The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

COPYRIGHT 1907 — THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO.

Registering Under the Name of "Mr. Daniels."

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, 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, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, 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 bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady 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, first 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. Snaith," 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 "Snaith'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. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But where to put them, that he might find them without delay? It must be no conspicuous place, where O'Hagan would be apt to happen upon them; doubtless the janitor was trustworthy, but still . . . Misplaced opportunities breed criminals.

It was all a risk to leave the treasure there, without the protection of nickeled-steel walls and timelocks; but a risk that must be taken. She dared not retain it longer in her possession; and she would contrive a way in the morning to communicate with Maitland and warn him.

Her gaze searched the area where the lamplight fell soft yet strong upon the dark shining wood and heavy brass desk fittings; and paused, arrested by the unusual combination of inverted bowl and super-imposed book. A riddle to be read with facility; in a twinkling she had uncovered the incriminating hand-print—incriminating if it could be traced, that is to say.

"Oh!" she cried, softly. And laughed a little. "Oh, how careless!"

Fine brows puckered, she pondered the matter, and ended by placing her own hand over the print; this one fitted the other exactly.

"How he must have wondered! . . . He is sure to look again, especially if—"

No need to conclude the sentence. Quickly she placed bag and case squarely on top of the impression, the bowl over all, and the book upon the bowl; then, drawing from her pocket a pair of long gray silk gloves, draped one across the book; and, head tilted to one side, admired the effect.

It seemed decidedly an artistic effect, admirably calculated to attract attention. She was satisfied to the point of being pleased with herself; a fact indicated by an expressive flutter of slim, fair hands. And now, to work! Time pressed, and— A cloud dimmed the radiance of her eyes; irresolutely she shifted in her chair, troubled, frowning, lips woefully drooping. And sighed. And a still small whisper, broken and wretched, disturbed the quiet of the study.

"I can not! O, I can not! To spoil it all, now, when—"

Yet she must. She must forget herself and steel her determination with the memory that another's happiness hung in the balance, depended upon her success. Twice she had tried and failed. This third time she must succeed.

And bowing her head in token of her resignation, she turned back squarely to face the desk. As she did so the toe of one small shoe caught against something on the floor, causing a dull jingling sound. She stooped, with a low exclamation, and straightened up, a small bunch of keys in her hand; eight or ten of them dangling from a silver ring; Maitland's keys.

He must have dropped them there, forgetting them altogether. A find of value and one to save her a deal of trouble; skeleton keys are so exasperatingly slow, particularly when used by inexpert hands. But how to bring herself to make use of these? All's fair in war (and this was a sort of war, a war of wits at least); but one should fight with one's own arms, not pilfer the enemny's and turn them against him. To use these keys to ransack Maitland's desk seemed an action ever more blackly dishonorable than this clandestine visit, this midnight foray.

Swinging the notched metal slips from a slender finger, she contemplated them; and laughed ruefully. What qualms of conscience in a burglar, self-confessed! She was there for a purpose, a recognized, nefarious purpose. Granted. Then why quibble? She would not quibble. She would be firm, resolute, determined, cold-blooded, unmindful of all kindness and courtesy and— She would use them, accomplish her purpose, and have done, finally and for ever, with the whole hateful business!

There was a bright spot of color on either cheek and a hot light of anger in her eyes as she set about her task. It would never be less hideous, never less immediate.

The desk drawers yielded easily to the eager keys. One by one she had them open and their contents explored—vain repetition of yesterday afternoon's fruitless task. But she must be sure, she must leave no stone unturned. Maitland Manor was closed to her for ever, because of last night. But here she was safe for a few short hours, and free to make assurance doubly sure.

There remained the dispatch box, the black japanned tin box which had proved obdurate yesterday. She had come prepared to break its lock this time, if need be; Maitland's carelessness spared her the necessity.

She lifted it out of a lower drawer, and put it in her lap. The smallest key fitted the lock at the first attempt. The lid came up and—

Perhaps it is not altogether discreditable that one should temporarily forget one's compunctions in the long-deferred moment of triumph. The girl uttered a little cry of joy.

Crash!—the front door downstairs had been slammed.

She was on her feet in a breath, faint with fear. Yet not so overcome that she forgot her errand, her success. As she stood up she dropped the dispatch box back into the drawer, without a sound, and, opening her hand-bag, stuffed something into it.

No time to do more; a dull rumble of masculine voices was distinctly, frightfully audible in the stillness of the house; voices of men conversing together in the inner vestibule. One laughed, and the laugh seemed to penetrate her bosom like a knife. Then both strode across the tiling and began to ascend, as was clearly told her by footsteps sounding deadened on the padded carpet.

