

# THAT BROTHER OF MINE.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,  
And closes the door with a slam.  
And before he has taken his hat on,  
Calls out for "some bread and some jam!"  
Who is it that whistles so loudly  
As he works at some tangle of twine  
That will send his kite up into cloudland?  
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is it that, when I am weary,  
Has always a hole in his coat,  
A button sewn in a hurry,  
A nail to be made for a boat?  
Who is it that keeps in his basket  
His marbles and long fishing line,  
And expects, undisturbed, there to find them?  
No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tipsies about softly  
Whenever I'm sick or in pain—  
And is every minute forgetting  
And whistling some head-splitting strain  
Who is it that, when he is trying  
To be just as still as he can,  
Is always most terribly noisy?  
My brother, of course—'he's the man.

Who is it I'd rather have by me  
When in need of a true, honest friend;  
Who is it that I shall miss sadly  
When his boyhood has come to end?  
And when he is far from the old home,  
And I long for a glimpse of sunshine,  
Whom, then, do you think I shall send for?  
Why, of course, for that brother of mine.  
—Agnes L. Pratt, in Good Housekeeping.

# ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL.

## A Deed of Kindness and What Came of It.

Adam Holcomb was dead at last—dead after seventy years of money-getting, and the grave had closed over him. He had no children, for he had led a single life, induced, so it was said, though nothing was certainly known, by an early disappointment which had warped his nature, and made him lead a solitary and selfish life, given up to Mammon alone.

Adam Holcomb was dead, and as yet no one knew what disposition he had made of his money.

Three days after the funeral, the next-of-kin and possible heirs were collected in the office of the lawyer, who was the custodian of the will and private papers of the deceased. They were few in numbers for the family was not a large one. There were but three, and these three may be briefly described.

First came James Holcomb, a nephew of the deceased, a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centered upon himself and his own family who had never been known to give a penny for any charitable purpose.

Next came Harvey Holcomb, a cousin of the last-named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angular. He belonged to the legal profession, in which he had managed to pick up considerable money, though his reputation was none of the best. He was considered tricky, willing to undertake any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a grudging manner. He, too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's death.

Last came a young man, presenting a strong contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes, and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age, very plainly dressed, and with a modest manner which prepossessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had married a poor minister, and her son, Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now teaching in a country school, hoping to obtain enough by this means to pay for his college course. He had applied to each of his two relatives present for a small temporary loan, to help him complete his studies, but without effect. He had been emphatically refused by both.

He had come here to-day, as a matter of form, without the slightest expectation of benefiting by the will of his late relative. He had known him but slightly, and never received any encouragement upon which he could build a hope. Yet if he could but receive a legacy of even three hundred dollars, he thought, it would help him materially. That was the amount which he had vainly sought to borrow of the merchant and lawyer, now present with him at the reading of Adam Holcomb's last will and testament.

The merchant and lawyer conversed while waiting for Squire Brief.

"Have you any idea, cousin, how much the old gentleman had accumulated?" asked James Holcomb.

"I have heard it estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," was the reply.

"That is a large sum. I hope he has not been unjust enough to squander any of it on charitable societies."

"I hope not. That would be a great piece of injustice to his relations."

"He never dropped anything to you about the disposition he intended to make of his property, did he?"

"Not he! He was a close man, very," said the other. "I once tried to worm something out of him, but didn't get much satisfaction."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he thought of endowing an asylum for fools and lunatics, and that I could tell whether I was likely to be benefited by his so doing."

"Hot ho!" laughed James, shaking his capacious sides; "he got you there, eh?"

"I don't see it," said the lawyer, sourly. "You don't appreciate the joke, eh?"

"It was a foolish piece of impertinence. However, everybody knows what the old man was, and I let it pass. If it had been anyone else, I would have given them as good as they sent."

"But you were afraid it would spoil your chances, eh?"

"As to that, I have no idea. There is no question that we ought to be joint heirs."

