



Cast Ruthlessly Upon His Own Resources.

**The BRASS BOWL**

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

**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.

**CHAPTER II.—Continued.**

An errant caddy, cruising aimlessly but hopefully, sighted Maitland's tall figure and white shirt from a distance, and bore down upon him with a galling clatter of hoofs.

"Kebler!" he demanded, breathlessly, pulling in at the corner. Maitland came out of his reverie and looked up slowly. "Why, yes, thank you," he assented, amiably.

"Where to, sir?" Maitland paused on the forward deck of the craft and faced about, looking the caddy trustfully in the eye. "I leave it to you," he replied, politely. "Just as you please."

"The driver gasped. "You see," Maitland continued with a courteous smile, "I have two engagements—one at Sherry's, the other with the 10:20 train from Long Island City. What would you, as man to man, advise me to do, caddy?"

"Well, sir, seein' as you put it to me straight," returned the caddy with engaging candor, "I'd go home, sir, if I was you, afore I got any worse."

"Thank you," gravely. "Long Island City depot, then, caddy."

Maitland extended himself languidly upon the cushions. "Surely," he told the night, "the driver knows best—he and Bannerman."

The cab started off jogging so sedately up Madison avenue that Maitland glanced at his watch and elevated his brows dubiously; then with his stick poked open the trap in the roof.

"If you really think it best for me to go home, caddy, you'll have to drive like hell," he suggested, mildly.

"Yes!" A whip-lash cracked loudly over the horse's back, and the harness, lurching into Thirty-fourth street on one wheel, was presently jouncing eastward over rough cobbles, at a regardless pace which roused the gongs of the surface cars to a clangor of hysterical expostulation. In a trice the "L" extension was roaring overhead; and a little later the ferry gates were yawning before them. Again Maitland consulted his watch, commenting briefly: "In time."

Yet he reckoned without the ferry, one of whose employes deliberately and implacably swung to the gates in the very face of the astonished cab horse, which promptly rose upon its hind legs and pawed the air with gestures of pardonable exasperation. To no avail, however; the gates remained closed, the caddy (with language) reined his steed back a yard or two, and Maitland, lighting a cigarette, composed himself to simulate patience.

Followed a wait of ten minutes or so, in which a number of vehicles joined company with the cab; the passenger was vaguely aware of the jarring purr of a motor car, like that of some huge cat, in the immediate rear. A circumstance which he had occasion to recall ere long.

In the course of time the gates were again opened. The bridge cleared of incoming traffic. As the caddy drove aboard the boat, with nice consideration selecting the choicest stand of all, well out upon the forward deck, a motor car slid in, humming, on the right of the helmsman.

Maitland sat forward, resting his

forearms on the apron, and jerked his cigarette out over the gates; the glowing stub described a fiery arc and took the water with a hiss. Warm whiffs of the river's sweet and salty breath fanned his face gratefully, and he became aware that there was a moon. His gaze roving at will, he nodded an even-tempered approbation of the night's splendor—in the city a thing unsuspected.

Never, he thought, had he known moonlight so pure, so silvery and shadowy. Shadows of gates and posts lay upon the forward deck like stencils of lamplight upon white marble. Beyond the boat's bluntly rounded nose the East river stretched its restless, dark reaches, glossy black, woven with gorgeous ribbons of reflected light streaming from pier head lamps on the further shore.

Overhead, the sky, a pallid and luminous blue around the long-sung moon, was shaded to profound depths of bluish-black toward the horizon. Above Brooklyn rested a tenuous haze. A revenue cutter, a slim, pale shape, cut across the bows like a hunted ghost. Further out a homeward-bound excursion steamer, tier upon tier of glittering lights, drifted slowly toward its pier beneath the new bridge, the glare of its band, swerving and dying upon the night breeze, mercifully tempered by distance.

Presently Maitland's attention was distracted and drawn, by the abrupt cessation of its motor's pulsing, to the automobile on his right. He lifted his chin sharply, narrowing his eyes, whistled low; and thereafter had eyes for nothing else.

The car, he saw with the experienced eye of a connoisseur, was a recent model of one of the most expensive and popular foreign makes; built on lines that promised a deal in the way of speed, and furnished with engines that were pregnant with multiplied horse power. All in all not in the style of car one would expect to find controlled by a solitary woman, especially after ten of a summer's night.

