

When School is Out.  
"When school is out, I shall go home," she said.  
"And all my heartaches will be comforted."  
"When school is out," she said, "I know I'll meet you at the golden street."  
"My little child, my babe so stainless sweet,  
Who went to heaven before his dimpled feet,  
Had ever learned in earthly paths to go,  
Nor pressed the violets, nor trod the snow,  
Oh, I will clasp his close, and I shall know  
Those kisses that I taught him long ago."  
"Life's weary lessons are all learned," she said.  
"And school is out." We went—and she was dead.

### The Two Orphans.

By D'Enery.

CHAPTER I.  
FROM NORMANDY TO PARIS.

The dusty diligence which rolled over the hard road from Evreux to Paris, on a certain warm summer's day in the year 18—, contained but two passengers, and they young girls.

As they sat on the hard leather seats, weary from the effects of the long ride, which would cause more mature persons to look jaded, one can see that, so engrossed are they with the thoughts of their arrival in Paris, they have forgotten the discomforts of their reception.

"Are you quite certain that the kind Monsieur Martin will meet us, sister?" asked the younger, for at least the twentieth time since the commencement of the ride.

"He must be waiting our arrival, Louise; for did I not write to say that we were coming?" replied Henriette, as she smoothed her sister's fair hair with a caressing motion which was unusually tender even for a sister, and she looks to the young girl as if she saw the reason of the watchful care which she exercises over her sister.

Louise is blind.  
"But if he should not be there?" persisted the blind girl.  
"Then we will go to his house; I have the address. We will not think of his not being there, but rather enjoy the ride. I will describe to you everything we meet."

For answer, Louise nestled close beside her sister; and laid her head, with its wealth of golden hair, on her shoulder.

While Henriette was thus engaged, let us explain why the two girls were thus journeying alone to the great city.

Nearly six months previous to the opening of our story, the two girls were bereft of their only protector by the untimely death of their father, who had offered a home in Paris by M. Martin, who was a cousin of the deceased mother.

For several months the girls remained with their kind friends in Normandy, lingering near their childhood's home, as if intuition had warned them of the long train of evils which would attend them at the capital.

They had started for Paris, thinking that they were going to their father's home, save a letter that was dispatched the day previous to their departure, was necessary.

So much for the reason of their journey, and before they arrive in Paris, we will visit the hotel occupied by the Marquis de Presles, whose vile scheming caused so much misery to our heroines.

The marquis was the representative of one of the oldest families in Paris; but he was a libertine and a roue.

Every pleasure that wealth or sin could purchase was his, and in that city of crime and pleasure, none so ready as he to adopt any scheme by which he might gratify his depraved taste.

Seated before a breakfast-table, loaded with every delicacy which could tempt an appetite already blunted by a dissipation, the marquis was partaking sparingly of his morning meal, when his valet entered and waited permission to speak.

"What is it, Antoine?"  
"Monsieur Lafleur has some important business."

"Admit him," ordered the marquis, who saw in this early visit some new scheme for Lafleur, one who, for the sake of a liberal education, had been sent to Paris, and was now ready to give his tools, pandered to the nobleman's vices, and remained standing in a respectful attitude until his patron should allow him to unfold his budget of news.

"Three o'clock in the afternoon is not an early hour for Lafleur, monsieur," replied that worthy, as he availed himself of the marquis's permission to be seated at the breakfast-table.

"People who have such vile taste as to retire at night, must expect to be out of their beds at any unreasonable hour, but tell me what brings you here?"

"Monsieur Lafleur has heard of the beauty of the girls of Normandy?"  
"Yes, what of that?" asks De Presles listlessly.

"There are two young girls from Normandy who are to arrive in Paris this evening. They are without relatives, except you call the cousin of their mother, who, by the way, is my brother-in-law, a relative," answered Lafleur, as he watched the face of the marquis carefully, and as he saw it light up at his information, he added, "My brother-in-law is in Lyons, and I have opened the letter sent by the two orphans, advising him of their intended arrival tonight. Therefore, I shall be obliged to meet them."

"And you propose what?"  
"Anything Monsieur the Marquis is pleased to wish."

"How old are these girls?"  
"The oldest is seventeen, and the blind one is only fifteen."  
"She is."  
"Ab, then, I do not see how she could interest me."

"But the other might, monsieur."  
"You are right," exclaimed the marquis, after a short pause; "but what should we do with the blind one?"

