The BRONZE BELL BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL" ETC. OLLUSTRATIONS by RAD WALTERS COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSERY VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

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CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"You promise not to harm her?" "Amber!" orled the Englishman, impatiently. "Will you-"

"Please, Miss Farrell!" begged Amber; trying to take the girl's hand and draw her away.

"I won't!" she declared. "I'll not move a step until he promises. You don't understand. No matter what the danger she's-"

"She's a fiend incarnate," Labertouche broke in. "Amber, get that girl-" "She's my sister!" cried Sophia.

"Now will you understand?" "What?" The two men exclaimed as che.

i "She's my sister," the girl repeated. holding up her head defiantly, her cheeks burning-"my sister by adoption. We were brought up together. She was the daughter of an old friend of my father's--an Indian prince. A few years ago she ran away--"

thank you-if Miss Farrell will trust me."

His eyes met the girl's, and in hers he read trust and faith unending: he was conscious of a curious fluttering in his bosom.

"Trust you!" she said, with a little, broken laugh, and gave herself freely to his arms.

Labertouche grunted and turned his back, wading out into the stream with a great splashing.

Amber straightened up, holding her very close to him, and that with ease. Had she been thrice as heavy he could have borne her with as little care as he did his own immeasurably lightened heart in that hour of fulfillment. The further bank neared all too quickly. He would willingly have lingered to prolong the stolen sweetness of that moment, forgetful altogether of the danger that lay behind him.

Ahead he saw Labertouche step out upon a shelving shore and, shaking his legs with an effort irresistibly suggestive of a dog leaving the water, peer inland through the tamarisks, His low, whistled signal sounded as Amber joined him and put down the girlreluctantly. Her whispered thanks were interrupted by an exclamation from Labertouche.

"Hang it all! he can't have mistaken the spot. I told him to wait right . We daren't dehere, and now . . lay." He cast an apprehensive glance across the stream. "Look lively, please."

He shouldered a way through the thicket, and for several moments they struggled on through the hindering undergrowth, their passage betrayed by much noisy rustling. Then, as they won through to open ground, Labertouche paused and whistled a second time, staring eagerly from right to left. "I'm blessed!" he declared, with a vehemence that argued his desire for stronger language. "This is bad-bad -bad! He never failed me before!

A mocking chuckle seemed to break from the ground at their feet, and in the flicker of an eyelash a shadow lifted up out of the scrub-encumbered level. Sophia cried aloud with alarm; Labertouche swore outright, heedless; and Amber put himself before her, drawing his revolver, heartsick with the conviction that they were trapped, that their labor had gone all for naught, that all futilely had they schemed and dared. .

But while his finger was yet seeking the trigger the first shadow was joined by a score of fellows-shades that materialized with the swiftness and silence from the surface of the earth-"Thank God!" said Amber from the Labertouche seized his wrist. For an bottom of his soul; and, "Ah, you instant he res'sted, raging with dis appointment; but the Englishman was cool, strong, determined; inevitably in the outcome the weapon was pointed to the sky., "Steady, you ass!" breathed the secret sgent in his ear. "Can't you BOO And Amber gave over, in amazement unbounded, seeing the starlight glinting down a dozen leveled riflebarrels, glowing pale on the spiked. rounded crowns of pith helmets, and striking soft fire from burnished accoutrements; while a voice, thick with a brogue that was never bred out of hearing of Bow Bells, was hectoring

"We got here only a quarter of an hour shut her up!" cfied Labertouche. "It's now and again gulls would sweep on ago," he apologized, swinging back as all a pack of lies; the woman's raving. fiashing, motionless pinions.

A hand blazing with jewels tore at

the covering of her bosom and sud-

denly came away clutching a dagger.

thin, long and keen; and snarling she

sprang toward the girl, to whose in-

fluence, however unwitting, she right-

see how I kiss, thou fool!"

sister!"

the men deployed into the thicket, "and haven't had time to nose out the lay of the land thoroughly."

From the ford an abrupt clamor of voices interrupted. The officer booked up his scabbard. "Sounds as if my men had gathered in somebody else," a wildcat!" he said hastily. "If you'll excuse me, I'll have a look." He trotted off into

the shade of the tamarisks. As he disappeared the disturbance ed her arms from the grasp of the abated somewhat. "False alarm," Amber guessed.

"I fancy not." said Labertouche. "If I'm not mistaken our friend Naraini left for the special purpose of raising the hue and cry. This should be the vanguard of the pursuit."

Amber looked upward. Overhead the soulless city slumbered in a stillness apparently unbroken, yet he who saw its profile rugged against the stars, could fancy what consternation was then, or presently would be, running riot through its haunted ways.

