

# 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 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 bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised a 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. 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. Smith," 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 "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty 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 after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisty, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of the gems. Then he proposed marriage. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

In the cab, Maitland, turning to watch through the rear peep-hole, was thrown violently against the side as the hansom rocked on one wheel into his street. Recovering, he seized the dashboard and gathered himself together, ready to spring the instant the vehicle paused in its headlong career.

Through the cabby's misunderstanding of the address, in all likelihood, the horse was reined in on its haunches some three houses distant from the apartment building. Maitland found himself sprawling on his hands and knees on the sidewalk, picked himself up, shouting: "You'll wait!" to the driver, and sprinted madly the few yards separating him from his own front door, keys ready in hand.

Simultaneously the half-winded policeman lumbered around the Fifth avenue corner, and a man, detaching himself from the shadows of a neighboring doorway, began to trot loutishly across the street, evidently with the intention of intercepting Maitland at the door.

He was hardly quick enough. Maitland did not even see him. The door slammed in the man's face, and he, panting harshly, rapped out an imprecation and began a frantic assault on the push-button marked "Janitor."

As for Maitland, he was taking the stairs three at a clip, and had his pass key in the latch almost as soon as his feet touched the first landing. An instant later he thrust the door open and blundered blindly into the pitch darkness of his study.

For a thought he stood bewildered and dismayed by the absence of light. He had thought, somehow, to find the gas jets flaring. The atmosphere was hot and foul with the odor of kerosene, the blackness filled with strange sounds and mysterious moving shapes. A grunting gasp came to his ears, and then the silence and the night alike were split by a report, accompanied by a streak of orange flame shooting ceilingward from the middle of the room.

Its light, transient as it was, gave him some inkling of the situation. Unthinkingly he flung himself forward, ready to grapple with that which first should meet his hands. Something soft and yielding brushed against his shoulder, and subconsciously, in the auto-hypnosis of his excitement, he was aware of a man's voice cursing and a woman's cry of triumph trailing off into a wall of pain.

On the instant he found himself at grips with the marauder. For a mo-

ment both swayed, dazed by the shock of collision. Then Maitland got a footing on the carpet and put forth his strength; the other gave way, slipped, and went to his knees. Maitland's hands found his throat, fingers sinking deep into flesh as he bore the fellow backward.

A match flared noiselessly and the gas blazed overhead. A cry of astonishment choked in his throat as he recognized his own features duplicated in the face of the man whose throat he was slowly and relentlessly constricting. Anisty! He had not thought of him or connected him with the sounds that had thrilled and alarmed him over the telephone wire coming out of the void and blackness of night. Indeed, he had hardly thought any coherent thing about the matter. The ring of the girl's "No!" had startled him, and he had somehow thought, vaguely, that O'Hagan had surprised her in the flat. But more than that—

He glanced swiftly aside at the girl standing still beneath the chandelier, the match in one hand burning toward her finger tips, in the other Anisty's revolver. Their eyes met, and in hers the light of gladness leaped and fell like a living flame, then died, to be replaced by a look of entreaty and prayer so moving that his heart in its unselfish chivalry went out to her.

Who or what she was, howsoever damning the evidence against her, he would believe against belief, shield her to the end at whatever hazard to himself, whatever cost to his fortunes. Love is unreasoning and unreasonable even when unrecognized.

His senses seemed to vibrate with redoubled activity, to become abnormally acute. For the first time he was conscious of the imperative clamor of the electric bell in O'Hagan's quarters, as well as of the janitor's rich brogue voicing his indignation as he opened the basement door and prepared to ascend. Instantly the cause of the disturbance flashed upon him.

His strangle hold on Anisty relaxed, he released the man, and, brows knitted with the concentration of his thoughts, he stepped back and over to



"Stand Up, You Hound!"

the girl, lifting her hand and gently taking the revolver from her fingers.

Below, O'Hagan was warbling through the closed door with the late callers. Maitland could have blessed his hot-headed Irish stupidity for the delay he was causing.

Already Anisty was on his feet again, blind with rage and crouching as if ready to spring, only restrained by the sight of his own revolver, steady and threatening in Maitland's hand.

For the least part of a second the young man hesitated, choosing his way. Then, resolved, in accents of determination: "Stand up, you hound!" he cried. "Back to the wall there!" and thrust the weapon under the burglar's nose.

The move gained instant obedience. Mr. Anisty could not reasonably hesitate in the face of such odds.