"Never fear for her. She can go wherever she chooses," said Lafleur, in a careless tone. "Blindness is a good stock of trade in this city. Before I knew the liberality of the Marquis de Presles, I was often tempted to wish that I was blind myself; for it is said that the blind are God's chosen people."

"I am afraid, Lafleur, that if you were deaf and dumb as well as blind, the Lord would show you very little favor," said the marquis, with a laugh.  
"Perhaps so. But have you any commands for me?" rejoined Lafleur, quickly.

"Yes, if you bring me the girl—without the blind one, remember—I will pay you one hundred louis. If you will, you will not."

"We do not think of failure, my dear Marquis," quickly interrupted Lafleur. "Where shall I take the girls?"  
"I am to have a party of friends at

Bel-Air this evening, and you may take her there. I am sure you take her in such a condition that she can make no disturbance."  
"I will use the old remedy, and then you can awake her whenever you wish, as you have the antidote," replied Lafleur, with the air of a doctor.  
"You feel sure that you will succeed?" asked the marquis, who had grown considerably interested in the scheme.  
"I am sure. I am as certain as if the Marquis de Presles' lions were already jingling in my pocket," answered Lafleur, in a confident tone.  
"Very well, I shall expect you this evening."  
"I will be there, my lord."  
And with a low bow, the villain, who was ready to sell more than his soul for gold, departed, leaving his patron to gloat over the surprise which he would give his friends, and to their shame be it said, a greater portion of these friends were so-called ladies, and in attendance upon royalty itself.

Let our readers think this an exceptional case in the city of Paris at the time of which we write, we will refer them to the history of France for the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, when that abominable, murder, and all manner of crime stalked abroad through the beautiful city, setting the law, and those whose duty it was to enforce the law, at defiance.

CHAPTER II.  
MOTHER AND SONS.

"Knives to mend, scissors to grind, knives to grind, scissors to mend."  
Among the lower class of people who were living from the street, as it were, none seemed to have as few customers as the scissors-grinders, although they are the most useful of their class, and it is not strange that on the way when they were passing the Marquis de Presles, Pierre Frochard, the crippled scissors-grinder, should have traversed a large portion of the city without having an opportunity of advertising his services.

His plaintive cry, "Knives to mend, scissors to grind," was unlike a great majority of the street cries, inasmuch as it seemed to be the cry of a wounded man, rather than of a man who was seeking for something beyond the meaning of his own trade.

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handsome boy, the very image of his poor dead father, that those scoundrels of the law robbed me of."  
"He suffered death for a murder of which they found him guilty," timidly suggested Pierre.  
"I shall be glad to look to you to avenge him," asked the old woman, in derision. "No—no! my handsome Jacques will take care of those days. He's no misdoer. Nothing frightens him, not even the lion of blood."  
"Shut up. You are good for nothing but to be honest," screamed Mother Frochard, in a fury. "I hate honest people; scum that impose on the poor."

At this moment the old woman's tirade was interrupted by the appearance of several people who were coming toward them, and changing her tone, she uttered the deepest anger for a whining tone habitual to professional beggars, she went toward them with outstretched hands, repeating the words she had so vainly endeavored to force Pierre to repeat.

The poor cripple went back to the machine with a despondent air, and poured out his troubles in an undertone, but sticking to the point.  
"Perhaps she is right. I am good for nothing except to be honest. Alas! I have never had any one to teach me."  
"Pierre's misadventures were destined to be disturbed on this evening, for he heard a voice behind him, which caused him to start with fear.

It was that of his brother Jacques. The handsome Jacques, as his mother had called him, and it was a good specimen of a ruffian, may be called handsome, then Jacques was a perfect beauty.

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there's not a chance to make a few sous."  
And Pierre hastened toward the coach, as fast as his crippled limbs would allow. Little Jacques, who had his life would be connected with one of the occupants, at least.  
[To be Continued.]

The Storm Coming.  
The indications are that the Republican party, which stands for trusts and monopolies, has over done its work and are about to be called to account by the people. The Spartanburg Herald says "everywhere there are indications that the people are thinking and digesting political problems. The frantic cries of the President's friends are, in the past, lame and impotent in the wind. The retirement of Speaker Henderson from the race for congress in his Iowa district, emphasizes the trend of public thought. The people of the United States are determined that the hands of the trusts shall be torn from their throats. They have decreed that this government shall be run in the interest of the people, and Speaker Henderson holding the second place in the republic, but slightly inferior in the past, and slightly inferior in the present, declines to make the race. There is a reason for his retreat and it is found in the unmistakable expression of the Iowa Republicans that our tariff laws shall not afford a shelter for monopoly. All signs indicate that the next presidential contest will be fought on the tariff as a means of affording shelter to the trusts, and the next president will be a Democrat, unless some body blunders." We hope the Herald is right.

