

# The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

### SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Banterer 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 Banterer, 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 Anisly. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisly, 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" fist. The latter proved to be Anisly. He himself secured the gems. Anisly, 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. Anisly, disguised as Maitland, tried to wring 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, Anisly was at her side. He took her to Attorney Banterer'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 latter's rooms, when Anisly heard her words. Banterer then revealed as a crook. He and Anisly set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland, finding the gems, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisly's a big office building.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Maitland, yielding the initiative to the other's superior generalship, stood sentinel, revolver in hand, until the detective returned, overheated and sweating, from his tour, and to report "nothin' doin'," with characteristic brevity. He had the same report to make on both the twentieth and twenty-first floors, where the same procedure was observed, but as the latter was reached unexpected and very welcome reinforcements were gained by the arrival of a third car, containing three patrolmen and one roundsman. Yet numbers created delay; Hickey was seized and compelled to pant explanations, to his supreme disgust. And, suddenly impatient beyond endurance, Maitland left them and alone sprang up the stairs.

That this was simple foolhardiness may be granted without dispute. But it must be borne in mind that he was very young and ardent, very greatly perturbed on behalf of an actor in the tragedy in whom the police, to their then knowledge, had no interest whatsoever. And if in the heat of chase he had for an instant forgotten her, now he remembered; and at once the capture of Anisly was relegated to the status of a matter of secondary importance. The real matter at stake was the safety of the girl whom Anisly, by exercise of an infernal ingenuity that passed Maitland's comprehension, had managed to spirit into this place of death and darkness and whispering halls. Where she might be, in what degree of suffering and danger—these were the considerations that sent him in search of her without a thought of personal peril, but with a sick heart and overwhelmed with a stifling sense of anxiety.

More active than the paunch-burdened detective, he had sprinted down and back through the hallway of the twenty-second floor, without discovering anything, ere the police contingent had reached an agreement and the stairhead.

There remained two more floors, two final flights. A little hopelessly he swung up the first. And as he did so the blackness above him was riven by a tongue of fire, and a bullet, singing past his head, flattened itself with a vicious spat against the marble dado of the walls. Instinctively he pulled up, finger closing upon the trigger of his revolver; flash and report followed the motion, and a panel of ribbed glass in a door overhead was splintered and fell in clashing fragments, all but downing the sound of feet in flight upon the upper staircase.

A clamor of caution, warning, encouragement, and advice broke out from the police below. But Maitland hardly heard. Already he was again in pursuit, taking the steps two at a leap. With a hand upon the newel-post he swung round on the twenty-third floor, and hurled himself toward the foot of the last flight. A crash like a rifle-shot rang out above, and for a second he fancied that Anisly had fired again and with a heavier weapon. But immediately he realized that the noise had been only the slamming of the door at the head of the stairs—the door whose glazed panel loomed above him, shedding a diffused light to guide his footsteps, its opalescent surface lettered with the name of HENRY M. BANNERMAN, Attorney & Counselor-at-Law, the door of the office whose threshold he had so often crossed to meet a friend and adviser. It was with a shock that he comprehended this, a thrill of wonder. He had all but forgotten that Bannerman owned an office in the building, in the rush, the urge of this wild adventure. Strange that Anisly should have chosen it for the scene of his last stand—strange, and strangely fatal for the criminal! For Maitland knew that from this crye there was no means of escape, other than by the stairs.

Well and good! Then they had the man, and—

The thought was flashing in his mind, illumining the darkness of his despair with the hope that he would be able to force a word as to the whereabouts from the burglar ere the police arrived; Maitland's foot was

on the upper step, when a scream of mortal terror—her voice!—broke from within. Half-maddened, he threw himself bodily against the door, twisting the knob with frantic fingers that slipped upon its immovable polished surface.

The bolt had been shot, he was barred out, and, with only the width of a man's hand between them, the girl was in deadly peril and terror.

A sob that was at the same time an oath rose to his lips. Baffled, helpless, he fell back, tears of rage starting to his eyes, her accents ringing in his ears as terribly pitiful as the cry of a lost and wandering soul.

"God!" he mumbled incoherently, and in desperation sent the pistol-butt crashing against the glass. It was tough, stubborn; the first blow scarcely fazed it. As he redoubled his efforts to shatter it, Hickey's hand shot over his shoulder to aid him. . . . And with startling abruptness the barrier seemed to dissolve before their eyes, the glass falling inward with a shrill clatter.

