



She Had Watched the House from the Window of a Top-Floor Hall Bedroom in the Boarding-House Opposite.

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Dan O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered the woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Emmanuel, 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 been leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised her in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anisty, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, then forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland 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. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith" introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Very good, sir." The janitor-valet had previous experience with Maitland's generosity in grateful memory; and shut his lips tightly in promise of virtuous reticence. "You won't regret it. Now tell me what you mean by saying that you saw me go out at one this afternoon?" Again the flood gates were lifted; from the deluge of explanations and protestations Maitland extracted the general drift of narrative. And in the end held up his hand for silence. "I think I understand, now. You say he had changed to my gray suit?" "O'Hagan darted into the elevator, whence he emerged with confirmation of his statement. "It's gone, sir, an—"

"All right, but," with a rueful smile, "I'll take the liberty of countermanding Mr. Smith's order. If he should call again, O'Hagan, I very much want to see him."

"Faith, and 'is meall' will have a word or two to whisper in the ear of him, sir," announced O'Hagan, grimly. "I'm afraid the opportunity will be lacking. You may fix me a hot bath now, O'Hagan, and put out my evening clothes. I'll dine at the club to-night and may not be back."

And, rising, Maitland approached a mirror, before which he lingered for several minutes, cataloguing his injuries. Taken altogether, they amounted to little. The swelling of his wrists and ankles was subsiding gradually; there was a slight redness visible in the corners of his mouth, and a shadow of discoloration on his right temple—something that could be concealed by brushing his hair in a new way. "I think I shall go," concluded Maitland; "there's nothing to excite particular comment. The bulk of the soreness is inside."

the numbered 205, then swung up the steps and into the vestibule. Here he halted, bending over to scrutinize the names on the letter boxes.

The short, thick-set man reluctantly detached himself from his polished pellar and waddled ungracefully across the street.

The policeman on the corner seemed suddenly interested in Seventh avenue and walked in that direction. The gray man, having vainly deciphered all the names on one side of the vestibule, straightened up and turned his attention to the opposite wall, either unconscious or indifferent to the shuffle of feet on the stoop behind him.

The short, thick-set man removed one hand from a pocket and tapped the gray man gently on the shoulder. "Lookin' for McCabe, Anisty?" he inquired, genially.

The gray man turned slowly, exhibiting a countenance blank with astonishment. "Beg pardon?" he drawled; and then, with a dawning gleam of recognition in his eyes: "Why, good evening, Hickey! What brings you up this way?"

The short, thick-set man permitted his jaw to droop and his eyes to protrude for some seconds. "Oh," he said in a tone of great disgust, "hell!" He pulled himself together with an effort. "Excuse me, Mr. Maitland," he stammered, "I wasn't lookin' for yeh."

"To the contrary, I gather from your greeting you were expecting our friend, Mr. Anisty?" And the gray man smiled.

Hickey smiled in sympathy, but with less evident relish of the situation's humor. "That's right," he admitted. "Got a tip from the c'misner's office this evening that Anisty would be here at seven o'clock lookin' for a party named McCabe. I guess I got a bum tip, all right; but of course I got to look into it."

"Most assuredly," the gray man bent and inspected the names again. "I am hunting up an old friend," he explained, carelessly; "a man named Simmons—knew him in college—down on his luck—wrote me yesterday. There he is: Fourth floor, east. I'll see you when I come down, I hope, Mr. Hickey."

The automatic lock clicked and the door swung open; the gray man passing through and up the stairs. Hickey, ostensibly ignoring the existence of the policeman, returned to his post of observation.

At eight o'clock he was still there, looking bored. At 8:20 he was still there, wearing a puzzled expression.

At nine he called the adoring hall-boy, gave him a quarter with minute instructions, and saw him disappear into the hallway of No. 205. Three minutes later the boy was back, breathless but enthusiastic.

"Missis Simmons," he explained between gasps, "says she ain't never heard of nobody named Maitland. Somebody rang her bell a while ago an' apologized for disturbin' her—said he wanted the folks on the top floor; I guess yer man went across the roof; then houses is all connected, and yuh c'n walk clear from the corner here (uh half-way up 'uh Nineteenth street, on Sain' Nicholas avenue).