"And you," Maitland continued over his shoulder to the girl without removing his attention from the burglar, "into the alcove there, at once! And not a word, not a whisper, not a sound until I call you!"

She gave him one frightened and piteous glance, then, unquestioning, slipped quietly behind the portieres.

To Anisty, again: "Turn your pockets out!" commanded Maitland. "Quick, you fool! The police are below; your freedom depends on your haste."

Anisty's hands flew to his pockets, emptying their contents on the floor. Maitland's eyes sought in vain the shape of the canvas bag. But time was too precious. Another moment's procrastination and—

"That will do," he said, crisply, without raising his voice. "Now listen to me. At the end of the hall, there, you'll find a trunk closet, from which a window—"

"I know."

"Naturally you would. Now go!" Anisty waited for no repetition of the permission. Whatever the madness of Mad Maitland, he was con-

cerned only to profit by it. Never before had the long arm of the law stretched hungry fingers so near his collar. He went, springing down the hall in long, soundless strides, vanishing into its shadows.

As he disappeared Maitland stepped to the door, raised his revolver, and pulled the trigger twice. The shots detonated loudly in that confined space, and rang coincident with the clash and clatter of shivered glass. A thin cloud of vapor obscured the doorway, swaying on the hot, still air, then parted and dissolved, dissipated by the entrance of four men who, thrusting the door violently open, struggled into the hallway.

Blue cloth and brass buttons moved conspicuously in the van, a grim face flushed and perspiring beneath the helmet's visor, a revolver poised menacingly in one hand, locust as ready in the other. Behind this outward and visible manifestation of the law's majesty bobbed a rusty derby, cocked jauntily back upon the red, shining forehead of a short and thick-set person with a black mustache. O'Hagan's agitated countenance loomed over a dusty shoulder, and the battered silk hat of the nighthawk brought up the rear.

"Come in, everybody," Maitland greeted them cheerfully, turning back into the study and tossing the revolver, shreds of smoke still curling from its muzzle, upon a divan. "O'Hagan," he called, on second thought, "jump downstairs and see that all New York doesn't get in. Let nobody in!"

As the janitor unwillingly obeyed, policeman and detective found their tongues. A volley of questions, to the general purport of "What's th' meanin' of all this here?" assailed Maitland as he rested himself coolly on an edge of the desk. He responded, with one eyebrow slightly elevated:

"A burglar. What did you suppose? That I was indulging in target practice at this time of night?"

"Which way'd he go?"

"Back of the flat—through the window to the fire-escape, I suppose. I took a couple of shots after him, but missed, and, inasmuch as he was armed, I didn't pursue."

Hickey stepped forward, glowering unpleasantly at the young man. "Yeh go along," he told the uniformed man, "nd see 'f he's tellin' the truth. I'll stay here 'nd keep him company."

His tone amused Maitland. In the reaction from the recent strain upon his wits and nerve, he laughed openly. "And who are you?" he suggested, smiling, as the policeman clumped heavily away.

Hickey spat thoughtfully into a Satsuma jardiniere and sneered. "I s'pose yeh never saw me before?" Maitland bowed affirmation. "I'm sorry to say that that pleasure has heretofore been denied me."

"Uh-huh," agreed the detective, sourly, "I guess that's a hot one, too." He scowled blackly in Maitland's amazed face and seemed abruptly to swell with mysterious rage. "My name's Hickey," he informed him, venomously, "and don't yeh lose sight of that after this. It's somethin' it won't hurt yeh to remember. Guess yer mem'ry's taking a vacation, huh?"

"My dear man," said Maitland, "you speak in parables and—if you'll pardon my noticing it—with some uncalled-for spleen. Might I suggest that you moderate your tone? For," he continued, facing the man squarely, "if you don't, it will be my duty and pleasure to hoist you into the street."

"I got a photograph of yeh doing it," growled Hickey. "Still, seeing as yeh never saw me before, I guess it won't do no harm for yeh to connect with this." And he turned back his coat, uncovering the official shield of the detective bureau.

"Ah!" commented Maitland, politely. "A detective? How interesting!" "Fire-escape winder's broke, all right." This was the policeman, returned. "And some one's let down the bottom length of ladder, but there ain't nobody in sight."

"No," interjected Hickey, "nd there wouldn't've been if you'd been waitin' in the back yard all night."

"Certainly not," Maitland agreed, blandly; "especially if my burglar had known it. In which case I fancy he would have chosen another route—by the roof, possibly."