"True," returned James. "That would give one hundred and twenty-five thousand apiece. That would satisfy me."

"How about Alfred's chances?" queried the lawyer, glancing sharply to the part of the office where the young man was quietly seated.

# THE LAZY NOT WANTED.

"Oh, he'll get nothing," said the merchant, contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll remain to the end of his days. Going to be a doctor, I hear."

"Well, I wish him joy of his profession, if he ever gets in it, which is somewhat doubtful. He wanted to borrow three hundred dollars of me the other day."

"And of me. Did you let him have it?"

"Not I. I've enough to do with my money without giving it away. Of course he'd never have repaid it."

"No, I suppose not. The coolness of some people is refreshing."

"Well, I take it for granted old Adam was much too shrewd to lavish any of his money on such a fellow."

"Trust him for that."

The young man was engaged in reading a volume he had taken up, and did not hear this conversation.

It was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Brief. Both the merchant and the lawyer greeted him with deference and cordiality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment. Alfred Graves rose in a quiet, gentlemanly manner, and bowed with the courtesy which was habitual to him.

"Gentlemen," the attorney said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read it."

Of course his words commanded instant attention. All bent forward to listen.

After the usual formula, came the following item:

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, James Holcomb, the sum of five thousand dollars to be held in trust for his children.

"To my nephew, Henry Holcomb; I likewise give the sum of five thousand dollars to be held in trust for his children, to whose sole use the income shall annually be applied.

"To my only remaining nephew, Alfred Graves, I give the sum of two thousand dollars to be appropriated to his own use as he may see fit.

"I set aside the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to establish a public library in my native town, one quarter to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable building and the remainder to constitute a fund, of which the income only shall be employed for the purchase of books."

Here the notary made a pause. The merchant and lawyer sat with looks of blank disappointment and anger, which they had no attempt to conceal.

"He had no right to defraud his relatives in this way," muttered James.

"It is a miserable imposition," said Henry Holcomb, "to put us off with such a niggardly sum."

"For my part, I am quite satisfied," said the young man. "I have received more than I expected."

"Oh, yes; it will be a great thing for a beggar like you," said James, sarcastically.

"I am not a beggar," returned the young man, proudly.

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer, "I have not finished reading the will."

"My faithful old dog, Scipio, who is now somewhat infirm, I trust one of my nephews will be willing to take home, and treat indulgently for the sake of the master to whom he was attached."

"That's cool!" ejaculated James. "As for me, I don't choose to be bothered with the dog."

"But," said the lawyer, "since your uncle has given you a legacy, are you not willing to incur this slight care and expense?"

"I must absolutely refuse. Mrs. Holcomb does not like dogs, nor I. Moreover, my uncle has treated me too scurvily for me to inconvenience myself much on his account."

"Then, will you take him?" asked the solicitor, turning to the lawyer.

"Not I," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "The dog may starve for aught I care."

"And you, sir?" turning to Alfred Graves.

"I will assume the charge of Scipio," said Alfred Graves. "It is a slight acknowledgment for my uncle's legacy."

"You may find him troublesome."

"That will make no difference. While he lives, he shall be comfortably cared for."

"What a model nephew!" said the merchant, sarcastically.

"Good young man!" said the other relative, with a sneer.

"Gentlemen," said the attorney, "I will now read the codicil."

The two older men looked at each other in surprise, which changed into rage and dismay as they listened.

"To that one of my nephews who shall agree to take charge of my dog, being yet unacquainted with this provision of my will, I bequeath the residue of my property, amounting, as near as I can estimate, to one hundred thousand dollars."

"You knew of this!" exclaimed the elder men, turning wrathful faces towards Alfred Graves.

"Not a word," said the young man. "I am as much astonished as you can be."

"No one knew of it except myself," said the attorney. "I congratulate you, Mr. Graves, on your large accession of wealth."

"I receive it gratefully. I trust I shall make a good use of it," said the young man.

"I hope now to repay my parents for the sacrifices they have made in my behalf."

