COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shootIng visit with his friend, Quain, comes upend a groung lady equestrian who has been
dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the
road of a burly Rindu. He declares he
mouthplece of the Belling and the pressing a
mysterious little bronze box. "Tho Tox
ken," into his hand, disappears in the
wood, ring gir cuits Amber, and pressing in
presented with camel-thorn, sat an
any different strangely
down and stumbled toward the verandaught in the his hand, disappears in the
wood, ring gir cuits Amber is pressing a
mysterious little bronze box. "Tho Tox
ken," into his hand, disappears in the
wood ring gir cuits amber of Col. Farrell of the
British diplomatic service in India
and visiting the Quains, comes upthe fin turn addresses her as Miss Sophie
Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the
British diplomatic service in India
and who appears to be in hiding.
Whom Miss Farrell is the earth seemed to rock and
almost is left marconed. He was for some seconds occupled with
the problem of regaining his poise,
and and who appears to be in hiding.
Whom Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is
strangely agitated. Chaiteril appears
and aummons Rutton to a meeting of a
mysterious body. Rutton selzes a revolyear and dashes after Chaiteril. He remarking the end of the first stage, the
beginning of the second.

"Author is light, twouldn't willingly let you
out of my sight."
"Or any other white man?"

She laughed, pleased. "I presume
you're wondering what I'm doing
here?"

"You were to join your father in
Darjeeling, I believe?" he countered,
cautious.

"But I found he'd been transferred
incurrent. So, of
course, I had to follow. I telegraphed him day before yesterday when I
was to arrive at Badshah Junction,
and not a provide the provide to the shoals of inperson or have some one meet me,
but I presume the message must have
gone astray. At all events there was
no one there for me and I had to
linear the found in the found in the found in the found in the f and summons Rutten to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutten seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He resulting the filindu, takes poison, and when dying aska Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a detter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. If the country is a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Rutton and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Darlesling.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"Ah, that Voice!" cried Amber in exasperation. "I grow weary of the word, Ram Nath. "That may well be," returned the

nan, imperturbable. "None the less ess friendly lips."

"I think you have eyes in the back of your head, Ram Nath." Amber withdrew his hand from his coat- this long night? Simply because that ocket and laughed shortly as he

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

An-h! . . . That is a wise say-"There be those I could name who would do well to lay that saying to

heart, sahib." If there be aught of truth in that sayspeak a certain name, even here-" "The echo of that name might be heard beyond the threshold of a cer-

tain Gateway, sahib." that he was in truth in touch with before I could stop him. Labertouche, that this Ram Nath was

bullocks, patient noses to the ground, coits." tails a switch. Beside his cattle the driver plodded, goad in hand, a naked ber put in. "If I had only been sword upon his hip.

Deliberately enough the carter should make himself seem other than instant demolition and herself with a and reverence fought with surprise in his expression, and as Ram Nath swung the tonga past the man sanamed profoundly. His voice, as he rose, came after them, resonant and

"Hall, thou Chosen of the Gateway! finding you here" Hall!"

Amber neither turned to look nor replied. But his frown deepened. The incident passed into his history, marked only by the terse comment it adduced from Ram Nath—words which | you had gone, Long Island was a very were flung curtly over the tongawallah's shoulder: "Eyes to see and ears to hear and a tongue withal .

The Virginian said nothing. But it was in his mind that he had indeed thrust his head into the lion's mouth followed me half round the world?" by thus adventuring into the territory which every instinct of caution and common-sense proclaimed taboo to him-the erstwhile kingdom of the Maharana Har Dyal Rutton.

CHAPTER XII.

The Long Day.

One travels dak by relays casually to see any white man, of coursedisposed along the route at the whim of the native contractor. Between Badshah Junction and Kuttarpur there were ten stages, of which the conber having all but adandoned belief in its existence.

Slamming recklessly down the bed of an ancient water course, the tonga spun suddenly upon one wheel round a shoulder of the banks and dashed thinking. This happy incident-I fore tiffin, the gorgeous luxury of out upon a rolling plain, across which the trail snaked to other farther hills that lay dim and low, a wavy line of blue, upon the horizon—the hills in whose heart Kuttarpur itself lay oc- hand, her brown eyes sedate with treme of calling in the khansamah to has always been the fire, slow, deadly,

cult. And, by the roadside, in a com-

lishwoman's voice uplifted in accents come on alone. It's hardly been a

to have eyes for the other traveler, who at sight of her had stopped and removed his pith helmet and stood staring as if he had come from a land in which there were no women. "Where," she continued, with an imperative stamp of a daintily-shod foot, "is that wretched tonga-wallah?"