Panic-stricken, she turned to the student lamp and with a quick twirl and upward jerk of the chimney-catch extinguished the flame. A reek of smoke immediately began to foul the close, hot air; and she knew that it would betray her, but was helpless to stop it. Besides, she was caught, trapped, damned beyond redemption unless—unless it were not Maitland, after all, but one of the other tenants, unexpectedly returned and bound for another flat.

Futile hope. Upon the landing by the door the footsteps ceased; and a key grated in the wards of the lock.

Blind with terror, her sole thought an instinctive impulse to hide and so avert discovery until the last possible instant, and on the bare chance of something happening to save her, the girl caught up her skirts and fled like a hunted shadow through the alcove, through the bed chamber, thence down the hall toward the dining room and kitchen offices.

The outer door was being opened ere she had reached the hiding place she had in mind—the trunk closet—from which, she remembered remarking, a window opened upon a fire-escape. It was barely possible, a fighting chance.

She closed the door, grateful that its latch slipped silently into place, and fairly flung herself upon the window, painfully bruising her soft hands in vain endeavor to raise the sash. It stuck obstinately, would not yield. Too late, she remembered that she had forgotten to draw the catch—fatal oversight! A sob of terror choked in her throat. Already footsteps were hurrying down the hall; a line of light brightened underneath the door; voices, excitedly keyed, bandied question and comment, an unmistakable Irish brogue minging with a clear enunciation which she had but too great reason to remember. The pair had passed into the next room. She could hear O'Hagan announcing: "No wan here, sor."

"Then it's the dining room, or the trunk closet. Come along!"

One last, frantic attempt! But the window catch, rusted with long disuse, stuck. Panting, sick with fear, the girl leaped away and crushed herself into a corner, crouching on the floor behind a heavy box, her dark cloak drawn up to shield her head.

And the door opened.

A flood of radiance from the relighted student lamp fell athwart the floor. The girl lay close and still, holding her breath.

Ten seconds, perhaps, ticked on into eternity; seconds that were in themselves eternities. Then: "No one here, O'Hagan."

The door was closed, and through its panels more faintly came: "Faith, and the murdhering divvle must 've flew th' coop afore ye come in,sor."

The girl tried to rise, to make again for the window; but it was as though her limbs had turned to water; there was no strength in her; and the blackness swam visibly before her eyes, radiating away in whirling, streaky circles.

Even such resolution and strong will as was hers could not prevail against that numbing, deathly exhaustion. Her eyes closed and her head fell back against the wall.

It seemed but an instant (though it was in point of fact a full five minutes) ere the sound of a voice again roused her.

She looked up, dazzled by a gush of warm light.

He stood in the doorway, holding the lamp high above his head, his face pale, grave, and shadowed as he peered down at her.

"I have sent O'Hagan away," he said, gently. "If you will please to come, now—"

CHAPTER IX.

Procrastination.

The cab which picked Maitland up at his lodgings carried him but a few blocks to the club at which he had, the previous evening, entertained his lawyer. Maitland had selected it as the one of all the clubs of which he and Bannerman were members, wherein he was least likely to meet the latter. Neither frequented its sober precincts by habit. Its severe and classical building on a corner of Madison avenue overlooking the square, is but the outward presentment of an institution to be a member of which is a duty, but emphatically no great pleasure, to the sons of a New York family of any prominence.

But in its management the younger generation holds no suffrage; and is not slow to declare that the Primordial is rightly named, characterizing the individual members of the board of governors as antediluvians, prehistoric monsters who have never learned that laughter lends a savor to existence. And so it is that the younger generation (which is understood to include Maitland and Bannerman), while it religiously pays its dues and has the name of the Primordial engraved upon its cards, shuns those deadly respectable rooms and seeks its comfort elsewhere.

Maitland found it dull and depressing enough, that same evening, something before seven. The spacious and impressive lounging rooms were but sparsely tenanted, other than by the ennuied corps of servants; and the few members who had lent the open doors the excuse of their presence were of the elderly type that hides itself behind a newspaper in an easy chair and snorts when addressed.

The young man strolled disconsolately enough into the billiard room, thence (dogged by a specter of loneliness) to the bar, and finally, in sheer desperation, to the dining room, where he selected a table and ordered an evening paper with his meal.

When the former was brought him, he sat up and began to take a new interest in life. The glaring head-lines that met his eye on the front page proved as bracing as a slap in the face.

"'The Maitland Jewels,'" he read, half aloud: "'Daring Attempt at Burglary. "Mad" Maitland Catches "Handsome Dan" Anisty in the Act of Cracking His Safe at Maitland Manor. Which Was Which? Both Principals Disappear.'"

