

BELLS WITH A HISTORY

Ancient Chimes Occupying the Belfry of St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C.

MOST FAMOUS IN AMERICA.

In 150 Years They Have Had Many Strenuous Experiences, But They Are Still on Duty.

Replete in its landmarks of other days, old Charleston is a South Carolina city to be beguiled more by evidence of what has been, rather than by what is, says Winifred S. Haynet in the Atlanta Journal. Among its many remaining edifices of bygone days there are none which speak more eloquently of the cultured religious life of this gracious city than its many interesting and beautiful old-time churches, erected in many instances by the grandfathers and great grandfathers of the men and women who attend their services to-day.

Tourists go to St. Michael's, opened for worship in 1752, the oldest unmodeled church in the United States. Modeled after the church by Christopher Wren, in London, the resemblance, though not so pretentious, is quite marked. In the small, crowded churchyard adjoining sleeps the distinguished statesman, Robert Hayne, and few indeed are the crumbling stones which do not bear names of men and women whose lives meant much in these proud colonial days of that old city.

Within the church are many tablets—too many, in fact, to read. One is shown the pew in which Washington sat, and which has since been occupied by most of the city's distinguished visitors—Robert E. Lee, the Princess Louise of England, and various of our Presidents.

It is a pretty day, and if one has the courage for the climb, he may use his own pleasure about ascending through the belfry to the watch tower used during the revolution. From there an excellent view of the city may be had, and of the beautiful harbor, with little Fort Sumter a black dot, and the misty ocean stretching far beyond.

The situation naturally reminds one of the Old North Church at Boston, with its celebrated lanterns—"one if by land and two if by sea." In the belfry are to be seen the chimes, which, in point of history at least, are the most famous in the United States. Originally imported from England, they have crossed the Atlantic five, and in the case of one bell, seven times, to do duty for St. Michael's, nothing demonstrating to a greater extent the Charleston people's regard for sentiment than the history of these chimes.

Confiscated by the British in the days of the American revolution, during Sir Henry Clinton's occupancy of the city, they were sent to England as trophies of war, where later they were purchased by a private citizen and returned to Charleston. In the course of time one of them became cracked and was sent to London for repair. During the Civil War they were sent to Columbia, S. C., by the people of Charleston to be made into cannon if needed. They were spared, however, but when Sherman burned Columbia they were ruined, until their molten metal was gathered up and again shipped to London, where they were remodeled in the original casts by the successors of the first firm. Up in their belfry home they still ring out in the glad refrain they have played, when possible, each Sunday morning for more than 150 years; for regardless of this sad old city's innumerable calamities—its wars and fires and floods, its disastrous storms and earthquakes—St. Michael's chimes have continued to "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

JAPAN TURNS TO BEEF.

New Policy Adopted in Order to Increase Stature of Its People.

It is rather startling after all that has been said and written regarding the rice and fish diet of the Japanese to learn that their government has established large farms with a view to obtaining sufficient cattle for slaughter, so that each day some flesh food may be distributed to their soldiers, says the Salt Lake Tribune. It has been heralded far and wide that the many reasons for the wonderful victories of the Japanese armies during the late war with Russia lay in the great stamina and endurance of the little yellow warriors, who heretofore had lived exclusively on fish and rice. So this new policy of the mikado's advisors will cause much surprise and also considerable regret among the advocates of vegetarianism.

This new measure is part of a plan which, so it is hoped by the authorities, will result in increasing the

height of the race. The superior stature of the white races has been the envy of the natives ever since the invasion of the former into the islands, and much consideration has been given to means to lengthening their own bodies. So now a flesh diet is to be tried. A number of observations give color to the hope that it may prove effective. Thus the tribe or clan of wrestlers, who are of considerable importance in Japan and who there live almost apart from the rest of the people and whose diet consists largely of meat, present individuals of a gigantic stature.

Under the ancient regime the eating of flesh was regarded with great horror by the whole population. The nobles alone tasted at times the flesh of the wild boar, as a fitting end to an exciting hunt. But within the last twenty-five years the consumption of meat has spread among the people, until now in the streets of the cities booths are to be found in plain view, where for a small sum generous portions of boiling beef or of horseflesh can be bought. The Europeans and the Americans who have lived in Japan for thirty years or so, or those who revisit that land after a long absence, testify that even now this partial introduction of a meat diet has modified the physical appearance of the laboring classes. The men are less pale and more muscular. It appears also that their stature has been considerably increased, at least among the coolies and military. On the contrary, among the artisans and other workers of sedentary habits, who continue to live on rice and vegetables, we find, as heretofore, many individuals of exceedingly small stature.

WHITE IMMIGRANTS FOR HAWAII

Russians and Portuguese Beginning to Replace the Orientals.

