

SERIAL STORY

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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. 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 bachelor's 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. 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, exhorting Anisty, disguised as Maitland, to tell 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. He found Anisty and the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. Dan himself narrowly avoided arrest. Janitor O'Hagan wined and dined the officers of the law. Hickey, a detective, duped by Anisty, refused to partake and mused on his ill-fate.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Hat tilted over his eyes, one elbow on the chairback, another on the table, flabby jaws quivering as he mumbled the indispensable cigar, puffy hands clasped across his ample chest, he sat for many minutes by the side of his unheeded drink, pondering, turning over and over in his mind the one idea it was capable of harboring at a time.

"He c'd've wrote that letter to himself. . . . He's wise enough. . . . Yeh can't fool Hickey all the time. . . . I'll get him yet. Got-tuh make good 'r it's the sidewalk's fr mine. . . . Me, tryin' hard to make an 'onest livin'." 'Nd him with all kinds of money!"

The fat mottled fingers sought a waistcoat pocket and, fumbling therein, touched carelessly a little pellet of soft paper. Its possessor did not require to examine it to reassure himself as to its legitimacy as a work of art, nor as to the prominence of the Roman C in its embellishment of engraved arabesques.

"A century," he reflected sullenly; "one lonely little century for mine. 'Nd he had a wad like a ham . . . on him. . . . 'Nd I might 've had it all for my very own if . . ." His brow clouded blackly.

"Sleuth!" Hickey ground the epithet vindictively between his teeth. And spat. "Sleuth! Ah hell!"

Recalled to himself by the very vehemence of his emotion, he turned hastily, drained to 'its dregs the tall glass of lukewarm and vapid beer which had stood at his elbow, placed a nickel on the table, and, rising, waddled hastily out into the night.

It was being borne in upon him with much force that if he wished to save his name and fame somethin' had got to be done about it.

"I hadn't oughtuh left him so long, I guess," he told himself; "but . . . I'll get him all right."

And turning, lumbered gloomily eastward, rapt with vain imaginings, squat, swollen figure blending into the deep, meaner shadows of the Tenderloin; and so on toward Maitland's rooms—morose, misunderstood, malignant, coddling his fictitious wrongs; somehow pathetically typical of the force he represented.

On the corner of Fifth avenue he

paused, startled fairly out of his dour mood by the loud echo of a name already become too hatefully familiar to his ears, and by the sight of what, at first glance, he took to be the beginning of a street brawl.

CHAPTER XIII.

Flight.

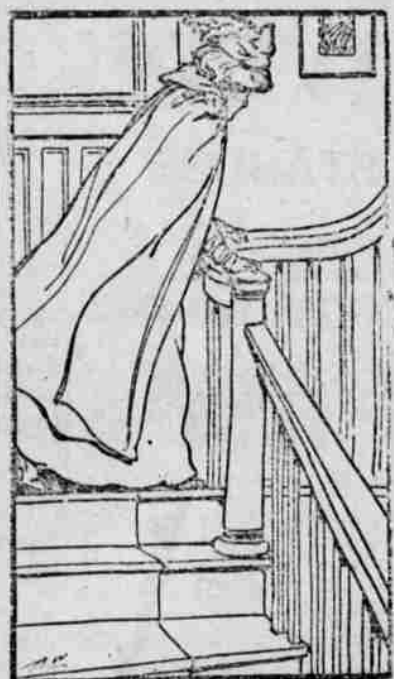
In the alcove the girl waited, torn in the throes of incipient hysteria; at first too weak from reaction and revulsion of feeling to do anything other than lean heavily against the wall and fight with all her strength and will against this crawling, shuddering, creeping horror of nerves, that threatened alike her self-control, her consciousness, and her reason.

But insensibly the tremor wore itself away, leaving her weary and worn but mistress of her thoughts and actions. And she dropped with gratitude into a chair, bending an ear attentive to the war of words being waged in the room beyond the portieres.

At first, however, she failed to grasp the import of the altercation. And when in time she understood its trend, it was with incredulity, resentment, and a dawning dread lest a worse thing might yet befall her, worse by far than aught that had gone before. But to be deprived of his protection, to feel herself forcibly restrained from the shelter of his generous care—!

A moment gone she had been so sure that all would now be well with her, once Maitland succeeded in ridding himself of the police. He would shut the door and—then she would come forth and tell him, tell him everything, and, withholding naught that damned her in her own esteem, throw herself upon his mercy, bruised with penitence but serene in the assurance that he would prove kind.

