

The Glass Bowl

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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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 on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney, and 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 bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down, he fixed it. By midnight "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 Anstey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, 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 a "Mr. Smith." Maitland received a letter from "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 Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The trial 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 relented and regretted missing his engagement. Anstey, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems being discovered on return. Maitland, without seeing her, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anstey, disguised as Maitland, told her the real identity and realizing himself tricked, tried to wring from her the location of the gems.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"By the powers, I forgot for a moment! So you thought me Maitland, eh? Well, I'm sorry I didn't understand that from the first. You're so quick, as a rule, you know—I confess you duped me neatly this afternoon—that I supposed you were wise and only afraid that I'd give you what you deserve. If they had sent any one but that stupid ass, Hickey, to nab me, I'd be in the cooler now. As it was, you kindly selected the very best kind of a house for my purpose. I went straight up to the roofs and out through a building round the corner."



His Voice Took On an Ugly Tone.

subdued herself and fell back, eying him fixedly.

"They're here," he nodded thoughtfully. "You wouldn't have stood for that if they weren't. And since they are, I can find them without your assistance. Sit down. I shan't touch you again."

"She had scant choice other than to obey. Desperate as she was, her strength had been severely overtaxed, and she might not presume upon it too greatly. Fascinated with terror, she let herself down into an easy chair.

Anstey thought for a moment, then went over to the desk and sat himself before it.

"Keys," he commented, rapidly inventorying what he saw. "How'd you get hold of them?"

"They are Mr. Maitland's. He must have forgotten them."

"The burglar chuckled grimly. 'Coincidences multiply. It is odd. That carp, O'Hagan, was coming in with a can of beer while I was picking the lock, and caught me. He wanted to know if I'd missed my train for Greenfields, and I gave him my word of honor. I had. Moreover, I'd mislaid my keys and had been ringing for him for the past ten minutes. He swallowed every word of it. By the way, here's a glove of yours. You certainly managed to leave enough clues about to insure your being nabbed even by a New York detective.'

He faced about, tossing her the glove, and with it so keen and penetrating a glance that her heart sank for fear that he had guessed her secret. But as he continued she regained confidence.

"I could teach you a thing or two," he suggested, pleasantly. "You make about as many mistakes as the average beginner. And, on the other hand, you've got the majority beaten to a finish for 'cuteness. You're as quick as they make them."

She straightened up, uneasy, oppressed by a vague surmise as to whether this tended.

"Thank you," she said, breathlessly, "but hadn't you better—"

"Plenty of time, my dear. Maitland has gone to Greenfields and we've several hours before us. Look here, little woman, why don't you take a tumble to yourself, cut out all this nonsense, and look to your own interests?"

"I don't understand you," she faltered, "but if—"

"I'm talking about this Maitland affair. Cut it out and forget it. You're too good-looking and valuable to yourself to lose your head just all on account of a little moonlight flirtation with a good-looking millionaire. You don't suppose for an instant that there's anything in it for you, do you? You're nothing to Maitland—just an incident; next time he meets the baby-stare for yours. You can thank your lucky stars he happened to have a reputation to sustain as a village cut-up, a gay, sad dog, always out for a good time and hang the expense! Otherwise he'd have handed you yours without a moment's hesitation. I'm not doing this up in tin-foil and tying a violet ribbon with tassels on it, but I'm handing it straight to you; something you don't want to forget. You just sink your hooks in the fact that you're nothing to Maitland and that he's nothing to you, and never will be, and you won't lose anything—except illusions."

She remained quiescent for a little, hands twitching in her lap, torn by conflicting emotions—fear of and aversion for the man, amusement, chill, and horror bred of the knowledge that he was voicing the truth about her, the truth, at least, as he saw it, and—and as Maitland would see it.

"Illusions?" she echoed, faintly, and raised her eyes to his with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Oh, but I must

have lost them, long ago; else I shouldn't be—"

"Here and what you are. That's what I'm telling you."

She shuddered imperceptibly; looked down and up again, swiftly, her expression inscrutable, her voice a tremble between laughter and tears. "Well?"

"Eh?" The directness of her query figuratively brought him up all standing, canvas flapping and wind out of his sails.

"What are you offering me in exchange for my silly dream?" she inquired, a trace of spirit quickening her tone.

"A fair exchange, I think—something that I wouldn't offer you if you hadn't been able to dream." He paused, doubtful, clumsy.

"Go on," she told him, faintly. Since it must come, as well be over with it.

"See here," he took heart of desperation. "You took to Maitland when you thought he was me. Why not take to me for myself? I'm as good a man, better as a man, than he, if I do blow my own horn. You side with me, little woman, and—and all that—and I'll treat you square. I never went back on a pal yet. Why? He brightening with enthusiasm as his gaze appraised her, "with your looks and your cleverness and my knowledge of the business, we can sweep the country, you and I."

