

The Bram Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him to 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 died with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get a family jewelry. Maitland, on reaching home, searched his desk in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anstey. Half-dressed, 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. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York to her mother. 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 followed 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 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, expositing. Anstey, disguised as Maitland, tried to bring from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overcame 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, Anstey was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the lawyer's rooms, when Anstey heard her words. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anstey set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland, finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anstey's trail in a big office building. Maitland and girl in gray confessed love for each other. To shield her Dan told Hickey she was Mrs. Maitland. Bannerman died a self-confessed thief.



"This is Daniel Maitland... Sylvia!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"You dropped it in the trunk-closet. I found it there. There is something of mine in it?"

Dumb with misery, she nodded; and after a little: "You didn't look, of course."

"I had no right," he said, shortly.

"Other men would have thought they had the right. I think you had, the circumstances considered. At all events," steadying her voice, "I say you have, now. I give you that right. Please go and investigate that hand-bag, Mr. Maitland. I wish you to."

He turned and stared at her curiously. "I don't know what to think," he said. "I can not believe—"

"You must believe. I have no right to profit by your disbelief. Dear Mr. Maitland, you have been kind to me, very kind to me; do me this last kindness, if you will."

The young face turned to him was gravely and perilously sweet; very nearly he forgot all else. But that she would not have.

"Do this for me. What you will find will explain everything. You will understand. Perhaps—timidly—"perhaps you may even find it in your heart to forgive when you understand. If you should, my card-case is in the bag, and—"

She faltered, biting her lip cruelly to steady a voice quivering with restrained sobs. "Please, please go at once, and—see for yourself!" she implored him passionately.

Of a sudden he found himself resolved. Indeed, he fancied that it were dangerous to oppose her; she was overwrought, on the verge of losing her command of self. She wished this thing, and though with all his soul he hated it, he would do as she desired.

"Very well," he assented quietly. "Shall I stop the cab now?"

"Please."

He tapped on the roof of the hansom and told the caddy to draw in at the next corner. Thus he was put down not far from his home—below the Thirty-third street garage.

Neither spoke as he alighted, and she believed that he was leaving her in displeasure and abhorrence; but he had only stepped behind the cab for a moment to speak to the driver. In a moment he was back, standing by the step with one hand on the apron and staring in very earnestly and soberly at the shadowed sweetness of her pallid face, that gleamed in the gloom there like some pale, shy, sad flower.

Could there be evil combined with such sheer loveliness, with features that in every line bodied forth the purity of the spirit that abode within? In the soul of him he could not believe that a thief's nature defied canker-like at the heart of a woman so divinely, naively dear and desirable. And—he would not.

"Won't you let me go?"

"Just a minute. I—I should like to—if I find that you have done nothing so very dreadful," he laughed unasily, "do you wish to know?"

"You know I do." She could not help saying that, letting him see that far into her heart.

"You spoke of my calling, I believe. That means to-morrow afternoon, at the earliest. May I not call you up on the telephone?"

"The number is in the book," she said in a tremulous voice.

"And your name in the card-case?"

"Yes."

"And if I should call in half an hour—"

"O, I shall not sleep until I know! Good night!"

"Good night! Drive on, cabby."

He stood, smiling queerly, until the hansom, climbing the Park Avenue hill, vanished over its shoulder. Then swung about and with an eager step retraced his way to his rooms, very confident that God was in his heaven and all well with the world.

III.

The cab stopped. The girl rose and descended to the walk. The driver touched his hat and reined the horse away. "Good night, ma'am," he bade her, cheerfully. And she told him "Good night" in her turn.

For a moment she seemed a bit hesitant and fearful, left thus alone. The house in front of which she stood, like its neighbors, reared a high facade to the tender, starlit sky. Its windows, with drawn shades and no lights, wearing a singular look of blind patience. It had a high stoop and a sunken area. There was a dull glow in one of the basement windows.

It was very late—or extremely early. The moon was down, though its place was in some way filled by the golden disk of the clock in the Grand Central station's tower. The air was impregnated with the sweet and fragrant breath of the newborn day. In the tunnel beneath the street a trolley car rumbled and whined and clanked lonesomely. A stray cat wandered out of a cross street with the air of a seasoned debaucher; stopped, scratched itself with immitable abandon, and suddenly, mysteriously alarmed at nothing, turned itself into a streak of shadow that fled across the street and vanished. And, as if affected by its terror, the gray girl slipped silently into the area and tapped at the lighted window.

Almost immediately the gate was cautiously opened. A woman's head looked out, with suspicion. "Oh, thank Heavens!" it said, with abrupt fervor. "I was afraid it mightn't be you, Miss Sylvia. I'm so glad you're back. There ain't—hasn't been a minute these past two nights that I haven't been in a fidget."

The girl laughed quietly and passed through the gateway (which was closed behind her) into the basement hall, where she lingered a brief moment.

"My father, Annie?" she inquired.

"He ain't—hasn't stirred since you went out, Miss Sylvia. He's sleepin' peaceful as a lamb."