"If I had but known," said the merchant, with bitter regret. "I have thrown away a fortune."

"And I," chimed in the lawyer, ruefully.

But there was no help for it. The deed was done. The two disappointed men left the house, feeling anything but grateful to the uncle who they persuaded themselves had cruelly wronged them.

But there was a modest little home that was made glad by the news of Alfred's good fortune, and in his hands the money has brought a blessing with it, for it has been made a fountain of good deeds and charitable influences.—Home Queen.

# DR. TALMAGE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THE SLUGGARD AND IDLER.

Activity Compared With Sluggishness—The Sprightly Gossamer Delights the Eye While the Sloth is Loathsome—Lessons Drawn.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage discoursed on the tendency of many people to slothfulness and indolence. His text was from Proverbs xii. 27: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." Dr. Talmage said:

David and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah and Solomon of the text showed that sometime they had been out on a hunting expedition. Spears, lances, swords and nets were employed in their service. A deep pitfall would be digged. In the center of it there was some raised ground with a pole on which a lamb would be fastened, and the wild beast not seeing the pitfall, but only seeing the lamb, would plunge for its prey and dash down, itself captured. Birds were caught in gins or pierced with arrows. The hunters in olden time had two missions, one to clear the land of ferocious beasts and the other to obtain meat for themselves and families. The occupation and habit of hunters are a favorite Bible simile. David said he was hunted by his enemies like a partridge upon the mountain. My text is a hunting scene.

The first picture I ever bought was an engraving of Thorwaldsen's "Autumn." The clusters of grapes are ripe on the vine of the homestead, and the returned hounds, panting from the chase, are lying on the door sill and the hunter is unshowering his game, while the housewife is about to take a portion of it and prepare it for the evening meal. Unlike the person of the text, she was enough industrious to roast that which had been taken in hunting. But the hunter has had many a specimen since Solomon's time of those whose lassitude and improvidence and absurdity were depicted in my text. The most of those who have made a dead failure of life can look back and see a time when a great opportunity opened but they did not know it. They were not as wise as George Stephenson, "the father of railways," who, when at 16 years of age he received an appointment to work at a pumping engine for twelve shillings a week, cried out: "Now I am made man for life." God gives to most men at least one good opportunity. A great Grecian general was met by a group of beggars, and he said to them: "If you want to beasts to plow your land, I will lend you some. If you want land, I will give you some. If you want seed to sow your land, I will see that you get it. But I will encourage none in idleness." So God gives to most people an opportunity of extrication from depressed circumstances. As if to create in us a hatred for indolence, God has made those animals which are sluggish to appear loathsome in our eyes, while those which are fleet and active he has clothed with attractiveness. The tortoise, the sloth, the snail, the crocodile repel us, while the deer and the gazelle are as pleasing as they are fleet, and from the swift wings of innumerable birds God has spared no purple or gold or jet or crimson or snowy whiteness. Besides all this the Bible is constantly assaulting the vice of laziness. Solomon seems to order the idler out of his sight as being beyond all human instruction when he says: Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." And Paul seems to drive him up from his dining table before he gets through with the first course of food with the assertion: "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