"Honolulu is encouraging to the utmost immigration of whites to the islands," said Antonio Perry, associate justice of the supreme court of Hawaii and former member of the board of education of the islands, according to the Los Angeles Herald.

"The country is succeeding to a degree that is most satisfactory to the planters, for we find the white laborer is far superior to the Chinese and Japanese. The Russians have proved themselves especially adaptable to work on the plantations. Five hundred Russians arrived from Siberia four months ago and more than 800 Portuguese were brought from the Azores islands at about that time. In fact, we have an agent, C. L. Atkinson, recently secretary of the territory, who makes his headquarters in Siberia and before many years there will be great numbers of Russians settle permanently in the islands. We are no longer threatened with the yellow peril."

"The educational system of the islands is second to none in the United States. Considerable attention is paid to the development and care of the youth. We have a juvenile court conducted in a similar manner as that of Colorado. The youths who are charged with wrongdoing are separated from the more hardened criminals before and after they are tried and until they begin the service of the sentence imposed upon them."

"I am not much of a booster," said Judge Perry, "but perhaps it would not be out of the way to say that Honolulu is flooded with visitors and as a consequence is building up a great tourist trade that in point of annual revenue is becoming an important figure with her. This trade, however, is greatly impaired because of lack of steamer accommodations, and the coastwise law passed by Congress, which prohibits carrying a passenger from one city to another. The Philippines have had this law suspended. We are asking Congress to suspend the operation of this act for a limited time until ships can be built to carry the trade."

A Permanent Position.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success.

The Worst Ever.

"Is our new Congressman homely? Well, I should say! Did you ever see a photograph of him?"

"Why, no, but I've seen caricatures of him."

"Oh, they flatter him; you should see one of his photographs."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Called Her Bluff.

"He's a brute!"

"What has he been doing now?"

"I threatened to leave him, and he told me he would button my gown up the back if I would hurry."—Houston Post.

Her Point of View.

Mother—Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed.

Alice—Yes, mamma, and so has the hen.

Opportunity is apt to dodge the man who spends all his time waiting for it.

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Hackley greeted Johnson's rap with a nervous "Come in," and exchanged a wan smile for Johnny's friendly salutation. He had been writing and the table was strewn with piles of closely written manuscript. Johnny's eyes fell upon the pages, and riveted there. That they were the work of Hackley's pen was evident, and—

The writing was absolutely unlike that in the letters found addressed to Cerisse Wayne!

"Writing a book?" asked Johnny, as he sat down with an effort to be composed.

"No, merely some instructions as to what I want done with my estate, in case anything happens to me," answered Hackley. "It's on account of the children, you know."

"Don't let me bother you," politely suggested Johnny, "if I interrupt I'll go."

Hackley looked up. "You're the first one who's had any faith in me," he answered, "except Francis, Le Malheureux as you call him, her brother, you know. Francis and I have tried to save her name."

"Why," questioned Johnny, striking while the iron was hot, "why does Le Malheureux ever walk among men thus veiled and concealed?"

Hackley shot Johnny a gasp of terror. "As you would not injure the gentlest soul that ever walked," he pleaded, "try, never try to probe that mystery. For your own peace of mind leave Le Malheureux alone."

"Do you know Harcourt?" abruptly questioned the American.

"No, I've never met him," answered Hackley. "I never knew who the man was that had stolen my wife's heart from me. Cerisse was clever and she covered her path well. I do know, though, that towards the end she seemed to grow tired of him. He waxed insanely jealous of her towards the end. I think she was planning to leave him at the last."

"Who do you think killed her?" queried Johnny, "or do you know?"

"I did not leave that house at 94 Briarsweet place—the one where the passage way was found you know."

"Why, I saw you, saw you go through the passage way myself, the morning after the murder," cried Johnny.

"Yes, I know you did," admitted Hackley. "That was my second visit there. I was in there the morning that they found the body. I had followed Le Malheureux there up through the hole in the wall. Mrs. Desterie saw me there when she burst in the door. Le Malheureux and I had gone up to see Cerisse. Le Malheureux had been there before. He had traced her out and told me where she was. I went expecting to find the living woman—I found, dead clay. When the policeman and Mrs. Desterie's husband were carrying her back to her bedroom, I walked down the stairs and away from the house. When I reached my lodgings, where I was stopping under an assumed name, I discovered I had lost one of my garters. I went back that night and forced an entrance to the Flanders house, and climbed back into the bedroom through the hole in the wall. I looked for the garter but couldn't find it. I wanted it for sentiment's sake, and not because I was afraid of any incrimination that might result from it, as for years I have been practically unknown in civilized countries. And," with a whimsical smile, "I was frightened away, and in my haste to leave the Flanders house, I lost the mate to it out of my pocket."