"Everything is all right, then?"

"Now that you're home, it is, praises be!" The servant secured the inner door and turned up the gas. "Not if I was to be given notice to-morrow mornin'," she announced, firmly, "will I ever consent to be a party to such goin's-on another night."

"There will be no occasion, Annie," said the girl. "Thank you, and—good night."

A resigned sigh—"Good night, Miss Sylvia"—followed her up the stairs.

She went very cautiously, careful to brush against no article of movable furniture in the halls, at pains to make no noise on the stairs. At the door of her father's room on the second floor she stopped and listened for a full mo-

ment; but he was sleeping as quietly, as soundly, as the servant had declared. Then on, more hurriedly, up another flight, to her own room, where she turned on the electric bulb in panic haste. For it had just occurred to her that the telephone bell might ring before she could change her clothing and get downstairs and shut herself into the library, whose closed door would prevent the bell from being audible through the house.

In less than ten minutes she was stealing silently down to the drawing room floor again, quiet as a spirit of the night. The library door shut without a sound; for the first time she breathed freely. Then, pressing the button on the wall, she switched on the light in the drop-lamp on the center table. The telephone stood beside it.

She drew up a chair and sat down near the instrument, ready to lift the receiver off its hook the instant the bell began to sound; and waited, the soft light burning in the loosened tresses of her hair, enhancing the soft color that pulsed in her cheeks, fading before the joy that lived in her eyes when she hoped.

For she dared hope—at times; and at times could not but fear. So greatly had she dared, who greatly loved, so heavy upon her untarnished heart was the burden of the sin that she had put upon it, because she loved. Perhaps he would not call; perhaps the world was to turn cold and be forever gray to her eyes. He was even then deciding; at that very moment her happiness hung in the scales of his mercy. If he could forgive.

There was a click. And her face flamed scarlet, as hastily she lifted the receiver to her ear. The armature buzzed sharply. Then central's voice cut the stillness.

"Hello! Nine-o-five-one?"

"Yes."

"Wait a minute."

She waited, breathless, in a quiver. The silence sang upon the wire, the silence of the night through which he was groping toward her.

"Hello! Is this nine-o—"

"Is this the residence of Alexander C. Graeme?"

"Yes." The syllable almost choked her.

"Is this Miss Graeme at the 'phone?"

"It is."

"Miss Sylvia Graeme?"

"Yes."

"This is Daniel Maitland—Sylvia!"

"As if I did not know your voice!" she cried, involuntarily.

There followed a little pause; and in her throat the pulses tightened and drummed.

"I have opened the bag, Sylvia—"

"Please go on."

"And I've sounded the depths of your hideous infamy!"

"Oh!" He was laughing.

"I've done more. I've made a burnt offering within the last five minutes. Can you guess what it is?"

"I—I—don't want to guess! I want to be told."

"A burnt offering on the altar of your happiness, dear. The papers in

the case of the Dougherty Investment Company no longer exist."

"Dan!"

"Sylvia—Does it please you?"

"Don't you know? How can it do anything but please me? If you know how I have suffered because my father suffered, fearing the—No, but you must listen! Dan, it was wearing him down to his grave, and I thought—"

"You thought that if you could get the papers and give them to him—"

"Yes. I could see no harm, because he was as innocent as you—"

"Of course. But why didn't you ask me?"

"He did, and you refused."

"But how could I tell, Sylvia, that you were his daughter, and that I should—"

"Hush! Central will hear!"

"Central's got other things to do, besides listening to early morning confabulations. I love you."

"Dan."

"Yes."

"I love—to hear you say so, dear."

"Please say that last word over again. I didn't get it."

"Dear."

"And that means that you'll marry me?"

A pause.

"I say, that means—"

"I heard you, Dan."

"But it does, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Whenever you please."

"I'll come up now."

"Don't be a silly."

"Well, when then? To-day?"

"Yes—no!"

"But when?"

"To-morrow—I mean next week—I mean next month."

"No; to-day at four. I'll call for you."

"But, Dan."

"Sweetheart!"

"But you mustn't! How can I—"

"Easily enough. There's the Little Church-Around-the-Corner—"

"But I've nothing to wear!"

"Oh!"

Another pause.

"Dan. You don't wish it—truly?"

"I do wish it, truly. To-day, at four. The Church of the Transfiguration. Yes, I'll spare up a best man if you'll find bridesmaids. Now you will, won't you?"

"I—if you wish it, dear."

"I'll have to ask you to repeat that."

"I shan't. There!"

"Very well, meekly. But will you tell me one thing, please?"

"What is it?"

"Where on earth did you get hold of that kit of tools?"

She laughed softly. "My big brother caught a burglar once, and kept the kit for a remembrance. I borrowed them."

"Give me your big brother's address and I'll send 'em back with my thanks—No, by George! I won't, either. I've as much right to keep 'em as he has on that principle."

And again she laughed, very gently and happily. Dear God, that such happiness could come to one!

"Sylvia?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you love me?"