"Oh!" she cried, breathlessly. "We'll start right now," he plunged on, misreading her; "right now, with last night's haul. You'll chuck this added sentimental pang-of-conscience lay, hand over the jewels, and—and I'll hand 'em back to you the day we're married, all set and—as handsome a wedding present as any woman ever got."

She twisted in her chair to hide her face from him, fairly cornered at last, brain a-whirl, devising a hundred maneuvers, each more helpless than the last, to cheat and divert him for the time, until—until—

The consciousness of his presence near her, of the sheer strength and might of will-power of the man, bore upon her heavily; she was like a child in his hands, helpless. She turned with a hushed gasp to find that he had risen and come close to her chair; his face was not a foot from hers, his eyes dangerous; in another moment he would have his strong arms about her. She shrank away, terrified.

"No, no!" she begged.

"Well, and why not? Well?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

tensely.

"How do I know? This afternoon I outwitted you, robbed and sold you for—for what you call a scruple. How can I know that you are not paying me back in my own coin?"

"Oh, but little woman!" he laughed, tenderly, coming nearer. "It is because you did that, because you could hold those scruples and make a fool of me for their sake, that I want you. Don't think I'm capable of playing with you—it takes a woman to do that. Don't you know,"—he bent nearer and his breath was warm upon her cheek—"don't you know that you're too rare and fine and precious for a man to risk losing? Come now."

"Not yet." She started to her feet and away. "Wait. There's a cab!"

The street without was echoing with the clattering drum of galloping hoofs. "At this hour!" she cried, aghast. "Could it be—"

"No fear. Besides—there, it's stopped."

"In front of this house!"

"No, three doors up the street, at least. That's something you must learn, and I can teach you—judge distance by sound in the darkness—"

"But I tell you," she insisted, retreating before him, "it's a risk. There did you hear that?"

"That" was the dulled crash of the front door.

Anstey stepped to the table on the instant and plunged the room in darkness.

"Steady!" he told her evenly. "Steady. It can't be—but take no chances. Go to the trunk closet and get that window open. If it's Maitland,"—grimly—"well, I'll follow."

"What do you mean? What are you going to do?"

"Leave that to me. I've never been caught yet!"

Cold fear gripped her heart as, in a flash of intuition, she divined his intention.

"Quick!" he bade her, savagely. "Don't you want—"

"I can't see," she invented. "Where's the door? I can't see."

"Here."

Through the darkness his fingers found hers. "Come," he said.

"Ah!"

Her hand closed over his wrist, and in a thought she had flung herself before him and caught the other. If the movement her hand brushed against something that he was holding; and it was cold and smooth and hard.

"Ah! no, no!" she implored. "No! that, that!"

With an oath he attempted to throw her off, but frail strength magnified by a fury of fear, she joined issue with him, clinging to his wrists with the tenacity of a wildcat, though she was lifted from her feet and dashed this way and that, brutally, mercilessly, though her heart fell sick within her for the hopelessness of it, though—

CHAPTER XI.

"Dan"—Quixote.

Leaving the hotel, Maitland strode quietly but rapidly across the cat tracks to the sidewalk bordering the park. A dozen night hawk cabbies bore down upon him, yelping in chorus. He motioned to the foremost, jumped into the hansom and gave the fellow his address.

"Five dollars," he added, "if you make it in five minutes."

An astonished horse, roused from a droop-ear lethargy, was yanked almost by main strength out of the cab rank and into the middle of the avenue. Before he could recover, the long whip-lash had leaped out over the roof of the vehicle, and he found himself stretching away up the avenue on a dead run.

Yet to Maitland the pace seemed deadly slow. He fidgeted on the seat in an agony of impatience, a dozen times feeling in waistcoat pocket for his watch keys. They were there, and his fingers licked to use them.

By the lights streaking past he knew that their pace was furious, and was haunted by a fear lest it should bring the police about his ears. At Twenty-ninth street, indeed, a dream policeman, startled by the uproar, emerged hastily from the sheltering gloom of a store entrance, shouted after the cabby an inarticulate question, and, getting no response, unsheathed his night stick and loped up the avenue in pursuit, making the loudest clang upon the pavement at every jump.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCKY MAN.



She—Two men whom I refused to marry, sir, have become millionaires! He—Is that the reason why?

Only Cure for Consumption.

With the present rapid growth of the anti-tuberculosis movement the number of so-called "cures" for consumption is being increased almost daily. Hundreds of quack "doctors," "professors" and "institutes" are advertising that they can cure consumption for small amounts, with the result that thousands of dupes are yearningly cheated out of their lives as well as their money. Besides these, "cures" and medicines of all sorts, numbering now several hundred, are sold for the deception of the public.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis brands all these institutes, doctors, professors and cures as frauds and deceptions. The only cure for consumption is fresh air, rest and wholesome food.