Quaintly, with the effect of a picture cast by a cinematograph in a darkened auditorium, there leaped upon Maitland's field of vision the picture of Anisly standing at bay, face drawn and tense, lips curled back, eyes lurid with defiance and despair. He stood, poised upon the balls of his feet, like a cat ready to spring. In the doorway between the inner and outer offices. He raised his hand with an indescribably swift and vicious gesture, and a flame seemed to blaze out from his finger-tips.

At the same instant Hickey's weapon spat by Maitland's cheek; the young man felt the hot furnace breath of it. The burglar reeled as though from a tremendous blow. His inflamed features were suddenly whitened, and his right arm dropped limply from the shoulder, revolver falling from fingers involuntarily relaxing.

Hickey covered him. "Surrender!" he roared. And fired again. For Anisly had gone to his knees, reaching for the revolver with his uninjured arm.

The detective's second bullet winged through the doorway, over Anisly's head, and hit through the outer window. As Anisly, with a tremendous strain upon his failing powers, struggled to his feet, Maitland, catching the murderous gleam in the man's eye, pulled trigger. The burglar's answering shot expended itself as harmlessly as Maitland's. Both went wide of their marks.

And of a sudden Hickey had drawn the bolt, and the body of police behind forced Maitland pell-mell into the room. As he recovered he saw Hickey hurling himself at the criminal's throat—

—one second too late. True to his pledge never to be taken alive, Anisly had sent his last bullet crashing through his own skull.

A cry of horror and consternation forced itself from Maitland's throat. The police halted, each where he stood, transfixed. Anisly drew himself up, with a trace of pride in his pose; smiled horribly; put a hand mechanically to his lips. . . . And died.

Hickey caught him as he fell, but Maitland, unheeding, leaped over the body that had in life resembled him so fatally, and entered Bannerman's private office.

The gray girl lay at length in a corner of the room, shielded from observation by one of the desks. Her eyes were closed, her cheeks were the hue of death; the fair young head was pillowed on one white and rounded forearm, in an attitude of natural rest, and the burnished hair, its heavy coils slipping from their fastenings, tumbled over her head and shoulders in shimmering glory, like a splash of living flame.

With a low and bitter cry the young man dropped to his knees by her side. In the outer office the police were assembled in excited conclave, blind to all save the momentous fact of Anisly's last, supremely consistent act. For the time Maitland was utterly alone with his great and aching loneliness.

After a little while timidly he touched her hand. It lay upturned, white slender fingers like exotic petals curling in upon the rosy hollow of her palm. And it was soft and warm.

He lifted it tenderly in both his own, and so held it for a space, brooding, marveling at its perfection. And inevitably he bent and touched it with his lips, as if their ardent contact would warm it to sentiment. . . .

The fingers tightened upon his own, slowly, surely; and in the blinding joy of that moment he was made conscious of the ineffable sweetness of opening, wondering eyes.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### Recessional.

"Hm, humm!" Thus Hickey, the inopportunist ubiquitous, lumbering hastily in from the other office and checking, in an extreme of embarrassment, in the middle of the floor.

Maitland glanced over his shoulder, and, subsiding a desire to flay the man alive, released the girl's hand.

"I say, Hickey," he observed, carefully suppressing every vestige of emotion, "will you lend me a hand here? Bring a chair, please, and a glass of water."

The detective stumbled over his feet and brought the chair at the risk of his neck. Then he went away and returned with the water. In the meantime the girl, silently enough for all that her eyes were speaking, with Maitland's assistance arose and seated herself.

"You will have to stay here a few minutes," he told her, "until—"

"I understand," she told him in a choking tone.



"Dearest," He Said Gently, "Please Don't Run Away from Me Again."

Hickey awkwardly handed her the glass. She sipped mechanically.

"I have a cab below," continued Maitland. "And I'll try to arrange it so that we can get out of the building without having to force a way through the crowd."

She thanked him with a glance.

"There's the freight elevator," suggested Hickey, helpfully.

"Thank you. . . Is there anything I can do for you, anything you wish?" continued Maitland to the girl, standing between her and the detective.

She lifted her face to his and shook her head, very gently. "No," she breathed through trembling lips. "You—you've been—" But there was a sob in her throat, and she hung her head again.

"Not a word," ordered Maitland. "Sit here for a few minutes, if you can, drink the water and—fix up your hat, you know," (damn Hickey! Why the devil did the fellow insist on hanging round so?) "and I will go and make arrangements."

"Th-thank you," whispered the small voice shakily.

Maitland hesitated a moment, then turned upon Hickey in sudden exasperation. His manner was enough; even the obtuse detective could not ignore it. Maitland had no need to speak.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, standing his ground manfully but with a trace more of respect in his manner than had theretofore characterized it, "but there's uh gentleman—uh—your friend—Bannerman's outside—nd—wants tuh speak tuh yeh."

