

SERIAL STORY

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

The BRASS BOWL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Copyright 1907, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

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 Greenfield, 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 bachelors' 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 Anistey. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anistey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Snaith," introducing 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 "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anistey himself and he secured the gems. Anistey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. Anistey feared for the safety of the gems.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He nodded, eyes to hers, fascinated, with an odd commingling of fear and hope and satisfied self-love. "Now I am unconnected with the affair. No one knows that I had any hand in it. Besides, no one knows me—that I steal." Her tone fell lower. "The police have never heard of me. Dan!"

"I believe—"

"I could get away," she interrupted; "and then, if they stopped you—"

"You're right, by the powers!" He struck the table smartly with his first. "You do that and we can carry this through. Why, lacking the jewels, I am Maitland—I am even wearing Maitland's clothes!" he boasted. "I went to his apartments this morning and saw to that, because it suited my purpose to be Maitland for a day or two."

"Then—?" Her gaze questioned his.

"Waiter!" cried Anistey. And, when the man was deferential at his elbow: "Call a cab, at once, please."

"Certainly, sir."

The rest of the corps of servants were at the other end of the big room. Anistey made certain that they were not watching, then stealthily passed the canvas bag to the girl. She bent her head, bestowing it in her hand-bag.

"You have made me . . . happy, Dan," came tremulously from beneath the hat brim.

Whatever doubts may have assailed him when it was too late, by that remark were effaced, silenced. Who could mistrust her sincerity?

"Then when and where may I see you again?" he demanded.

"The same place."

It was a bold move; but she was standing; the waiter was back, announcing the cab in waiting, and he dared not protest. Yet his pat riposte commanded her admiration.

"No. Too risky. If they are watching here, they may be there, too." He shook his head decidedly. The flicker of doubt was again extinguished; for undoubtedly Maitland had escorted her home that morning; her reference had been to that place. "Somewhere else," he insisted, confident that she was playing fair.

She appeared to think for an instant, then, fumbling in her pocket-book, extracted a typical feminine pencil stub—its business end looking as though it had been gnawed by a vindictive rat—and scribbled hastily on the back of a menu card:

"Mrs. McCabe, 205 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street. Top floor. Ring three times."

"I shall be there at seven," she told him. "You won't fail me?"

"Not if I'm still at liberty," he laughed.

And the waiter smiled at discretion, a far-away and unobtrusive smile that could by no possibility give offense; at the same time it was calculated to convey the impression that, in the opinion of one humble person, at least, Mr. Maitland was a merry wag.

"Good-by . . . Dan!"

Anistey held her fingers in his hard palm for an instant, rising from his chair.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, clumsily.

He watched her disappear, eyes humid, temples throbbing. "By the powers!" he cried. "But she's worth it!"

Perhaps his meaning was vague, even to himself. He resumed his seat mechanically and sat for a time staring dreamily into vacancy, blunt fingers drumming on the cloth.

"No," he declared at length. "No; I'm safe enough . . . in her hands."

Once secure from the public gaze, the girl crowded back into a corner of the cab, as though trying to efface herself. Her eyes closed almost automatically; the curve of laughing lips became a doleful droop; a crinkle appeared between the arched brows; waves of burning crimson flooded her face and throat.

In her lap both hands lay clenched into tiny fists—clenched so tightly that it hurt, numbing her fingers—a physical pain that, somehow, helped her to endure the paroxysms of shame. That she should have stooped so low!

Presently the fingers relaxed, and her whole frame relaxed in sympathy. The black squall had passed over; but now were the once tranquil waters ruffled and angry. Then languor gripped her like an enemy; she lay listless in its hold, sick and faint with disgust of self.

This was her all-sufficient punishment; to have done what she had done, to be about to do what she contemplated. For she had set her hand to the plow; there must now be no drawing back, however hateful might prove her task.

The voice of the caddy dropping through the trap, roused her. "This is the Martha Washington, ma'am."

Mechanically she descended from theansom and paid her fare; then, summoning up all her strength and resolution, passed into the lobby of the hotel and paused at the telephone switchboard.

CHAPTER VIII. Dance of the Hours.

Four p. m.

The old clock in a corner of the study chimed resonantly and with deliberation; four double strokes; and



"I Want You to Keep Your Mouth Shut."

while yet the deep-throated music was dying into silence the telephone bell shrieked impudently.

