

The Tolling Bell

It Was a Mystery, but It Was Explained

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON

When I was master of the Helen MacAvoy, one of the old time brigs...

And yet there came across the surface of the water, mellowed by distance...

I at once ordered the lead heaved, but the bottom was reported.

Meanwhile, though we were scarcely moving, we continued to approach the bell...

I would have cast anchor except for the fact that there was no bottom...

The stakes continued to approach us, and we then till they seemed to be scarcely a cable's length distant...

Nevertheless we all agreed that it was adrift and drifting.

The next morning a vessel appeared far astern of us.

If any of the sails had been set they had been blown away.

As soon as we came within easy reach of her I ordered a boat lowered...

We found the sails furled and a cable dangling from her bow...

There was one thing that puzzled me. The bell rope had not been parted...

Having noted these things, I went below by the forecastle companion way.

There was not a soul below forward. I did not expect to find any one...

On the broad berth a little boy, not a year old, sat looking at me.

lay a woman. I touched her, but she did not move.

I had brought a flask of liquor with me in case of such an emergency...

We had brought some broth in a bottle, which one of the men carried.

The depth was in such good condition that I concluded to put a prize crew aboard of her and send her to Honolulu...

The woman we had rescued was ready the next morning to give the main points of her experience.

When the storm abated the captain's wife found herself at sea on a derelict.

She had no idea how many days she had been adrift.

I got what information I could from her as to the island on which her husband and his crew had been marooned.

As we approached we saw them standing on the shore watching us.

I shall never forget the meeting between the captain and his wife.

I took him and his crew aboard and transferred them to the first ship we met going westward.

From that day to this there are two things connected with the adventure that will never fade from my memory.

Bedouin's Three Treasures.

There are always three things up- permost in the Bedouin's mind—his gun, his horse and his wives.

Animals Attack the Lungs.

Watch any flesh eating animal when it is attacking its prey or watch two animals having a fight to the death.

Shooting the Seal.

Seals are caught in a variety of ways, but they are very shy creatures and the greatest caution must be exercised.

Our Unknown World.

Real Hard Luck.

To Save Money.

Love Is the most powerful of spells.

What It Is.

Mistake.

Demonstrated Efficiency.

Literature and Slang.

"Booze" as a word connected with taking strong waters, dates back two centuries, and in the spelling "bouze" may be found at even as remote a date as 1800.

Wreck of the White Ship.

Many a wicked smile he smole, and many a wink he work.

Ermine Is the Royal Fur.

The fame of the ermine as a creature patronized by royalty, dates back to the reign of King Edward III.

The Jerusalem Chamber.

One of the rooms in Westminster abbey that are of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem chamber.

Killed by Imagination.

Identified by an Old Habit.

Proved.

The Ticket Didn't Tick.

False Alarm.

Getting It Up to Date.

Domestic Happiness.

ROME'S COLISEUM

Majestic Even In Its Ruins Is the Historic Old Edifice.

ITS BLOOD SATURATED ARENA

On the Occasion of Its Inauguration Five Thousand Wild Animals and Ten Thousand Captives Were Slain in an Orgy That Lasted a Hundred Days.

Second only to the Acropolis at Athens in interest to the antiquarian and historian is the Coliseum at Rome.

It was a feudal fortress for a long time and finally a quarry from which were built churches and palaces until by its consecration as holy ground on account of the number of martyrs further ravages were stopped.

It is said to have given seats to 87,000 spectators and was inaugurated A. D. 80, the same year in which Titus died, on which occasion 5,000 wild animals and 10,000 captives were slain.

This structure was originally called the Amphitheatrum Flavium.

The Roman Coliseum became the spot where prince and people met together to witness those sanguinary exhibitions the degrading effect of which on the Roman character can hardly be overestimated.

As a general description of the building the following passage of Gibbon is said to be perfect.

The outside of the edifice was incrustated with marble and decorated with statues.

The interior was filled with and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats, of marble likewise, covered with cushions and capable of receiving with ease about 90,000 spectators.

The entrance and staircases were very aptly distinguished by the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality.

In the center of the edifice the arena was strewn with the finest sand and successively assumed the most different forms.

At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth like the garden of the Hesperides.

The poet who describes the game of Carinus in the character of a shepherd attracted to the capitol by the fame of their magnificence affirms that the nets designed as a defense against the wild beasts were of gold wire.

In ancient times there was hardly a town in the Roman empire which had not an amphitheater large enough to contain vast multitudes of spectators.

The Artistic Temperament.

Miss Gattie—Enemies, are you? Why, I thought she loved you not long ago.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

Seized His Chance.

The county courthouse was burning, and the judge was very anxious to arrive at the scene of much of his life work as quickly as possible.

To the surprise and chagrin of the small negro, when the judge caught him he gave him a good thrashing.

Flags at Half Mast.

Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Wasting Time.

"What?" exclaimed the young man whom we shall call Bill.

"Well, Billie," blushed the fellow we have already named as Archie.

"Gee! I never had any such experience. Every time I try to start my knees knock together, my teeth chatter, and my tongue gets stuck in my throat."

Marrried His Grandmother.

There lived in the village of Arreton Isle of Wight, many years ago, a young man who was betrothed to a young woman.

Rather Emphatic.

In a Virginia courthouse a negro was describing how a cutting scrape started.

Giant Spider Crab.

One Less to Feed.

Lost Control.

A Soft Answer.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.