

The Brass Bowl

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.
"Mad" Dan Mattland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk. Mattland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her attire struck him as being, cracking the safe containing his jewels. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anstey, half-hypnotized, Mattland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The red Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared in the same mission. Mattland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Mattland received a letter from the girl, stating that she had been "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To avoid the girl in gray, Mattland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was taken by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the jewels, remunerated by the latter. The criminal kept Mattland's engagement with the girl in gray. Anstey feared for the safety of the jewels.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.
He nodded, eyes to hers, fascinated, with an odd commingling of fear and hope and satisfied self-love. "Now I am unconnected with the affair. No one knows that I had any hand in it. Besides, no one knows me—that is—steal." Her tone fell lower. "The police have never heard of me. Dan!"
"I believe—"
"I could get away," she interrupted; "and then, if they stopped you—"
"You're right, by the powers!" He struck the table smartly with his fist. "You do that and we can carry this through. Why, lacking the jewels, I am Mattland—I am even wearing Mattland's clothes!" he boasted. "I went to his apartments this morning and saw to that, because it suited my purpose to be Mattland for a day or two."
"Then—" Her gaze questioned his.
"Walter!" cried Anstey. And when the man was deferential at his elbow: "Call a cab, at once, please."
"Certainly, sir."
The rest of the corps of servants were at the other end of the big room. Anstey made certain that they were not watching, then stealthily passed the canvas bag to the girl. She bent her head, bestowing it in her hand-bag.
"You have made me . . . happy, Dan," came tremulously from beneath the hat brim.
Whatever doubts may have assailed him when it was too late, by that remark were effaced, silenced. Who could mistrust her sincerity?
"Then when and where may I see you again?" he demanded.
"The same place."
It was a bold move; but she was standing; the water was back, announcing the cab in waiting, and he dared not protest. Yet his pat riposte commanded her admiration.
"No. Too risky. If they are watching here, they may be there, too." He shook his head decidedly. The flicker of doubt was again extinguished; for undoubtedly Mattland had escorted her home that morning; her reference had been to that place. "Somewhere else," he insisted, confident that she was playing fair.
She appeared to think for an instant, then, fumbling in her pocket-book, extracted a typical feminine pencil stub—its business end looking as though it had been gnawed by a vindictive rat—and scribbled hastily on the back of a menu-card:
"Mrs. McCabe, 205 West One Hundred and Eighteenth Street, Top Floor, Ring three times."
"I shall be there at seven," she told him. "You won't fail me."
"Not if I'm still at liberty," he laughed.
And the waiter smiled at discretion, a far-away and unobtrusive smile that could by no possibility give offense; at the same time it was calculated to convey the impression that, in the opinion of one humble person, at least, Mr. Mattland was a merry wag.
"Good-by . . . Dan!"
Anstey held her fingers in his hard palm for an instant, rising from his chair.
"Good-by, my dear," he said, clumsily.
He watched her disappear, eyes humid, temples throbbing. "By the powers!" he cried. "But she's worth it!"
Perhaps his meaning was vague, even to himself. He resumed his seat mechanically and sat for a time staring dreamily into vacancy, blunt fingers drumming on the cloth.
"No," he declared at length. "No; I'm safe enough . . . in her hands."
Once secure from the public gaze, the girl crowded back into a corner of the cab, as though trying to efface herself. Her eyes closed almost automatically; the curve of laughing lips became a dolorous droop; a crinkle appeared between the arched brows; waves of burning crimson flooded her face and throat.
In her lap both hands lay clenched into tiny fists—clenched so tightly that it hurt, numbing her fingers—a physical pain that, somehow, helped her to endure the paroxysms of shame. That she should have stooped so low!



"I Want You to Keep Your Mouth Shut."