"How many of 'em are there, do you reckon?" be asked. "Three or four hundred," replied

the secret agent absently; "the pick and flower of Indian unrest. My word, but this will klok up a row! Think of it, man! three hundred and fifty-odd hand, and took Naraini to his arms. lords and princes bagged all at once in the act of plotting the Second Mutiny! What a change it will work on the political face of the land! And the best of it is, they simply

can't get away." Amber was thinking with vindictive

relish of what fate he would mete out to the manipulator of the Bell, were it left to him to pass sentence. But he broke off as a body of soldiery burst from the tamarisks, and, headed by young Rowan, hurried toward the three, bringing with them a silent and unresisting prisoner.

"I say," the officer called excitedly in advance, "here's something uncomnion rum. It's a woman, you know." "Aha!" said Labertouche, and "Ah!" said Amber, with a click of his teeth,

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her crime.

Rutton's dead, in the first place; in His eyeballs seems to move rethe second, he's her father. She can't luctantly in their sockets, and his be his wife very well, whether he's head felt very light and empty, alalive or dead. It's simply a dodge of though so heavy that he could not lift hers to gain time. Shut her up and it from the pillow. But he managed take her away-she's as dangerous as to shift his gaze from the window until it rested upon a man's face-a "Nay, I will not be gagged nor taken guant, impressive brown face illumhence till I have said my say!" With Inated by steady and thoughtful eyes,

a suddon furious wrench Naraini wrest- filled with that mystle, unshakable spirit of fatalism that is the Genius guards and sprang away, eluding with of the eastern peoples. The head itlithe and snake-like movements their self stood out with almost startling attempts to recapture her. "Not." distinctness against the background of she cried, "until I have wrought my pure white. It was swathed with an will upon the two of them. Thou hast immaculate white turban. stood in my light too long, O my

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 ly ascribed the downfall of her scheme thin whisper passed them in two of empire. Rowan and Labertouche breaths: "Ram . . . Nath . . ."

leaped forward and, fell short, so Hearing this, the dark man started lightning swift she moved; only Am- jout of his abstraction, cast a swift, ber stood between hor and her ven- pitiful glance at the sick man's face, goance. Choking with horror, he put and came to hold a tumbler to his the girl behind him with a resistless lips. The liquid, colorless, acrid, and pungent, slipped into his mouth, and "Ah, hast thou changed thy mind, he had to swallow whether he would Beloved?" The woman caught him or no. When the final drop disapflercely to her with an arm about his peared, Ram Nath put down the glass, waist, and her voice rose shrill with smiled, laid a finger on his lips, and mocking triumph. "Are my lips be- went on tiptoe from the stateroom.

come so sweet to thee again? Then After awhile the man without an identity fell asleep, calmly, restfully, She thrust with wicked cunning, in absolute peace. When again he twice and again, before the men tore awakened it was with the knowledge her away and disarmed her. For an that he was David Amber, and that a instant wrestling like a demon with woman sat beside him.

them, still animated by her murderous "Sophia . frenzy, still wishful to fill her cup of His voice sounded in his own hearvengeance to the brim with the blood ing very thin and brittle. The girl of the girl, she of a sudden ceased to turned her gaze upon him swiftly, the resist and fell passive in their hands, soft smile deepening, the dream-light a dying flicker of satisfaction, in the in her eyes burning brighter and more even that watched the colmination of steady. She bent forward, placing over his wasted hand a hand firm and To Amber it was as if his body had 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, since 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 content: "David . . . Dear . . .!" "Can you listen?"

"Yes . . . sweetheart."

Her voice faltered; she flushed 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."

DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, backache, headache and dizzy spells tell of disordered kid-

these warnings may prove fatal. Begin using Doan's tiel so that and ache all over

Kidney Pills, They cure sick kidneys. Mrs. M. A. Gam blin, Russellville, Ark., snys: "I was in such bad shape from kidney disease that I gave up hope of recovery. There were de-

cided dropsical symptoms, my heart palpitated violently and the pains in my back almost drove me frantic. After doctoring without benefit, I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and when I had-used two boxes. I was as well as over."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Rememberthe Name-DOAN'S." 50c, all stores, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Matter of Constitution.

"There's no use talking about women making themselves the equals of men. They never can do it. It's a mere matter of constitution.

"How do you make that out? It has been demonstrated that women can endure hardships even more stoically than men."

"Oh, I don't mean it that way. They will always wait for the change, even If it doesn't amount to more than a cent."