Hope He Will Win.  
There is a red hot political campaign now going on in Pennsylvania, and there is every reason to believe that the Democrats will elect their candidate for governor, Ex-Governor Pattison. He was elected governor once before, and he is now putting up such a fight that the Republicans are scared out of their wits. The Spartanburg Herald says: "The secret of it all is that when this man Pattison was elected governor in 1880, he called upon him in 1890 and he did not disappoint them. In the midst of all manner of trickery and corruption, he maintained clean hands and he came out of office without a blot on his escutcheon. The race this year, despite the protests of the Republicans is being fought on local issues. There is no reason why it should be otherwise. Mr. Pattison is pointing out failures of his opponents have made, and his record is the assurance that he will be elected. He has no doubt that he is ambitious to be the Democratic nominee for president and there are few men in the United States who would gather about them a greater personal following. This country needs a president who is first of all scrupulously honest—a man who will not tolerate injustice, corruption or fraud. We may depend upon our senators and representatives to shape the legislation, but the first requisite in the executive department of the government is rigid, rugged, honesty."

Color Line in Indiana.  
Several days ago the patrons of the Evansville, Indiana, schools withdrew all their children from the school and when the matter was investigated it was learned that the parents believed a young girl named Mabel Smith was colored. The board of education protested and the trustee officer threatened to have the parents arrested for not sending their children to school, but this had no effect and the teachers sat a day after day without pupils. The board of education then appointed nine physicians to examine the girl and report as to whether she had any negro blood in her veins. Five of them said she had and four said she had not, and this left the matter in as bad shape as before. The board then entered upon an investigation itself and summoned Mrs. Wade, superintendent of the home for friendless children, at which institution Mabel lives. Mrs. Wade testified that she knew the parents of the child; that they were French descent and died several years ago, and that Mabel, though usually dark-skinned, had no negro blood in her veins. The patrons of the school had a committee present, and after Mrs. Wade testified they consented to let their children return to school.

Sued for Libel.  
A dispatch from Dillon says there is to be another chapter to the recent sensation over forged tax certificates in Marion county. Editor A. P. Jordan of the Dillon Herald, has been arrested, charged with malicious slander. The warrant was served Wednesday and it was proposed to hold a preliminary hearing on Thursday, but Mr. Jordan waived this and gave bond signed by five of the leading citizens of Dillon, for appearance at the circuit court.

The warrant charges malicious slander against Walter Stackhouse, P. B. Covington, H. R. Mullins and F. F. Covington. This is an outgrowth of the statement that Mr. Blue charged these gentlemen with falsifying in the matter of tax receipts for election purposes in the new county contest. There is very strong and bitter feeling over this matter, and as there is a great deal more in it than appears on the surface, it promises to be one of the biggest sensations in the history of Marion county.

Killed Seven.  
There was great excitement and confusion in the theatre at Malaga, Spain, Wednesday night, when a gentleman who was present suddenly went mad and drawing his revolver fired indiscriminately into the audience. Seven persons were killed. In a wild panic the audience sought to rush from the building and nine persons were knocked down and injured. The gang of madmen, who were in the theatre, and the police, and upon refusing to do so he was shot and killed.

A Peculiar Accident.  
The Florence Times says Ed Bryant, a Savannah negro who was hobnobbing with a white lady near Liberty, Oregon, Wednesday was taken and lynched on Thursday. Not a masked man was in the crowd and everything was done in broad day light. The fiend was in the hands of the town marshal, but the mob took him by force and shot him to death.

Death to Wolves.  
A special from Piggett, Ark., says arrangements have been made for a big wolf drive next Monday in which all the people will participate. The animals have exterminated all the hogs of the surrounding country and have decimated the poultry and have even invaded the suburbs of the towns.

Hard to Down.  
G. L. Walker, lately candidate for comptroller general, will be a candidate for clerk of the house of representatives. The present clerk is T. C. Hamer, who has served several terms.

THE BOXERS AGAIN.  
China is on the verge of another Boxer uprising which may equal that of 1900, according to mail advices received at the state department from Minister Conger, dated last month. The troubles appear to arise principally from extortionate taxation combined with resentment against the presence of missionaries.

