



Springing to His Feet He Drew His Revolver.

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. Junior 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 dressed with dignity, his attorney, Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anistey. Half-angry, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistey, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels, she was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Smith" introduced 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 Anistey himself and he secured the gems. Anistey, 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. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anistey, disguised as Maitland, tried to write from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overwhelmed the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anistey was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

Behind her the door closed softly; and there followed a thud as a bolt was shot. An instant later Anistey caught her by the arm and, roughly now and without wasting speech, hurried her into the next room. Then, releasing her, he turned up the lights and, passing to the windows, threw two or three of them wide; for the air in the room was stale and lifeless. "And now," said the criminal in a tone of satisfaction, "now we can talk business, my dear."

He removed his overcoat and hat, throwing them over the back of a convenient chair, drew his fingers thoughtfully across his chin, and, standing at a little distance, regarded the girl with a shadow of a saturnine smile softening the hard line of his lips.

She stood where he had left her, as if volition was no longer hers. Her arms hung slack at her sides and she was swaying a trifle, her face vacant, eyes blank; very near the breaking-down point.

The man was not without perception; and recognized her state—one in which, he felt assured, he could get very little out of her. She must be strengthened and revived before she would or could respond to the direct catechism he had in store for her. In his own interest, therefore, more than through any yielding to motives of pity and compassion, he piloted her to a chair by a window and brought her a glass of clear cold water from the filter in the adjoining room.

The cold, fresh breeze blowing in her face proved wonderfully invigorating. She let her head sink back upon

the cushions of the easy, comfortable leather chair and drank in the clear air in great deep draughts, with a sense of renewing vigor, both bodily and spiritual. The water helped, too; she dabbed the tip of a ridiculously small handkerchief in it and bathed her throbbing temples. The while, Anistey stood over her, waiting with discrimination if with scant patience.

What was to come she neither knew nor greatly cared; but, with an instinctive desire to postpone the inevitable moment of trial, she simulated deadly languor for some moments after becoming conscious of her position; and lay passive, long lashes all but touching her cheeks—in which now a faint color was growing—gaze wandering at random out over a dreary wildness of flat rectangular roofs, livid in the moonlight, broken by long, straight cloths of darkness in whose depths lights gleamed faintly. Far in the south the sky came down purple and black to the horizon, where a silver spark glittered like a low-hung star—the torch of Liberty.

"I think," Anistey's clear-cut tones, inclusive as a razor edge, crossed the listless trend of her thoughts, "I think we will now get down to business, my lady!"

She lifted her lashes, meeting his masterful stare with a look of calm inquiry. "Well?"

"So you're better now? Possibly it was a mistake to give you that rest, my lady. Still, when one's a gentleman-crackman—!" He chuckled unpleasantly, not troubling to finish his sentence.

"Well?" he mocked, seating himself easily upon an adjacent table. "We're here at last, where we'll suffer no interruptions to our little council of war. Beyond the watchman, there's probably not another soul in the building; and from that window there it is a straight drop of 21 stories to Broadway. So you may be resigned to stay here until I get ready to let you go. If you scream for help, no one will hear you."

"Very well," she assented mechanically, turning her head away with a shiver of disgust. "What is it you want?"

"The jewels," he said, bluntly. "You might have guessed that."

"I did—"

"And have saved yourself and me considerable trouble by speaking ten minutes ago."

"Yes," she agreed, abstractedly.

"Now," he continued, with a hint of anger in his voice, "you are going to tell."

She shook her head slightly.

"Oh, but you are, my lady." And his tone rasped, quickened with the latent brutality of the natural criminal. "And I know that you'll not force me to extreme measures. It wouldn't be pleasant for you, you know; and I promise you I shall stop at nothing whatever to make you speak."

No answer; in absolute indifference, she felt, lay her strongest weapon. She must keep calm and self-possessed, refusing to be terrified into a quick and thoughtless answer.

"This afternoon," he said, harshly, "you stole from me the Maitland jewels. Where are they?"

"I shall not tell."