"Sahiba," protested Ram Nath, with were well for you to have a care a great show of deference, "how how you fondle the revolver in your should I know? Belike he is in Badbocket, sahib. Should it by chance shah Junction, whither he returned so off and the bullet find lodgment in very late last night, being travel-worn our tonga-wallah, you are like to and weary, and where I left him, behear more of that Voice, and from ing sent with this excellent tonga to take his place."

"You were? And why have I been detained here, alone and unprotected. other tonga-wallah was a fool, am I to be imposed upon in this fashion?" "What am I," whimpered Ram Nath, "to endure the wrath of the sahiba for a fault that is none of mine?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the girl, turning to Amber, "but it is very annoying." She looked him over, first with abstraction, then with a puzzled gathering of her brows, for he was far from her thoughts-the last per-You are right, indeed. . . . Now son she would have expected to meet in that place, and very effectually dising, and if one were unwisely to guised in dust and dirt besides. "The tire came off the wheel just as we got here, late yesterday evening, and in trying, or pretending to try, to fit it on egain, that block-head of a tongawallah hammered the rim with a rock Amber grunted and said no more, as big as his head and naturally contented now with the assurance smashed it to kindling-wood. Then, self on the back of a pony and went en employee of the I. S. S. The wink away, saying that it was the will of was now explained away with all the God that he should return to Badshah rost of the tonga-wallah's churlish for a better tonga. Since when I have had for company one stable As the tonga swiftly lessened the distance, his gaze, penetrating the thinning folds, discerned the contours of dak-bungalow discomforts—insects. a cotton-wain drawn by twin stunted bad food, and a terrible fear of da

"I am so sorry, Miss Farrell," Amhere . .

The girl gave a little gasp and sat swe ved his beasts aside to make way down abruptly in one of the veranda for the tonga, lest by undue haste he chairs, thereby threatening it with what he was a free man and a bad spill; for the chair was feeble Rajpul. But when his flerce, hawk with the burden of its many years, like eyes encountered those of the and she was a quite substantial young dak traveler, his attitude changed cu- person. Indeed, so loudly did it croak plously and completely. Recognition a protest and a warning that she immediately arose in alarm.

"Mr. Amber!" she said; and, "Well . . . !"

"You'll forgive me the surprise?" he begged, going up on the veranda | to her. "I myself had no hope of

"But," she protested, with a pretty flush of color-"but I left you in the States such a little while ago!" "Yes?" he said gravely. "It seems

lonely place indeed," he added, with calculated impudence. Her color despened and she sought another chair, seating herself with gingerly decision. "I'm sure you don't mean me to assume that you've hills of blue. Amber was seated with know. At all events, I seem to have

"Why not?" He brought another chair to face her. "Besides, I haven't seen anything of . . . India for a them; so also the third. The pauses to sense their motives, their desires, good many years."

"Mr. Amber!" "Ma'am?" he countered with affect-

ed humility. "You're spoiling it all. I was so glad to see you-I'd have been glad "Much obliged, I'm sure."

"And now you're actually firting and the girl insensibly yielding to the with me-or pretending to." "I'm not," he declared soberly. "As into sound unconsciousness. clusion of the first was at hand-Am- a matter of solemn fact, I had to come to India."

> "You had to?" "On a matter of serious business, of the conventional bungalows, in Please don't ask me what, just yet: nothing particularly unlike its fellows in the papers is not mere gossip, level voice, "is known as the Gateway but it's very serious, to my way of unless it were that they enjoyed, be- then?" count myself a very happy man to plenty of clean water, cooled in por- fire stirring within the volcano we way of Swords." have been so fortunate—only makes ous earthen jars. Amber, over- told ourselves was dead. The quiet my errand the more pleasant." She regarded him intently, chin in abundance, promptly went to the ex- content but slumber; deep down there utterance.

ances are against you. There isn't room of the resthouse. any reason I know of why you should tell me what brought you here-" "There's every reason, in point of

fact, Miss Farrell; only . . . I can't explain just now." "Very well," she agreed briskly; let's be content with that. I am glad to see you again, truly; andwe're to travel on to Kuttarpur in the same tonga?"