"Yeh know somethin' about roofs yehself, donchuh?" suggested Hickey. "Well, guess yeh'll have time to write a book about it while yeh—"

He stepped unexpectedly to Maitland's side and bent forward. Something cold and hard closed with a snap around each of the young man's wrists. He started up, face aflame with indignation, forgetful of the girl hidden in the alcove.

"What the devil!" he cried, hotly, jingling the handcuffs.

"Ah, come off," Hickey advised him. "Yeh can't bluff it forever, you know. Come along and tell the sarge all about it, Daniel Maitland, Esquire, alias Handsome Dan Anisty, gentleman burglar. Ah, cut that out, young fellow; yeh're foxy, all right, but yeh've pushed yer run of luck too hard."

Hickey paused, perplexed, finding no words wherewith adequately to voice the disgust aroused in him by his pris-

oner's demeanor, something far from seemly, to his mind.

The humor of the situation had just dawned upon Maitland, and the young man was crimson with appreciation.

"Go on, go on!" he begged, feebly. "Don't let me stop you, Hickey. Don't, please, let me spoil it all. Your Sherlock Holmes, Hickey, is one of the finest characterizations I have ever witnessed. It is a privilege not to be underestimated to be permitted to play Raffles to you. But seriously, my dear sleuth!" with an unhappy attempt to wipe his eyes with hampered fists, "don't you think you're wasting your talents?"

By this time even the policeman seemed doubtful. He glanced askance at the detective and shuffled uneasily. As for the cabby, who had blustered in at first with intent to demand his due in no uncertain terms, apparently Maitland's bearing, coupled with the inherent contempt and hatred of the nighthawk tribe for the minions of the law, had won his sympathies completely. Lounging against a door-jamb, quite at home, he genially puffed an unspeakable cigarette and nodded approbation of Maitland's every other word.

But Hickey—Hickey bristled belligerently.

"Fine," he declared, acidly; "fine and dandy. I take off my hat to yeh, Dan Anisty. I may be a bad actor, all right, but yeh got me beat at the post."

Then turning to the policeman: "I got him right. Look here!" Drawing a folded newspaper from his pocket, he spread it open for the officer's inspection. "Yeh see them pictures? Now, on the level, is it natural?"

The patrolman frowned doubtfully, glancing from the paper to Maitland. The cabby stretched a curious neck. Maitland groaned inwardly; he had seen that infamous sheet.

"Now listen," the detective expounded with gusto. "Twit to-day this here Maitland, or Anisty, meets me. Once on the stoop here, 'nd he's Maitland 'nd takes me to lunch—see? Next time it's in Harlem, where I've been sent with a hot tip from the c'mmissioner's office to find Anisty, 'nd he's still Maitland 'nd surprised to see me. I ain't sure then, but I'm doin' some heavy thinkin', all right. I lets him go and shadows him. After a while he gives me the slip 'nd I chases down here, waitin' for him to turn up. Comin' down on the car I buys this paper 'nd sees the pictures, and then I'm on. See?"

"Uh-huh," grunted the patrolman, scowling at Maitland. The cabby caressed his nose with a soiled forefinger reflectively, plainly a bit prejudiced by Hickey's exposition. "One minute," Maitland interjected, eyes twinkling and lips twitching. "How long ago was it that you began to watch this house, sleuth?"

"Five minutes before yeh come," responded Hickey, ignoring the insult. "Now—"

"Took you a long time to figure this out, didn't it? But go on, please."

"Well, I picked the winner, all right," flared the detective. "I guess that'll be about all for yours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HISTORICAL RECORD OF RINGS.

Have Important Part in the Annals of the World.

The ring began when man thrust his finger through a hole in a pretty shell, and later learned to make rings of jet. The ring is very magical. Lord Ruthven, who helped to kill Rizzio, gave Queen Mary a ring which was "sovrain" against poison, and she generously replied with the present of her father's wonderful jeweled dagger of French work, no longer in existence. Whether Ruthven toiled with this magnificent weapon in the affair of Rizzio or used a cheaper article is uncertain. At all events Mary based on the ring that was an antidote to poison a charge of sorcery, against Ruthven. The judges of Jeanne d'Arc regarded with much suspicion her little ring of base metal, a gift from her parents, inscribed with the sacred names Jesus Maria.