He bent swiftly forward and took one of her hands in his. Instinctively she clenched it, and he wrapped his strong hand fingers around the small white fist, then deliberately inserted a hard finger joint between her second and third knuckles, slowly increasing the pressure. And watched with absolute indifference the lines of agony grave themselves upon her smooth unwrinkled forehead, and the color leave her cheeks, as the pain grew too exquisite. Then, suddenly discontinuing the pressure, but retaining her hand, he laughed shortly.

"Will you speak, my lady, or will you have more?"

"Don't," she gasped, "please—"

"Where are the jewels? Will you?"

"No."

"Have you given them to Maitland?"

"No."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"Stop that nonsense unless— Where did you leave them?"

"I won't tell—I won't. Ah, please, please!"

"Tell me!"

"Never. Ah-h!"

An abrupt and resounding hammering at the outer door forced him to leave off. He dropped her hand with an oath and springing to his feet drew his revolver; then, with a glance at the girl, who was silently weeping, tears of pain rolling down her cheeks, mouth set in a thin pale line of determination, strode out and shut the door after him.

As it closed the girl leaped to her feet, maddened with torture, wild eyes casting about the room for a weapon of some sort, of offense or defense; for she could not have endured the torture an instant longer. If forced to it, to fight, fight she would. If only she had something, a stick of wood, to defend herself with. But there was nothing, nothing at all.

The room was a typical office, well but severely furnished. The rug that covered the tile floor was of rich quality and rare design. The neutral-tinted walls were bare, but for a couple of steel engravings in heavy wooden frames. There were three heavily upholstered leather arm-chairs and one revolving desk-chair; a roll-top desk, against the partition wall, a waste-paper basket, and a flat-topped desk, or table. And that was all.

Or not quite all, else the office equipment had not been complete. There was the telephone!

But he would hear! Or was the partition sound-proof?

As if in contradiction of the suggestion, there came to her ears very clearly the sound of the hall door creaking on its hinges, and then a man's voice, shrill with anger and anxiety.

"You fool! Do you want to ruin us both? What do you mean—"

The door crashed to, interrupting the protest and drowning Anistey's reply.

"I was passing," the new voice took up its plaintive remonstrance, "and the watchman called me in and said that you were telephoning for me—"

"Damn the interfering fool!" interrupted Anistey.

"But what's this insanity, Anistey? What's this about a woman? What—"

The new-comer's tones ascended a high scale of fright and rage.

"Lower your voice, you ass!" the burglar responded, sternly. "And—"

He took his own advice; and for a little time the conference was conducted in guarded tones that did not penetrate the dividing wall save as a deep rumbling alternating with an impassioned squeak.

But long ere this had come to pass the girl was risking all at the telephone. Receiver to ear she was imploring central to connect her with Ninety-eight-nine Madison. If only she might get Maitland, tell him where the jewels were hidden, warn him to remove them—then she could escape further suffering by open confession.

"What number?" came central's languid query, after a space. "Did you say nine-oh-eight-nine-eight?"

"No, no, central. Nine-oh-eight-nine Madison, please, and hurry—hurry!"

"Ah, I'm ringing 'em. They ain't answered yet. Gimme time. They are, they are, go ahead."

"Hello, hello!"

"Pshaw! Is it?"

Her heart sank; O'Hagan's voice meant that Maitland was out.

"O'Hagan—is that you? Tell Mr. Maitland—"

"He's gawn out for the night an'—"

"Tell him, please—"

"But he's out. Ring up in the mornin'."

"But can't you take this message for him? Please—"

The door was suddenly jerked open and Anistey leaped into the room, face white with passion. Terrified, the girl sprang from the desk, carrying the instrument with her, placing the revolving chair between her and her enemy.

"The brass bowl, please—tell him that," she cried clearly into the receiver.

And Anistey was upon her, striking the telephone from her grasp with one swift blow and seizing her savagely by the wrist. As the instrument clattered and pounded on the floor she was sent reeling and staggering half-way across the room.

As she brought up against the flat-topped desk, catching its edge and saving herself a fall, the burglar caught up the telephone.