"Hehuh," Hickey, incidentally returned the detective, "thanks." And turning on his heel, walked westward. The policeman crossed the street to detain him for a moment's chat. "I guess it's all off, Jim," Hickey told him. "Some one must 've tipped that crook off. Anyway, I ain't goin' to wait no longer."

"I wouldn't neither," agreed the uniformed member. "Say, who's yer friend yeh was talkin' 'uh, 'while ago?"

"Oh, a frien' of mine. Yeh didn't have no call to git excited then, Jim, 'nigh."

And Hickey proceeded westward, a listless and preoccupied man by the vacant eye of him. But when he emerged into the glare of Eighth avenue his face was unusually red. Which may have been due to the heat. And just before boarding a downtown surface car, "Oh," he enunciated with gusto, "hell!"

One a. m. Not until the rich and mellow chime had merged into the stillness did the intruder dare again draw breath. Coming as it had the very moment that the door had closed noiselessly behind her, the double stroke had rounded to her like a knell; or, perhaps more like the prelude to the wild alarm of a tocsin, first striking her heart still with terror, then urging it into panic flutterings.

from the door, against which she had flung herself, one hand clutching the knob, ready to pull it open and fly upon the first aggressive sound.

In the interval her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. The study door showed a pale oblong on her right; to her left, and a little toward the rear of the flat, the door of Maitland's bed chamber stood ajar.

To this she tiptoed, standing upon the threshold and listening with every fiber of her being. No sounds as of the regular respiration of a sleeper warning her, she at length peered stealthily within; simultaneously she pressed the button of an electric hand-lamp. Its circumscribed blaze wavered over pillows and counterpane spotless and undisturbed.

Then for the first time she breathed freely, convinced that she had been right in surmising that Maitland would not return that night.

Since early evening she had watched the house from the window of a top-floor hall bedroom in the boarding-house opposite. Shortly before seven she had seen Maitland, stiff and uncompromising in rigorous evening dress, leave in a cab. Since then only once had a light appeared in his rooms; at about half after nine the janitor had appeared in the study, turning up the gas and going to the telephone. Whatever the nature of the communication received, the girl had taken it to indicate that Maitland had decided to spend the night elsewhere; for the study light had burned for some ten minutes, during which the janitor could occasionally be seen moving mysteriously about; and something later, bearing a suitcase, he had left the house and shuffled rapidly eastward to Madison avenue.

So she felt convinced that she had all the small hours before her, secure from interruption. And this time, she told herself, she purposed making assurance doubly sure.

But first to guard against discovery from the street. Turning back through the hall, she dispensed with the hand-lamp, entering the darkened study. Here all windows had been closed and the outer shades drawn—O'Hagan's last act before leaving with the suitcase—additional proof that Maitland was not expected back that night. For the temperature was high, the air in the closed room stifling.

Crossing to the windows, the girl drew down the dark green inner shades and closed the folding wooden shutters over them. And was conscious of a deepened sense of security.

Next going to the telephone, she removed the receiver from the hook and let it hang at the full length of the cord. In the dead silence the small voice of Central was clearly articulate: "What number? Hello, what number?"—followed by the grumbling of the armature as the operator tried fruitlessly to ring the disconnected bell. The girl smiled faintly, aware that there would now be no interruption from an importunate call.

There remained as a final precaution only a grand tour of the flat; which she made expeditiously, passing swiftly and noiselessly (one contemplating midnight raids does not attire one's self in silks and starched things) from room to room, all comfortably empty. Satisfied at last, she found herself again in the study, and now boldly, mind at rest, lighted the brass standard lamp with the green shade which she discovered on the desk.

