

The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel 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 on the same mission. Maitland overcame him.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You doubted me, after all!" she commented, a trifle bitterly.

"I—no! You misunderstand me. Believe me, I—"

"Ah, don't protest. What does it make or mar, whether or not you trusted me? . . . You have," she added, quietly, "the jewels safe enough, I suppose?"

He stopped short, aghast. "I! The jewels!"

"I slipped them in your coat pocket before—"

Instantly her hand was free, Maitland ramming both his own into the side pockets of his top coat. "They're safe!"

She smiled uncertainly.

"We have no time," said she. "Can you drive—?"

They were standing by the side of her car, which had been cunningly hidden in the gloom beneath a spreading tree on the further side of the road.

Maitland, crestfallen, offered his hand; the tips of her fingers touched his palm lightly as she jumped in. He hesitated at the step.

"You wish me to?"

She laughed lightly. "Most assuredly. You may assure yourself that I shan't try to elude you again—"

"I would I might be sure of that," he said, steadying his voice and seeking her eyes.

"Procrastination won't make it any more assured."

He stepped up and settled himself in the driver's seat, grasping throttle and steering wheel; the great machine thrilled to his touch like a live thing, then began slowly to back out into the road.

For an instant it seemed to hang palpitant on dead center, then shot out like a hound unleashed, vent-a-terre—Brooklyn miles away over the hood.

It seemed but a minute ere they were thundering over the Myannds bridge. A little further on Maitland slowed down and, jumping out, lighted the lamps. In the seat again—no words had passed—he threw in the high-speed clutch, and the world flung behind them, roaring. Thereafter, breathless, stunned by the frenzy of speed, perforce silent, they bored on through the night, crashing along deserted highways.

In the east a band of pallid light lifted up out of the night, and the horizon took shape against it, stark and black. Slowly, stealthily, the formless dawn spread over the sleeping world; to the zenith the light-smitten stars reeled and died, and houses, fields, and thoroughfares lay a-glimmer with ghostly twilight as the car tore headlong through the grim, unlovely, silent hinterland of Long Island City.

The gates of the ferry-house were inexorably shut against them when at last Maitland brought the big machine to a tremulous and panting halt, like that of an overdriven thoroughbred.

And though they perforce endured a wait of fully 15 minutes, neither found aught worth saying; or else the words wherewith to clothe their thoughts were denied them. The girl seemed very weary, and sat with head drooping and hands clasped idly in her lap.

To Maitland's hesitant query as to her comfort she returned a monosyllabic assurance. He did not again venture to disturb her; on his own part he was conscious of a clogging sense of exhaustion, of a drawn and haggard feeling about the eyes and temples; and knew that he was keeping awake automatically, his being already a-doze.

The fresh wind off the sullen river served in some measure to revive them, once the gates were opened and the car had taken a place on the ferry-boat's forward extreme. Day was now full upon the world; above a horizon belted with bright magenta, the cloudless sky was soft turquoise and sapphire; and abruptly, while the big unwieldy boat surged across the narrow ribbon of green water, the sun shot up with a shout and turned to an evanescent dream of fairy-land the gaunt, rock-rubbed profile of Manhattan Island, bulking above them in tier upon tier of monstrous buildings.

On the Manhattan side, in deference to the girl's low-spoken wish Maitland ran the machine up to Second avenue, turned north, and brought it to a stop by the curb, a little north of Thirty-fifth street.

"And now whither?" he inquired, hands somewhat impatiently ready for the driving and steering gear.



"We Have No Time," Said She. "Can You Drive—?"

The girl smiled faintly through her veil. "You have been most kind," she told him in a tired voice. "Thank you—from my heart, Mr. Anisty," and made a move as if to relieve him of his charge.

"Is that all?" he demanded, blankly. "Can I say more?"

"I . . . I am to go no further with you?" Sick with disappointment, he rose and dropped to the sidewalk—anticipating her affirmative answer.

"If you would please me," said the girl, "you won't insist."