Maitland bit savagely on the gag and knotted his brows, trying to bear it. The effect was that of a coarse file rasped across raw quivering nerves. And he lay helpless, able to do no more toward endurance than to dig nails deep into his palms.

Again and again the fiendish clamor shattered the echoes. Blinding flashes of agony danced down the white-hot wires strung through his head, taut from temple to temple.

Would the fool at the other end never be satisfied that he could get no answer? Evidently not; the racket continued mercilessly, short series of shrill calls alternating with imperative rolls prolonged until one thought that the tortured metal sounding-cups would crack. Thought! nay, prayed that either such would be the case, or else that one's head might at once mercifully be rent asunder.

That anguish so exquisite should be the means of releasing him from his bonds seemed a refinement of irony. Yet Maitland was aware, between spasms, that help was on the way. The telephone instrument, for obvious convenience, had been equipped with an extension bell which rang simultaneously in O'Hagan's quarters. When Maitland was not at home the janitor-valet, so warned, would answer the calls. And now, in the still intervals, the heavy thud of unheeded feet could be heard upon the staircase. O'Hagan was coming to answer; and taking his time about it. It seemed an age before the rattle of pass-key in latch announced him; and another age all unconscious of the

figure supine on the divan against the further study wall, the old man shuffled to the instrument, lifted receiver from the hook, and applied it to his ear.

"Well, well?" he demanded with that impatience characteristic of the illiterate for modern methods of communication. "Pwhat the divvie ails ye?"

"Reyspects to ye, ma'am, and 'tis sorry I am I didn't know 'twas a leddy."

"He's not."

"Wan o'clock, there or thereabouts."

"Faith, and he didn't say."

"Pwhat name will I be tellin' him?"

"Kape ut to yerself, thin. 'Tis none of me business."

"If ye do, I'll not answer. Sure, am I to be climbin' two flights av stairs ivry folve minits—"

"Good-by yerself," hanging up the receiver. "And the divvie fly away wid ye," grumbled O'Hagan.

As he turned away from the instrument Maitland managed to produce a sound, something between a moan and a strangled cough. The old man whirled on his heel. "Pwhat's that?" The next instant he was bending over Maitland, peering into the face drawn and disfigured by the gag. "The saints presarve us! And who the divvie are ye at all? Pwhy don't ye spake?"

Maitland turned purple; and emitted a furious snort.

"Misther Maitland, be all thot's strange! Is ut mad I am? Or how did ye get back here and into this fix, sor, and me swapin' the halls and pollahin' the brasses ferist the front dure ivry minute since ye wint out?"

Indignation struggling for the upper hand with mystification in the Irishman's brain, he grumbled and swore; yet busied his fingers. In a trice the binding gag was loosed, and ropes and straps cast free from swollen wrists and ankles. And, with the assistance of a kindly arm behind his shoulders, Maitland sat up, grinning with the pain of renewing circulation in his limbs.

"Wid these two oles meself saw ye lave three hours gone, sor, and I c'd swear no sowl had interred this house since thin. Pwhat does ut all mane, be all thot's holy?"

"It means," panting, "brandy and soda, O'Hagan, and be quick."

Maitland attempted to rise, but his legs gave under him, and he sank back with a stifled oath, resigning himself to wait the return of normal conditions. As for his head, it was threatening to split at any moment, the tight wires twanging infernally between his temples; while the corners of his mouth were cracked and sore from the pressure of the gag. All of which totted up a considerable debit against Mr. Anistey's account.

For Maitland, despite his suffering, had found time to figure it out to his personal satisfaction—or dissatisfaction, if you prefer—in the interval between his return to consciousness and the arrival of O'Hagan. It was simple enough to deduce from the knowledge in his possession that the burglar, having contrived his escape through the disobedience of Higgins, should have engineered this complete revenge for the indignity Maitland had put upon him.

How he had divined the fact of the jewels remaining in their owner's possession was less clear; and yet it was reasonable, after all, to presume that Maitland should prefer to hold his own. Possibly Anistey had seen the girl slip the canvas bag into Maitland's pocket while the latter was kneeling and binding his captive. However that was, there was no denying that he had trailed the treasure to its hiding place, unerringly; and succeeded in taking possession of it with consummate skill and audacity. When Maitland came to think of it, he recalled distinctly the trend of the burglar's inquisition in the character of "Mr. Snaith," which had all been calculated to discover the location of the jewels. And, when he did recall this fact, and how easily he had been duped, Maitland could have ground his teeth in melodramatic rage—but for the circumstance that when first it occurred to him, such a feat was a physical impossibility, and even when ungagged the operation would have been painful to an extreme.