Now, what are the causes of laziness and what are its evil results? I knew a man who was never up to time. It seemed impossible for him to meet an engagement. When he was to be married he missed the train. His watch seemed to take on the habits of its owner and was always too slow. He had a constitutional lethargy, for which he did not seem responsible. So indolence often arises from the natural temperament. I do not know but that there is a constitutional tendency to this vice in every man. However active you may generally be, have you not on some warm spring day felt a touch of this feeling on you, although you may have shaken it off as you would a reptile? But some are so powerfully tempted to this by their bodily constitution that all the work of their life has been accomplished with this lethargy hanging on their back or trailing on their heels. You sometimes behold it in childhood. The child moping and lounging within doors is behind in every race and beaten in every game. His nerves, his muscles, his bones are smitten with this palsy. He vegetates rather than lives, creeps rather than walks, yawns rather than breathes. The animal in his nature is stronger than the intellectual. He is generally a great eater and active only when he cannot digest that which he has eaten. It requires as much effort for him to walk as for others to run. Languor and drowsiness are his natural inheritance. He is built for a slow sailing vessel, a heavy hulk and an insufficient cutter. Place an active man in such a bodily structure and the latter would be shaken to pieces in one day. Every law of physiology demands that he be supine. Such a one is not responsible for this powerful tendency of his nature. His great duty is resistance. When I see a man fighting an unfortunate temperament, all my sympathies are aroused, and I think of Victor Hugo's account of a scene on a war ship, where, in the midst of a storm at sea, a great cannon got loose, and it was crashing this way and that and was about to destroy the ship; and the chief gunner, at the almost certain destruction of his own life, rushed at it with a hand spike to thrust between the spokes of the wheel of the rolling cannon, and by a fortunate leverage arrested the gun till it could be lashed fast. But that struggle did not seem so disheartening as that man enters upon who attempts to fight his natural temperament, whether it be too fast or too

slow, too nervous or too lymphatic God help him, for God only can.

Now, what are the results of indolence? A marked consequence of this vice is physical disease. The healthiness of the whole natural world depends upon activity. The winds, tossed and driven in endless circuits, scattering the mists from the mountains and scooping out death damps from the caves and blasting the miasma of swamps and hurrying back the fetid atmosphere of great cities, are healthy just because of their swiftness and uncontrollableness of sweep. But after a while the wind falls and the hot sun pours through it, and when the leaves are still and the grain fields bend not once all day long then pestilence smites its victims and digs trenches for the dead. The fountain, born far up in the wild wood of the mountain, comes down brighter for every obstacle against which it is driven and singing a new song on every shelf of rock over which it bounds, till it rolls over the water wheels in the valley, not ashamed to grind corn, and runs through the long grass of the meadow, where the willows reach down to dip their branches and the unyoked oxen come at event-ide to cool. Healthy water! Bright water! Happy water! While some stream, too lazy any more to run, gathers itself into a wayside pool, where the swine wallow and filthy insects hop over the surface and reptiles crawl among the ooze, and frogs utter their hideous croak, and by day and night there rises from the foul mire and green scum fever and plague and death. There is an endless activity under foot and overhead. Not one four o'clock in the flower bed, not one fly on the window pane, not one squirrel gathering food from the cones of the white pine, not one rabbit feeding on clover tops, not one drop falling in a shower, not one minnow glancing in the sea, not one quail whistling from the grass, not one hawk cawing in the sky, but it is busy now and is busy always, fulfilling its mission as certainly as any monarch on earth or any angel in Heaven. You hear the shout of the plow boys busy in the field and the rattle of the whiffletrees on the harrow, but you do not know that there is more industry in the earth upturned and in the dumb vegetation under foot than in all that you see. If you put your ear to a lump of iron sod you may hear nothing in the roots and spiculae of grass, but there at work spades and cleavers and pile drivers and battering rams and internecine wars. I do not wonder that the lively fancy of the ancients saw in the inanimate creation around Floras, and Pomonas, and Graeces, and Fauns, and Fairies, and Satyrs, and Nymphs.

Everything is busy. Nothing is inanimate except the man who cannot see the life and hear the music. At the creation the morning stars sang together, but they were only the choir which were to lead all the stars and all the mountains and all the seas in God's worship. All natural objects seem at one and the same time uniting in work of joy and worship. In God's creation there is no pause in either the worship or the work or the joy. Amid all natural objects at one and the same time it is Hallow e'en and Whit Sunday and Ash Wednesday and All Saint's day. All the healthy beauty of that which we see and hear in the natural world is dependent upon activity and unrest. Men will be healthy—intellectually, morally and physically—only upon the condition of an active industry. I know men die every day of overwork. They droop down in coal pits and among the spindles of northern factories and on the cotton plantations of the south. In every city and town and village you will find men groaning under burdens, as, in the east, camels stagger under their loads between Aleppo and Damascus. Life is crushed out every day at counters and work benches and anvils. But there are other multitudes who die from mere inertia. Indulgences every day are contracting diseases beyond the catholicism of allopathy and homeopathy and hydropathy and eclecticisms. Rather than work they rush upon lancets and scalpels. Nature has provided for those who violate her laws by inactivity, what rheum for the eyes and what gout for the feet and what curvature for the chest and what tubercles for the lungs and what rheumatisms for the muscles and what neuralgias for the nerves. Nature in time arraigns every such culprit at her bar and presents against him an indictment of one hundred counts, and convicts him on each one of them.