"Who is that?" he shouted, imperatively, into the transmitter.

Whatever the reply, it seemed to please him. His brows cleared, the wrath that had made his face almost unrecognizable subsided; he even smiled. And the girl trembled, knowing that he had solved her secret; for she had hoped against hope that the only words he could have heard her speak would have had too cryptic a significance for his comprehension.

As, slowly and composedly, he replaced the receiver on its hook and returned the instrument to the desk, a short and round figure of a man, in rumpled evening dress and wearing a wilted collar, hopped excitedly into the room, cast at the girl one terrified glance out of eyes that glittered with excitement like black diamonds, set in a face the hue of yeast, and clutched the burglar's arm.

"Oh, Anistey, Anistey!" he cried, piteously. "What is it? What is it? Tell me!"

"It's all right," returned the burglar. "Don't you worry, little man. Pull yourself together." And laughed.

"But what—what—" stammered the other.

"Only that she's given herself away," chuckled Anistey; "beautifully and completely. 'The brass bowl,' says she—thinking I never saw one on Maitland's desk!—and O'Hagan, and who the devil are you?" says the man on the other end of the wire, when I ask who he is."

"And?" And pleaded the little man, dancing with worry.

"And it means that my lady here returned the jewels to Maitland by hiding them under a brass ash-receiver on his desk—see that I was not to know! You are 'cute, my lady!' with an ironic salute to the girl, "but you've met your match in Anistey."

"And," demanded the other as the burglar snatched up his hat and coat, "what will you do, Anistey?"

"Do?"—contemptuously. "Why, what is there to do but go and get them? We've risked too much and made New York too hot for the two of us, my dear sir, to get out of the game without the profits."

"But I beg of you—"

"You needn't"—grimly. "It won't bring you in any money."

"But Maitland—"

"Is out, O'Hagan answered the phone. Don't you understand?"

"But he may return!"

"That's his lookout. I'm sorry for him if he does," Anistey produced the revolver from his pocket, and twirled the cylinder significantly. "I owe Mr. Maitland something," he said, nodding to the white-faced girl by the table, "and I shouldn't be sorry to—"

"And what," broke in the new-comer, "what am I going to do meanwhile?"

"Devil the bit I care! Stay here and keep this impetuous female from calling up police headquarters, for a good guess. Speaking of which, I think we had best settle this telephone business once and for all."

The burglar turned again to the desk and began to work over the instrument with a small screw-driver which he produced from his coat pocket, talking the while.

"Our best plan, my dear Bannerman, is for you to come with me, at least as far as the nearest corner. You can wait there, if you're too cowardly to go the limit, like a man. I'll get the loot and join you, and we can make a swift bike for the first train that goes farthest out of town. A pity, for we've done pretty well, you and I, old boy; you with your social entree and bump of locality to locate the spoils, me with my courage and skill to lift 'em, and an equitable division. Oh, don't worry about her, Bannerman! She's as deep in it as either of us, only she happens to be sentimental, and an outsider on this deal. She won't blab. Besides, you're ruined anyway, as far as New York's concerned. Come along. That's finished; she won't send any important messages over that wire tonight, I guess."

"My dear young lady!" Rising and throwing the overcoat over his arm, he waved his hat at her in sardonic courtesy. "I can't say it has been a pleasure to know you, but—you have made it interesting, I admit. And I bid you a very good night. The charwoman will let you out when she comes to clean up in the morning. Adieu, my dear!"

The little man bustled after him, bleating and fidgeting; and the lock clicked.

She was alone—utterly and forlornly alone—and had lost—lost all, all that she had prized and hoped to win, even—even him.

She raised fluttering, impotent white hands to her temples, trying to collect herself.

In the outer room a clock was ticking. Unconsciously she moved to the doorway and stood looking for a time at the white, expressionless dial. It was some time—a minute or two—before she deciphered the hour.

Ten minutes past two! Ah, the lifetime she had lived in the past 70 minutes! And the facility of it all!

