

A MOST BLOODY CRIME.

Bomb Hurlled at King and Queen of Spain as They Were About to Enter the Palace Gates After Their Wedding.

Sixteen People Killed and Many Mangled—Royal Carriage Horses Killed and Escort Blown to Pieces—Suspect Arrested.

Madrid, June 2.—The public rejoicing over the marriage of King Alfonso and Princess Victoria had a terrible dramatic sequel at half-past two yesterday afternoon as a bomb thrown from an upper window exploded with deadly effect near the coach occupied by the king and queen. Provisionally King Alfonso and Queen Victoria escaped because of an electric wire, deflected the bomb, but at least sixteen persons, most of them being of the personal and military escort and the other spectators, were killed. "Many others were injured."

The following are those killed: Captain Barres, commanding part of the king's escort; Lieut. Reyssant; Lt. Prondagast; six soldiers; the Marquise de Celso; her daughter; Don Antonio Calvo; his niece, aged 6 years; Jose Sola, 70 years of age; Luis Fonseca, royal groom, who was leading a horse.

Several of those killed were standing on the balcony of the house from which the bomb was thrown.

The explosion occurred just as the royal couple were about to enter the palace. The route of the cortege had been diverted from Arsenal street to Mayor street, owing to the popular desires. The procession had just passed through Mayor street and was about to turn into the esplanade leading to the palace when the explosion shook the buildings in the vicinity, stranding a large number of people and threw the cortege into extricable confusion.

A HORRIBLE SPECTACLE.

The royal coach was brought to a sudden stop by the shock, officers and soldiers of the escort falling to the ground about the equerry and horses that had been killed. The screams of the terrified multitude mingled with the groans of the dying. It was immediately seen that the royal coach was intact except as it had been damaged by flying splinters. King Alfonso immediately alighted and assisted Queen Victoria out of the carriage. They then entered another coach and were driven swiftly to the palace.

All this happened so quickly that people away from the immediate vicinity were not aware of the tragedy that had been enacted and continued to acclaim their sovereigns. Soon, however, there appeared the empty royal coach with two horses missing and the others splattered with blood, several of them bleeding from wounds.

The grooms and drivers looked deathly pale in their spangled uniforms. Then came a boy shouting that a bomb had been thrown at the king and queen in a coach brought out delirious ovations as the fact was recognized that the sovereigns had been spared.

In the meantime the scene of the tragedy presented a horrible spectacle with dead men and horses lying about, literally torn to pieces. Intense excitement prevailed, the mob invading the streets while the forces of the guards sought to maintain order and block the approaching streets. The bodies were wrapped up in blankets and removed on litters, while the wounded men were carried to hospitals in ambulances. The buildings nearest were scattered with blood and the upper stories of the buildings nearest were shattered with it.

BOMB CAME FROM BOARDING HOUSE.

The place from which the bomb was thrown was a boarding house. The chamber from which the missile was hurled was taken May 22 by a man from Barcelona giving the name of Moral. When the police surrounded the house the man attempted to flee, but was captured.

Another man escaped over the roofs of the houses.

One of the injured proved to be a son-in-law of Premier Moret's private secretary. According to an official statement it is not known whether one or more bombs were thrown and the statement continues that it is impossible to ascertain at present the author of the outrage, though it is known that a Catalan named Manuel Duran took an apartment in the house from which the bomb was thrown May 22, staying in advance with a 500 peseta bill. He was well dressed, of elegant appearance and showed a fondness for flowers.

TWO BOMBS THROWN.

Madrid, May 31.—Just as King Alfonso and his English bride were nearing the end of the progress to the royal palace from the church of San Jorinimo San Real, where they had been married three hours previously, a bomb narrowly missed ending their lives. An official statement indicates the possibility that two bombs were thrown, one exploding in the air by striking a telegraph wire,

and the other falling so close to the royal carriage that a groom at the head of the wheel horses was killed, as also were the wheel horses. At least sixteen persons were killed and a large number wounded. Suspicion points to a Catalan named Manuel Duran, as the leader of the regicidal conspiracy, and he is in prison awaiting examination.

The news of the attempted assassination spread throughout the city with great rapidity, turning the rejoicings of the populace to awe.

ROYAL COURAGE SHOWN.

The shock of the explosion was terrific. The Duke of Cornachuelos immediately pushed forward, opened the carriage door and helped out the king and then the queen, who showed signs of the greatest emotion. Both, however, behaved with the utmost courage, and entered another carriage and the procession was resumed. On their arrival at the royal palace it was noticed that the king and queen both were in tears. They were quickly surrounded by foreign princes, each anxious to show sympathy and offer congratulations on the miraculous escape.

The indignation of the people over the outrage was very great. Some French detectives were almost lynched merely because they had a foreign appearance.

After the outrage a visitors' book was opened at the palace. It was signed during the afternoon by the foreign princes, envoys, diplomats, ministers and officials of all ranks.

From 2 until 6 o'clock this evening it was impossible for anyone to get near the house from whence the bomb was thrown. The house is next door to the Italian embassy and about a quarter of a mile from the royal palace.

MANY ARRESTS MADE.

Many arrests have been made, among them Manuel Duran, a Catalan, who is believed to have been the principal conspirator. It is said that immediately on the explosion Duran was seized and hurried down stairs. As he entered the street men flung themselves upon him, shouting "kill the assassin." A mounted guard pressed around and took him away under strong escort. It had been rumored that King Alfonso, a few days ago had received an anonymous warning of an intended outrage, but the authorities deny this.

hop replied in his blandest manner: "Call it a false-hood."