The voice of the cabby dropping through the trap, roused her. "This is the Martha Washington, ma'am."
Mechanically she descended from the hansom and paid her fare; then, summing up all her strength and resolution, passed into the lobby of the hotel and paused at the telephone switchboard.
The old clock in a corner of the study chimed resonantly and with deliberation four double strokes; and while yet the deep-throated music was dying into silence the telephone bell shrieked imperiously.
Maitland hit savagely on the bag and knotted his brows, trying to bear it. The effect was that of a coarse file rasped across raw quivering nerves. And he lay helpless, able to do no more toward endurance than to dig his nails deep into his palms.
Again and again the fenshish clamor shattered the echoes. Blinding flashes of agony danced down the white-hot wires strung through his head, tant from temple to temple.
Would the fool at the other end never be satisfied that he could get no answer? Evidently not; the racket continued mercilessly, short series of shrill calls alternating with imperative rolls pronounced until one thought that the tortured metal sounding cups would crack. Though! nay, prayed that either such would be the case, or else that one's head might at once mercifully be rent asunder.
That anguish so exquisite should be the means of releasing him from his bonds seemed a refinement of irony. Yet Maitland was aware, between spasms, that help was on the way. The telephone instrument, for obvious convenience, had been equipped with an extension bell which rang simultaneously in O'Hagan's quarters. When Maitland was not at home the janitor-valet, so warned, would answer the calls. And now, in the still intervals, the heavy thud of unburied feet could be heard upon the staircase. O'Hagan was coming to answer; and taking his time about it. It seemed an age before the rattle of pass-key in latch announced him; and another eye, all unconscious of the figure sune on the divan against the further study wall, the old man shuffled to the instrument, lifted receiver from the hook, and applied it to his ear.
"Well, well?" he demanded with that impatience characteristic of the illiterate for modern methods of communication. "P'what the divvie ails ye?"
"Rayspeits to ye, ma'am, and 'tis sorry I am I didn't know 'twas a leddy."
"He's not."
"Wan o'clock, there or thereabouts."
"Faith, and he didn't say."
"P'what name will I be tellin' him?"
"Kape ut to yerself, thin. 'Tis none of me business."
"If ye do, I'll not answer. Sure, am I to be climbin' two flights av stairs ivry folve minits?" hanging up the receiver. "And the divvie fly away wid ye," grumbled O'Hagan.
As he turned away from the instrument Mattland managed to produce a sound, something between a moan and a strangled cough. The old man whirled on his heel. "P'what's that?"
The next instant he was bending over Mattland, peering into the face drawn and disfigured by the gag, "The saints preserve us! And who the divvie are ye at all? P'why don't ye speak?"
Maitland turned purple, and emitted a furious snort.
"Misther Maitland, be all that's strange? Is it mad I am?" Or how