There are many who estimate the respectability of an occupation by the little exertion it demands, and who would not have their children enter any employment where their hands may be soiled, forgetting that a laborer's overalls are just as honorable as a priest's robes and an anvil is just as respectable as a pulpit. Health flies from the bed of down and says: "I cannot sleep here," and from the table spread with ptarmigan and epicurean viands, saying: "I cannot eat here;" and from the vehicle of soft cushions and easy springs, saying: "I cannot ride here;" and from houses luxuriously warmed and upholstered, saying: "I can not live here;" and some day you meet health, who declined all these luxuriant places, walking in the plow's furrow or sweltering beside the hissing forge or spinning among the looms or driving a dray or tinning a roof or carrying hods of brick up the ladder of a wall.

Learning to Pop.

It is queer how small an occurrence serves to attract a crowd. The other evening a popcorn kiosk at the corner of D street, and the avenue was surrounded by a gaping crowd, ranging in character from gamins to gentlemen, all breathlessly watching the proprietor as he shook a popper over the gas-flamer. A couple of young ladies happened to be passing, and one of them, inquired:

"What are those men staring at?"

"They are learning how to pop," replied her companion.

"Oh," sighed the speaker; "how I wish Charlie would take a few lessons!"

Washington Post.

# A PHILADELPHIA PANIC.

Fire in a Theater Causes a Panic and the Injury of Scores of People—Heavy Loss of Property.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—The most sensational fire in this city for years broke out last night on the stage of the Grand Central theater and, before getting under control, nearly a million dollars worth of property had been destroyed, including the massive eighty-story annex building occupied by the Times.

There was a panic in the theater and nearly fifty persons, mostly occupants of the galleries, were hurt, none, however, seriously.

The Central theater is located on Walnut street, between Eighth and Ninth, in the most thickly settled portion of the city, being surrounded by hotels, restaurants, boarding houses, newspaper offices and business houses.

Immediately in the rear of the theater was the Times building, which faced on Sansom street. The theater was usually devoted to variety performances, but this week a spectacular production, "The Devil's Auction," was on the stage.

Just before 8 o'clock, while the stage hands were lowering from the flies a portion of the setting for the first scene, it became entangled in the border lights. In an instant the flimsy canvas was a mass of flames. Tongues of fire shot up to the roof and blazing scenery fell to the stage, and in a short space of time the greater portion of the theater was a mass of fire.

The production requires a large number of female ballet dancers. These stood in the wings and along the stage in scanty attire, waiting for the performance to begin. They were thrown into a panic and rushed about, scarcely knowing which way to turn to avoid the quickly spreading flames. All were, it is believed, gotten safely out, although there is a report that three ballet girls are missing.

During the panic behind the scenes a scene of more intense excitement was being enacted before the footlights. Fortunately, the house was only partially filled. The audience had just settled down in their seats, awaiting the beginning of the performance, when they were startled by the flash that came when the scenery caught.

The next minute a bright, white flame shot through the curtain and the audience realized that they were face to face with that most awful of situations, a theater fire. Everybody started for the exits. The weaker ones were borne down and crushed under foot. One individual, maddened and brutalized by excitement, drew a pocket knife, and with it cut his way through the mass of people.