"I don't," he returned, ruefully. "But are you quite sure that you're all right now?"

"Quite, thank you, dear Mr. Anisty!" With a pretty gesture of conquering impulse she swept her veil aside, and the warm rose-glow of the new-born day tinted her wan young cheeks with color. And her eyes were as stars, bright with a mist of emotion, brimming with gratitude—and something else. He could not say what; but one thing he knew, and that was that she was worn with excitement and fatigue, near to the point of breaking down.

"You're tired," he insisted, solicitous. "Can't you let me—?"

"I am tired," she admitted, wistfully, voice subdued, yet rich and vibrant. "No, please. Please let me go. Don't ask me any questions—now."

"Only one," he made supplication. "I've done nothing—"

"Nothing but more kind than I can say!"

"And you're not going to back out of our partnership?"

"Oh!" And now the color in her cheeks was warmer than that which the dawn had lent them. "No. . . . I shan't back out." And she smiled.

"And if I call a meeting of the board of management of Anisty and Wentworth, Limited, you will promise to attend?"

"Ye-es—"

"Will it be too early if I call one for to-day?"

"Why—"

"Say at two o'clock this afternoon, at Eugene's. You know the place?"

"I have lunched there—"

"Then you shall again to-day. You won't disappoint me?"

"I will be there. I . . . I shall be glad to come. Now—please!"

"You've promised. Don't forget."

He stepped back and stood in a sort of dreamy daze, while, with one final wonderful smile at parting, the girl assumed control of the machine and swung it out from the curb. Maitland watched it forge slowly up the avenue and vanish round the Thirty-sixth street corner; then turned his face southward, sighing with weariness and discontent.

At Thirty-fourth street a policeman, lounging beneath the corrugated iron awning of a corner saloon, faced about with a low whistle, to stare after him. Maitland experienced a chill sense of criminal guilt; he was painfully conscious of those two shrewd eyes, boring gimlet-like into his back, overlooking no detail of the wreck of his evening clothes. Involuntarily he glanced down at his legs, and they moved mechanically beneath the edge

of his overcoat like twin animated columns of mud and dust, openly advertising his misadventures. He felt in his soul that they shrieked aloud, that they would presently succeed in dinnng all the town awake, so that the startled populace would come to the windows to stare in wonder as he passed by. And inwardly he groaned and quaked.

As for the policeman, after some reluctant hesitation, he overcame the inherent indisposition to exertion that affects his kind, and, swinging his stick, stalked after Maitland.

Happily (and with heartfelt thanksgiving) the young man chanced upon a semiolent and bedraggled hack, at rest in the stenciled shadows of the Third avenue elevated structure. Its pilot was snoring lustily the sleep of the belated, on the box. With some difficulty he was awakened, and Maitland dodged into the musty, dusty body of the vehicle grateful to escape the unprejudiced stare of the guardian of the peace, who in another moment would have overtaken him and, doubtless, subjected him to embarrassing inquisition.

As the ancient four-wheeler rattled noisily over the cobbles, some of the shops were taking down their shutters, the surface cars were beginning to run with increasing frequency, and the sidewalks were becoming sparsely populated. Familiar as the "sights" were, they were yet somehow strange,ly unreal to the young man. In a night the face of the world had changed for him; its features loomed weirdly blurred and contorted through the mystical gray-gold atmosphere of the land of Romance, wherein he really lived and moved and had his being. The blatant day was altogether preposterous; to-day was a dream, something nightmarish; last night he had been awake, last night for the first time in twenty-odd years of existence he had lived.

He slipped unthinkingly one hand into his coat pocket, seeking instinctively his cigarette case; and his fingers brushed the coarse-grained surface of a canvas bag. He jumped as if electrified. He had managed altogether to forget them, yet in his keeping were the jewels, Maitland heirlooms—the swag and booty, the loot and plunder of the night's adventure. And he smiled happily to think that his interest in them was 50 per cent. depreciated in 24 hours; now he owned only half.

Suddenly he sat up, with happy eyes and a glowing face. She had trusted him!