Mr. Conger's first advice is dated Aug. 6 from Peking and he reports serious anti-foreign riots near Chen Tu in the province of Sze Chuan in which a number of native Christians had been massacred and chapels destroyed. Mr. Conger appeared to have acted with energy upon telegraphic complaints from Dr. Carrington, an American medical missionary at Cheng Tu, not only addressing the Chinese foreign office by letter but calling there in person to impress upon the officials the importance of an immediate and effective action and finally succeeded in causing the Chinese local officials to take steps to suppress the riots and preserve life and property.

Mr. Conger encloses with his report the communications that passed between himself, Dr. Carrington and the foreign office. Under date of June 20 from Chen Tu, Dr. Carrington telegraphed: "Sze Chuan repeating 1900. Chapel burned, 10 Christians killed. Boxers multiplying four months; officials taxed."

Mr. Conger immediately telegraphed Dr. Carrington to demand adequate protection for missionaries and the native Christians from the local officials. He also addressed a note to Prince Ching at the foreign office, stating that there were several American missionaries and many chapels and converts in Sze Chuan, and that it was necessary that immediate provision be taken to stamp out these troubles at their very inception.

In his answer Prince Ching enclosed a copy of an imperial edict saying: "Such fierce and lawless outbreaks are certainly to be quickly put down. They must on no account be allowed to spread. We command Kwel-Chun to strictly order the troops to disperse the rebels and their followers, to seize the ringleaders and to punish them according to the rigor of the law and so nip the rebellion in the bud."

Another dispatch from the foreign office to Mr. Conger, dated July 3, states that the victory reported that the missionary killed was a Chinese and that quite a number of leading Boxers had been captured and punished. A sharp lookout would be kept for those still at large.

Mr. Conger again had occasion to address the foreign office on July 30, informing them that Dr. Carrington had again reported that robberies and massacres were occurring daily; that all were in great danger and that he had demanded protection in vain. The minister urged the foreign office "to take more effective measures in order to avoid the fearful responsibility of a further loss of life and property."

The foreign office replied that several orders had been issued directing the victory to suppress the troubles.

A letter of later date from Minister Conger transmits two imperial edicts, ordering several changes among provincial officials as a result of the disturbances. The most important of the changes, Minister Conger states, is the removal of Kwel Chun as viceroy of Sze Chuan province because of his failure to suppress the recent serious disturbances in the territory under his jurisdiction.

He Dropped the Bomb.  
A special from Skagway, Alaska, says: About 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon an unknown young man fired a bomb at the Canadian Bank of Commerce on a revolver in one hand and a dynamite bomb in the other and demanded \$20,000 threatening to blow all into eternity. Cashier Pooley and Teller Wallace were the only two men in the bank. Wallace ducked to get his gun and ran quick to the back of the room, calling for Pooley to do the same.

"No, you don't," yelled the man, dropping the bomb.

The clerks had just gotten out of the window. The bank was wrecked. The robber's bomb was smashed and one arm was torn off. People living about the bank were blown into the air. J. G. Price, formerly prosecuting attorney, who was entering the bank at the time, was hurt but not seriously. The dynamite died without regaining consciousness. The bank lost about a thousand dollars, chiefly in gold dust, which was lying on the counter.

THE STATE FAIR.—The next big event in the State is the State Fair at Columbia. Take a day off and go to it. Also take Sally and the baby. It's not right to expect the "ole woman" to stay at home and keep house all the time and the man to have all the fun. The boys on the farm should be given a day now and then a little pocket change. Farm work becomes monotonous with young people, especially if they are never allowed any of the fruits of their labors. Consequently if you want to keep the boys on the farm it becomes necessary to give them a little encouragement.

COMPANIES TO BE INSPECTED.—The following item from the Columbia Record of Tuesday will doubtless be of interest to the members of the local military company: "The military companies all over the State will be inspected by the adjutant general and his assistant during the next few weeks. Colonel Frost leaves for Fort Motte this afternoon to inspect the company there. The other companies will be inspected as far as possible and those that have not obtained their supplies for the year will then be supplied."

A Sensible Man.  
F. C. West, of Spartanburg, who was due to run a third race for the house of representatives from that county, generously withdrew in favor of his opponent, who had lacked just three votes of landing on the second. He said that was near enough to show the will of the people, and he knew that they were tired of politics.

During a fight at Catlettsburg, Ky., Wednesday night Fred Marcum of Wayne county, West Virginia, struck John Davis with his fist, killing him almost instantly. Davis lived at Hampton, Ky. Marcum is in custody.

