doggott took charge of the motor, leaving to Amber the wheel, and with little delay they were in motion.

As their distance from the shore increased Amber glanced back. The island rested low against the flaming sky, a shape of empurpled shadows, scarcely more substantial to the vision than the rack of cloud above. In the dark sedges the pools, here and there, caught the light from above and shone blood-red. And suddenly the attention of the Virginian was arrested by the discovery of a human figure—a man standing upon a dune-top some distance inland, and staring steadfastly after the boat. He seemed of extraordinary height and very thin; upon his head there was a turban; his arms were folded. While Amber watched he held his pose, a living menace—like some fantastic statue bulking black against the grim red dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fences Ward Off Rabbits.

Owing to the increase of rabbits in certain parts of Australia a movement has been started in the Armidale district to construct a barrier fence along the eastern side of Central New England. This will serve to ward off the rodents, which now abound in the rough country along the edge of the tableland. These rabbits are beginning to crowd westwards, and are already making their presence felt on the adjoining country. The suggestion is to link up the rabbit-proof fences which already exist along the edge of the more settled area from Walcha to Glen Innes districts, and thus cut off the rough country where the rabbits are thick, and where there is no chance of keeping them under.

HE TOOK MEAN ADVANTAGE.

Broker Banked "Friend's" Check After the Borrower Thought He Had Protected His Money.

"See that heavily built guy who just came in?" said the broker to his friend in the cafe. "You may have noticed that he caught my eye, but passed on without a sign of recognition. Well, he's a promoter. He and I used to be great friends—ostensibly. He rushed into my office one afternoon in a state of great excitement, saying that a little deal he was putting through made $50 necessary at once, and would I save him a little trouble by cashing a check for the sum. He always seemed to have plenty of money, so I gave him the cash and took his check. I did not see him again soon, and on my depositing the check it came back marked 'No funds.' I looked up his bank, and found he did have a deposit there at one time. I deposited the check again and again it was returned. A week later I tried again, with the same result. More for amusement than anything else, I sent the check to the bank for the fourth time, and this time it went through!

"Soon after that our friend calls me up on the telephone, and in the most outraged tone of voice asks what I mean by taking advantage of him that way. He could not have been more indignant had I double-crossed him in a straight deal. And that explains why he no longer speaks to me."

Let the Fairies Alone!

Another good but misguided woman has undertaken a campaign for the abolition of "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland" and fairy stories of all kinds. She declares that these stories are lies and ought not to be tolerated. In her opinion Mother Goose is worse than a witch, and as for Lewis Carroll—well, this "Mrs. Gradgrind," of Boston, would have him hanged on the highest hill. Ah, but it would be a sad old world if all the men and women in it were Gradgrinds, if all the dear delightful tales that have to do with fairies and imps and elves and hamadryads were to be destroyed. The world is sad enough as it is, but it would be infinitely sadder and dreader if children did not believe in Fairy Fine-Ear and mothers and fathers did not yield allegiance to the Dame o' Dreams.—Rochester Post Express.

Hair Indicates Strength.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indication of great natural strength.

WHAT IS RIGHT?

By Rev. [illegible] Paulson

TEXT—Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians, IV, 8.

There are today more people answer before asking the question, "What is right?" They have been led to ask this question by an arousal of conscience from lethargy that at one time seemed to be as binding as prison chains. In this reawakening the church has played a most important part, but its appeals have been seconded by moralists and even by statesmen. Today the question, "What is right?" is asked not only in personal morals, but in the larger affairs of life, and to the extent that there is greater effort for higher standards of morality and of religious practices.

The question is an old one. It has been asked by man since first he knew there was right which might be distinguished from wrong. It has been discussed in all its phases, and St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians exhorts them in the words of our text. He tells them that right is "what is true, what is honest, what is just, what is pure and lovely and of good report." His exhortation is as pertinent today as then, and his definition as complete. Let us first consider men, not things.

A great many men are true so far as their standards permit them to be. There are others who seek constant elevation of standards so that they may be nearer the ideal true man. To be a true man means to be truthful in thought, in speech, in act, to be devoid of dissimilation, to be right and to be just what you seem to be; to be loyal to all that is good and devoted to the furtherance of good. Such a man invariably answers the question "What is right?" correctly, and his answer has the respect of his fellow men.

A great many men are honest so far as the demands of relationship with other men may go, and few go beyond this point and are honest with themselves as well as with their fellows. In their transactions they have no doubts, no regrets, no sufferings of conscience. They make every transaction a closed transaction in every sense of the word. They are right. Such men are the examples of honesty that should be emulated.

Men are just in the measure that they mete to their fellow men; and some of them are just to the extent that they heap the measure to overflowing. They neither weigh to the ounce, nor exact their pound of flesh as old Shylock did. If anything, they are just to the point of generosity and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have given full value or full credit to all with whom they come in contact.

