



ROYAL PALACE OF MEXICO, BADLY DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKE.

### QUAKE KILLS 63 IN MEXICO CITY.

Most Disastrous That Has Occurred in Past 20 Years.

Many Soldiers and Women Perish in Falling Barracks—No Americans Injured.

Mexico City, June 8.—Mexico's capital today is a city of sorrow. Buildings and streets gaily garbed in preparations for great rejoicing at the advent of Liberator Madero, the city's people are mourning those who died in the chaos wrought by the most disastrous earthquake that has been experienced in Mexico in 20 years.

So far the death toll has been established as 63 souls, but it is believed that a more complete search of the ruins will increase this number considerably. Seventy-five are known to be injured and this also probably will be increased when the full details are known.

The loss to property is estimated at \$50,000 gold. No property of Americans was damaged.

Of the dead only one person, a Chinese, is a foreigner. More than half of the dead are soldiers, the worst effects of the shock being felt in that section of the city near the Mexican Central station where also stand the artillery barracks.

Another place where the earthquake took its toll of death in considerable numbers was at the power plant of the street railway company. Here six were killed and six wounded. Two others were found in debris, consisting partly of steel rails, which had been stored in the iron wood sheds, and which collapsed. The victims are inhabitants of little shacks built beside the structure.

With these two exceptions, the death list was made up of single cases, and in some instances of two or three, caught beneath falling walls in the poorer buildings of the district most seriously affected.

It was 4:46 o'clock when the first shock was felt. According to the meteorological observatory, the greatest intensity was reached at the end of the first minute, but the instruments continued to record the shocks for four minutes more.

### FILM MAKERS ENERGETIC

Coronation Events to Be Reproduced Same Night in Paris.

London.—Fuller and better cinematographic records will be made of the forthcoming coronation events than was ever before attempted in Great Britain. Moreover, extraordinary energy will be exerted to dispatch the records to the principal cities of the world.

The swiftest steamers and railway trains will be employed in sending pictures to New York and Chicago. It is expected that impressions of the early scenes on Coronation day will be given to half a dozen operators.

### Fisherman Gets Relics.

Astoria, Or.—While making a drift in the lower harbor a couple of days ago Jens Nelson, a gillnetter, picked up two handaxes and a buggy spring that were a part of the cargo of the old steamer Great Republic, which was wrecked near Sand Island in 1879. The axes were in fairly good condition, considering how long they had been in the water. The wreck of the British bark Delharrie, which was lost below Sand Island as she was going to sea on March 10, 1880, is being uncovered by the tides.

### Councilmen Must Serve.

Topeka, Kan.—Attorney General Dawson has notified the five members of the council of Hunnewell, Kan., that they must cooperate with the woman mayor of the town, Mrs. Ella Wilson. The attorney general said: "The councilmen may be compelled to attend the official council meetings through a writ of mandamus. They may be ousted from office for failure to perform their duties or they may be tried for dereliction in office, which would subject them to a fine of \$1,000 and a year in jail each."

### Chinese Infect Border.

El Paso, Texas.—Thirty-four Chinese are being held here pending the arrival of six more from Del Rio within a few days. Upon the arrival of these the entire 40 will be sent immediately to San Francisco for deportation. More than 300 Chinese from the interior towns of Mexico have arrived in Juarez the past two days and their efforts to get into the United States are giving the customs guards and inspectors a great deal of trouble.

### CHINA PREPARES TO RESIST RUSSIA

Czar Continues to Rush Troops to Frontier.

Ex Member of Duma Warns That Celestial Kingdom Will Become Powerful Factor.

Victoria.—Russia continues her coercive policy toward China, but the latter empire is making a show of resistance, according to newspapers brought by the Empress of Japan. It is understood Russia will soon occupy Kijia. The Tokio Yomiuri says that although China has conceded to Russia the demands regarding III, promises made in the treaty have been unfulfilled, and Russia has determined to send an armed force to III and instead of undertaking further negotiations, dispatched a note to Peking giving the reason for occupying the territory.

The Japanese paper says this step was decided upon by Russian War Minister Sukhomiloff after interviews with officials in Russian Asia. "From the fact that the Russian authorities continue to dispatch troops to the Russo-China frontiers, it is to be feared that the situation may assume a serious aspect at any time," says the Yomiuri.

An order for compulsory training by Russian residents of the maritime provinces has been issued by the military governor, all residents who have not served with the colors being ordered to train. Mr. Guchkoff, ex-president of the Russian Duma, who has completed a tour in North China, telegraphed a warning to Vladivostok that China is strongly preparing to resist. On his arrival at Vladivostok Mr. Guchkoff joined with the governor-general and other officials in a conference with the war minister to discuss the situation.

Mr. Guchkoff says that China is making rapid progress and in ten years will become the most powerful country in the Far East, and a conflict with Russia is inevitable sooner or later.