TO CAN GRUBBY CORN.—Cut and scrape the corn from the cob, fill glass fruit cans very full by pressing the corn into the can with a small potato masher, fit the rubber ring on very tight, then plunge the cans into the wash-boiler two-thirds full of cold water and boil steadily for two hours; tighten the covers and keep in a cool, dark place. Before placing the cans in the boiler, it is well to place a towel in the bottom of the boiler.

We are pleased to learn from the Charleston Post that Major J. C. Hemphill, editor of The News and Courier, who went North about two months ago on account of a severe illness, has returned home completely restored to health. The general Major is one of the most accomplished members of the South Carolina press.

TRIBE KILLS MAN WITCH.  
George Bruce, the Indian murderer who escaped from jail at San Bernardino, Cal., was recently killed in a horrible manner by members of his tribe because they fancied that he had "hoodooed" their water supply. Last spring Bruce murdered his seventeen-year-old sister-in-law, Victoria. He had paid so much attention to the girl as to make his wife jealous. She incited other Indian women to arouse superstitious fears of Bruce with tales that Victoria had cast an evil eye on him.

He was a Murderer and Had "Hoodooed" the Water Supply.  
They told him to kill the girl if he desired to save his own life. So he waylaid her, strangled her with wire rope and tossed her still living body into a grave. After his escape from jail he made his way to his tribe in Nevada. There he was received coldly and soon it was whispered that he was responsible for the failure of the irrigating water. Crops were dying, so it was decided that Bruce must die. The other day he was seized, his arms tied behind him and while the tribe gathered about he was started off on a run at the end of a rope held by a mounted Indian. Bruce kept up with the horse for some distance until he arrived at a clump of cedars, when the rider quickly circled about and he was dragged on his face through the patch and back to camp where the squaws beat him with switches. That night his body was placed on a huge funeral pyre and consumed while the Indians danced about it.

A Lover Suicides.  
The Augusta Chronicle says crazed by grief the result of a quarrel with his best girl, a West End young man went to his home Thursday night and Friday morning committed suicide. The young man made choice of the landrum route to get away from his troubles. His effort was successful, as he died despite the prompt medical treatment of several physicians. The young man's name was W. H. Matthews, the son of Mr. W. A. Matthews. He resided with his father at 505 Moore avenue Augusta. Friday morning, near noon he was found ill in his room. Dr. Story and Turner were called to the young man's bedside, and at once recognized that they had a case of poisoning from an overdose of some narcotic. He was found with more than a dozen pills in his stomach, and he admitted that he had taken an ounce vial of landrum. The physicians worked faithfully to overcome the effects of the drug, but were not successful, the young man dying at 3:30 Friday afternoon. It seems that the young man was despondent early in the morning and going to the Stothart pharmacy on Walton Way, purchased a vial of landrum. He reached home with it and at once retired to his room, where it is supposed he drank it. He was found by his mother later in the day. On Thursday night the young man escorted a young lady to the Plaza, to an entertainment. She was escorted home by another young man. It is believed that the two quarreled. Young Matthews is said to have been desperately in love with the young lady, and it is thought and believed he killed himself because of grief over the misunderstanding.

All Hands Drunk.  
The three-masted schooner Dora Matthews, of New York, bound from Newburyport to New York City, went ashore at 1 o'clock Thursday morning on Logwood bank of Chatham, and will be a total loss. The captain and crew of seven men were taken off in the breeches buoy. According to the statements of the crew who freely discussed the wreck after they had been rescued, the sailors had been using liquor since the time the schooner left Newburyport. All the seven men constituted the crew are negroes. The only white man on board was Capt. Bonzey. Although the crew were rescued from the ship shortly after she went ashore, Capt. Bonzey refused to leave his vessel at the time. He stated that he did not care to abandon her until he became assured that she would almost certainly be a total wreck.

Fined Five Dollars.  
A Greenville dispatch in the Columbia State says: It has been understood that Mr. H. H. Evans, of Newberry, would be indicted for assault and battery with intent to kill, in consequence of his attack upon Mr. J. C. Blackman, editor of the Daily News, which occurred in Greenville a month or two ago. Mr. Evans the afternoon appeared before Magistrate Green and was fined \$5.

Wants Free Silver.  
The Nevada Republican platform declares for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people, favors the largest use of silver as a money metal in all matters compatible with the best interests of our government, and pledges the nominee to Congress to exercise his best endeavors to secure the greatest possible use of silver. Bryanism must be making some headway among the Republicans of the West, and there are occasional signs of disloyalty to the standards of the East.

A Good Fortune.  
She has since her father's death supported herself and mother by her school-teaching in the little Texas town. A few months ago she went on a