Pleasant for Mr. Bennett.

William S. Bennett, a representative from New York city, went to address a political meeting in his district one night, when he was much younger than he is now.

"The chairman," said Bennett, "was a very liberal person. He looked at the gallery, where one woman was sitting, and said: 'Lady and gentlemen, this is a most momentous campaign. There are grave issues to be discussed. Later we will hear from our best speakers, but, for the present, we will listen to Mr. Bennett.'"

Died in Good Company.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are?" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it—they all had the minister with them when they were dying."—Tid-Bits.

ON FOOD

The Right Foundation of Health.

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follows.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says:

"Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain, my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living.

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it, and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach.

"So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress.

"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared, and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition.

"To-day I am a new woman in mind as well as body, and I owe it all to this natural food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Graham Crackers at their Best

There are no better Grahams than "Sunshines"—none half so good.

Sunshine Grahams are made of the best whole wheat graham flour, at the "Sunshine" bakeries—the finest in the world.

The ovens are of white tile and are on the top floor—sunshine and pure air all around them.

Sunshine Grahams

Each package is protected by the triple seal. So you can be sure they are clean—pure and wholesome.

The "Sunshine Seal" on the end is proof of the genuine. Be sure it's there.

You miss the best in Grahams—'til you try "Sunshines."

At your grocer's in 10c sealed packages.



LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Like an Earthquake.

Former High Sheriff Chesterfield C. Middlebrooks, whose bungalow at Highland lake stands partly over the lake on stone and cement foundations, was awakened at four o'clock the other morning by loud noises which he says shook his bungalow like an earth tremor.

He says that after the household had been shaken out of a sound sleep, he, not waiting to dress, went outside to ascertain the cause of the noise. He found, he says, that a monster frog had its bed directly under the bungalow. The frog weighed fully six pounds, he says, and every time it croaked the bungalow cracked and shook.

Mr. Middlebrooks bought an anchor, strong rope and enough red flannel to bait 160 hooks, and will try to save his property by capturing the bull-frog.—Winsted (Conn.) dispatch to New York World.

Almost Any Mother.

The mother of a large family fell ill and died and the attending physician reported that she died of starvation. It was incredible, but he proved it: The woman had to get the dinner and then spend the next two hours in waiting on the family and getting the children to the table. It was never on record that she got all of them there at the same time and they came straggling in all the way from potatoes to pie. By the time she had wiped the last face, her own hunger had left her and she had no desire to eat. Chickens, the doctor said, come running at feed time, but children don't. A hen has a better chance to eat than a mother.—Achtel's Globe.

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.

A Trying Time.

Judge—Why did you strike this man?

Prisoner—What would you do, judge, if you kept a grocery store and a man came in and asked if he could take a moving picture of your cheese?—Harper's Weekly.

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 J. C. Ayer & Co.** In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Reprehensible to Allow It.

Husband (reading from his paper)—Here, they say, is a comet coming towards the earth, traveling at the rate of a million miles a minute.

Wife (awaking from a doze)—Why don't they enforce the speed laws better?

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Is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. 25c. 50c. and 75c.

Occasionally women try to reform a man by roasting him.

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.—Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

An easy beginning doesn't always justify the finish.

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"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascaris, and today I am a well man. During the nine years I used Cascaris I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity. B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.

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The next bill of shingles you buy look to see what mark is on them, particularly what the name of the manufacturer is. If you see DAY LUMBER COMPANY and this mark you can be sure of the quality.

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ASK YOUR DEALER

PRICE OF LAMARTINE'S POEM

Pecuniary Value Which the French Poet Put Upon His Work.

The Paris Gaulois tells a good story of Lamartine's estimate of the pecuniary value of his poetry.

It was in 1848, when he was at the acme of his glory and a cabinet minister. He had just contributed "La Marseillaise de la Paix" to the Revue des Deux Mondes, and Buloz, the editor, called on him at the ministry. "I believe I owe you £30. Here is the money," said Lamartine, producing a bundle of banknotes.

"Pray deduct the amount of the Revue's indebtedness to you for your poem," said the editor.

"I meant to make you a present of it," rejoined the poet.

"Not at all; I insist upon paying you."

"How much?"

"Your own price, whatever it may be."

"Ah, well; if you will have it so, must oblige you," said Lamartine; and with a magnificent gesture he swept up the whole bundle of notes repressing the £30 and restored them with solemn dignity, to his pocket.

No Need To.

"Do you know that Mr. Thompson was just speaking to?" asked the lady at the tea party of the one standing next to her.