Nevertheless the lone occupant of this car was a woman. And there was in her bearing, an indefinable something—whether it lay in the carriage of her head, which impressed one as both spirited and independent, or in an equally certain but less tangible air of self-confidence and reliance—to set Mad Maitland's pulses drumming with excitement. For, unless indeed he labored gravely under a misapprehension, he was observing her for the second time within the past few hours.

Could he be mistaken, or was this in truth the same woman who had (as he believed) made herself free of his rooms that evening?

In confirmation of such suspicion he remarked her costume, which was altogether worked out in soft shades of gray. Gray was the misty veil, drawn in and daintily knotted beneath her chin, which lent her head and face such thorough protection against prying glances; of gray suede were the light gauntlets that hid all save the slenderness of her small hands; and the wrap that, cut upon full and flowing lines, cloaked her figure beyond suggestion, was gray. Yet even its ample drapery could not dissemble the fact that she was quite small, girlishly slight, like the woman in the doorway; nor did aught temper her impersonal and detached composure, which had also been an attribute of the woman in the doorway. And again she was alone, unchaperoned, unprotected.

Yes? Or no? And, if yes, what to do? Was he to alight and accost her,

accuse her of forcing an entrance to his rooms? He read the purpose (as far as ascertainable) of presenting him with the outline of her hand in the dust of his desk's top. . . . Oh, hardly! It was all very well to be daringly eccentric and careless of the world's censure; but one scarcely cared to lay one's self open either to an unknown girl's derision or to a sound pummeling at the hands of fellow passengers enraged by the insult offered to an unsexed woman.

The young man was still pondering ways and means when a dull bump apprised him that the ferry boat was entering the Long Island City slip. "The devil!" he exclaimed in mingled disgust and dismay, realizing that his distraction had been so thorough as to permit the voyage to take place almost without his realizing it. So that now worse luck! He was to late to take any one of the hundred fantastic steps he had contemplated half seriously. In another two minutes his charming mystery, so bewitchingly incarnated, would have slipped out of his life, finally and beyond recall. And he could do naught to hinder such a finale to the adventure.

Sulkily he resigned himself to the inevitable, waiting and watching, while the boat slid and blundered clumsily, paddle wheels churning the filthy water over side, to the floating bridge; while the winches rattled, and the woman, sitting up briskly in the driver's seat of the motor car, bent forward and advanced the spark; while the chain fell clanking and the car shot out, over the bridge, through the gates, and away, at a very considerable, even if lawful, rate of speed.

Whereupon, writing fits to the final chapter of Romance, voting the world a full place and life a treadmill, anathematizing in no uncertain terms his lack of resource and address, Maitland paid off his caddy, alighted, and to that worthy's boundless wonder, walked into the waiting room of the railway terminus without deviating a hair's breadth from the straight and circumscribed path of the sober in mind and body.

The 10:20 had departed by a bare two minutes. The next and last train for Greenfield was to leave at 10:55. Maitland with assorted samples of composed himself upon a bench in the waiting room to endure the 37-minute interval. Five minutes later an abed-died washerwoman with six children in quarter sizes descended upon the same bench; and the young man in desperation allowed himself to be dispossessed. The news stand next attracting him, he garnered a fugitive amusement and two dozen cents by strong, the night's earlier hours, "night extras," which he did not want, and paying for each with a five-cent piece. Comprehending, at length, that he had irritated the news dealer, he meandered off, jingling his copper fortune in one hand, lugging his newspapers in the other, and made a determined onslaught upon a slot machine.

The latter having reluctantly disgorged with assorted samples of chewing gum and stale sweetmeats, Maitland returned to the washerwoman, and sowed dissension in her brood by presenting the treasure horde to the eldest girl with instructions to share it with her brothers and sisters.

It is difficult to imagine what folly might next have been recorded against him had not, at that moment, a ferocious and inarticulate howl from the train starter announced the fact that the 10:55 was in waiting.

Boarding the train in a thankful spirit, Maitland settled himself as comfortably as he might in the smoker and endeavored to find surcease of ennui in his collection of extras. In vain; even a two-column portrait of Mr. Dan Anstey, crackman, accompanied by a vivacious catalogue of that notoriety's achievements in the field of polite burglary, hardly stirred his interest. An elusive resemblance in his car when he awoke and stumbled down aisle and car steps just in the nick of time. The train, whisking round a curve cloaked by a belt of somber pines, left him quite alone in the world, cast ruthlessly upon his own resources.