THE HERALDS FASHION PLATE.



SUMMER COAT IN WHITE LINEN.

A dainty and serviceable addition to the small maid's summer wardrobe is the coat of some white material, such as linen or pique, made large and loose enough to slip on easily over the lingerie frock. That of the picture is of heavy white butcher's linen, the fronts and back hanging loose from the shoulder, the forward turning pleats stitched more than half way from neck to hem, and the bottom of the coat finished with a wide stitched hem. The broad sail-

or collar, with front tabs, may be of the coat material, or, as in this instance, of eyelet embroidery in daisy design, the edges of the collar finished with deep scallops in button hole stitch. The sleeve is a full bishop model, gathered into a straight bann of the linen, on which is set the turnback cuff of the eyelet embroidery. The baby hat worn with this coat is of fine white mull, shirred on feather-bone cords, the ribbon bow on the front of the crown and the long tie strings being in delicate blue shades.

"EVILS THAT YOU KNOW OF."

When Representative Smith, of Iowa, was a fledgling attorney he was anxious to make a reputation for himself. A prisoner was brought before the bar in the criminal court in Iowa, but he was not represented by a lawyer.

"Where is your lawyer?" inquired the judge who presided.

"I have none," responded the prisoner.

"Why haven't you?"

"Haven't any money with which to pay a lawyer."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"There is Walter I. Smith, John Brown, George Green," said the judge, pointing to a lot of young attorneys who were about the court, waiting for something to turn up.

"And Mr. Alexander is out in the corridor."

The prisoner eyed the budding attorneys in the court room, and after a critical survey stroked his chin and said: "Wai-l-l, I guess I will take Mr. Alexander."

HEDGE AND COAT TRIMMED.

Pat MacDonald and Jack Driscoll, of Concord, had for years been bitter enemies. The former took great pride in a beautiful arbor-vitae hedge which separated his estate from Driscoll's. In the fall this hedge, which extended a foot or two over Driscoll's boundary line, would wither, and wisps of pine would be scattered about the latter's yard by the wind, much to his displeasure.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HEROIC TREATMENT FOR HICCUGHS.

The late Dr. Gates B. Bullard, for more than a generation the leading physician of St. Johnsbury, Vt., did not always rely on drugs for cures. He was of fine presence and had proportions, and was a very picturesque user of profane language when occasion made it expedient.

Being called one night in the dead of winter to the bedside of a farmer who had been suffering from an incessant attack of hiccoughs for three days, and was near death, he wrapped himself up in his fur coat, pulled his fur hat down over his face leaving but little visible besides his eyes and whiskers and hurriedly drove away.

He did not stop for preliminaries, but entered the house and, without a word passed into the sick room. Before the invalid knew he was there, he jumped on the bed, grabbed him by the throat, and, raising him from his pillow by the neck, exclaimed: "D—n you! I want you!"

The man not only survived heart disease but never hiccoughed again.

It would stand it no longer. One Sunday morning MacDonald was engaged at seeing his enemy clipping off that part of the hedge which lay on his side of the fence, and he vowed revenge.

Now, it happened that Driscoll, warning to his work, had taken off his coat (his Sunday best) and thrown it upon the hedge. Seeing this, MacDonald took his wife's scissors and rushed to where the coat lay, part on his side of the hedge and part on the other. Without a word he carefully cut off that part which lay on his estate, tucked it under his arm and strode into the house.

It was some time before Driscoll realized what had happened. He and MacDonald are now, however, the best of friends.

GOT HIS RESULTS.

Representative Gaines, of Tennessee, has a young friend in Memphis, who has embarked in the field of dispensing oils and hoxtons. One day not long ago the representative was in Memphis and was called on by the young doctor.

"I suppose you know that I am actively engaged in my profession, Mr. Gaines?" said the young doctor.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "I no-

ticed it in the newspapers."

"Saw it in the papers?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This morning."

"What did it say?"

"As well as I can remember, there were seventy interments last month over the month previous."

McKINLEY AND THE LITTLE BOY.

Senator Dick relates an incident of how a little boy who had called to see President McKinley, made a very candid observation. Mr. McKinley patted the child on the head and said:

"How are you my little man, and how do you like my room?"

The child looked up with clear blue eyes at the kind face above him saying: "Mithther Matinley, I like you, but I think you ought to clean thith room," and he raised his eyes to the ceiling, blackened by the flaring gas jet which had been burning like a beacon light almost continuously during those busy days.

Mr. McKinley laughed, and turning to those present, said:

"Gentlemen, it sometimes takes a little child to point out defects which we grownups have overlooked. My little man," he added "this room shall be cleaned. You have taught us a lesson."

A Yorkshire millworker charge with having set fire to a large hayrick was defended on the ground that he was not altogether responsible for his actions. One of the witnesses, a typical Yorkshire man, testified to the belief that the prisoner was "wring in the head."

"Can you mention any occasion on which the prisoner behaved in a manner to warrant your statement?" he was asked by the prosecuting counsel.

"Yes," answered the witness: "Ah mind once 'at he got half a crown too much for his wage, an'—"

"Well?" said counsel, as the witness hesitated.

"He took it back to 't manager!" concluded the witness, amidst a roar of laughter.

A complaint was brought before an eminent English Bishop that a clergyman in his diocese was wearing an Oxford master's hood, when, in fact, he had no such degree. "I call it, my Lord," said the complainant, "wearing a lie on his back."

"We need not use so quite so strong a word, Mr. Smith," the Bis-

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