"And I found it right by the door to the house that Hamley Hackley was supposed to have leased," said Johnny. "Was the Man-Aperilla in the room when you and Le Malheureux were?" came Johnny's final question.

"I know of no such animal," said Hackley. "And now, Mr. Johnson, I am tired. The strain of months is telling on me, do you mind if I beg to be excused?"

CHAPTER XXV.

There was no delay in the trial. Justice had waited sufficiently long and demanded an airing immediately. The crush in the courtroom was fearful and a jury was polled before noon.

The crux of the examination came at last. They sent for Mrs. Harcourt and brought her in, forcing her to keep her veil down till she was directly in front of the prisoner. Then her face was bared.

Hackley fell forward as if shot to the heart. "Cerisse!" he exclaimed. "Cerisse, my wife, and alive!"

The court-room rang with riot. Vainly did the judicial gavel rap for order, and the bailiffs seek to eject the most unruly. The public nerve had been at too high a tension for too long. With Hackley's return to self-control, comparative calm was restored. Mrs. Harcourt approached him very gently, and spoke for the first time, "Are you not mistaken? Are you not mistaken?" she asked. "Look again. I never saw

your wife when she was alive, but I believe we are very like each other."

At the sound of her voice, Hackley was himself again.

"No, you're not the same," he assented. "But it is strange, miraculous. Who are you?"

"I am the woman who married Harold Harcourt," she replied, rather sadly, and at a sign from the judge left the room.

They brought Harcourt in next and asked Hackley if he knew him.

"I never saw him before," replied the defendant. "Who is he?"

"Tell him," said the judge.

Harcourt, cringing and fearful, stammered out his name. Hackley gripped the witness chair hard. "You'd better go away from me," he said, peculiarly. "I have not committed murder yet, for my children's sake, but I might."

"That is all, your honor," said the prosecution, "we are through with the witness."

Mrs. Harcourt took the stand. Her testimony divulged nothing new. Mark S. Flanders, who leased the house to the supposed Hamley Hackley, asserted he had never seen his tenant, that the whole operation had been by letter, accompanied by New York exchange to cover the rent for three months, and that the lease when signed in duplicated by "Hamley Hackley," had never been seen by him, Flanders, till after his return from Europe.

Hackley was recalled to the stand. "You say that Francis Wayne, brother of the murdered woman, whose whereabouts you declare you do not know, had visited the room previously to the morning of her death?"

"So I understood," answered Hackley.

"Why?"

"Well, he called upon me at my lodgings and said that he knew where Cerisse was, and that if I wished to see her he would show me how to get to her. On numerous other occasions I had met up with her, but she always declined to see me. Francis took me over to the street known as Briarsweet place. He had a latchkey to the front door—at No. 94. I think it was a skeleton key, but he is an artificer of uncommon skill, so I do not know. He let me in. There seemed to be no one at home, in the Flanders house. We went into the library, and he lifted a brass plaque from the wall. We had great difficulty in crawling through the hole, as the panel stuck. When we got in there we found my wife dead. It was evident, too, that she had not occupied the room alone."

"Could Francis Wayne have leased this house in your name?" asked the Court.

"I hardly think so," replied Hamley. "In fact, I am positive he did not."

"Do you think he killed his sister?" asked the Court again.

"I am positive he did not."

"What reason had he for surreptitiously following his sister. Was he afraid you would kill her?"

"I do not know as to that. I think his object was to try and persuade her to return home to her children."

Mrs. Dr. Fothergill then testified.

"The morning after I had examined Mrs. Harcourt at the hospital and noted what seemed to me to be indications of this particular form of loco poisoning, I obtained permission to visit the room formerly occupied by Mrs. Wayne. It was practically untouched, and a glass stood on the washstand. I took it away with me, giving the police due notification that I had done so, and when at home rinsed it thoroughly with water and a slight percentage of alcohol, as his latter solvent has a marked affinity for loco in any form. The analysis of this solution showed it to be highly charged with powdered loco root. On mere woman's intuition and my own initiative, I sought further. Undoubtedly the loco root was dropped into the glass of water and later Mrs. Wayne either wittingly or unwittingly drank it."

"Will you tell the court your diagnosis of the ailment of Mrs. Harcourt?"

A bad case of poisoning from the male loco blossoms. Her present state of health is attributable only to the rigorous treatment of morphine and female loco blossoms which she was subjected. The powders in evidence were dispensed to her daily by her husband, so she claims, in fact employees at the hotel saw him give them to her more than once. They are the concentrated essence of the male blossom of this noxious plant. I should say that she had been kept under the influence of this drug about five years. Those two parchment bags filled with white powder there, contain more of the same drug. They were discovered in Mr. Harcourt's luggage."