No Jury. "Didn't you give that man a jury

trial?" "Look here," replied Broncho Bob;

"there ain't a big lot o' men in this settlement. We couldn't possibly git 12 of 'em together without startin' a fatal argument about somethin' that had nothin' whatever to do with the Case.

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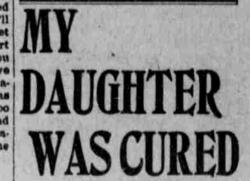
People who take the will for the deed never break into the millionaire class.

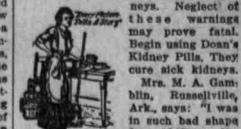
Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind collo. Mc a bottle.

A man isn't necessarily an artist because he draws comparisons.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Even the prude has occasional thoughts that she likes to think.





would!" cried Labertouche tensely, as Naraini seized the opportunity, when his attention was momentarily diverted, to break for freedom. Amber saw the flash of a steel blade

in the woman's hand as she struck at the secret agent, and the latter, stepping back, deflected the blow with a guarding forearm. Then, with the quickness of a snake, Narain! stooped. glided beneath his arms, and slipped from the cell.

With a smothered oath Labertouche leaped to the doorway, lifting his pistol; but he was no quicker than Sophia, who caught his arm and held him back. "No," she panted; "not even for them to surrender. our lives-not at that price!"

He yielded unexpectedly. "Of course you are perfectly right, Miss Farrell." said he, with a little bow. "I'm sorry that circumstances . . . But come! She'll have this hornet's nest about our ears in a brace of seconds. Hark to that!"

A long, shrill shrick echoed down the gallery. Labertouche shrugged and turned to the left. "Come along." he said. "Amber, take Miss Farrell's hand and keep close to me." He led the way from the cell at a brisk paceone, indeed, that taxed Sophia's powers of endurance to maintain.

At length they stood on a low, pebbly ledge, just outside the black maw of the passage-an entrance hidden in a curtain-like fold in the face of the cliff that towered above them, casting an ink-black shadow. But beyond it the emblazoned firmament glowed irradiant, and at their feet the encircling waters ran, a broad ribbon of black the comments of the Tommies, and slik purling between the cliff and the opposing shores, where a thicket of tamarisks rose, a black and ragged wall.

Labertouche strode off into the wator. "Straight ahead," he announced; "den't worry-'tisn't more than knee deep at the worst. I've horses waiting an the other side-"

"Horses!" Amber interrupted. "Great beavens, man, you're-you're omnisthant!"

"No-lucky." Labertouche retorted brickly. "Where'd I been without Ram Nath? He's taking care of the unimals. . . Come along. What re you waiting for? Don't you know-" He turned to see the girl hesitant, though with lifted skirts. "Oh," he said in an accent of understanding. and came back. "If you'll help me, Amber, I daresay we can get Miss Farrell across without a wetting."

He offered to clasp bands with the Jirginian and so make a seat; but Amber had a happier thought.

"'Ands up, ye bloomin' black beggars! 'Ands up, I s'y!"

"Tommies!" cried Amber; and incontinently he dropped the revolver while the woman on his arm clung been penetrated thrice by a needle of as though it had turned hot in his to him the closer. hand.

"Steady, my man!" Labertouche interrupted what threatened to develop "Hold your tongue! Can't you see we've a lady with us?"

rifle and stepped closer, his voice vi-'ighness?"

"That'll do. Put down those guns, and call your commanding officer. I'll explain to him. Where is he? What interrupted from the center of the troops are you? When did you arrive?"

"What's this?" A sharp voice cut they were smitten silent by it. An officer, with jingling spurs and sword in hand, elbowed through the heart a-quiver with womanly sympathy and of the press. "Stop that row instantly. What's this? Who are you, air?"

"I sent the message from Kathlapur, and I'm uncommonly happy to meet you, whoever you may be, sir. Tell your men. to fall back, please, and I'll introduce myself properly."

the privacy he desired; the officer offered him an ungloved hand as the troopers withdrew out of hearing.

'I'm Rowan, captain, Fourteenth ploneers."

"I'm Labertouche, I. S. S. This is Miss Farrell, daughter of Colonel Farrell, and this Mr. Amber of New York. We've just escaped from that rock his birthright, when it doth please steamship; a spacious, bright box of over there and-if you'll pardon-I'd him, and forswears the faith of his suggest you set a strong guard over | fathers! I claim to be Naraini, Queen, the ford behind those tamarisks."

strode off to issue instructions in ac- gade-who stands there!" "I think I can manage by myself, cordance with Labertouche's advice. | "For the love of heaven, Rowan, es of unclouded blue, athwart which



Trotted Off Into the Shade of the Tamarisks.

