

# The Brass Bowl

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 that one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger rings in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, 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 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 as 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. "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland 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. 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. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, tried to write from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overheard 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, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torturing, he tried in vain to write from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she followed O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl" the hiding place in the latter's rooms, when Anisty heard feet coming. Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland finding the girl some, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building, where Anisty was killed. 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.

## 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," standing 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; but 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—send for yourself!" she implored him passionately.

Of a sudden he found himself released. Indeed, he fancied that it were dangerous to oppose her; he 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 put down not far from his home—below the Thirty-third street grade.

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 side 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 fed 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 uneasily, "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?"



"This is Daniel Maitland . . . Sylvia!"

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 new-born 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 debauchee; stopped, scratched itself with imitable abandon, and suddenly, mysteriously alarmed at noisily, 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'-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 moment; 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

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 scare 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 sha'n'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!

"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'll tell you central has other things to do!"

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

THE END.

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 £50,000 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.

## Record for Hot Biscuits

From Field to Table in Just Twenty-Three Minutes.

Biscuits made from flour of which the plump heads of grain nodded lazily in the morning sun 22 minutes before is a performance recorded at Walsburg, Wash., south of Spokane. It is believed to be a world's record.

The wheat was cut on a hillside farm owned by N. B. Atkinson, president of the Washington State Farmers' Educational and Co-operative union, two miles from town, was ground into flour at the Preston-Parson mill and baked by A. Beck. Fifty residents of the town, including Mayor R. M. Breeze, R. H. Osborne, formerly prosecuting attorney of Walla Walla county; E. L. Wheeler, editor of the Walsburg Times, and P. B. Morrow, general merchant. The three last named were official timekeepers.

The varied stages of the operation of converting standing grain into bis-

9:02—Ripe wheat standing in the field.

9:04—First head clipped from the straw by the heading machine.

9:08—Grain started into the cylinder of the thrashing machine.

9:11—Four sacks thrashed, sacked, sewed and loaded unto automobile.

9:14—Grain received at mill, two miles from field, weighed and dropped into the receiving hopper; four sacks weighing 535 pounds.

9:19—First flour appeared at packer having traveled 640 feet in the machinery. A. Beck, baker, began mixing flour, baking powder and water into dough.

9:21—Molded dough in pans placed into oven.

9:23—Two sacks of flour ground, sacked and sewed, ready for market.

9:26—Biscuit taken from the oven, buttered and distributed among witnesses.—Spokane Correspondent Chi-

## WAS IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE

Prisoner Put Coming Gastronomic Joy Ahead of a Brief Period of Liberty.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few years when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail, the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon, and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnsing, I sho is glad you-all is gwine to git me out, but I wants you-all to fix it so I can't git out till late dis evenin'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by this unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when, in answer to the secretary's question, the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens; an' I sho would like to git some of dem greens befo' I leades dis place!"—Lippincott's.

## BACKACHE IS KIDNEYACHE.

Usually There Are Other Troubles to Prove It.

Pain in the back is pain in the kidneys, in most cases, and it points to the need of a special remedy to remove and cure the congestion or inflammation of the kidneys that is interfering with their work and causing that pain that makes you say:

"Oh, my back."

Thompson Watkins, professional nurse, 420 N. 23rd St., Parsons, Kan., says: "For some time I was annoyed with sharp twinges across the small of my back and irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I am free from these troubles."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dorothy and the Stork.

When little Dorothy Walworth was introduced to her baby brother in the First Methodist Episcopal Parsonage in Yonkers, N. Y., she manifested intense interest, but was not astonished.

"I knew he was coming," she exclaimed; "I knew it."

Pressed for an explanation, the five-year-old said: "I was down to the Bronx zoo the other day and saw the stork in his cage. I recognized him by the black stripes on his wings that papa said were there. Well, when the stork was standing alone on one leg, I went close to him and whispered in his ear that I wanted him to bring me a baby brother or sister. He didn't say anything, but I knew he would do it, because he bent his head toward me and winked an eye."

Joke Medicine.

He is a very practical, serious-minded man of business. The other day he met a friend, and related to him an alleged joke, and at its conclusion laughed long and heartily.

The friend looked awkward for a moment, and then said:

"You'll have to excuse me, old man, but I don't see the point."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I don't just see the point myself. But I've made it a rule to laugh at all jokes; I think it's good for the health."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

How She Knew.

The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.

"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?"

"Because in his sleep he said: 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't want to draw.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Editorial Amenities.

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantagraph has no hair at all.

madam: Don't be misled Cheap and Big Can Baking Powder is Only Big in Size - Not in Satisfaction - Not in Economy

A large can and a small cost does not make baking powder cheap—or even less expensive than Calumet—the high-quality, moderate-price kind. It certainly cannot make it as good. Don't judge baking powder in this way—the real test—the proof of raising power, of evenness, uniformity, wholesomeness and deliciousness will be found only in the baking.

**CALUMET BAKING POWDER** The Happy Medium

is a better baking powder than you have ever used before. And we will leave it to your good judgment for proof. Buy a can today. Try it for any baking purpose. If the results are not better—if the baking is not lighter, more delicate, take it back and get your money. Calumet is medium in price—but great in satisfaction. Free—large handsome recipe book, illustrated in colors. Send 4c and slip found in pound can.

Calumet Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition

The highest medical authority on foods, Sir James Crichton Browne, LL. D.—F. R. S. of London, gives the best reasons for eating more Quaker Oats.

In an article published in the Youth's Companion of September 23rd, 1909, Dr. Browne, the great medical authority on foods, says, about brain and muscle building—

"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal.

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it pro-

duces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body.

In conclusion he says—

"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

## GENTLE REBUKE FROM PULPIT

Yet One Somehow Cannot Help Wondering Whether Sermon Was Worth Listening To.

Somewhere in the pages of her pleasant "Book of Joys" Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins tells a delightful story of her New England clerical great-grandfather, who was a man of ingenuity and resources. She says:

"He employed more than one device to secure wakefulness on the part of his weary congregation. Standing during the prayer was but one of many. My grandfather used to tell us with pride of an instance which occurred at a time when a new church edifice had been proposed, and was under warm discussion. Great-grandfather thought this a worldly and unnecessary expense, and emphasized his opinion by pausing in the midst of his sermon on a Sunday, saying impressively, as he fixed the somnolent members of his congregation with a stern look:

"You are talking about building a new church. It seems to me quite unnecessary, since the sleepers in the old one are all sound!"—Youth's Companion.

His Proper Field.

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog loose in the yard. "Hit wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splain this thing to yo' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Editorial Amenities.

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantagraph has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.—Everybody's.

Hixon—"Did the operation on your wife's throat do her good?" Dixon—"It did us both good. She hasn't been able to talk for six weeks."—Boston Herald.

Tell the Dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

Live up to the Bible you know, and your Bible will grow.



## The Best Kind Of Life Insurance

is health insurance. The best way to insure the health of your family when any member gets in a "run-down" condition, is to use a tonic that removes the cause of the ill-health. Such a tonic is

## DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC

## VERMIFUGE

A "run down" condition is generally due to the failure of the digestive organs to properly digest the food. Dr. D. Jayne's vermifuge tones up the digestive organs so that they supply the body with proper nourishment, and in this way bring about lasting health. Ordinary tonics simply supply food material in predigested form, and consequently are only effective as long as the tonic is taken.

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

Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant has been relieving and curing Croup, Colds, and similar ailments for nearly four generations.

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nervousness, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, and BILIOUS HEADACHE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

## Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh! it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARET'S