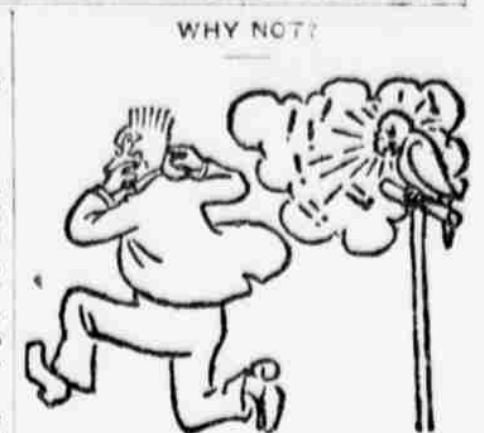
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Avoid Round Shoulders.

Are you letting yourself sag a bit at the shoulders? Don't, if you want to keep either young or well. There is nothing so fatally easy as to grow round-shouldered. Keep a sharp watch on yourself to prevent it. Each morning stand up against the jamb of a door and see if you have begun to sag. Also walk around your room each day with a piece of broomstick or short umbrella under your arm and brought across the back. This keeps the chest up and head well poised. Deep-breathing exercises, whenever you think of them, will help ward off those round shoulders, also making a practice to work with the chest up. This last is the simplest of all preventives, for if it is always practiced the rest will follow.

BIG PROFIT MADE ON LAND

Which Can Be Bought for a Mere Song in the Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colo.



A ten per cent profit on a valuation of over \$200 an acre is what is being made now by farmers in the Little Snake River valley in Routt County, Colorado, and lands similar in quality and with gilt edged water rights are now offered by the State of Colorado under the Carey Act at \$35.50 per acre on ten years' time.

This land will grow in abundance oats, potatoes, sugar beets and all other grains, grasses and root crops, and is suitable for all kinds of fruit, except possibly the most delicate of tree fruits.

The land is sold in tracts of 40, 80, 120 and 160 acres to citizens of the United States, or those who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens. There is no drawing in connection with this land; first come, first served being the policy.

If interested, write to the Routt County Colonization Co., 1734 Welton street, Denver, Colorado, for full information as to the land, special excursion rates, etc.

By Automobile Up Mount Rainier.

United States Engineer Eugene Rick-secker celebrated Independence day by throwing open the government road in the Mount Rainier National park. Vehicles and horsemen now have an excellent thoroughfare from tidewater to Narada falls, near snow line in Paradise valley. Mr. Rick-secker says that autos and wagons can now make the trip with comfort. The maximum grade on the road is four per cent. Nearly a score of automobiles, all loaded, went to the mountain.

Many a woman nags her husband until she either brings him to her way of thinking or drives him to drink.

FERRY DAVIS PAINKILLER

Dissolves all kinds of rheumatism, slight attacks of indigestion. Avoid trouble by taking Painkiller for it and cramps. See size and use directions.

Plans are being made for the electrification of the more important state railroads of Sweden.

One of the preachers has asked the members of his congregation to bring their canary birds to church. Why not try to save some of the parrots?

CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks I was free from the confounding itching. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

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

A Useful Baby.

Speaking of tricks to win the sympathy of juries in criminal cases, Judge William M. McEwen, in a recent address before the Illinois State's Attorneys' association, said: "I know of four cases where a baby played a prominent part in getting the acquittal of the defendant, and I later learned that the same baby had been used in each of the cases, although the supposed mothers in each case were different women."—Law Notes.

An Arbitrary Classification.

"So you think every patriot has a more or less clearly defined ambition to hold public office?"

"Yes," answered Senator Borah. "As a rule, patriots may be divided into two classes—the appointed and the disappointed."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Foster's Pleasant Pills. The favorite family laxative.

Lesson from the Bee.

School Teacher—What lesson do we learn from the busy bee?

Tommy Tuftnut—Not to get stung.

Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in this country where women cannot be found who have been restored to health by this famous old remedy, made exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands of letters from these grateful women who have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never in all that time have we published a testimonial without the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine. Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia, and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"For three years I sag on medicines and thought I would never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks, 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL GREAT FOR PAIN

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES