

# THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

VOL. IV.

DARLINGTON, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1894.

NO. 37.

## LIFE IS NOT LONG.

Dear heart, life is not long;  
Say thou thy word and sing thy sweetest  
song!  
Ere the dim night shall close,  
Drink thou the light and pluck the love-  
liest rose;  
And dream not of the sorrow and the  
wrong;  
Dear heart, life is not long;  
Dear heart, life is not long;  
And thick the thorns where all the roses  
throng!  
Ere the rose-day be past,  
Be thou a garden where shall bloom the  
last;  
Pray thou thy prayer, still sing thy sweet-  
est song.  
Dear heart, life is not long!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## The Anarchist Conspiracy.

In his office at New Scotland Yard sat Inspector Murphy, chief of the "specials" told off to keep watch over the anarchists. He was engrossed in the perusal of a large official-looking document, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two of his principal subordinates, Detective-Sergeants Mulligan and Magee. They had come to inquire if he had any orders to give them before they left the "Yard" for the night.

"Ah, boys," said the inspector, looking up, "I was just going to send you."

"More work, sir?" said Mulligan.

"Aye, and hot work, too," answered the inspector, with a significant shake of his head. "I have just received word from the French police that Lucien Miasme, Louis Roche and Jean Lerat, who disappeared from Paris some weeks ago, are reported to be in London."

"Miasme, Roche and Lerat," repeated Mulligan, thoughtfully. "They are the fellows who were tried for that Notre Dame affair, aren't they?"

"Yes, and who should have been hanged for it," replied the inspector. "I was in Paris at the time, and attended the trial. There was no doubt but they were guilty—they themselves hardly denied it—but the case was mishandled, and the jury was scared for their own skins, and the end of it was that three most villainous murderers were let loose on society again."

"It was a big business, that Notre Dame exploded," said Magee.

"Faith big enough for anything. The church was full of people—women and children chiefly—and scores of them were killed or injured. One family—the Comte de la Targe and his wife and two daughters—who were sitting just where the bomb exploded, were simply wiped out. I believe, at this moment, the only representative of the de la Targe family existing is the son, who at the time of the outrage, and now, too, for all I know, was serving with his regiment in Siam."

"If that son ever meets Miasme, Roche and Lerat there'll be trouble I expect," was Mulligan's comment.

"Yes, it was reported in the French papers that when he heard of the result of the trial he swore he would have the blood of his mother's murderers yet. I dare say, however, he soon cooled down. At any rate, he has made no move, and that's seven months ago. But to business. The French police tell me that Miasme, Roche and Lerat are said to be here for the purpose of committing outrages in revenge for our surrendering that ruffian Marquis. They say, too, that they are well supplied with money, though where it comes from is a mystery. If that's the case, the sooner we get on the track the better."

The inspector paused for a moment, and searched among the papers on his desk. Then he handed to the detectives several photographs.

"These," he said, "are portraits of the three ruffians taken when they were in prison in Paris. Look at them well, and see that you don't forget the rascals' faces."

The two detectives examined the photographs closely. An anxious and prolonged consultation followed. When it was ended midnight was far past.

The two detectives left the "Yard" and turned down the dark and silent Embankment. The difficulties and responsibility of the task that night committed to them lay heavy on their minds. Neither of the men spoke as they walked slowly along, lost in anxious thought.

Suddenly Mulligan stopped and caught Magee tightly by the arm. At the same instant there was a brilliant flash of reddish light about two hundred yards in front of them. The next second a tremendous report almost deafened them.

For a moment the two detectives were too dumbfounded to think or act. Mulligan, however, quickly pulled himself together.

"The anarchists, by heaven!" he cried. "Come, Tom, we may catch the scoundrels yet." Without an instant's hesitation the two men rushed off at breakneck speed along the Embankment toward the spot where the explosion had taken place. As they neared it they slackened their pace and kept a sharp lookout so that nothing might escape them in the darkness. A second later they observed a dark mass lying huddled up on the pavement. They approached the object warily. It was the body of a man. A moment's examination showed them that he had been killed by the explosion. His right arm was blown simply to fragments and his right side was a bleeding mass of flesh and bones and clothes. He was quite dead.

Detective-Sergeant Mulligan struck a light and examined the dead man's face.

"The chief hero of the Notre Dame explosion has exploded himself; the Lord be praised!"

Subsequent investigation confirmed the detective's theory. They left no doubt that the man killed that night was the redoubtable anarchist, Louis Roche, and that he had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb. And this conclusion was shortly afterwards confirmed by advices from the French police. These were to the effect that among Paris anarchists it was stated that the dockyard was the object of attack, and that since the attempt was made Miasme had been missing. It was added that much dissatisfaction existed regarding La Revanche and his skill as a bomb maker, but that, as he alone among London anarchists possessed funds to still contrive, in spite of his successive failures, to maintain his position.

"And long may he," was Inspector Murphy's comment on reading this communication. "He's doing more to suppress both anarchism and the anarchists than all the police in Europe put together. The best thing that could happen would be for him to go on blowing up his friends until they are all in fragments, and then for him to blow up himself."

Inspector Murphy had not very long to wait. Some three weeks after this conversation he received word of an attempted outrage at Hampton Court. The inhabitants of the palace were awakened about midnight by a tremendous explosion. The guard turned out, and, after considerable trouble, discovered the dead body of a man in the gardens. Evidently he, like Roche and Miasme, had been "exploded" himself, as Inspector Murphy called it, when attempting to blow up Hampton Court. On the inspector examining the dead man, he had no difficulty in identifying him as the third of that terrible trio of desperadoes—Lerat.