"If you'll permit-" "After what I've endured, this aw-

up his mind to delay me. lock my kit-bag,"

She went into the bungalow, leaving him thoughtful, for perhaps. But the back of Ram Nath, as that the harnessing in of fresh ponies, concredited hypothesis that this "acci-Labertouche for Amber's especial benefit.

The girl joined him on the veranda

speculation, for some time. "I be | sinuce him down with jar after, and | smoldering beneath the night a. The lieve you've been speaking in par | felt like himself for the first time in Mutiny still lives in spirit, some day she asserted, at length. "If five days when, shaved and dressed, it will break out afresh. You must I'm unjust, bear with me; appear he returned to the common living believe me-I know."

The girl kept him waiting but a litdown upon the world like a blanket tle while. Lacking the attentions of of darkness, at the moment that the an ayah, she had probably been unable to bathe so extensively as he, but eventually she appeared in an immeasurably more happy state of body and mind, calling up to him the simtle, stronger than any other, of a tall, fair lily after a morning shower. And she was in a bewitching humor, one that ingenuously enough succeeded in entangling him more thoroughly pound fenced with camel-thorn, sat an ful night, I wouldn't willingly let you than ever before in the web of her

qualm; the earth seemed to rock and was to arrive at Badshah Junction, over shocking roads, the exchange of than 100 yards in length is sufficient

-a stranger in a sullen and suspipleasant experience, that incompe- clous land, desiring nothing better other wayfarer with whom he was to tent tonga-wallah behaved precisely than to return to the England she had as though he had deliberately made seen and learned to love, the England of ample lawns, of box-hedges, and And the tonga's nearly ready; I must lanes, of traveled highways, pavetheaters, of home and family ties

> But India she knew, "I sometimes worthy busied himself superintending fancy," she told him with the con- in white marble without a note of sclous laugh that deprecates a conveyed to him no support of Ms half- fessed superstition, "that I must have den garden peeps over the edge of a lived here in some past incarnation." dent" had been carefully planned by She paused, but he did not speak. "Do mansions merged into one monstrous you believe in reincarnation?" Again he had no answer for her, though temporarily he saw the dayin due course, very demure and light as darkness. "It's hard to live

final relay of ponies was being hitched in. With fresh ponies the tonga took the road with a wild initial rush soon to be moderated, when it began to climb the last steep grade to the pass that gives access to Kuttarpur from the south. For an hour the road toiled up and ever upward; steep cliffs of rock crowded it, threatening to push it over into black abysses, or to choke it off between towering, formidable walls. It swerved suddenly into a broad, clear space. The tonga paused. Voluntarily Ram Nath spoke for almost the first time since

morning

"Kuttarpur," he said, with a wave of his whip.

Night overtook the tonga when it

Aloof, austere and haughty, the City of Swords sits in the mouth of a ravine so narrow that a wall no more to seal its southerly approach. Beneath this wall, to one side of the city gate, a river flows from the lake that is Kuttarpur's chiefest beauty.

Northwards the palace of Khandawar's kings stands, exquisite, rare, and marvellous, unlike any other building in the world. White, all white, from the lake that washes its lowest walls to the crenellated rim of its highest roof, it sweeps upward ments and gaslights, of shops and in breath-taking steps and wide terraces to the crest of the western hill, into which it burrows, from which it springs; a vast enigma propounded color save where the foliage of a hidjealous screen-a hundred imposing and imperial maze.

But for a moment were they permitted to gaze in wonderment; Ram Nath had little patience. When he chose to, he applied his whip, and the ponies stretched out, the tonga plunging on their heels down the steep hillside, like an ungoverned, ungovernable thing, maddened. Within a quarter of an hour they were careering through the city of tents on the parked plain before the southern wall. In five minutes more they drew up at the main city gate to parley with the Quarter Guard.

Here they suffered an exasperating delay. It appeared that the gates were shut at sundown, in deference to custom immemorial. Between that hour and sunrise none were permitted to pass either in or out without the express sanction of the State. The commander of the guard instituted an impudent catechism, in response to which Ram Nath discovered the several identities and estates of his charges. The commander received the information with impartial equanimity and retired within the city to confer with his superiors. After some time a trooper was sent to advise the travelers that the tonga would be permitted to enter with the understanding that the unaccredited Englishman (meaning Amber) would consent to lodge for the night in no other an' ask yez himself!' "-Young's Magspot than the State resthouse beyond he northern limits of the city.