Half a dozen or more people were found at the hospital who had been victims of his frenzy. None of their wounds, however, were of a more than painful character. This man was one of the first to reach the sidewalk.

Men and boys fell on the stairways leading from the galleries and were bruised and scratched under the heels of those following them. In all fifty-two persons were cared for at the hospitals near the theater.

Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Times, lost his valuable political library, which he has been collecting during the past fifty years, and which can never be replaced.

Illinois Democrats.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 28.—The democratic state convention met here yesterday. The resolutions adopted denounce the McKinley tariff law; favor a gold and silver standard; the establishment of a currency that will be convertible without loss to the holder, and the fixing of a ratio by an international monetary conference so that parity may be maintained and all mints thrown open to free coinage. A declaration is made in favor of electing senators by popular vote and unrelenting war on trusts and combines designed to degrade wage earners is proclaimed. The following nominations were made: John P. Altgeld for governor; N. Ramsey, state treasurer; A. E. Stevenson, A. W. Green, C. E. Crafts, B. T. Cable, N. E. Worthington, Walter L. Watson, John A. King and S. P. Chase were elected delegates at large. Resolutions were adopted declaring for Cleveland first and John M. Palmer next.

Colorado Republicans.

DENVER, Col., April 28.—The 600 delegates were called to order by the chairman of the state central committee shortly after 11 o'clock, and without any opposition Charles E. Johnson, of Pueblo, was chosen permanent chairman. The convention then selected Senators Wolcott and Teller, Congressman Townsend and Hon. J. L. Brush as electors at large. A resolution was adopted instructing the delegates at the national convention to oppose the nomination of any man for president or vice-president who is not known to be heartily in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver. A resolution indorsing the administration of President Harrison was defeated by 623 to 2.

New Jersey Republicans.

TRENTON, N. J., April 28.—The Republican state convention met and John A. Blair, of Hudson, was elected temporary chairman. The platform agreed upon indorsed "the wise and patriotic conduct of national affairs" of President Harrison, praises the foreign policy and reciprocity, declares abiding faith in the protective system and uncompromisingly opposes any and all attempts to debase the national currency and free silver coinage.

New Hampshire Republicans.

CONCORD, N. H., April 28.—The republican state convention was called to order and Hiram D. Upton was made permanent chairman. Allusions to President Harrison and James G. Blaine were cheered to the echo. Frank Churchill, of Lebanon; Benjamin A. Kimball, of Concord; Henry B. Quimby, of Lakeport, and Charles T. Means, of Manchester, were elected delegates at large by acclamation. The platform indorses President Harrison strongly; the Fifty-first congress; and calls for the nomination at Minneapolis of candidates with records on the tariff and other vital questions.

# THE PRISONERS SAFE.

The Wyoming Prisoners All Landed Safely at Fort Russell.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., April 28.—The 7th cavalry, in command of the Seventh infantry troops, which relieved the Sixth cavalry from Fort McKinley as guards of the captured stockmen, designated 7 o'clock yesterday morning as the hour for the party to start from Fort Fetterman. The governor expressly stated that the train should move only during daylight. All the men slept in the cars Saturday night. The special was preceded by a pilot engine and caboose, the latter filled with a construction crew and tools to repair any possible damage which might be done to the tracks. Two men with field glasses were stationed in the lookout of the caboose to carefully scrutinize the road for breaks. Their position was maintained until Bordeaux was reached, when all chance of danger was believed to be passed and the lookout was suspended.

It was just 3:45 o'clock in the afternoon when the train slowly pulled into the Fort Russell depot. A crowd of several hundred people was waiting to receive them.

"This is the toughest part of the trip," remarked one stockman. "I would rather face the rustlers than the crowd outside."

Two long lines of soldiers were drawn up. One was stationed along the length of the train, the other some short distance toward the fort, thus keeping an unoccupied space between them. Maj. Egbert here received orders to hold the men in charge until further orders.

PARIS ANARCHISTS.