Every one of them had perished by the same means as they had used to murder the innocent congregation of Notre Dame.

The detectives were still engaged in investigating the circumstances connected with this explosion when Inspector Murphy received a mysterious note. It ran as follows:

All is disclosed. Let La Revanche take care. He thinks he has escaped, having fled from London. But the arms of the brotherhood stretch far. Tell him—your agent-provocateur—that he is now in as great danger as he was in Belgrave road. The avengers of blood are after him. He shall perish.

Signed, Anarchist.

"Hullo," cried Inspector Murphy, when he had read his note; "the third failure has been too much for him, and La Revanche is now to be blown up himself. More power to his elbow, I say."

"Belgrave road," said Mulligan; "that's where he hung out, apparently. Surely such a straight tip as that we should be fools if we failed to lay hands on him."

"He has left it though," said Inspector Murphy. "I don't know whether we shouldn't let him and his friends settle matters between them. It's another case of treason!—tra-hison!—u-hi-son! ! !"

But the inspector was only joking, and half an hour later he and Mulligan were in Belgrave road searching for the lodgings of the missing M. La Revanche. They soon discovered them, too, though the name he had passed under with his landlady was not La Revanche, but Montagnard. The lady gave a very particular description of him, and stated that the cab which took him away and his luggage and what he had left behind left in a hurry.

To Mulligan was delegated the duty of tracing the missing man. The task was no easy one, and for more than a month his reports were not altogether satisfactory. He had traced La Revanche to Paris, but there for a long time he completely lost sight of him.

One morning, just after Inspector Murphy had reached his office at "Yard," the door opened and in walked Detective-Sergeant Mulligan. Though entirely unexpected, he was received by his inspector without the slightest indication of surprise.

"Well, what's up now?" Murphy asked in his quietest manner.

"I was thinking," said Mulligan, "that when we're fortunate enough to trace Miasme and Lerat, we should not arrest them—only shadow them."

"A sensible plan," answered the inspector. "But, no doubt, Miasme and Lerat meet others than La Revanche. How could you tell which?"

"Well, probably, they don't make many gentlemen—French or otherwise," argued Mulligan, "so we should shadow all the well-dressed people they speak to or have dealings with. At any rate, that seems to be the only chance of catching La Revanche."

The inspector lay back in his chair and reflected. While he was doing so, a messenger entered the room and handed him a telegram. He tore the envelope and glanced at the message. Then he whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "they are going it. Just listen!"

Mulligan shook his head.

"Failed to establish his identity?" asked Murphy, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, I had some trouble over that," replied Mulligan; "but in the end he admitted it himself."

"Admitted it himself!" cried the inspector. "And why did the French government refuse to arrest him?"

"Because he's the young Comte de la Targe whose father, mother and two sisters were murdered by Roche & Co. at the Notre Dame explosion."

Mulligan did start by the first train and did make searching inquiries. These inquiries resulted in a pretty certain opinion that, as he said when the telegram was received, there had been another bungle. He discovered that at Southsea a foreigner on the night of the explosion had hired a small rowing boat and that boat had not been returned. He discovered further that fragments of a rowing boat similar to the one hired had been picked up outside Portsmouth harbor. On showing to the owner of the missing boat the photographs of Miasme and Lerat, that person, after

some hesitation, identified Miasme as the foreigner who hired the boat. From these facts Mulligan drew the conclusion that Miasme had made an attempt to blow up the dockyard or the shipping in Portsmouth harbor, and had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb. And this conclusion was shortly afterwards confirmed by advices from the French police.

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## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Compensation—Fleeced—A Wife's Bright Idea—A Sympathetic Strike—The Parlor Military—Etc., Etc.

### COMPENSATION.

Of dog days I do not complain,  
The heat I do not mind;  
I do not utter words profane,  
And am to all resigned.

I try to be content and gay,  
My temper I control,  
And, oh, I chuckle at the way  
They're freezing at the Pole.

—[Judge.]

### FLOORED.

"Yes," said the young man, "I believe the people are right when they say this summer has been the hottest ever known."

"Sho!" exclaimed the oldest inhab-

itant.

"Well, it's mighty hot, anyway," pursued the youth. "My collar wilted yesterday two minutes after I put it on."

"Sho!" said the oldest inhabitant. "I've seen it so hot that the collar wilted before you put it on at all."—[New York Press.]

### A WIFE'S BRIGHT IDEA.

"Children," said Mr. Chugwater, emphatically, "close that piano!"

"What's the matter, father?" inquired one of the two little girls in blue.

"The matter," he answered, locking the instrument and putting the key in his pocket, "is that the musicians of the city have been called out, and you're going to join that that strike out of sympathy for the neighbors."—[Chicago Tribune.]

### A COMPLIMENT.

Jack—I am coming to the conclusion that I must be something of an idiot.

Jack—I have noticed that the most

idiotic fellows woo and win the loveliest girls, and here I am, after winning the loveliest girl in the world.

May—Oh, Jack! (Ecstatic silence.)

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

### A MISLEADING SIGN.

The sign in this city said simply:

"Umbrellas Recovered."

"Old Wayback, when he was 'seein' the sights,' discovered that sign.

He hesitated a moment and then went in. Said he:

"Say, I want yew to recover my umbrella."

"All right," replied the workman,

"where is it?"

Old Wayback looked at him in astonishment and drawled out:

"Et I knew that I'd recover her myself."—[Printer's Ink.]

### MODEST.

Wool—There is one thing I like about a dog.

Van Pelt