An hour had elapsed; it was now midnight; the moon rode high, a cold white disk against a background of sapphirine velvet; its pellucid rays revealing with disconcerting clearness the inanimate and lightless roadside hamlet called Greenfield; its general store and postoffice, its solid hotel, its straggling line of dilapidated

habitations, all wrapped in silence profound and impenetrable. Not even a dog howled; not a belated villager was in sight; and it was a moral certainty that the local livery service had closed down for the night.

Nevertheless, Maitland, with a desperation bred of the prospective five-mile tramp, spent some ten valuable minutes hammering upon the door of the house infested by the proprietor of the livery stable. He succeeded only in waking the dog, and inasmuch as he was not on friendly terms with that animal, presently withdrew at discretion and set his face northwards upon the open road.

It stretched before him invitingly enough, a ribbon winding silver-white between dark patches of pine and scrub-oak or fields lush with rustling corn and wheat. And, having overcome his primary disgust, the blood began to circulate more briskly in his veins, Maitland became aware that he was actually enjoying the enforced exercise. It could have been hardly otherwise, with a night so sweet, with airs so bland and fragrant of the woods and fresh-turned earth, with so clear a light to show him his way.

He stepped out briskly at first, swinging his stick and watching his shadow, a squat, incredibly agitated shadow, that knew he must be seen, but gradually and insensibly the peaceful influence of that still and lovely hour tempered his heart's impatience; and he found himself walking at a pace more leisurely. After all, there was no hurry; he was unwearyed, and Maitland Manor lay less than five miles distant.

Thirty minutes passed; he had not covered a third of the way, yet remained content. By well-remembered landmarks he knew he must be some little distance from the ferry boat. Myanthis river; and, in due course, he stepped out upon the long wooden structure that spans that water. He was close upon the farther end when—upon a haphazard impulse—he glanced over the nearest guard rail, down at the bed of the creek. And stopped incontinently, gaping.

Stationary in the middle of the depression, hub-deep in the shallow water, was a motor car, and it, beyond dispute, was identical with that which had occupied his thoughts on the ferry boat. Less wonderful, perhaps, but to him amazing enough, it was to discover upon the driver's seat the girl in gray.

His brain benumbed beyond further capacity for astonishment, he accepted without demur this latest and most astounding of the chain of amazing coincidences which had thus far enveloped the night's earlier hours, and stood rapt in silent contemplation, sensible that the girl had been unaware of his approach, deadened as his footsteps must have been by the blanket of dust that carpeted both road and bridge deep and thick.

On her part she sat motionless, evidently lost in reverie, and momentarily, at least, unconscious of the embarrassing predicament which was hers. So completely, indeed, seemed her abstraction that Maitland caught himself questioning the reality of her.

And well might she have seemed to him a pale little wraith of the night, the shimmer of gray that she made against the shimmer of light on the water—a shape almost transparent, slight, and unsubstantial—seeming to contemplate, and as still as any mouse.

Looking more attentively, it became evident that her veil was now raised. This was the first time that he had seen her so. But her countenance remained so deeply shadowed by the visor of a manish motoring cap that the most searching scrutiny gained no more than a dim and scanty satisfactory impression of alluring loveliness.

Maitland turned noiselessly, rested elbows on the rail, and, staring, framed a theory to account for her position, if not for her patience.

On either hand the road, dividing, struck off at a tangent, down the banks and into the river bed. It was credible to presume that the girl had lost control of the machine temporarily, and that it, taking the bit between its teeth, had swung gayly down the incline to its bath.

Why she lingered there, however, was less patent. The water, as has been indicated, was some inches below the topsoil; it did not seem reasonable to assume that it should have interfered with either running gear or motor.

At this point in Maitland's meditations the gray girl appeared to have arrived at a decision. She straightened up suddenly, with a little resolute nod of her head, lifting one small foot to her knee, and fumbled with the levers of her shoe.

Maitland grasped her intention to abandon the machine, with her determination to wade! Clearly this would seem to demonstrate that there had been a breakdown, irreparable so far as the frail feminine hands were concerned. One shoe removed, its fellow would follow, and then. . . . Out of sheer chivalry, the involuntary witness was moved to earnest protest.

"Don't!" he cried, hastily. "I say, don't wade!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Gets Vote for Senator. Denver.—A woman was given a vote for United States senator in the Colorado legislature. Representative McKenzie of Custer county, casting his ballot for Mrs. Katherine M. Cooke, ex-state superintendent of public schools. No election resulted from the vote, which was: Democrats—Adams, 20, Martin 2, Maupin 1, O'Donnell 2, Shaffort 1, Spear 25, Taylor 2, Thomas 4, Ward 5, Cooke 1. Republicans—Dawson 1, Northcutt 30.