She had such faith in his tender and gentle kindness now. . . . She had divined so clearly the motive that had permitted Anisty's escape in order that she might be saved, not alone



At the Turn of the Staircase She Paused.

from Anisty, not alone from the shame of imprisonment, but from herself as well—from herself as Maitland knew her. The burglar out of the way, by ruse, evasion, or subterfuge she would be secreted from the prying of the police, smuggled out of the house and taken to a place of safety, given a new chance to redeem herself, to clean her hands of the mire of theft, to become worthy of the womanhood that was hers. . . .

But now—she thrust finger-nails cruelly into her soft palms, striving to contain herself and keep her tongue from crying aloud to those three brutal, blind men the truth; that she was guilty of the robbery, she with Anisty; that Maitland was—Maitland; a word synonymous with "man of honor."

In the beginning, indeed, all that restrained her from doing so was her knowledge that Maitland would be more pained by her sacrifice than gladdened or relieved. He was so sure of clearing himself. . . . It was inconceivable to her that there could be men so stupid and crassly unobservant as to be able to confuse the identity of the two men for a single instant. What though they did resemble each other in form and feature? The likeness went no deeper; below the surface, and rising through it with every word and look and gesture, lay a world-wide gulf of difference in every shade of thought, feeling, and instinct.

She herself could never again be deceived—no, never! Not for a second could she mistake the one for the other. . . . What were they saying?

The turmoil of her indignation subsided as she listened, breathlessly, to Maitland's story of his adventures; and the joy that leaped in her for his frank mendacity in suppressing every incident that involved her, was all but overpowering. She could have wept for sheer happiness; and at a later time she would; but not now, when everything depended on her maintaining the very silence of death. . . .

How dared they doubt him? The insolents! The crude brutish insol-

ence of them! Her anger raged high again . . . and as swiftly was quenched, extinguished in a twinkling by a terror born of her excitement and a bare suggestion thrown out by Hickey.

" . . . explainin' how a crook like Anisty made three tries in one day to steal some jewels and didn't get 'em. Where were they, all this time?"

Maitland's cool retort was lost upon her. What matter? If they disbelieved him, persisted in calling him Anisty, in natural course they would undertake to search the flat. And if she were found. . . . Oh, she must spare him that! She had given him cause for suffering enough. She must get away, and that instantly, before . . . From a distance, to-morrow morning—to-night, even—by telegraph, she could communicate with him. . . .

At this juncture O'Hagan entered with his parcel. The rustle of the paper as he brushed against the door-jamb was in itself a hint to a mind keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and seeking a way of escape from a position conceived to be perilous. In a trice the girl had turned and sped, lightfooted, to the door opening on the private hall.

Here, halting for a brief reconnaissance, she determined that her plan was feasible, if hazardous. She ran the risk of encountering some one ascending the stairs from the ground floor; but if she were cautious and quick she could turn back in time. On the other hand, the men whom she most feared were thoroughly occupied with their differences, dead to all save that which was happening within the room's four walls. A curtain hung perhaps a third of the way across the study door, tempering the light in the hall; and the broad shoulders of the caddy obstructed the remainder of the opening.

It was a chance. She poised herself on tiptoe, half undecided, and—the rustling of paper as O'Hagan opened the parcel afforded her an opportunity, to escape, by drowning the noise of her movements.

For two eternal seconds she was edging stealthily down toward the outer door; then, in no time at all, found herself on the landing and—confronted by a fresh complication, one unforeseen: how to leave the house without being observed, stopped, and perhaps detained until too late? There would be men at the door, beyond doubt; possibly police, . . . loitered there to arrest all persons attempting to leave. . . .

No time for weighing chances. The choice of two alternatives lay before her: either to return to the alcove or to seek safety in the darkness of the upper floors—untenanted, as she had been at pains to determine. The latter seemed by far the better, the less dangerous, course to pursue. And at once she took it.

There was no light on the first-floor landing—it having presumably been extinguished by the janitor early in the evening. Only a feeble twilight obtained there, in part a reflected glow from the entrance hall, partly thin and diffused rays escaping from Maitland's study. So it was that the first few steps upward took the girl into darkness so close and unrelieved as to seem almost palpable.

At the turn of the staircase she paused, holding the rail and resting for an instant, the while she listened, ere ascending at a more sedate pace to a haven of safety more complete in that it would be more remote from the battle-ground below.