That China's attitude toward foreign intervention is becoming bolder is evident from Tientsin dispatches, which say that Chao Ehr Hsin, the new viceroy of Manchuria, has determined to station six army divisions in Manchuria and to begin construction of the Kinchow Aigun railroad, to which Japan and Russia objected strongly some time ago.

A portion of the new loan will be devoted to this work, and to making a free port at Lienshan, on the Gulf of Pechili.

Madero Expects Nomination. Mexico City.—Within 15 days a general conference of delegates representing the political party which has emanated from the revolution will be called here to nominate candidates for president and vice president, precedent to the elections on October 8, Juan Sanchez Azcona, private secretary to Francisco I. Madero, announced that he probably would resign within the next few days, to direct arrangements for the convention. He declared that unquestionably Madero would be nominated for the presidency.

Oil Lassoed From Fire. Pendleton, Or.—To save the lives of members of the Pendleton fire department who were playing streams on the burning gasoline house of the Pendleton Cleaning company, R. Arbuclie, an ex-cowpuncher, lassoed a sealed 54-gallon tank of gasoline and pulled it back out of the building. Explosion of gasoline fired the building, a frame structure, early Wednesday evening. While the firemen trained streams of water on Arbuclie, the ex-cowboy went into the gas-filled building and with his first toss roped the tank.

Full Speed Ahead, Cry. Boston.—"Full speed ahead" along the lines for social betterment was the slogan sounded by President Homer Folks of New York, in formally opening the eighth annual national conference of charities and corrections. Folks said that while many might be concerned, "lest by excess of taxation for social purposes and of regulation of industry for social ends, we may defeat our own purposes," he was in favor of "full speed ahead."

Gates Fights Standard. Denver.—The Times says: "John D. Rockefeller and John W. Gates, owners of the two greatest oil concerns in America, are preparing to commence a bitter rate war in oil, and the opening gun is to be fired in Denver. The invasion of Denver territory three weeks ago by the Texas Oil company, owned by Gates, is said to be the cause of the proposed fight."

Strikers Declare Truce. Cleveland.—Following the killing of a spectator by a union picket and the riots recently, the leaders of the 6000 striking garment workers agreed to a truce and peaceable Sunday.

Sad Life Story Is Told. London.—At the festival of the Claremont Central mission, Mr. Parsons, a workman, described some sad scenes witnessed by the Claremont "Crusaders" during their midnight work among the Embankment outcasts during the last five years. "We see men walking along asleep," said Mr. Parsons. "I have seen them run into the trees. We have seen them asleep on the seats, covered with snow."

Idaho Bank Closes Doors. Washington.—The First National Bank of Salmon, Idaho, has been closed by its directors. The institution has a capital of \$50,000 and a surplus of \$15,000.

# The Brass Bowl

PICTURED BY A. WEILL

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS. "Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door, Junior O'Hagan, assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger ring in a box 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. Maitland, on reaching home, found the girl in gray racking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook named Anisly. Half-drunken, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisly, sought by police of the world, appearing as Maitland's partner. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To show him the girl in gray, supposedly out, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisly himself and he secured the gems. Anisly, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. Bannerman revealed the girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems. Maitland, without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anisly, disguised as Maitland, tried to write from the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overheard the girl's voice following him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray made her escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisly was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to wring from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland under the brass bowl," the hiding place in the room, when Anisly heard her revelations. He and Anisly set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned.

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Price.

Slowly Maitland returned to the study and replaced the lamp upon his desk; and stood briefly in silence, long fingers stroking his well-shaped chin, his face a little thin and worn-looking, a gleam of pain in his eyes. He sighed. So she was gone! He laughed a trace harshly. This surprise was nothing more than he might have discounted, of course; he had been a fool to expect anything else of her, he was enjoying only his just deserts both for having dared to believe that the good in human nature (particularly in woman's nature) would respond to decent treatment, and for having acted on that asinine theory.

So she was gone, without a word, without a sign!

He sat down at the desk, sideways, one arm extended along its edge, fingers drumming out a dreary little tune on the hard polished wood; and thought it all over from the beginning. Nor spared himself.

Why, after all, should it be otherwise? Why should she have stayed? Why should he compliment himself by believing that there was aught but his own visible through the veneer acquired in a score and odd years of purposeless existence, to attract a young and pretty woman's heart?

He enumerated his qualities specifically, and condemned them all. In primis, he was a conceited ass. A fascinating young criminal had but to toss her head at him to make him think that she was pleased with him, to make him forget that she was what she was and believe that, because he was willing to stoop, she was willing to climb. And he had betrayed himself so mercilessly! How she must have laughed in her sleeve all the time, while he pranced and bridled and preened himself under her eyes, blinded to his own idiosyncy by the flame of a sudden infatuation—how she must have laughed!