Saw Severs Man's Body. Sheridan, Wyo.—The body of County Commissioner W. H. Robins was completely recovered here by the circular saw in a sawmill on Rock creek. He slipped on the icy floor, and, falling forward, became entangled in the clutch of the carriage. Robins was elected county commissioner of this county last fall. He was a stockman and rancher.

Religious Play Forbidden. Philadelphia.—As a result of a protest by clergymen and citizens, the police department issued an order prohibiting the presentation in this city by Sarah Bernhardt of the religious play, "La Samaritaine."

**MEXICAN REBELS GAIN.**

Government Forces Lose Artillery and Many Men. El Paso, Texas.—Galana and San Buena Ventura are how held by the insurgents, according to dispatches from Casas Grandes. Colonel Rabago reached Casas Grandes with 150 of the 500 men with whom he entered upon his campaign on January 6.

Four battles have been fought, in three of which the insurgents were successful, Colonel Rabago losing the two rapid-fire guns and four pieces of light artillery with which he invaded the Galana district.

San Buena Ventura was abandoned to the insurgents Monday and Galana deserted the next day. Federal officials are now busy preparing Casas Grandes for a long siege, gathering provisions and fortifying the town.

United States Consul Edwards has made formal demand on the Mexican authorities at Juarez for an immediate hearing in the case of William Boykin, the American negro porter arrested for complicity in smuggling into Mexico ammunition found on a south-bound train.

**WHISKY INSPIRES REBELS.**

Bolstered By 50 Bottles They Face Rain With Impunity. Calexico, Cal.—Sheriff Meadows, of Imperial county, received a message here stating that a detachment of United States soldiers from San Diego would arrive here in a day or two. The insurgents have made no move upon Mexicali, just across the border. They still maintain their camp about seven miles southwest of Mexicali, and have recruited a number of Cocopa Indians.

Rain has been falling but, stimulated by the contents of 50 bottles of whisky and as many bottles of other liquor taken when they sacked Mexicali Sunday, the insurgents do not seem to mind the weather.

The members of the band had been up two nights, and their leaders, El General Levy and Simon Berthold, the Los Angeles Socialist, allowed them to rest and sleep all day. Scouts, however, were sent at intervals to Mexicali.

**OSTRICH HERD STAMPEDED.**

Thunder Causes Exciting Time In Southern California. Los Angeles.—Terrorified by a heavy thunder storm, about a dozen large ostriches on one of the local farms stampeded, tore down the heavy fence and rushed into East Lake Park, trampling and tearing down everything in their path.

One of the birds, jumped into the lake and at every peal of thunder ducked his head under the water. He was rescued with difficulty. The others took to the shrubbery or the Garvanza hills and were captured only after many hours of hard work.

The mounted police, scores of park employees and hundreds of boys took up the chase. One of the birds showed fight and kicked a youth, who got too near, over a fence, doubling him up in a clump of grass on the other side.

**GRAIN COMPANY FORMED.**

Eastern Capitalists to Build Elevators in Washington. Seattle.—Announcement is made here of the organization of a grain company by Eastern capitalists, who will build a chain of elevators in Eastern Washington. Among the stockholders are J. B. White, of Kansas City, and G. M. Dulaney, of Hannibal, Mo. J. A. Pease, of Fort Dodge, Ia., has been made manager of the company, which will establish general offices in Seattle. The first elevators will be built along the Wardner branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railway.

**Tia Juana Fears Attack.**

San Diego, Cal.—In anticipation of an attack upon Tia Juana, Mexican officials of that town are making the bull ring defensible. It is stated that 50 troopers are on the way from Ensenada to Tia Juana. Extra men are being employed by the San Diego & Arizona Railway company to guard its property on the Mexican side of the line. In San Diego the governor of Lower California was quoted as saying that 2,500 Mexican soldiers are on the way from Manzanillo to Ensenada.

**Miscegany Is Forbidden.**

Ren, Nev.—A law designed to do away with the marriage of Caucasians and Asiatics was introduced in the Nevada senate by Holmes of Washoe county, and will be passed in both houses of the legislature without opposition. The law is very plain in its terms and very short. It absolutely prohibits marriages of this kind, and makes it a felony for any magistrate or clergyman to perform such ceremony. It also prohibits the issuance of marriage licenses by the county clerk in such cases.