"I think you may believe it, when I sit here at four o'clock in the morning, listening to a silly boy talk nonsense over a telephone wire."

"But I want to hear you say so!"

"But central—"

"I tell you central has other things to do!"

At this juncture the voice of central, jaded and acidulated, broke in curtly: "Are you through?"

THE END.

Paul Before Festus and Agrippa

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 24, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 25:1-23. Memory verses 17, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."—2 Tim. 1:12.

TIME.—Autumn of A. D. 59 or in 60.

PLACE.—Caesarea, the Roman capital of Palestine. Herod Agrippa II., was king of the regions north of the Sea of Galilee, with his capital at Caesarea Philippi.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

Three ways of treating the gospel: Exemplified by three representative men—the Apostle Paul, the Roman Governor Festus; King Herod Agrippa II.

Preliminary Events. An Interesting Story.—Acts 25:1-12. First. The new governor. At the close of two years in prison under Felix, there was a change of governors, and Porcius Festus entered upon his duties.

We know nothing concerning him except from the Acts and Josephus. Josephus tells us that he governed his stormy province with a wise, firm rule, putting down the Sicarii (assassins), and other predatory companies, who were then harassing Judea. He finds no fault with Festus.

Second. The Plot to Take Paul's Life.—The first thing the new governor did after landing at Caesarea was to go up to Jerusalem, the Jewish capital, where were centered the most difficult persons and questions with which his administration would have to do.

The Jewish rulers devised an ingenious plot to obtain possession of Paul. They poured into the ears of the new governor all the charges Tertullus had brought against Paul, and these charges were chiefly for breaking the Jewish law. On the way from Caesarea to Jerusalem they proposed to assassinate Paul, just as they had hoped to do two years before, but now with much better chances than before of accomplishing their purpose.

Third. The Appeal to Caesar.—On returning to Caesarea, accompanied by the Jewish rulers, Governor Festus summoned Paul into court where they emphasized these (v. 7) "many and grievous complaints," and asked Paul if he were willing to go up to Jerusalem for his trial.

Paul stood up "four square to all the winds that blow" for his rights as a Roman citizen. His independent manhood speaks out: "I defy their charges; I will not go to Jerusalem to be tried by my enemies; I appeal unto Caesar."



JERSEY LILY.

Mr. Brown (to new cook)—What is your name?
Cook—Mary, sir.
Mr. Brown—Dear me, that is my wife's name. We shall have to call you something else.
Cook—Never mind, call me Lily!

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA.

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

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

Expensive Silence.

Little four-year-old Alice was lying on the floor whining and crying steadily one afternoon, until her father's patience exhausted, he called out to her: "Oh, stop, Alice, and I'll give you a penny."

Alice stopped only long enough to answer: "I can't stop for less than a nickel! Boohoo! Boohoo!"

Why Not?

Aunt Spinster—I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of your sex, Mamie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote.

Mamie—I don't go quite so far as that, aunty; but I believe that every woman should have a voter.—Sketch.

The angels are always waiting to open the windows of heaven over the head of the man who will bring the last tithe into the storehouse.

In after years a man wishes he was half as smart as he used to think he was.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

gets only 25¢ size of 10¢ bottle. But contains many dollars' worth of virtue in curing colds, rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred ills. At all druggists.

The wickedness of other men we have always in our eye, but we cast our own over our shoulder.—Seneca.

Dr. Pierce's pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

To the good the world is very good; to the bad it is bad.—Smiles.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash—and was entirely cured after three months' use of them."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Me.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



Butter Boxes Made of Straw.

In future the boxes containing butter shipped from Queensland to Great Britain are to be made of straw, and a £500,000 company has been formed to work the business. Butter boxes hitherto have been made of pine, but the drain upon this timber, owing to the heavy exports, have been so severe that the wood is rapidly going up in price. In one month (March, 1908) over 50,000 boxes of butter from Queensland arrived in England—1,250 tons, worth £140,000. In the new box a mixture of kaolin and straw is used. It can be produced and sold for 1s. At present 3,000,000 boxes are used in Australia annually, costing £200,000. The new box will save the dairy industry about £40,000 a year, as the material for manufacturing the box can be grown in the paddock which supports a cow. It weighs about 10½ pounds, being damp proof and odorless.

Proper Classification.

Drabbles—Why do you call Squibbs a veteran humorist? He can't be more than 25 years old.

Scribbles—Well, his jokes are in the veteran class, just the same.—Chicago Daily News.

Appropriate.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a pneumatic tire?

Pa—It's a name that is sometimes applied to a bore, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

Chicken, Deviled.

Singe and prepare the chickens as for boiling. Mix together one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one salt-spoonful each of curry powder, dry mustard and paprika, adding just enough olive oil or melted butter to make a thick paste. Make a number of incisions on the breast and thighs of the chicken and rub into them the paste; brush all over with a little melted butter and broil over a clear fire. When done, arrange on a hot platter, squeeze over a little lemon juice, garnish with cream and serve with tartare sauce.