"Excuse me. He says he's got tuh see yeh. If yeh don't come out, he'll . . ."

come after yeh. I thought yeh'd rather—"

"That's kindly thought of," Maitland relented. "I'll be there in a minute," he added, meaningly.

Hickey took an impassive face to the doorway, where, whether or not with design, he stood precisely upon the threshold, filling it with his burly shoulders. Maitland bent again over the girl, and took her hand.

"Dearest," he said, gently, "please don't run away from me again."

Her eyes were brimming, and he read his answer in them. Quickly—it was no time to harry her emotions further; but so much he had felt he must say—he brushed her hand with his lips and joined Hickey. Trusting the detective gently into the outer room, with a not unfriendly hand upon his shoulder, Maitland closed the door.

"Now, see here," he said quietly and firmly, "you must help me arrange to get this lady away without her becoming identified with the case. Hickey, I'm in a position to say a good word for you in the right place; she had positively nothing to do with Anisly," (this, so far as he could tell, was as black a lie as he had ever manufactured under the lash of necessity), "and—there's a wad in it for the boys who help me out."

"Well. . . ." The detective shifted from one foot to the other, eying him intently. "I guess we can fix it—freight elevator 'nd side entrance. Yeh have the cab waitin', nd—"

"I'll go with the lady, you understand, and assume all responsibility. You can come round at your convenience and arrange the details with me, at my rooms, since you will be so kind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Papa Had the Same Opinion

And Bobby Got a Large Round Dollar Instead of the Slipper.

Bobby is a little shaver who cannot always be depended upon to spare the family blush when there are visitors.

During a recent church convention in Bobby's city his mother entertained one of the elders, a delegate whose very name inspired awe in the fold. You know what happened to Bobby. He was scrubbed within an inch of his life, curled, dressed all in snowy white, even to his shoes and stockings, and between the rubbings and dressings the entire manual of etiquette was read to him.

The elder came, talking as he entered the house, saying a long, long grace at dinner, talking the air as the patient family sat with him on the porch afterward; then came family prayers.

## Use Autos for Tiger Hunting

Supplanting the Elephant and Howdah with Princes of India.

No preparations have now to be made when the news of a tiger roaming in a jungle is brought. Petrol, and not a howdah, is the thing to be cared for. A few minutes' drive brings the hunter and the tiger face to face with each other.

News came in the other day of a tiger roaming on the banks of the Sindh near Uchar, a village some 14 miles from Datta City. The maharajah accordingly motored out to the village with his staff on the thirteenth. That day was devoted simply to observing the movements of the tiger. A goat was tied up and was duly slain by the tiger, who, making for the river bed and placing his prey on the sand close to the water, entered the cool pool and bathed and gambled for some time. Having thoroughly enjoyed himself, he came out, and after feasting in the clear moonlight took his way back to the jungle.

Next day the maharajah sat up for

Bobby knelt meekly with the rest, but his mouth was taking on the shape of a yawn and in his big blue eyes a danger signal shone. The elder was most eloquent in prayer. He began with the universe at large and came gradually down, down, down to whatever special item he feared Omnipotence might slight. The clock ticked on and on till suddenly—Bobby jumped to his feet.

"Now, see here," he said, "I've had just about enough of this, and I ain't goin' to stand for any more of it either."

After Bobby was in bed and all lights were out, Bobby's papa slipped into the room.

"Here, sonnie," he said, "hold out your hand. Here is a big, round, silver dollar for papa's little boy, but don't tell any one I gave it to you."

### CHEAP LANDS OFFERED BY THE STATE OF COLORADO.

Land for 50c an acre is offered by the State of Colorado in the Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colorado, under the Carey Land Act. The perpetual water right to irrigate the land is sold under State authority for \$35, under annual assessments extending over ten years.

This is pronounced one of the most fertile valleys in Colorado and crops of all grains, grass, roots and hardier varieties of fruit are now being raised there.

The land now under cultivation under this canal system pays an average profit of \$20.00 per acre.

Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific are building into the district and spending large amounts of money in developing the country.

The Routt County Colonization Company, 1724 Welton Street, Denver, Colorado, is sole agent for the sale of the land and water. There will be no drawing for this land; those desiring to select may make application and select in the order in which they apply.

### VERY ENCOURAGING



Old Lady—Is there any danger?  
Boatman—Well, mum, it don't matter much—the boat's insured.

### Feeding Farm Hands.

Every farmer's wife knows what tremendous appetites farm hands usually have; but while they eat well they work well, too.