Abruptly the peace of the night was shattered, and the hum of the encampment behind them with the roar of the city before them was dwarfed, by a dull and thunderous detonation of cannon from a terrace of the palaice. The tonga ponies reared and plunged, Ram Nath mastering them with much difficulty. Sophia was startled, and Amber himself stirred uneasily on his nerch.

"What now?" he grumbled. "You'd think we were visitors of state and had to be durbarred!"

Far up on the heights a second red flame stabbed the night, and again the thunder pealed. Thereafter gun after gun bellowed at imperative, stately intervals.

"Fifteen." Amber announced after a time. "Isn't this something extraordinary, Miss Farrell?" "Perhaps," she suggested, "there's

a native potentate arriving at the northern gate. They're very punctillous about their salutes, you know. Another crash stlenced her. Amber continued to count. "Twenty-one,"

he said when it seemed that there was to be no more cannonading. "Isn't "She, too, came of an Anglo-Indian that a royal salute?" "Yes," said the girl; "four more family. Indeed, they met and courted

guns than the Maharana of Khandawar himself is entitled to." "How do you explain it?"

"I don't," she replied simply. "Can

von?" He was dumb. Could it be possible that this imperial greeting was intended for the man supposed to be the Maharana of Khandawar-Har Dyal Rutton? He glanced sharply at

the girl, but her face was shadowed:

and he believed she suspected nothtranslatable thoughts. I believe I un-The tonga would pull up, Ram Nath derstand perfectly their feeling to-A great hush had fallen, replacing the rolling thunder of the state ordnance. Even the voice of the city something his Highness the Viceroy seemed moderate, subdued. In silence the massive gates studded with sharp-toothed elephant-spikes swung

> With a grunt, Ram Nath cracked his whiplash and the tonga sped into the city. Amber bent forward. "What's the name of that gate,

Ram Nath-if you happen to know?" "That," said the tonga-wallah in a of Swords, sahib." He added in his "Anything but that; it's the hidden own good time: "But not the Gate-

Amber failed to educe from him any whelmed by the discovery of this of the last 50 years has been not satisfactory explanation of this orphic (TO BE CONTINUED.)

word, my remarks of the night before. The young lady, a musical critic, had recognized me. When I thought I was gulling her, she was gulling me."

The Awakening

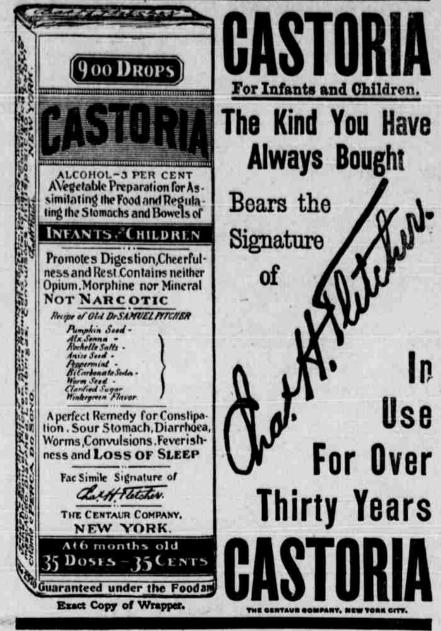
Dignified mother of prospective bride (to social editor)-And little Dorotha, sister of the bride, who is to be flower girl, will be dressed like a Dresden shepherdess, with golden was close upon Kuttarpur, swooping crook festooned with rosebuds and-Young voice from the stairway-Ma, where is the washrag?-Judge.