The news-story was exploited as a "beat;" it could have been little else, since nine-tenths of its "exclusive details" had been born full-winged from the fecund imagination of a busy reporter to whom Maitland had refused an interview while in his bath, some three hours earlier. Maitland discovered, with relief that boiled down to essentials it consisted simply of the statement that somebody (presumably himself) had caught somebody (presumably Anisty) burglarizing the library safe at Maitland Manor that morning; that one of the somebodies (no one knew which) had overpowered the other and left him in charge of the butler, who had presently permitted his prisoner to escape and then talked for publication.

It was not to this so much that Maitland objected. It was the illustrations that alternately saddened and maddened the young man; the said illustrations comprising blurred halftone reproductions of photographs taken on the Maitland estate; a diagram of the library, as fanciful as the text it illuminated, and two portraits, side by side, of the heroes, himself and Anisty, excellent likenesses both of the originals and of each other.

Mr. Maitland did not enjoy his dinner.

Anxious and preoccupied, he tasted the dishes mechanically; and when they had all passed before him, took his thoughts and a cigar to a gloomy corner of the smoking room, where he sat for two solid hours, debating the matter pro and con, and arriving at no conclusion whatever, save that Higgins was doomed.

At 10:15 he began to contemplate with positive pleasure the prospect of discharging the butler. That, at least, was action, something that he could do; wherever else he thought to move he found himself baffled by the blank darkness of mystery, or by his fear of publicity and ridicule.

At 10:20 he decided to move upon Greenfields at once, and telephoned O'Hagan, advising him to profess ignorance of his employer's whereabouts.

At 10:22, or in the midst of his admonitions to the janitor, he changed his mind and decided to stay in New York; and instructed the Irishman to bring him a suit case containing a few necessaries; his intention being to stay out the night at the club, and so avoid the matutinal siege of his lodgings by reporters and detectives.

At 10:45 a club servant handed him the card of a representative of the Evening Journal. Maitland directed that the gentleman be shown into the reception room.

At 10:46 he skulked out of the club by a side entrance, jumped into a cab and had himself driven to the East Thirty-fourth street ferry, arriving there just in time to miss the last train for Greenfields.

Denied the shelter alike of his lodgings, his club, and his country home, the young man in despair caused himself to be conveyed to the Bartholdi hotel, where, possessed of a devil of folly, he preserved his incognito by registering under the name of "M. Daniels." And straightway retired to his room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heartaches on Every Page

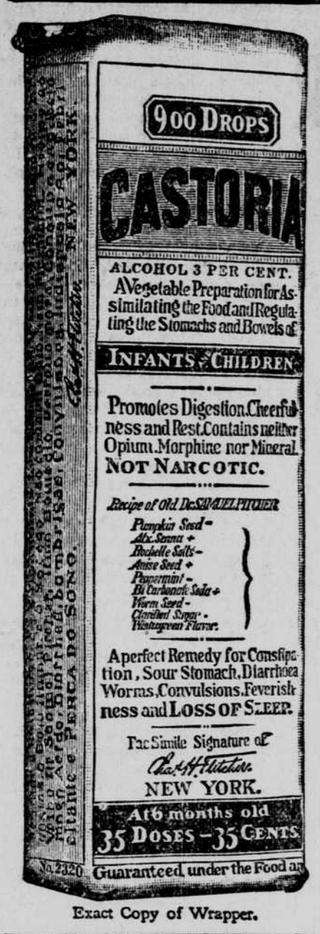
Pathos and Tragedy in the Leaves of the Old Album.

On every page of an old album is written heartache, downfall, disillusion, loneliness. Here is the picture of the boy whose every waking hour outside of school was partly yours. So genial a fellow he was, so ambitious, so brilliant. You saw him last year, and hardly recognized the shabby wreck that drink had made, hardly were able to eke out half an hour's conversation with him. Here is the college chum with the fine head who was to do great things in life. Consumption. The blossom blighted ere the fruit was set. This other classmate with the face of Keats—the merest hair's breadth of misdirection in a furrow of his brain, first manifested in a comic oddity. After the flesh, our friend still lives; only his mind is dead.

And here is one whose every lineament shows forth engaging frankness and the joy of life—worse than dead. Embezzler, guilty fugitive with a neighbor's wife. His broken-hearted old father, his wife, his children—all of us who trusted him, how much rather would we have followed him to his grave than have this come upon him! And then the long list of those with whom our lives were interwined, for whom we hoped, believed, expected—mere insipidities, trifles, failures, half-successes, living along somehow. And we ourselves. What we meant then to be; and what we are!—Eugene Wood.