Undoubtedly she had laughed; and, measuring his depth—or his shallowness—had determined to use him to her ends. Why not? It had been her business, her duty, to make use of him in order to accomplish her plundering. And because she had not dared to ask him for the jewels when he left her in the morning, she had naturally returned in the evening to regain them, very confident, doubtless, that even if surprised a second time, she would get off scot-free. Unfortunately for her, this fellow Anisly had interfered. Maitland presumed cynically that he ought to be grateful to Anisly, for he had, and able scoundrel! Why had he returned?

How the girl had contrived to escape was, of course, more easy to understand. Maitland recalled that sudden clatter of hoofs in the street, and he had only to make a trip to the window to verify his suspicion that the cab was gone. She had simply overheard his concluding remarks to the caddy, and taken pardonable advantage of them. Maitland had footed the bill. She was welcome to that, however. He, Maitland, was well rid of the whole damnable business. Yes, jewels and all!

What were the jewels to him? Beyond their sentimental associations, he did not hold them greatly in prize. Of course, since they had been worn by his mother, he would spare no expense or effort to trace and re-collect them, for that dim sainted memory's sake. But in this case, at least, the traditional usage of the Maitlands would never be carried out. It had been faithfully observed when, after her mother's death, the stones had been removed from their settings and stored away; but now they would never be reset, even should he contrive to reassemble them, to adorn the bride of the Maitland heir. For he would never marry. Of course not.

Maitland was young enough to believe, and to extract a melancholy satisfaction from, this.

Puzzled and saddened, his mind harked back forever to that carking question: Why had she returned? What had brought her back to the flat? If she and Anisly were confederates, as she was inclined at times to believe—if such were the case, Anisly



Maitland Woke Up. "What's That?" He Questioned Sharply.

had the jewels, and there was nothing else of any particular value so persistently to notice such expert and accomplished burglars back to his flat. What else had they required of him? His peace of mind was nothing that they could turn into cash; and they seemed to have reaved him of nothing else.

But they had that; unquestionably they had taken that. And still the riddle haunted him: Why had she come back that night? And, whatever her reason, had she come in Anisly's company, or alone? One minute it seemed patent beyond dispute that the girl and the great plunderer were hand-in-glove; the next minute Maitland was positively assured that their recent meeting had been altogether an accident. From what he had heard over the telephone, he had believed them to be quarreling, although at the time he had assigned to O'Hagan the masculine side of the dispute. But certainly there must have arisen some difference of opinion between Anisly and the girl to have drawn from her that frantic negative Maitland had heard, to have been responsible for the overturning of the chair—an accident that seemed to argue something in the nature of a physical struggle; the chair itself lay upon its side, mute witness to a hasty and careless movement on somebody's part.

But it was all inexplicable. Eventually Maitland shook his head, to signify that he gave it up. There was but one thing to do—to put it out of mind. He would read a bit, compose himself, go to bed.

Preliminary to doing so, he would take steps to insure the flat against further burglarizing, for that night at least. The draught moving through the hall stirred the portiere and reminded him that the window in the trunkroom was still open, an invitation to any enterprising sneak-thief or second-story man. So Maitland went to close and make it fast.

As he shut down the window-sash and clamped the catch he trod on something soft and yielding. Wondering, he stooped and picked it up, and carried it back to the light. It proved to be the girl's hand-bag.

"Now," admitted Maitland in a tone of absolute candor, "I am damned. How in the dickens did this thing get there, anyway? What was she doing in my trunk closet?"

Was it possible that she had followed Anisly out of the flat by that route? A very much mystified young man sat himself down again in front of his desk, and turned the bag over and over in his hands, keenly scrutinizing every inch of it, and whistling softly.

That year the fashion in purses was for capacious receptacles of grained leather, nearly square in shape, and furnished with a chain handle. This which Maitland held was conspicuously of the mode—neither too large, nor too small, constructed of fine soft leather of a gun-metal shade, with a frame-work and chain of gun-metal itself. It was new and seemed well-filled, weighing a trifle heavy in the hand. One face was adorned with a monogram of cut gun-metal, the initials "S" and "G" and "L" interlaced. But beyond this the bag was irritatingly non-committal.

Undoubtedly, if one were to go to the length of unsnapping the little, frail clasp, one would acquire information; by such facile means would much light be shed upon the darkness. But Maitland put a decided negative to the suggestion.

No. He would give her the benefit of the doubt. He would wait, he would school himself to patience. Perhaps she would come back for it—and explain. Perhaps he could find her by

But she had accomplished it; and all for him!

If only he could find her, now!

There was a cleft to his hand in that bag, of course, but by this act she forever removed from him the right to investigate that.

If he could only find that caddy.