CHAPTER V.

Incognito.

At noon, precisely, Maitland stirred between the sheets for the first time since he had thrown himself into his bed—stirred, and, confused by whatever alarm had awakened him, yawned stuporously, and sat up, rubbing clenched fists in his eyes to clear them of sleep's cobwebs. Then he bent forward, clasping his knees, smiled largely, replaced the smile with a thoughtful frown, and in such wise contemplated the foot of the bed for several

minutes—his first conscious impression, that he had something delightful to look forward to yielding to a vague recollection of a prolonged thrill tinnabulation—as if the telephone bell in the front room had been ringing for some time.

But he waited in vain for a repetition of the sound, and eventually concluded that he had been mistaken; it had been an echo from his dreams, most likely. Besides, who should call him up? Not two people knew that he was in town; not even O'Hagan was aware that he had returned to his rooms that morning.

He gaped again, stretching wide his arms, sat up on the edge of the bed, and heard the clock strike 12.

Noon and . . . He had an engagement at two! He brightened at the memory and, jumping up, pressed an electric call button on the wall. By the time he had padded barefoot to the bathroom and turned on the cold-water tap, O'Hagan's knock summoned him to the hall door.

"Back again, O'Hagan; and in a desperate rush. I'll want you to shave me and send some telegrams, please. Must be off by 1:30. You may get out my gray-striped flannels"—here he paused, calculating his costume with careful discrimination—"and a black-striped necktie; gray socks; russet low shoes; black and white check tie—broad wings. You know where to find them all?"

"Shure glass, sor."

O'Hagan showed no evidence of surprise; the eccentricities of Mr. Maitland could not move him, who was inured to them through long association and observation. He moved away to execute his instructions, quietly efficient. By the time Maitland had finished splashing and krasping in the bathtub everything was ready for the ceremony of dressing.

In other words, 20 minutes later Maitland, bathed, shaved, but still in dressing gown and slippers, was seated at his desk, a cup of black coffee steaming at his elbow, a number of yellow telegraph blanks before him, a pen poised between his fingers.

It was in his mind to send a wire to Cressy, apologizing for his desertion of the night just gone, and announcing his intention to rejoin the party from which the motor trip to New York had been as planned but a temporary defection, in time for dinner that same evening. He nibbled the end of the penholder, selecting phrases, then looked up at the attentive O'Hagan.

"Bring me a New Haven time table, please," he began, "and—"

The door bell abruptly his words, clamoring shrilly.

"What the deuce?" he demanded. "Who can that be? Answer it, will you, O'Hagan?"

He put down the pen, swallowed his coffee, and lit a cigarette, listening to the murmurs at the hall door. An instant later, O'Hagan returned, bearing a slip of white pasteboard which he deposited on the desk before Maitland.

"James Burleson Snaith," Maitland read aloud from the faultlessly engraved card. "I don't know him. What does he want?"

"Wouldn't say, sor; seemed surprised whin' I towid him ye were in, an' said he was glad to hear it—business pressin', says he."

"Snaith? But I never heard the name before. What does he look like?"

"A gentleman, sor, be th' clothes av him an' th' way he talks."

"Well . . . Devil take the man! Show him in."

"Very good, sor."

Maitland swung around in his desk chair, his back to the window, expression politely curious, as his caller entered the room, pausing, hat in hand, just across the threshold.

He proved to be a man apparently of middle age, of height approximating Maitland's; his shoulders were slightly rounded as if from habitual bending over a desk; his pose mild and deferential. By his eyeglasses and peering look, he was near-sighted; by his dress, a gentleman of taste and judgment as well as of means to gratify both. A certain jaunty and summery touch in his attire suggested a person of leisure who had just run down from his country place for a day in town.

His voice, when he spoke, did nothing to dispel the illusion.

"Mr. Maitland?" he opened the conversation briskly. "I trust I do not intrude? I shall be brief as possible, if you will favor me with a private interview."

Maitland remarked a voice well modulated and a good choice of words. He rose courteously.