Sipping the grateful drink which O'Hagan presently brought him, the young man pondered the case; with no pleasure in the prospect he foresaw. If Higgins had actually communicated the fact of Anistey's escape to the police, the entire affair was likely to come out in the papers—all of it, that is, that he could not suppress. But even figuring that he could silence Higgins and O'Hagan—a difficult task—though he might be somewhat late with Higgins—the most discreet imaginable explanation of his extraordinary conduct would make him the laughing stock of his circle of friends, to say nothing of a city that had been accustomed to speak of him as "Mad Maitland" for many a day. Unless—

Ah, he had it! He could pretend (so long as it suited his purpose, at all events), to have been the man caught and left bound in Higgins' care. Simple enough. The knocking over of the butler would be ascribed to a natural ebullition of indignation, the subsequent flight to a hare-brained notion

of running down the thief. And yet even that explanation had its difficulties. How was he to account for the fact that he had failed to communicate with the police—knowing that his treasure had been ravished?

It was all very involved. Mr. Maitland returned the glass to O'Hagan and, cradling his head in his hands, racked his brains in vain for a satisfactory tale to tell. There were so many things to be taken into consideration. There was the girl in gray.

Not that he had forgotten her for an instant; his fury raged but the higher at the thought that Anistey's interference had prevented his (Maitland's) keeping the engagement. Doubtless the girl had waited, then gone away in anger, believing that the man in whom she had placed faith had proved himself unworthy.

But that telephone call? "O'Hagan," demanded the haggard and distraught young man, "who was that on the wire just now?"

Being a thoroughly trained servant, O'Hagan had waited that question in silence, a quiver with impatience though he was. Now, his tongue unleashed, his words fairly stumbled on one another's heels in his anxiety to get them out in the least possible time.

"Sure, an' 'twas a leddy, sor, be the v'ice av her, askin' were ye in, and meself havin' seen ye go out no longer ago thin wan o'clock and yerself sayin' not a worrud about comin' back at all at all, pwhat was I, to be tellin' her, aven if ye were lyin' there on the divan all unbeknownst to me, which the same meself can not—"

"Help!" pleaded the young man feebly, smiling. "One thing at a time, please, O'Hagan. Answer me one question: Did she give a name?"

"She did not, sor, though meself—"

"There, there! Wait a bit. I want to think."

Of course she had given no name; it wouldn't be like her. What was he thinking of, anyway? It could not have been the gray girl; for she knew him only as Anistey; she could never have thought him himself, Maitland. But what other woman of his acquaintance did not believe him to be out of town?

With a hopeless gesture, Maitland gave it up, conceding the mystery too deep for him, his intellect too feeble to grapple with all its infinite ramifications. The counsel he had given O'Hagan seemed most appropriate to his present needs: One thing at a time. And obviously the first thing that lay to his hand was the silencing of O'Hagan.

Maitland rallied his wits to the task. "O'Hagan," said he, "this man, Snaith, who was here this afternoon, called himself a detective. As soon as we were alone he rapped me over the head with a loaded cane, and I suspect, went through the flat stealing everything he could lay hands on. Hand me my cigarette case, please."

"'Tis gone, sor—'tis not on the desk, at jaste, pwhere I saw ut last."

"Ah! You see? Now for reasons of my own, which I won't enter into, I don't want the affair to get out and become public. You understand? I want you to keep your mouth shut, until I give you permission to open it." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HORSES PERFECTLY TRAINED.

Extraordinary Intelligence of Mounts of City Patrolmen.

Chicago papers told the other day in picture and story of a policeman's horse that followed his master into a barber shop. A Philadelphia police horse, not long ago, caused some excitement by trudging along behind his rider right into the city hall. But for every yarn about intelligent police mounts in other cities, the average New York traffic "cop" has one to match, says the New York Tribune. As a Park Row city cavalryman remarked, patting the glossy brown neck of his aid and companion: "He knows a heap more'n a whole lot of the 'muts' that we protect, and if he didn't he wouldn't be fit for his job." One day recently a patrolman had dismounted at a congested spot to straighten out a tangle of vehicles, leaving his horse, untied and unguarded, near the curb. This animal stayed right there, as still as a soldier at attention, until the odor of a fine basket of peaches, just out of reach across the sidewalk, struck his nostrils. The bait was too tempting even for that well trained horse, and inch by inch he edged up toward the luscious meal. Just then his rider, busy a hundred feet up the street, saw him and yelled: "Hey, you, Bob, turn around, there!" And Bob turned around obediently and put temptation behind him.