Perhaps if he tried at the Madison square rank, immediately—

Besides, it was clearly his duty not to remain in the flat alone with the jewels another night. There was but one attainable place of safety for them, and that the safe of a reputable hotel. He would return to the Bartholdi at once, merely pausing on his way to inquire of the cabmen if they could send their brother-nighthawk to him.

Maitland shook himself into his top-coat, jammed hat upon head, dropped the jewels into one pocket, the cigarette case into another, and—oh, impulse—Anisly's revolver, with its two unexpended cartridges, into a third, and pressed the call button for O'Hagan, not waiting, however, for that worthy to climb the stair, but meeting him in the entry hall.

"I'm going back to the Bartholdi, O'Hagan, for the night. You may bring me my letters and any messages in the morning. I should like you to sleep in the flat to-night and answer any telephone calls."

"Yes, Mister Maitland, sir."

"Have the police gone, O'Hagan?"

"There's a whole bottle full yet, sir. You've not been drinking, I trust?"

The Irishman shuffled. "Shure, sir, an' wud that be hospitable?"

Laughing, Maitland bade him good night and left the house, turning west to gain Fifth avenue, walking slowly because he was a little tired, and enjoying the rather unusual experience of being abroad at that hour without company. The sky seemed cleaner than ordinarily, the city quieter than ever; he had known it, and in the air was a sweet smell, reminiscent of the country-side—reminding one unhappily of the previous night when one had gone whistling to one's destiny along a perfumed country road.

"Good evening, Mister Maitland, sir! It can't be you!"

Maitland looked up, bewildered for the instant. The voice that hailed him out of the sky was not unfamiliar.

A cab that he had waited on the corner to let pass, was reined back suddenly. The driver leaned down from the box and in a thunderstruck tone advertised his stupefaction.

"It aren't in nature, sir—if yer'll pardon my mentionin' it. But ere I leaves you not ten minutes ago at the St. Luke building and finds yer 'ere, when you aven't ad time—"

Maitland woke up. "What's that?" he questioned, sharply. "You left me where ten minutes—?"

"St. Luke buildin', corner Broadway an'—"

"I know it," excited, "but—"

"—avin' took yer there with the young lady—"

"Young lady!"

"—that comes outer the 'ouse with yer, sir—"

"The devil!" Maitland hesitated no longer; his foot was on the step as he spoke. "Drive me there at once, and drive for all you're worth!" he cried. "If there's an ounce of speed in that plug of yours and you don't get it out—"

"Never fear, sir! We'll make it in five minutes!"

"It'll be worth your while."

"Right-o!"

Maitland dropped into his seat, dumfounded. "Good Lord!" he whispered; and then, savagely: "In the power of that infamous scoundrel—!" And felt of the revolver in his pocket.

The cab had been headed north; the St. Luke rears its massive bulk south of Twenty-second street. The driver expertly swung his vehicle almost on dead center. Simultaneously it careened with the impact of a heavy bulk landing upon the step and falling in a heap on the deck.

"My word, what's that?" came from aloft. Maitland was altogether too startled to speak.

The heap sat up, resolving itself into the semblance of a man; who spoke in decisive tones:

"If yeh're goin' there, I'm goin' with yeh. 'r yeh don't go—see?"

"The sleuth!" gasped Maitland, astounded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## REFUSED TO GIVE TESTIMONY

Youngster's Attitude Put Mother in Something of a Dilemma.

On Frank's fifth birthday his mother told him solemnly that henceforward he must be a man. He must be kind and gentle, and, above all, must be perfectly truthful, etc. A few days later on entering the children's playroom she caught her younger son, Robert, in the act of striking Frank a blow in the face.

"Why do you strike Frank, Robert?" the mother asked.

"He hit me first," answered Robert hotly.

"Did you, Frank?" she inquired.

"No, I didn't," asserted Frank.

"See here, Frank," said she sorrowfully, "don't you remember what I told you—now you are five years old—that you must be a man, and must never tell a lie—tell me—did you strike him? Now remember, the Lord sees and hears everything you do and say and—"

"Does He know?" interrupted Frank, "whether I struck Robert or not, mother?"

"Yes, my son, He knows."

"Well, you just ask the Lord if I did, will you?"

The Magic Tomato.

Don't give a week's salary to the ticket agent to send you back to the old farm. Get a ripe tomato, dip it in salt, close your eyes and take a bite—and in a twinkling you will be standing in the dear old garden between the house and the orchard, with the trumpet vine climbing over the fence and the hollyhocks rising at the far end, and the dry, sweet, grassy, minty-tomato-viney smell of perfect summer in your nostrils, and a voice will be calling to you from the kitchen door: "You let those tomatoes alone, do you hear?"

A ripe tomato, dipped in salt, can outify the strongest magic carpet in Arabia.—Newark News.