"And your opinion then is?"

"My opinion is," slowly stated Dr. Fothergill, "and I deduce it from scientific facts and analyses, that Harold

Harcourt not only kept his wife under the influence of loco for years, but that he employs this pestilential product as a means to kill Narcisse Wayne Hackley."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The second morning after the critical day when Dr. Fothergill had made her startling statements about the loco root found the case at a standstill. Each side was waiting for the other, and for a half hour after court had opened there was nothing doing save a potter among the attorneys.

"Your honor," it spoke, "I am Francis Wayne, the brother of the dead woman whose death you are trying to probe."

"Le Malheureux!" exclaimed Johnson and Larry Morris in a breath. The figure bowed to them and turned again to the judge.

"If your honor please," said Le Malheureux, "with all apologies for my tardiness and for myself, I would like to tell my story. In this wallet are the documents of proof."

"My story is my father's shame. His name was John Francis Wayne, and he was the son of Thomas James Wayne, once bishop of the diocese of Georgia. Among the slaves my grandfather owned was a fine fellow named Ben, who had been stolen from the Gold Coast. He had a son, also named Ben, and the father of the African Benoni that you have just thrown into jail, because he has kept silence out of respect for my infirmity. His son Ben and my father grew up in that relationship that once existed in the South between boy-master and boy-slave. Ben's father had told his son how their people were kings in mid-Africa, and of the enormous wealth they held there, all vested in diamond mines. The black lad and the white one were adventurous youths, and planned from boyhood up to sail to Africa as soon as they were grown to manhood. Ben was to be restored to his ancestral power and my father was to be enriched with half the wealth of the kingdom and to return here to America to live. Father wanted to be a physician, so his parents sent him to Germany and later to France to study. Ben, the slave, went with him as his valet, though they were more like foster brothers, and with good reason, as Ben's mother had been my father's wet nurse. Ben was bright, and to fit himself to rule over his people and to head his dreams of a vast African colonization he studied side by side with my father. They saved their money, did these two boys, and when they were matriculated made ready to go to Africa. Hovering around Paris before their departure my father met the beautiful twin daughters of a Frenchman of rank and wealth, the Mademoiselles Desiree and Marie De La Roux. They were like as two peas, and of exceptional grace and charm, and for a long while father did not know which to choose. He loved them both. Finally he decided upon Desiree, proposed, was accepted and married within a fortnight. As the two sisters had never been separated Marie accompanied the newly wedded pair to Africa. Shortly after their arrival in the ancient kingdom of Ben's father, a journey accomplished only after terrible hardships, Ben married Tyoga, the mother of Benoni, and the foster mother of Meta, now Benoni's wife. The natives gave them short shrift at first. Had not my father's really marvelous knowledge of electricity and his clever acquaintance with black art as it was then practiced in some portions of Germany stood them in good stead, their lives would not have been worth much. As it was the barbarians considered my father a terrible sorcerer, and exalted him to be their ruler. Shortly afterwards Ben and father quarreled and father had the faithful slave executed with terrible torture, for the sight of the wealth in this African kingdom, and its almost limitless diamond fields had disclosed all the avaricious qualities of my father's nature, and he felt no affection except for the glittering jewels that his thousands of serfs piled up at his feet. Tyoga remained staunch to her lonely young mistress even after the fearful death of Ben, her husband."

"Then Benoni and I were born—with in a month of each other, when the first year of the sojourn on Africa's soil was barely ended. Tyoga consecrated Benoni to my service at his birth, and he has been more faithful and loyal than a brother ever since. Within the next year my sister Cerisse was born. In appearance I was like my father, but I had my mother's disposition. Cerisse was the image of our mother and of our Aunt Marie, but her nature was that of our father. Intensely vain, selfish and overbearing. Cerisse would have been hated by all around the castle but for her exceptional beauty. She was barely two years old when a young captain in the French army, Raoul de L'Enclos, stationed in camp a few rods from our demesne, met my Aunt Marie. They fell violently in love with each other, and despite my father's opposition were married by the old French Cure who had accompanied the party on its migration into the African wilderness. Father was wild with anger about the marriage. He forbade my aunt and her husband the house, and returned to my Aunt Marie her half of the joint fortune that she and her sister had brought with them to Africa, only because he feared that Capt. de L'Enclos might invoke an investigation of the Wayne demesne by the French government. My aunt was by now thoroughly enraptured with life in the tropics, which was but natural, as the De La Roux had originally come from Martinique. Africa was barred to them, because both she and her husband feared my father's vindictiveness."

(To be continued)