July and Independence.

July is an important month in the history of political liberty. The United States celebrates its independence on July 4. The patriotic efforts of the liberator Simon Bolivar for the independence of Venezuela were consummated on July 5, Colombia ridding herself of the Spanish yoke on July 20. Then there is France, with her July 14, marking the date when the suffering French people stormed the Bastille. The Spanish forces at Santiago Cuba, capitulated on July 16.

TO REMOVE STAINS

ENGLISH WAYS OF TAKING OUT VARIOUS SPOTS.

Soft Soap and Paste of Salt and Water for Fruit Stains—Pure Alcohol Will Take Out Grass Stains.

Fruit stains should be treated at once, says an English writer in the Queen, for if allowed to set they are difficult to remove. Rub the stain with soft soap or good yellow soap, well wetted, then cover it with a paste of salt and water. Or rub the stain well on both sides with a good yellow soap, and then tie over it a little pearl ash, and let it all soak in hot water, boiling if it is necessary; rinse well and dry in the open air.

If the stain is very persistent try the following: Crush four ounces of chloride of lime in a basin and work it to a smooth paste with a little cold water; when perfectly mixed, add to this from one and a half to one and three-quarter pints more cold water, using in all two pints of water, now stir the lime well, cover closely, and let it stand for a day or two, stirring it occasionally. Now leave it till quite settled, when you skim it, pour off the clear liquid, straining it into a bottle, and keep tightly stoppered.

To remove the stains rub the spot with a rag dipped in the mixture, rinsing it at once after the spot is removed in clean cold or tepid water. Should the article be badly stained soak it in cold water to which you have added sufficient of the mixture to make the water smell slightly of lime; watch this, and directly the stains are removed lift out the linen, rinse well, and dry in the open air in the sun if possible. Care must be taken with this, for if the linen be left in too long the bleach will rot it. This remedy will remove almost any stains.

If grass stains on cotton are rubbed with pure alcohol they will disappear, but this should be done at once.

To make balls for removing grease stains mix well 1½ ounces of powdered French chalk and 5 ounces of powdered pipeclay, then work them to a paste with 2 ounces of spirits of wine, shape this paste into balls and leave them to dry. To use, moisten the grease stains well with warm water, then rub them thoroughly with the ball; now let dry, if possible in the sun; then brush well and sponge with a little water if any stain be left.

To clean discolored hearths mix whitening to a thin paste with skim milk, adding a drop or two of liquid blue or a morsel of stone blue. Put it on the hearthstone with a paint brush. This does not crack off.

White stains on polished wood caused by upsetting any spirit or by over-hot dishes or plates may be removed by applying to these spots a feather dipped in spirits of camphor. This must be used very sparingly and the furniture rubbed well at once with a cloth dipped in sweet oil, repeating the process if necessary. When the stain is completely removed polish well with beeswax and turpentine or any good furniture polish.

To clean ivory rub the stains with lemon juice, then with whitening made into a soft paste with lemon juice; allow this to dry on, and when perfectly dry wipe off with a soft cloth.

For mildew stains first brush off any loose mildew, then well rub in a little common salt, sprinkling it with powdered French chalk and thoroughly moistening it with clean cold water; after this dry slowly in the open air and then rinse well. This may require to be repeated. Mildew on leather may be removed by rubbing the place well with a clean, dry and very soft cloth to remove any fungus that may be on the surface of the leather, then rub over with a rag just moistened with pyroligneous acid.

If the fingers are stained from walnuts dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails well with it with a nail brush, and wash the hands at once in warm water and the stains will at once disappear.

Pineapple Salad.

Place on a salad dish a leaf of lettuce and a slice of pineapple and on top a few slices of red pepper; over this pour a tablespoonful of olive oil, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste. This makes a favorite salad for luncheon.

Stuffed Celery.

Wash tender celery hearts and put them into cold water to become crisp. Mash fresh cream cheese, then add chopped nuts and chopped olives to taste. Stuff the celery just before serving and serve with toasted crackers.

Marshmallow Cream.

Try this in the place of ice cream: One pint of cream whipped stiff, one-half pound of fresh marshmallows cut fine, one-half cup chopped English walnuts. Serve with angel cake.