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Manitoba, Saskatchewan or tions. The other night I was standing inside the railroad station when an Irish cab driver came up to me and asked me how soon the next train came in. I told him and he said thank you and went away. In about five minutes he came back with the same question. 'I told you not more than five minutes ago,' I said. 'I know it,' he answered cheerfully, 'but it's not

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Not If He Knew It. "That's a nice little game you played on that girl in not showing up at the church when you were to be

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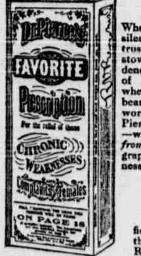
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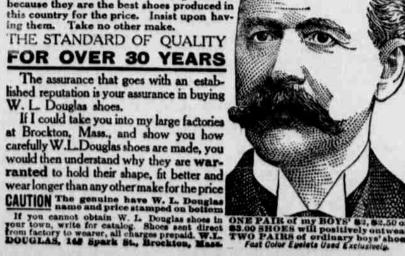
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Fuccini Was Well Gulled

How the Famous Composer Came to I dined in the arcade near the cathe Be Quoted as Attacking His Own Opera of Tosca.

Girl of the Golden West, was respond- evening, so, of course, I couldn't reing in excellent French to a toast on sist a stall.

dral, and then I strolled, cigar in mouth, in the direction of La Scala. Lo and behold, my own opera of Tos-Sig. Puccini, the composer of The ca was billed at La Scala for that dear."

"La Tosca was received warmly by "One of my strangest musical rem- s crowded house. The applause was amateur." es," he said, "relates to Milan. almost frantic. In fact, a young lady

rebuked me, a frown wrinkling her pretty brow.

"I Myself Had No Hope of Finding You Here."

sweet to look upon 'n her traveling | here for long and resist belief in it.

dress of light pongee and her pith . . . But as a matter of fact I seem

helmet, whose green underbrim and to understand these people better

set off her fair coloring. If she over my people. Don't you think it curi-

puggaree served very handsomely to than they're understood by most of

looked the adoration of his eyes, she ous? Perhaps it's merely intuition-"

was rather less than woman; for it "That's the birthright of your sex,"

was in them, plain to be seen for the he said, rousing. "On the other hand,

looking. The khansamah followed you have to remember that your fa-

her from the bungalow, staggering ther is one of a family that for gen-

under the weight of her box and kit- erations has served the Empire. And

hand to help her to her place, and here, though they were married in

lifted himself to her side in a mute England. . . So you think my

glow of ecstasy. Fate, he thought insight into native character a sort

The second stage wore away with of the native than most of the English

out a dozen words passing between in this country have; I seem to feel,

were brief enough, the ponies being aspirations, even sometimes their un-

ber engaged with the infinite ramifica- himself would give his ears to be

would jump down . . . and in a ward us, the governing race." brace of minutes or little more the "Then," said Amber, "you

of birthright-a sense inherited?"

a more-more painful comprehension

"Perhaps-something of the sort."

"You may be right. We'll never

"Then," said Amber, "you know

"Very much to the contrary--?"

"Very much," she affirmed with

"This 'Indian unrest' one reads of

"I know that: but I do."

"And that feeling is-?"

"Not love, Mr. Amber."

deep conviction.

bag, and with Ram Nath's surly as your mother?"

sistance made them fast to the front

seat, while Amber gave the girl his

with reason, was most kind to him.

They rattled headlong from the

compound, making for the distant

exchanged with gratifying dispatch.

vehicle would be en route again, Am-

need of sleep. She passed, at length,

She roused finally very much re-

freshed for the midday halt for rest

and tiffin, which they passed at one

tions of this labryrinthal riddle of his, sure of."

the woman who was to be his wife.

"Why don't you applaud this masterplece?' she said. ed sarcastically. 'Masterpiece? Oh.

"'Don't you like this music?' she demanded, in amazement. "'No,' said I. 'It's the work of an

"'You know nothing of art,"

ca was. I told her this aria suggest-'Masterpiece?' said I, and I laugh- ed Verdi, that chorus was a reminiscence of Bizet. In a word, I knocked my own music into a cocked hat. "When I finished, the young lady

"'Is that your real opinion-your sincere conviction? " 'Absolutely,' said I. Visiting Milan on a rainy winter day, heated on my left got so annoyed be cried, 'or you woudn't talk like that.' " Very well,' said she, with an odd

cause I didn't clap and shout that she | "'Oh, don't I?' said L And then I | little laugh, and at breakfast the next proceeded to prove to her, according morning the first thing I saw in my to the laws of thorough bass and newspaper was the headline 'Puccini counterpoint, how poor a work La Tos- on Tosca.' And there I read, word for

> To say that a man's heart is in the right place is a back-handed compliment. It seems to imply that there may be something the matter with his