It was usual to touch the relics of saints with rings; Jeanne d'Arc said that her ring had touched the body of St. Catherine, whether she meant of the actual saint or a relic of the saint, brought from Sinai to Fierbois. The ring might contain a relic, or, later, a miniature. I fear that I do not believe in the virtues or vices of poison rings. Our ancestors practically knew no poison but arsenic, and Carthaginian science can scarcely have enabled Hannibal to poison himself with a drug contained under the stone of a ring.—Andrew Lang, in London Post.

## Unchanging Laws of Etiquette.

It is astonishing to see how little the standard of good manners seems to have changed since the middle ages.

The strenuous life and the higher education have not altered our conception of the laws of good breeding, even if they leave us little time for the carrying out of them, and the rules of conduct upon which we have all been brought up are in many respects the same to-day as those propounded in the manuals of etiquette of hundreds of years ago.—Ladies' Field.

## FATTEN TURKEYS AND GESE

Former Will Put on Flesh Rapidly If Fed Corn and Allowed Range—Geese Need Water.

In answer to a query as to the best method of fattening turkeys and geese, an exchange publishes the following reply:

As a rule, turkeys do not fatten quickly if shut up in yards or small enclosures, but put on flesh rapidly if fed corn and allowed to range. In the absence of corn, wheat would be the next best with a change to oats every second or third feed. Young turkeys make rapid growth if given a fair chance, and to a turkey a fair chance means plenty of room. He is best contented when he can go wherever he likes, and a discontented one will not thrive. At this season of year he can do no harm if given the run of the farm. By feeding in the evening sufficient to fill the crop he will grow well on this, together with what he has foraged during the day. If fed heavily in the morning, he will not forage so well during the day, but the evening feed will serve to send him to roost with a full crop and also induce him to come home to roost. Don't attempt to induce them to roost under cover until the really cold weather comes. If you do they will probably suffer from cold, which may lay the foundation for roup later on. Pullets will not make good breeders next spring, so save the best of the old hens.

If you mean to "force feed" you geese in the way that you would fowl for the market, I don't think that the quality of the flesh you would thus add would be appreciated by the consumer. Constant feeding of corn with plenty of water will make a goose that is not on free range a mass of fat without much solid flesh. Plenty of corn fed while the flock has free range and can get sufficient other food, such as grass, to balance the ration will make a good fleshed and well fattened carcass. Water plays an important part in fattening geese, and they must have plenty of it if the food they consume is to produce the best results. In all cases of fattening it is much better for the breeding stock that are to be kept over if they can be separated from the stock that is to be fattened, and this also saves on the feed bill. This is where the colony house plan of yarding comes in useful.

## STOPPING THE SMALL LEAKS

Many Dollars Are Wasted on Average Farm in Many Things "Too Small to Notice."

(By C. S. MILLER.)

The most impressive thing I ever saw was a man who kept 5,000 sheep pick a little wisp of wool off a fence board and put it in his vest pocket. I couldn't help asking him how much wool he saved in the course of the year in that way. He said probably about two pounds. That seemed like pretty small business to me, but after I got better acquainted with that man I learned that he had a habit of picking up loose nails, scraps of iron and all that sort of junk, and I began to think him very close, until at last it dawned upon me that the old man ran his whole farm on the same idea. He wasted nothing, but was not stingy. He kept the big things going as well as saving the small ones, and he was immensely rich. A good many dollars are wasted on the average farm every year in things "too small to notice." Many a farmer would get out of his buggy to pick up a cent who allows a nickel's worth of grain to dribble here, hay to be lost there, and so on all around the farm. The little things are worth thinking about.

## Breeding Scrub Hogs.

With animals that will multiply as rapidly as pigs it seems almost a shame to see a man breeding old scrub sows to some boar that has no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Yet this is exactly the course that about half of the farmers are following, and wondering why feeding hogs is not paying substantial profits.

## Draughty Hen House.

The hen that is compelled to sit on a roost in a house in which there are draughts in the floor is about as uncomfortable as a man who is compelled to sleep in a bed with the blankets two feet short at each end.

## Well Developed Pigs Best.

Good, strong well developed pigs from mature sires and dams will make better growth and more economical gain than the undersized runts that result from breeding immature sows to some six-month old boar pig.

## Feeding for Milk.

The cows which produce the best are usually those which were well prepared for their milking period. Breed and strain or family are important factors, but important and necessary as they both are, neither, in itself, is a guarantee of production. Feed is equally and possibly more important.