Most men are pure to the extent that they have no faults or vices that stamp them as immoral. There are others whose thoughts even are pure and to whom impurity is absolutely obnoxious. They think good, and as the thought is the father of the act, they act well. These are the men at whom the finger of suspicion never points, but are always held as models after which we should pattern.

Men who are truly honest, just and pure, men whose thoughts are always upward, are men of good report. They have unassailable reputations supported by unimpeachable characters. They ask the question, "What is right?" from the innermost recesses of their souls, and answer it with all the enlightenment of conscience and spiritual guidance that God can give them. They are always men of good report and always will be so long as they possess the virtues that the apostle has enumerated.

I know that the apostle tells the brethren to "think of things that are true, honest, pure, lovely and of good report." It is by thinking of these things that men become honest, true and just. The apostle asks them not only to think but to reason, for he says that "if there is any virtue in these things, if there be any praise" thinking of them will bring them into their lives and cause them to be grateful for the good they receive. Men who think honestly, men who try to be conscientious gain for themselves all the good that can be derived from right thought and pure thinking. And that good is ability to think straight, and answer correctly the question, "What is right?"

Of course there is no absolute right. Men do not think alike. They have not the same standards, nor the same conceptions, and yet they have one standard of right and their conception of that standard will always grow better and better the more they study it. That standard was set by Christ. Paul studied it, and his wonderful growth in spirituality enabled him to tell the Philippians what they should think about, for he knew that the man who was true, honest, just and pure, the man who regarded things that were elevating and of good report, would become the man who would be able sooner or later to answer more exactly the question, "What is right?"

You can follow Paul's prescription, especially if you ask for that guidance which has been promised you by that greatest exemplar of right.

Woman's Rights.

During these days we hear a great deal of women's rights which are really women's wrongs. I know not whether women will ever get what they term equality with men. Man and woman are equal in the sight of God, but here below woman occupies a different station. She was created to be man's helpmate and to supplement what he lacked. She was to be kind and gentle under long suffering. —Bishop J. J. Nilan, Roman Catholic, Hartford, Conn.

All human culture rests on a willingness to make sacrifices to the truth.

Mrs. G[illegible]
[illegible]
How Sh[illegible]

Vandervoort, A[illegible] rett, of this place, [illegible] every month, for a [illegible] weaker every day. My [illegible] would ache so bad, I could not [illegible] I tried all kinds of medicines, [illegible] they all failed to cure me. Then my mother told me to take Cardui. When I had taken one bottle, I was able to do all of my work. I can recommend Cardui to be the greatest [illegible] remedy in the world. I have used it and know what it will do."

When a woman is ill, the real trouble is generally some derangement of her constitution and the headache and backache, the nervous symptoms of her womanly weakness. The proper treatment, therefore, is Cardui, the woman's tonic. No other medicine, or tonic, has exactly the same results as Cardui. No other has record of so many years of successful use in cases of womanly ailments.

If Mrs. Garrett had taken Cardui sooner, she might have been spared the long sickness and much suffering. A few doses of Cardui at the right time will often save serious suffering and prevent a long sickness. Don't delay. Begin to take Cardui at once.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

FAILED TO WIN.

"Scribb told me that he once wrote a $20,000 prize story."

"And did he get the $20,000?"

"No. The girl wrote and told him she had accepted his rival."

Too Late to Change.

"A man can no more change his reputation than he can change his face or his arms," said Senator La Follette at a banquet in Madison.

"There was once a wicked old Madison millionaire who took his pastor aside and said:

"'I am going to devote the remainder of my life to doing good.'

"Dr. Thirdly, outspoken man, retorted:

"'Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer ,or young Sam Good, the Socialist millionaire?'"

They're All About Tailors.

"All criticism," said Professor Brander Matthews in one of his brilliant Columbia lectures, "is, to a certain extent, personal and biased." He paused and smiled. "The Tailor and Cutter, a weekly paper," he resumed, "said in a recent leading article:

"'Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Meredith's "Evan Harrington" and Kingsley's "Alton Locke" will be great classics when the ephemeral novels of today will have long since perished.'"

Would Arrest Him Anyway.

Sergeant—'Alt! Take Murphy's name for talkin' in the ranks.

Corporal—W'y, sergeant, 'e weren't talkin'.

Sergeant—Wasn't he? Well, cross it out an' put 'im in the guardroom for deceivin' me.—Tatler.

Overlooked.

Knicker—We can't carry revolvers any longer.

Bocker—But they didn't take away the girls' hatpins.

SHIFT

If Your Food Fails to Sustain You, Change.

One sort of diet may make a person despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing.

A young woman from Phila. says:

"For several years I kept in a run-down, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was enough.

"Finally, between the doctor and father, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have a nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, yet it came with a rapidity that astonished me.

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of Grape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.