Standing, hails resting lightly on her hips, breathing contentedly, cheeks flushed and eyes alight with some intimate and inscrutable emotion, she surveyed the room. Out of the dusk that lay beyond the splash of illumination beneath the lamp, the furniture began to take on familiar shapes; the divans, the heavy leather-cushioned easy chairs, the tall clock with its palid staring face, the small tables and tabourettes, handily disposed for the reception of books and magazines and pipes and glasses, the towering, old-fashioned mahogany book case, the useless, ornamental, beautiful Chipendale escutcheon, in one corner; all somberly shadowed and all combining to diffuse an impression of quiet, easy going comfort.

Just such a study as he would naturally have. She nodded silent approbation of it as a whole. And, nodding sat down at the desk, planting elbows on his polished surface, interlacing her fingers and cradling her chin upon their backs, turned under the lamp. The mood held her but briefly. She had no time to waste, and much to accomplish.

Sitting back, and pressed the clasp of her hand-bag and produced two articles—a golden cigarette case and a slightly soiled canvas bag. The Maitland jewels were returning by a devious way, to their owner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SURPRISED AT THE SCHEDULE

Colored Man Felt He Was Being Railroaded into the Class of "High Financiers."

A colored man was tried the other day before a Charlestown court for stealing some clothes from a young white man. A pretty clear case was made out against the colored man and he confessed.

"I reckon I ain't got nothin' to say, white folks," he said with humility. "ceptin' 'his Jes laik it is."

"Well, since you admit your guilt," said the judge, "I will try to make it light for you. But first we will have to get an estimate of the value of the clothing. Mr. Plaintiff, what do you value these articles at?"

"The dress suit cost me \$50, your honor," replied the young man, "the overcoat \$75 and the silk hat \$10."

"Mr. Judge," broke in the accused, "I'd lak ter say dese one word befo' you goes any fadder."

"All right; go ahead."

"I submit dat I tuk dem clo'es, boss man, but at no sich prices as dem!"

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used, in order to get the desired stiffness. It is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

New England English. Complaint was made to a local man by one of his employees that boys who were swimming in a pond were causing quite a nuisance. The owner of the property gave the man the privilege of putting up a sign, as he had asked permission to do it. The notice reads as follows:

No Loitering or Swimming on These Grounds—Order by the City. If Caught Law Will Be Enforced.—Berkshire Courier.

Flowers. Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals; some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others, again, are plain, honest and upright like the broad-faced but thesunflower and the soldierlike tulip.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Spectacular Oil Fire. The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of the Des Bocois wells in Mexico. About 60,000 barrels of oil were burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

A Series of Breakages. "Banks had his engagement broken." "Did he take it hard?" "Yes; after it was broken off, he was all broken up, and then he broke down."

A Rare Good Thing. "Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long. Had a known the fact it would give my feeting feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holmwood, Providence, R. I., sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

Innovation. Stella—Did she have an unusual wedding? Bella—Yes; the church was decorated with common tropical plants instead of the rare.

Nothing causes a young widow to sit up and take notice quicker than the discovery that another widow is on the trail of the man she has spotted for No. 2.

Smokers also like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its purity. It is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state. Let us not seek to alter our destiny, but let us try to make the best of our circumstances.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Mrs. Winkler's Soothing Syrup. For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, hoarseness, etc.

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in your mouth removed while you wait—that's true. A Cascaret taken when the tongue is thick-coated with the nasty squamish feeling in stomach, brings relief. It's easy, natural way to help nature help you.

CASCARET—see box—week's treatment. All druggists. Largest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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Thompson's Eye Water. If afflicted with sore eyes, use it.

## Both Thinker and Drinker

Eminent Englishman One of the Most Bibulous of Men.

The great Porson, librarian and Greek scholar, would sit up drinking all night without seeming to feel any bad effects from it. Horne Tooke told Samuel Rogers that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond buildings, and, as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said: "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee house in Leicester square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you," and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee house Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running some odd of his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to enter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up four."

Time used to say that Porson would not let any one drink at his table. He was sitting at a table with a number of guests.

## The Sunshine Ginger Wafer

These are called Yum Yums—they are made at the "Sunshine Bakeries" too—with the other "Sunshines." Baked in white tile top floor ovens—amid pure air and sunshine. They are the best ginger snaps you ever tasted.

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