And, resting so, was suddenly chilled through and through with fear, sheer childish dread of the intangible and unknown terrors that lurked in the blackness above her. It was as if, rendered supersensitive by strain and excitement, the quivering filaments of her subconsciousness, like spiritual tentacles feeling ahead of her, had encountered and recoiled from a shape of evil, a specter of horror obscene and malign, crouching, ready to spring, there, in the shadow of night. . . .

And her breath was smothered in her throat and her heart smote so madly against the frail walls of its cage that they seemed like to burst, while she stood transfixed, frozen in inaction, limbs stiffening, roots of her hair stirring, fingers gripping the banister rail until they pained her; and with eyes that stared wide into the black heart of nothingness, until the night seemed pricked with evanescent periods of dim fire, peopled with monstrous and terrible shadows closing about her. . . .

Yet—it was absurd! She must not yield to such puerile superstitions.

There was nothing there. . . . There was something there. . . . something that like an incarnation of hatred was stalking her. . . .

If only she dared scream! If only she dared turn and fly, back to the comfort of light and human company! . . .

There arose a tramping of feet in the hallway; and she heard Maitland's voice like a far echo, as he bade the police good night. And distant and unreachable as he seemed, the sound of his words brought her strength and some reassurance, and she grew slightly more composed. Yet, the instant that he had turned away to talk

to the cabman, her fright of that unspeakable and incorporeal menace flooded her consciousness like a great wave, sweeping her—metaphorically—off her feet. And indeed, for the time, she felt as if drowning, overwhelmed in vast waters, sinking, sinking into the black abyss of syncope. . . .

Then, as a drowning person—we're told—clutches at straws, she grasped again at the vibrations of his voice. . . . What was he saying?

"You will wait outside, please, until I come out or send somebody, whom you will take wherever directed. . . ."

—Speaking to the cabman, thinking of her, providing for her escape! Considerate and foresighted as always! How she could have thanked him! The warmth of gratitude that enveloped her almost unnerved her; she was put to it to restrain her impulse to rush down the stairs and . . .

But no; she must not risk the chance of rebuff. How could she foretell what was in his mind and heart, how probe the depths of his feeling toward her? Perhaps he would receive her protestations in skeptic spirit. Heaven knew he had cause to! Dared she . . . To be repulsed! . . .

But no. He had provided this means for flight; she would advantage herself of it and . . . and thank him by letter. Best so; for he must ever think the worst of her; she could never undeceive him—pride restraining and upholding her.

Better so; she would go, go quickly, before he discovered her absence from the flat. . . .

And inconspicuously she swung about and flew down the stairs, silently, treading as lightly on the heavily-padded steps as though she had been thistledown whirled adrift by the wind, altogether heedless of the creeping terror she had sensed on the upper flight, careless of all save her immediate need to reach that cab before Maitland should discover that she had escaped.

The door was just closing behind the caddy as she reached the bottom step; and she paused, considering that it were best to wait a moment, at least, lest he should be surprised at the quickness with which his employer found work for him; paused and on some mysterious impulse half turned, glancing back up the stairs.

Not a thought too soon; another instant's hesitation and she had been caught. Some one—a man—was descending; and rapidly. Maitland? Even in her brief glance she saw the white shield of a shirt bosom gleam dull against the shadows. Maitland was in evening dress. Could it be possible . . . ?

No time now for conjecture, time now only for action. She sprang for the door, had it open in a trice, and before the caddy was really enthroned upon his lofty box, the girl was on the step, fair troubled face upturned to him in wild entreaty.

"Hurry!" she cried, distracted. "Drive off, at once! Please—oh, please!"

Seizing reins and whip, he jerked the startled animal between the shafts out of its abstraction and—

"I say, caddy! One moment!"

The cabman turned; the figure on the stoop of the house was undoubtedly Maitland's—Maitland as he had just seen him, with the addition of a hat. As he looked the man was at the wheel, clambering in.

"Changed my mind—I'm coming along, caddy," he said cheerfully. "Drive us to the St. Luke building, please and—hurry!"

"Yessir!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dissecting a Violin.

Not one person in a hundred has the slightest notion of how many parts or pieces there are in a violin. Here is a list of them: Back 2 pieces, belly 2, coils and blocks 6, sides 5, side linings 12, bar 1, purflings 24, neck 1, finger-board 1, nut 1, bridge 1, tail-board 1, button for tailboard 1, string for tailboard 1, guard for string 1, sound post 1, strings 4, pegs 4, total 69 pieces. Three kinds of wood are used—maple, pine and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side pieces and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coils and blocks, the side linings and the sound post. Ebony is used for the finger board, the tailboard, the nut, the guard for string of tailboard, the pegs and the button.