Here's a good suggestion about feeding farm hands. Give them plenty of Quaker Oats. A big dish of Quaker Oats porridge with sugar and cream or milk is the greatest breakfast in the world for a man who needs vigor and strength for a long day's work. The man that eats Quaker Oats plentifully and often is the man who does good work without excessive fatigue. There is a sustaining quality in Quaker Oats not found in other foods, and for economy it is at the head of the list. Besides the regular size packages Quaker Oats is packed in large size family packages, with and without china. 5

**A Work of Supererogation.**  
Henry dislikes being bathed and argues with his mother over every square inch of his four-year-old anatomy.

One night, when his patience was especially tried by what he considered wholly unnecessary work, he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, couldn't you skip my stomach? Nobody ever sees my stomach!"—Judge's Library.

### Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell completely if inhaled by the system. When entering it through the mucous surfaces, such as the nasal passages, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from their use. Catarrh, when manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Exercise Recommended.

Wearry Walker—What! Don't look like a sailor? Why, I've been following the sea for 30 years.

Farmer Haycrop—Well, you keep following it for 30 years more and perhaps you'll catch up with it.—Life.

The 800-foot bridge over the Yellow river at Lanchowfu, in the province of Kansu, is nearing completion. All materials had to be conveyed nearly 1,000 miles in Chinese carts.

### DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH!

It certainly racks your system and may run into serious complications. All you need is a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Cough Cure. It cures quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

The man who is not trying to make the world better is casting his vote to make it worse.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Gossip has a thousand tongues—and they all work overtime.

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

Some men never do anything on time except quit work.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pilets. Thin sugar-coated granules. Sold by druggists.

Many a true word has been spoken regardless of grammar.

## Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, or restlessness, a hollow cheer, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so each and every germ is unable to find a spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine or known composition and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

## COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others are made stable, no matter how "spiced," kept from having the disease, by using SPIRITS LIQUID DISTEMPER. Give one bottle every day. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so each and every germ is unable to find a spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine or known composition and with a record of 40 years of cures. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Columbus, Ind., U. S. A.

## PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. PUTNAM DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

### The Baking Powder Story in a nut-shell.

Adulteration } Cheap Baking Powder  
Impurity }  
Unhealthfulness }

High Price } Trust Baking Powder  
Indifferent Leavening }  
Residue of Rochelle Salts }

Most Leavening Power } CALUMET BAKING POWDER  
Purest Ingredients }  
Moderate Price }

Received Highest Award  
World's Pure Food Exposition  
Chicago, 1907.

### Would Find Use for It.

After a day and a night spent in answering telephone calls from people who wanted the latest news from Peary and Dr. Cook, the secretary of one of the arctic clubs had retired for a well-earned rest, when the persistent phone bell rang again. A voice at the other end said:

"Do you want the ambulance sent right over?"

"What ambulance?" roared the irate secretary.

"Why, the one you sent for."  
"I sent for no ambulance."  
"You lie!"

The secretary gasped, then he screamed into the phone:

"Send it as soon as possible, and you come over, too, and I'll send you back in it!"

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.

### Repertoire in the Bright Family.

"The newspapers are making a great stir about men's disinclination to marry," remarked Mrs. Bright.

"The Bible says there are no marriages in heaven," commented Mr. B.

"And what has that to do with it?" Bright laughed.

"Perhaps they are figuring on having a little heaven on earth."

### Beginning Hostilities.

Mr. Perkly—Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did!

Mrs. Perkly—If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook in the land.

No matter how long your neck may be or how sore your throat, Hamlin's Wizard Oil will cure it surely and quickly. It drives out all soreness and inflammation.

When a woman has occasion to loaf, she calls it either shopping, visiting or entertaining.

**PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER** has been used in many families for generations. It is relied upon for colds, neuralgia, sciatica, strains, burns, or bruises. 25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle.

The dog in the manger is the one that does the most growling.

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

Many a man's honesty has saved him from becoming a politician.

### DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, URIC ACID, AND ALL URINARY AFFECTIONS.

75c Guarantee.

## Townsite Opening

New town of TWO BUTTES, Colorado, will be opened October 25, 1909. Priority of selection determined by drawing. Town surrounded by 25,500 acres of irrigated Carey Act and State land, besides vast area of finest grazing land in Colorado. Ground floor opportunity for every kind retail mercantile business. Full information on application. THE TWO BUTTES IRRIGATION & RESERVOIR CO., Lamar, Colorado.

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Send for work with and starches clothes nicest.

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