And, when he did recall this fact, and how easily he had been duped, Maitland could have ground his teeth in unvoluntary rage—but for the circumstance that when it occurred to him, such a feat was a physical impossibility, and even when unengaged the operation would have been painful to an extreme.
Slipping the grateful drink which O'Hagan presently brought him, the young man pondered the case; with no pleasure in the prospect he foresaw. If Higgins had actually communicated the fact of Anstey's escape to the police, the entire affair was likely to come out in the papers—all of it, that is, that he could not suppress. But even figuring that he could silence Higgins and O'Hagan—no difficult task—though he might be somewhat late with Higgins—the most discreet imaginable explanation of his extraordinary conduct would make him the laughing stock of his circle of friends, to say nothing of a city that had been accustomed to speak of him as "Mad Maitland" for many a day. Unless—
Ah, he had it! He could pretend so long as it suited his purpose, at all events, to have been the man caught and left bound in Higgins' care. Simple enough. The knocking over of the butler could be ascribed to a natural ebullition of indignation, the subsequent flight to a hare-brained notion of running down the thief. And yet even that explanation had its difficulties. How was he to account for the fact that he had failed to communicate with the police—knowing that his treasure had been ravished?
It was all very involved. Mr. Maitland returned the glass to O'Hagan and, cradling his head in his hands, racked his brains in vain for a satisfactory tale to tell. There were so many things to be taken into consideration. There was the girl in gray. Not that he had forgotten her for an instant; his fury raged but the higher at the thought that Anstey's interference had prevented his (Maitland's) keeping the engagement. Doubtless the girl had waited, then gone away in anger, believing that the man in whom she had placed faith had proved himself unworthy.
But that telephone call!
"O'Hagan," demanded the haggard and distraught young man, "who was that on the wire just now?"
"Being a thoroughly trained servant, O'Hagan had waited that question in silence, a quiver with impatience though he was. Now, his tongue unleashed, his words fairly stumbled on one another's heels in his anxiety to get them out in the least possible time.
"Sure, an 'twas a leddy, sor, be the vice av her, askin' ye in, and meself havin' seen ye go out no longer ago this wan o'clock and yerself sayin' not a word about comin' back at all! P'what was I to be tellin' her, even if ye were lyin' there on the divan all unbeknownst to me, which the same meself can not—"
"Help!" pleaded the young man feebly, smiling. "One thing at a time, please, O'Hagan. Answer me one question: Did she give a name?"
"She did, sor, though meself—" "There, there! Wait a bit. I want to think."
Of course she had given no name; it wouldn't be like her. What was he thinking of, anyway? It could not have been the gray girl; for she knew him only as Anstey; she could never have thought him himself, Maitland. But what other woman of his acquaintance did not believe him to be acquainted with?
With a hopeless posture, Maitland gave it up, conceding the mystery too deep for him, his intellect too feeble to grapple with all its infinite ramifications. The counsel he had given O'Hagan seemed most appropriate to his present needs: One thing at a time. And obviously the first thing that lay to his hand was the silencing of O'Hagan.
Maitland rallied his wits to the task. "O'Hagan," said he, this man, snatched himself a detective. As soon as we were alone he rapped me over the head with a loaded cane, and I suspect, went through the flat stealing everything he could lay hands on. Hand me my cigarette case, please."
"Tis gone, sor—'tis not on the desk, at last, where I saw it last."
"Ah! You see? Now for reasons of my own, which I won't enter into, I don't want the affair to get out and become public. You understand? I want you to keep your mouth shut, until I give you permission to open it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.
Dance of the Hours.
Four p. m.
The old clock in a corner of the study chimed resonantly and with deliberation four double strokes; and while yet the deep-throated music was dying into silence the telephone bell shrieked imperiously.
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Hickory Tree is a Monument
It Marks the Grave of an Admirer of President Jackson.
In the Baptist graveyard at Canton, Pa., near Salem, lies the body of an old revolutionary soldier named James Sayre. A rude, unlettered sandstone marks his grave, but a more conspicuous monument is a large hickory tree the trunk of which, three feet from the ground, measures 51 1/2 inches in circumference.
James Sayre was an ardent admirer of Andrew Jackson, so of an old hickory tree, from the character of being so unbending in any cause where he believed to be right. Mr. Sayre always wore a sprig of hickory in his breast on "training days," and before he died directed that a hickory tree be planted on his grave. This was done, and after the tree attained proportion, deemed suitable to adorn a grave, was dug up. Another tree sprang from the

NEW SENSATION FOR DOBBIN

Come to Think of It, He Would Have Felt Funny Sitting in the Position Indicated.

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother.

A broad grin spread over the little girl's face. "I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the push cushions.—Woman's Home Companion

DREADFUL DANDRUFF.

Girl's Head Encrusted—Feared Loss of All Her Hair—Baby Had Milk-Crust—Mistress's Wife Made Two Perfect Cures by Cuticura.

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair. After trying various remedies, in desperation I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. They left the scalp beautifully clean and free from dandruff, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. I have also used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head. Cuticura is a blessing. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

TIED ALL THE TIME.

Languor, listlessness, dullness of spirits are often due to kidney derangement. Pain and weakness in the back, sides and hips, headaches, dizziness, urinary disorders are sure signs that the kidneys need immediate attention.

Delay is dangerous. Alonzo Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "My kidneys failed me. I suffered awful pain and was so weak I could not work, and often had to take to bed. I was dull and exhausted nearly all the time. I consulted doctors and used medicines, but only Doan's Kidney Pills helped me. Soon I was permanently cured."

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DAY LUMBER CO.

EXTRA BIG LAKE WASH. ASH YOUR DEALER.

Dr. McIntosh celebrated Natural Uterine Supporter

Teach Care of Home and Family.

An interesting experiment is being made in the higher education of women at King's college, London. The idea is that there is just as much educational value in a careful study of the principles of managing the home and young children as in the course usually read for the taking of a degree.

TRUE RESIGNATION.

Old Maid—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?
Doctor—Yes, I believe so.
Old Maid (resignedly)—O, then, doctor, you needn't call again.

Wanted to Defer the Petition.
A Los Angeles mother tells the following:
"One summer's eve my little son of six years was sent to bed at his usual time; but he could not sleep. Upon my inquiry what troubled him, he replied: 'I can't finish my prayer. I've got as far as 'Forgive us our trespasses as'—but I can't get any further, for Howard licked me to-day and I want to lick him to-morrow."

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