Liberty—Principle and Sentiment.

No theory is of much service in the matter without a character responding to the theory—without a feeling which prompts the assertion of individual freedom and is indignant against aggressions on that freedom, whether against self or others. Men care nothing about a principle, even if they understand it, unless they have emotions responding to it. When adequately strong the appropriate emotion prompts resistance to interference with individual actions, whether by an individual tyrant or by a tyrant majority; but at present, in the absence of the proper emotion, there exists almost everywhere the miserable superstition that the majority has a right to dictate to the individual about everything whatever.—By Herbert Spencer, in letter to M. D. Conway.

AT MODERATE COST

HOUSES MAY BE FURNISHED IN ARTISTIC STYLE.

Special Attention is Now Being Paid to the Designing of Moderate Priced, Fabrics of Every Shade and Color.

A woman who is furnishing a recently-built house told a friend that it was now the easiest thing in the world to get furniture covering of the style, the color and the grade preferred, says the New York Sun.

"In the store where I placed my order," said she, "there were hundreds of varieties to select, representing almost as many grades of price. As a result I think I will have a very artistic house at relatively small cost."

At the store where she shopped a man who has been handling the upholstery goods for 30 years said that manufacturers and retailers now paid special attention to the designing of moderate priced fabrics, for the reason that the demand for them was far ahead of the demand for the cheapest or the costliest. As an illustration he showed jutes, cotton reps, mercerized reps and cotton tapestries, all of which he said are in great demand at this time of the year, which included designs and colors as good as those in high-priced goods.

Cotton tapestries, for instance, used extensively for bedrooms and plain living-rooms may be had in nearly any shade of art green, in old Venetian red, old rose, ecru or brown, both self-toned and two-toned. One design in jasper effects showed small French wreaths of old rose on an ecru ground. One of the newest patterns had five-inch long, very narrow bars of champagne or cream color on a green, red or rose background.

Some of the jutes look like and feel like oriental fabrics and they cost only from \$1 to \$2 a yard and are 50 inches wide. The ground color in the most beautiful is champagne, patterned with inch and a half stripes in a tiny flower design done in Persian colors. Between these stripes, which are five inches apart, are small oblongs of Persian colors. Other designs in oval have stripes, wreaths or oblongs of beautifully blended colors on a smoke color, a gray or a cream ground. Some charming French wreath designs are self-toned.

The mercerized cotton rep, which like the others is stout, strong and a good wearer and has a silk-like finish, is shown in three wales, the widest nearly a quarter of an inch, and the greens and reds and ecrus are the most effective.

New basket weaves and colors distinguish the arras cloths, classed also among the inexpensive upholstery fabrics and more popular perhaps than any for use in dens and studios in town and in foyer halls and living-rooms out of town.

Going up the scale, the expert said that woolen rep in plain colors was one of the best wearing and for the time being best liked fabrics for upholstery of foyer halls and living-rooms both in and out of New York, the paler greens and yellow ecrus being popular shades.

Plain colors are the rule for library, sitting room and parlor, tapestry colors and effects being reserved for drawing rooms and the costlier grades of goods, that is if purchasers want to follow the trend of fashion and the most artistic weaves.

Things to Know.

To remove oil from white woods—Place the article in a basin, sprinkle over the stain powdered borax, then pour boiling water over same. Let remain a few minutes, then take out and rinse and the article will be free of oil stain.

To remove a tight glass cork—Hold neck of bottle over steam a few seconds, then take a dry cloth and turn and the cork will slip easily.

English Beef Patties.

Make a good pie paste or rich biscuit dough; roll very thin, as for pie. On half of this thin paste cut small pieces of fresh beefsteak, turnips, carrots, potatoes, onions, small bits of suet and butter, salt and pepper, but no water, as beef makes plenty of juice. Fold other half of paste over this and edge as you would a pie. Bake in slow oven one hour. You can make as many as there are people for dinner. These patties, served with coffee and fruit, are sufficient for a meal.

Baked Tapioca Pudding.

Five tablespoons of tapioca, one quart of milk, two ounces of butter, a cup of sugar, four eggs, flavoring of vanilla. Wash the tapioca and let stew gently in milk on the back part of the stove for a quarter of an hour, occasionally stirring it, then let it cool. Mix with it the butter, sugar and eggs, which should be well beaten, and flavor with either of the above ingredients. Butter a dish, put in the pudding and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.