"I should be pleased to do so," he suggested, "if you could advance any reason for such a request."

Mr. Snaith smiled discreetly, fumbling in his side pocket. A second slip of cardboard appeared between his fingers as he stepped over toward Maitland.

"If I had not feared it might deprive me of this interview, I should have sent in my business card at once," he said. "Permit me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

3,000 ACRES FOR ORCHARD. COAL FIND STIRS CITY.

Company Buys Big Tract in Yamhill County. Well Digger Uncovers Good Mile West of Salem.

Portland—The purchase of a 3,000-acre tract of orchard land in Yamhill county, four miles from Sheridan, on the Southern Pacific, by the Clear View Orchard company, of Portland, is announced. The purchase was made from C. G. Andrews, a well known Western Oregon land owner and operator. The consideration is not made known, but Mr. Andrews retains an interest in the company and will serve in the capacity of secretary and treasurer.

The purpose of the purchasers is to convert the land into 10-acre orchard home tracts. The tracts have been laid out and a number of them have already been contracted for. Mr. Andrews said that eight homes were under construction, the cheapest of them costing \$2,800, others ranging in price from \$3,000 to \$4,000.

Each tract is being planted to fruit trees by the company. Expert tree planters from Hood River have been secured to do the work. Eighty-seven men are now on the ground.

"We will make of this tract a modern Eden for 300 homes," said Mr. Andrews. "We intend to make every possible preliminary preparation for the coming of those who really want homes. Each tract is not only to be laid out and planted to fruit trees, but we are building the barns and the roads that go with the homes. We will establish our own telephone service, electric lights and water supply. At Sheridan we have secured ground for a fruit storage warehouse and will later build a canning factory. The land is in the center of an ideal market and Portland, Salem and the coast are but a few hours distant. The Southern Pacific furnishes excellent train service."

WORK TO BEGIN JUNE 1.

Contract Awarded for Stanfield-Coyote Cutoff.

Pendleton—Work on the construction of the Coyote-Stanfield cutoff will be started June 1, if nothing unforeseen arises to cause a change in the plans of the Oregon-Washington company officials.

From sources known to be reliable it was learned that practically all preparations are now made for beginning work on the above date. The contract for work has already been let to Twohy Bros., and it is understood they are ready to begin operations whenever orders to do so arrive from General Manager James P. O'Brien.

The Coyote cutoff calls for the construction of an additional track from Coyote, on the Columbia river, across country to Stanfield.

The cutoff will eliminate eight miles of the present distance between those two points. However, the present main line track will be continued in use so as to provide a double track for the road. Work of building the cutoff will cost slightly less than \$1,000,000, and the building of the road will add much to the activity of this section of Oregon during the coming summer.

SELECT CAPITOL SITE.

Governor Owns Desirable Site, But Will Say Nothing.

Salem—Governor West has asked Speaker Rusk of the house of representatives, and President Ben Selling to advise the board in the selection and location of the new annex to the capitol. The governor owns a quarter block of land that is upon the location desired for the building, but so that there can be no charge made against him in the likelihood of the choice of his property, he will have nothing to do with it.

The governor says that if his quarter block is selected he will dispose of it to the state for the amount which he paid. He holds his lots at \$10,000, while the same amount of property adjoining his is held at \$18,000, or nearly twice the amount asked by the governor. The governor's property lies directly east of the capitol and between it and the Southern Pacific company's tracks. Speaker Rusk is now at Salem and the location of the new capitol annex will be made at once.

To Investigate Loans.

Salem—In accordance with the recommendations made by Governor West, State Land Agent T. A. Rhinehart will begin a personal investigation of the first mortgage loans held by the state. The practice heretofore has been to rely upon the valuations reported by the attorneys for the state land board but hereafter every mortgage loan will be personally inspected by the state land agent and their actual value noted.

To Cruise Coos Timber.