"Aftermath."

"Aftermath" is a persistently ill-used word. Early July is the time of the "math;" that is, the first mowing of the meadow. The short grass—with a sufficiency of rain—will grow again, and later will come the "second mow" or "aftermath." The phrase "the storm and its aftermath" seems a favorite with some story writers, but it is difficult to understand how a storm can have a second mowing!



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

COULDN'T GET SI TO ENTHUSE

Hired Man's Remarks Could Hardly Be Said to Be in Nature of of Compliment.

The young lawyer, having been nominated for the office of county attorney, thought to surprise an eccentric genius by the name of Si who was working as a hired man on the young lawyer's father's farm.

"Well, Si, what do you think?" the young man began.

"Sometimes one thing, Lonny, an' sometimes 'nother."

"But, Si, they have nominated me for county attorney."

"They might 'a' done worse, Lonny. Howsomever, don't holler till you're out of the woods."

The young attorney was duly elected, and on his next visit to the farm announced the fact unctuously to Si, who was at the woodpile, saw in hand.

"Well, Si, I am elected by a large majority. What do you think of that?"

"Well, Lonny, down in our parts where I was raised, when we wanted a stopper 'n' hadn't any cork, we generally took a corn cob."—Youth's Companion.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep—Scratched Constantly.

Cuticura's Efficacy Clearly Proven.

"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

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

COMFORTING.

Man in the Water—Help! Help! I'm drowning!

Droll Gent—What! you don't need help to drown, man.

Reputations.

"The Autocrat," remarked the Recondite Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out from college, you know, and in the habit of thinking hump-backed thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me: 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

In the Editorial Sanctum.

Editor—I like the last verse of your poem the best.

Poet—And why?

Editor—Well, principally because it is the last.—Judge.

He Bit.

The city man was jogging on toward the summer boarding-house in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there," he ventured, after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Get up here, hosses."

The Thrifty Scot.

A Scotsman and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"Oh, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deein', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deein' yet," answered Sandy; "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouldn't cost sae muckle to bury."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Well, Not Very Often.

The little daughter of a Republican candidate for a local office down in Philadelphia, when told that her father had received the nomination, looked serious for a moment, then her wee voice trembled a bit as she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! do they often die of it?"

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlins Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

It is easy for a woman with false teeth to bite off more molasses candy than she can chew.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER for all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes. 25c, 35c and 50c.

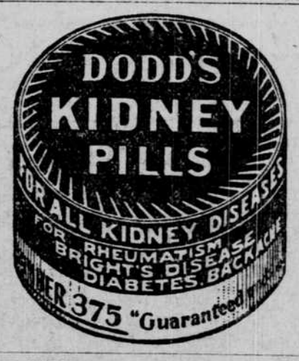
The wastes of love bring greater riches than the wisdom of greed.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Duty has a stern face only when looked at askance.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

Gifts to God can never make up for thefts from men.



Biliousness

"I have used your valuable Cascarets and I find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."—Edward A. Marx, Albany, N.Y.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 929

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 31--1909.

A Tonic For The Whole Family

This splendid tonic will keep every member of your family in good health. Adults suffering from dyspepsia, or indigestion, general exhaustion or breakdown will find in this natural tonic renewed health and strength. Delicate, rapidly growing children will find in this tonic the assistance their digestive organs need to get the proper nourishment and strength from their food.

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

acts directly on the stomach and other digestive organs, toning them up and enabling them to do their work properly. In this way it brings about *permanent health and strength.* On the other hand, ordinary tonics, which give artificial strength by stimulation and by supplying food material, are only effective as long as they are taken.

Sold by All Druggists—2 sizes, 50c. and 35c.

Take Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant if you want to get rid of your Cough or Cold.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

STEEL GRAIN BINS

RAT-PROOF
RAIN-PROOF
RUST-PROOF
FIRE-PROOF

Galvanized. Shipped rolled up. Easily put together by bolting one seam. Quickly emptied and moved. Saves insurance, harvest help and hauling. Pays for itself in one year. Ask your dealer for prices and circular on profit through storing. If he does not handle, write us. We make combination Stock Fountains Tanks, Metal Culverts.

BUTLER MANUFACTURING CO.
1430 West Tenth Kansas City, Mo.

Artistic Homes Have Shingles

on sides as well as the roof. Get your architect to show you plans of cottages with shingled sides and insist on his specifying the brand shown below.

BAYLESS EXTRA CLEARS BIG LAKE WASH ASK YOUR DEALER

Live Stock and Miscellaneous

Electrotypes

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
73 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

IOWA FARMS $4 PER ACRE CASH BALANCE 1/3 CROP TILL PAID