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**DAILY DOINGS OF OREGON STATE LAWMAKERS AT SALEM**

Salem, Jan. 31.—Suggestions that it be prescribed as a penitentiary offense to kill an elk, and that a closed season of from two to five years be placed on China pheasants, are some of the more important features at a meeting of the committee on game tonight, which was attended by many sportsmen from all over the state.

It was also urged that the season on deer be set back a month, opening the season September 1 instead of August 1. This plan, it was said, is to protect the forests from fires, many of which are said to be started by hunters.

Heavier bounty on timber wolves, cougars, and bobcats was asked, as a protection for deer. Willamette valley sportsmen want the duck season to extend to March 1 instead of to February 15, as at present.

The ways and means committee has denied Attorney General Crawford additional assistance and increased pay for such assistants. In a bill introduced by Buchanan the attorney general was to be given one deputy at \$2,000 per annum, another at \$1,500 and a stenographer at \$1,200 per annum. A reported by the committee this office is given one assistant at \$2,000 and a stenographer at \$1,080.

To obviate the difficulty of candidates being in the race for the office of supreme justice who are not credited members of the bar, Senator Sinnott introduced a bill this morning which provides that no one, who is a candidate for justice of the Supreme court, may have his name written on the ballot unless he is an attorney of five years' standing in the state.

Intending to raise the number of petitions required on an initiative petition from 8 per cent to 20 per cent, the resolution of Senator Barrett, of Washington county, was indefinitely postponed today. A report on a resolution endorsing Representative Hawley's bill in congress to provide pensions for veterans of the Indian wars was also adopted.

Salem, Jan. 30.—Superintendent Steiner, of the Oregon Insane Asylum and State Treasurer Kay came to the bar for their innings in the asylum controversy tonight when they appeared before the ways and means committee.

Superintendent Steiner entered into a general refutation of the charges made against him on the senate floor and in the report of the legislative committee and left \$1500 with the ways and means committee to be given to the Young Men's Christian Association if a penny's waste in his management of the asylum is proved.

Even in far-off Norway interest is being taken in the spiritual welfare of the Oregon legislature. This afternoon members of the senate all received a consignment of appropriate scriptural quotations, the communication being anonymous, but the postmark was dated at Stordalem, Norway.

What proved to be the most decided contest of the morning in the senate developed over Bowerman's bill to create the office of Assistant Secretary of State, which would be official with all of the duties, privileges and powers of the Secretary in the absence of his superior.

Frequent clashes between Senators Kellaher and Malarkey, intimations that the members of the Oregon Railroad Commission were taking unusual interest in the subject and charges that if the bill were enacted it would prove unconstitutional marked the initial public hearing before the senate railroad committee tonight when Senator Malarkey's bill providing for a State Public Service Commission was considered. The committee will hold further hearings before reporting the measure to the senate.

Salem, Or., Jan. 25.—Sale of the state pilot schooner San Jose was authorized by the house yesterday afternoon. The bill presented by Leinenweber of Clatsop, was unanimously passed after the author had explained that the ship was a dead weight upon the hands of the pilot commission.

Clatsop county now awaits only the signature of the governor to sanction the proposed two and a half mill tax to raise funds for the Astoria centennial celebration. Senate bill No. 61, authorizing the tax, was approved by the house, following brief explanations by Representatives Leinenweber and Belland of Clatsop.

The proposal to construct a bridge across the Columbia river at Portland to connect Oregon and Washington, which was killed at the last session, has been revived. Bigelow of Multnomah presented a resolution in the house, appropriating \$5000 for an investigation by the state engineer to learn whether or not the project is feasible. The bridge would form a connecting link for the proposed Pacific highway between the two states.

Peterson of Umatilla withdrew house bill No. 49, permitting any person to serve summons in a legal action. Members of the revision of laws committee refused to approve it on the grounds that it might be used as a medium of fraud by unscrupulous persons.

Bigelow of Multnomah presented a resolution asking the five Multnomah county circuit judges to appear before the committee on judiciary and discuss the bill to increase the bench to seven.

Salem, Or., Jan. 28.—Conspiracy on the part of a number of members of the house of representatives to prevent a session today was followed this morning by issuance of warrants for the arrest by the sergeant-at-arms and an assistant, of seven missing Multnomah county representatives and any others he might find in Portland.