Marshfield—For the purpose of hastening the work of cruising all the timber in the county, it has been decided by the county court to put five more cruisers in the field in addition to the one man who was employed last season. The idea is to get all the timber cruised so that a fair valuation may be put upon it when the assessments are made.

To Locate Hatchery.

Salem—Master Fish Warden R. E. Clanton, went to Astoria recently for the purpose of definitely locating the new salmon hatchery on Young's river, for which provision was made by the legislature at its late session.

Well Digger Uncovers Good Mile West of Salem.

Salem—Discovery of what is declared to be bona fide coal deposits about a mile west of Salem, in the county, have set the town agog. The discovery was made by men employed on the H. P. Chase drilling, to a depth of 36 feet the first coal was found. This vein was thin, being five or six inches thick, but was defined.

At a depth of 44 feet, a deeper vein was struck, but the coal was broken up and apparently scattered. The quality is declared to be excellent. The indications point to a discovery of some magnitude.

H. P. Chase said that the deposits discovered west of the town were found after drilling through the sandstone rock. He says that the present veins discovered are apparently small, the indications excellent and that endeavors will be immediately made to determine the extent of the deposits and the nature of the find.

FIFTEEN ACRES OF GRAPES.

Nyssa Business Man to Experiment on Large Scale.

Nyssa—Nyssa this year will see the distinction of planting the first vineyard in Eastern Oregon, and probably in Southern Idaho. The vineyard will be planted on Bridge street one mile south of Nyssa, and will consist of 15 acres of grapes, mostly the Concord variety. S. N. Egan, one of the best known residents of Nyssa, where he has been a business man for a number of years, is the project.

Mr. Egan has conducted exhaustive experiments on grape culture here for the past three years. From Concord grapes he had produced three years before, Mr. Egan's year got an average of 56 pounds merchantable grapes from each acre. When it is realized that 540 vines are planted per acre, it is that at the rate of production mentioned an acre of three-year grapes would produce 30,240 pounds of grapes, or a trifle over 15 tons per acre. A fair average price of grapes is 4 cents per pound, so that a plantation at the above rate would yield \$1,209.60 per acre.

TO "PLANT" PHEASANTS.

State Buys 100 Pairs Reeves Game for Distribution.

Corvallis—Game Warden Street of Forest Grove, has just placed order with Gene Simpson, the game fancier, of Corvallis, for 100 of the Reeves pheasant, to be ordered next September. These will be shipped by the game warden to all parts of the state and be loose.

The Reeves pheasant is the best of the pheasant family, and a game bird. As they are hardy and increase rapidly in the wild, it is expected soon to have the hills of Oregon well stocked with the birds. Last year Mr. Simpson purchased state with 100 pairs of the pheasant. They were distributed over Oregon and some were sent to Washington. They were set at liberty at the points by persons who are conversant with the game warden and who studied the birds as closely as practicable under the varying conditions. Reports show that they have thrived through the winter in excellent condition.

Referendum Petitions Circulating.

Salem—The first petitions for their purpose to refer to the voters at the next general election all of the University of Oregon appropriations of the late legislature, amounting approximately to \$500,000, have their first appearance in Salem. Circulators are working hard for names and they believe they will have many in Marion county. The names, it is said, are from Forest Grove. It is the impression here that the movement started in Marion county to refer the university appropriations has died out and that the petition will not be presented.

People Improve River.

Astoria—The improvement of mouth of Deep river is to be taken at once, and funds to defray the expense are being raised by private subscription. Lists have been in circulation three days and the success attained such as to make it certain that the sum will be available. Nearly every person residing in Deep river district, and the operating steamers, including the river towboats, contribute liberally.

View Sites for Army.

Salem—Adjutant General and Colonel Jackson, of the National guard, were in Salem last week for the purpose of viewing proposed sites for the new \$500,000 post to be built here this summer. The selection will be made within a few days, so that construction of the post can begin at once.

New Insurance Law Goes to Session.

Salem—It is the general opinion of the laws relating to insurance at the session of the legislature, probably just adjourned are in the progressive and in the line of uniformity in legislation covering an important subject in the various