They Blow Up a Restaurant Whose Proprietor Had Incurred Their Displeasure—The Man Killed and Several Injured.

PARIS, April 28.—The restaurant of M. Very, who on March 30 delivered Ravachol, the anarchist, into the hands of the police, was utterly wrecked at 4 o'clock yesterday by a bomb explosion. The force of the explosion was terrific and widely felt and an enormous crowd quickly gathered about the shattered building.

The police found M. Very lying on the floor of the restaurant in the midst of heaps of debris groaning with fright and pain. One of his legs had been broken and he was sent to a hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate his leg. He died at the hospital soon after the amputation.

A granddaughter of M. Very was also injured and two ladies living in rooms over the restaurant were badly shaken and bruised.

Very's wife was not injured but she has lost her senses owing to the severity of the shock she suffered and is raving like a maniac.

It is the general opinion that the explosion was perpetrated mainly to terrorize the jurymen who will be on duty at Ravachol's trial. The police think the bomb was thrown into the basement through a grating. A policeman who was on duty just outside the restaurant when the explosion occurred was thrown to the pavement by the shock. He states that he saw nothing suspicious.

THE CHINESE BILL.

Full Text of the Substitute for the House Chinese Exclusion Bill as Finally Passed by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The substitute for the house Chinese exclusion bill was passed by the senate yesterday. The bill as passed is as follows:

Section 1. That all laws now in force prohibiting and regulating the coming into this country of Chinese persons and persons of Chinese descent are hereby continued in force for a period of ten years from the passage of this act.

Sec. 2. That any Chinese person or person of Chinese descent, when convicted and adjudged under any of said laws to be not lawfully entitled to be or remain in the United States, shall be removed from the United States to China, unless he shall make it appear to the justice, judge or commissioner before whom he or they are tried that he or they are subjects or citizens of some other country, in which case he or they shall be removed from the United States to such country; provided that in any case where such other country of which such Chinese person shall claim to be a citizen or subject shall demand any tax as a condition of the removal of such person to that country he or she shall be removed to China.

Sec. 3. That any Chinese person or persons of Chinese descent arrested under the provisions of this act shall be adjudged to be unlawfully within the United States, unless such person shall establish, by affirmative proof to the satisfaction of such justice, judge or commissioner, his lawful right to remain in the United States.

Sec. 4. That any Chinese person or persons of Chinese descent, once convicted and adjudged to be not lawfully entitled to be or remain in the United States, and having been once removed from the United States in pursuance of such conviction who shall be subsequently convicted for a like offense, shall be imprisoned at hard labor for a period of not exceeding six months and thereafter removed from the United States, as herebefore provided.

IDENTIFIED AT LAST.

The Sedalla Fled Fully Identified by Mrs. Taylor, His Victim.

HOUSTON, Tex., April 28.—The flood who so brutally assaulted Mrs. Charles Taylor in Sedalla last February in the presence of her husband has been identified. He is in jail in this city awaiting removal to the penitentiary.

Some time ago a quadruplet giving his name as Charles McMillan was arrested here for burglary and theft. He received sentences aggregating twelve years and is now waiting for his transfer to the penitentiary. His description answers to the head wanted in Sedalla, Mo., for outraging Mrs. Taylor, and officers there were telegraphed these facts.

A few days ago Mr. Taylor and Detective Kinney came to Houston and returned to Sedalla satisfied that McMillan was the man wanted. Yesterday they returned with Mrs. Taylor and she fully identified McMillan as her assailant.

Over 120 Cows and Horses Burned.

NEW YORK, April 28.—Fire started in one of the outbuildings of the Cheshire Improvement establishment in Parkville, La., early this morning and spread rapidly to three big barns, in which were stabled 250 or more head of cattle and horses. The barns burned like tinder, and the engine which arrived, played upon them with little or no effect. Overstreet Stretch of the company and a lot of the employes worked hard to save the cows and horses, but despite their efforts it is reckoned that 150 or more perished. The total loss is \$75,000; insured.