"I thought we'd better bring her to site, stupefying. He was aware of a first day at Nokomis. Do you rememyou, for she said . . paused, embarrassed, and took a fresh men's faces swam like moons, pallid, into a string of intolerable abuse. start. "My men got to the ford just staring, and of a mighty and invinas she was coming ashore with three cible lethargy that pounced upon him, other men, and the whole pack took body, brain and soul, like a black pan-"Ul-lo!" The soldier lowered his to cover on this side. Two of the men ther springing from the ambush of the happy child, the girl knelt by the side are still missing, but we routed out night. Yet there were still words that of his berth, and laid her cheek brating with astonishment. "Blimme, the other just now with this-ah- must be spoken, lest they live in his against his own. "Oh, David, my Da-'ere's a go! . . . beggar of a nig- lady. He showed fight and got bay- subconsciousness to torment him vid! When do you expect to underger givin' me wotfor 's if 'e was a onetted. But the woman-excuse me, through all the long, black night that stand the heart of a woman, dear gent! 'Oo in 'ell d'ye think y'are, yer Mr. Amber-she protests-by George,

it's too ridiculous!--" "I have claimed naught that is not vibrated like the sprung limb of a true!" an unforgettably sweet voice group. It opened out, disclosing Naraini between two guards, in that moment of passion and fear perhaps more incomparably beautiful than any woman they had ever looked upon, save her who held to Amber's arm, compassion.

"Aye, I have claimed!" she stormed. "I have claimed justice and the rights of wifehood, the protection of him whose wife I am; or, if he deny me, I claim that he must suffer with mehe who hath played the traitor's part Two words secured the secret agent tonight, betraying his Cause and his wife alike to their downfall! I claim," she insisted, lifting, in spite of the soldiers' restraining hands, one "Happy, indeed!" he said cheerfully, small quivering arm to single Amber render it. out and point him to scorn, "that this is the man who, wedded to me by in a former existence, he understood solemn right and the custom of the that he lay in the lower berth of a land, hath deserted and abandoned me, hath denied me even as he donies first-cabin stateroom, aboard an ocean wife to Har Dyal Rutton, rightful ruler "One moment, please." The officer of Khandawar-coward, traitor, rene-

"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 photo-

graph?" "I had it ready to return to you

that morning, David." "Knowing what it meant to me?"

"Knowing what it meant to mewhat it meant to both of us, David." "So you weren't offended, that

"I loved you even then, David. think I must have loved you from that

His eyes widened, perplexed, staring into her grave, dear eyes. "Then

With the low, caressing laugh of a

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Plymouth Rocks.

Concerning the age of eggs, there is likely to be much dispute. Very often it seems as if the only trustworthy authority must be the hen herself. If all raisers of chickens, however, were as frank as a certain man, householders would have little of which to complain. One Saturday one of his customers asked him if she might have a dozen eggs within the next two or three days.

A man awoke from a long dream of "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied John. "I'll night and fear, of passion, pain, and bring you a dozen fresh ones tomordeath, and opened eyes whose vision row morning." seemed curiously clear, to realize a

new world, very unlike that in which "No," protested the housewife, "I the incoherent action of his dream had should not want you to bring them on moved-a world of light and lively Sunday-not on Sunday, John."

air, as sweet and wholesome as ma'am, if you say so, but it doean't glistening white paint, sunshine, and an abundance of pure, cool air could make any difference to the hens."--Tit-Bits.

> Long and Short. "I understand that little Mabel Jones s engaged to that extremely tall young simpleton, Buddy Browne."

Yes, and have you beard her exa room, through whose open ports cuse?" swayed brilliant shafts of temperate

"Excuse?" sunlight, together with great gusts of "Yes. She says she is only carrythe salt sweet breath of the open sea. ing out nature's most inexorable law. Through them, too, he could see patch-"The law of love?"

"No, of contrasts."

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Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound. She was pale, with dark circles und er her eyes, weak and irri-table. Two different doctors treated her doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time, Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound was rec-commended, and after taking three bot-tles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."-Mrs. L. A. CORKRAN, 1103 Rutland Street, Balti-more, Md.

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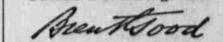
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Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are

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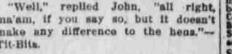


SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature









night?" fire. The anguish of it was exqui-

Rowan darkening, reeling world, wherein ber

why did you pretend-?"

heart of mine?"

. . out of India . at once . . . life . .

fell.

Because he had known these things

A Later Day,

The girl's arms received him as he CHAPTER XX.

was to receive him. He tried to steady himself, and lifted an arm that sapling, signing to the secret agent. "Labertouche," he said thickly . "Sophia