Only Afternoon Paper Between Richmond and Atlanta With Leased Wire and Full Press Dispatches

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STORIES OUT OF SCHOOL

(By S. H. FARABEE.)

Mr. W. O. Scott laid aside his stick and left unfinished the half-page ad. that he was setting. Mr. Scott is a printer, justice of the peace, and politician. But since this story is not concerned with the political phase of Mr. Scott's life except insofar as it has bearing on his magisterial life, it will not be worth while to emphasize the political phase too much. Though if he hadn't been a politician, he wouldn't be a magistrate, and there wouldn't be a tale to tell. Mr. Scott is well known in Raleigh. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is a man in the whole city with so wide an acquaintance. One of Mr. Scott's acquaintances approached him the other day and asked him to perform the ceremony. Of course Mr. Scott agreed. He was to receive five dollars. The justice of the peace, however, had never learned the ceremony and he desired to repeat it without looking at it. That's why when one stepped back into the mechanical department of The Times office one could see Mr. Scott leaning upon his case, with open book in hand, and murmuring slowly to himself, "Will you take this man for your lawful husband?"For several days the magistrate went over the ritual and became thoroughly familiar with it. When Mr. Scott was ready to tie the knot, he read in the paper that the young couple had already married.

"I don't mind memorizing that business," said he afterwards, "and I don't mind missing that five dollars, but I do mind not having the privilege of kissing the bride. Yes, sir, she was a pretty girl and I would like to have kissed her."

Up to May 1 the oldest inhabitant could have told you of a time when it was just exactly like it is this spring. How well he remembered the date: It was just thirty-four years before his oldest boy John was born, and John was born in the spring shortly after the mild winter that gave everybody such bad colds. Your oldest inhabitant remembers things that happened a long time ago. He remembers the time when the snow, instead of falling white, fell red—red as blood—and the blackberry crop was almost destroyed by the frost. Up to May 1 the oldest inhabitant could have given you a parallel to this unusual spring. Up to June 1 he couldn't. His memory, he admits, runneth not so far back that he can recall a season that is similar to the one that is so fashionable just at this time.

Andrew ran from the press room up the steps to the city editor's office.

"Frisco, my dog, is dead,' he announced. "I want you to write about her."

"Do you desire a simple obituary or a eulogy?" the cub reporter asked him.

"It don't make any difference, but write your best."

Andrew was sincere about the matter. He loved Frisco. For ten days he had nursed the little common pug dog in the hope that it would get well. Frisco got fastened between two walls one night and couldn't crawl out. Then, a week later, Frisco died. Andrew is the janitor of The Times building, and Frisco was his pet. That's all there is to the matter to all but Andrew. To him there is far more.

In a way one can sympathize with Andrew in the loss of his pug. A dog is such a devoted creature. Even Frisco thought more of Andrew than she did of anybody else. He might cuff her, but she would lick his hand; he might keep her hungry, but she would follow him. To her Andrew was a king.

To your dog it makes no difference how the world knocks you. When you approach, you will be greeted with the same cordiality. He will pay you the same homage that he would a prince—and there is nothing else in this world that will do it. Every man that owns a dog is a hero. Even Andrew was a hero.

The great train trembled into the station shed. A man with a lantern dropped from a car and crawled beneath. A banging sound issued from under the car, air escaped with a hiss, a lantern described circles, and six coaches went clattering down the track. A bell jangled, the conductor cried "Board," the big engine groaned and panted, and the train disappeared in the night.

One of the pleasantest experiences that one can have while waiting for his train is for an old man, with just a little hay-seed in his hair, to timidly approach and enquire, 'Be you from the west?" In any city in North Carolina this is likely to happen. You are also asked what kind of business "might you be in." And then and there you start up a conversation that whiles away many an otherwise tedious hour, and besideselicits a deal of interesting lore. Rufus Smith, your new acquaintance, lives at High Point, and is not at all backward in parting with the entire history of the community. Rufus invariably has to wait longer on his train than you do on yours. Somehow he has missed connection by three-quarters of an hour and is compelled to camp for several hours. But everybody has met Rufus in every city and town in North Carolina, and everybody likes him.

If you were to meet Rufus in Washington, or New York, you would be rather wary of him. Were you to become friendly with him up there, you might be sending a telegram collect to somebody down in the Tar Heel state—you might want enough money to buy a ticket home. But here in Tarheelia you are not afraid of any bunco game; you know that Rufus is a good citizen and you delight in his society.

"You may state in your paper," said

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This picture is from a photograph taken in the court-room at Boise, Idaho, showing W. D. Haywood, the official of the Western Miner's Federation, now on trial for his life for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, and his two daughters. The younger girl, sitting on her father's knee, is Henrietta, and the older is Miss Vernie.

THE CONVICT

(By Carl Muusman.)

It was noon. The dark, gray walls of the old penitentiary were baking in the rays of the burning sun, which fell like searchlights through the little windows into the narrow cells within.

The inside walls, like the outside ones, were cheerless and gray, with nothing to relieve the monotony of their blinds but printed copies of the prison regulations, which consisted only of the things prisoners were not allowed to do.

The work went slowly, and the longing for the outside world, the blue sky and the green fields grew in the hearts of many of the hapless beings behind lock and bars. Nobody felt less working than the giant prisoner in the second tier of cells, who was feared of the wardens and his fellow prisoners because of his enormous strength and violent temper. Just now he was trying to make a baskekt, but time and again his hands dropped down into his lap and he listened to the regular knockings on the water pipes, which, like the wireless telegraphy, carried messages from cell to cell.

A smile spread over the face of the giant when he succeeded in putting the letters together to words and the words to sentences. Suddenly the smile disappeared, and in its place came a hard almost ferocious expression.

Steps were heard outside in the hall. It was the turnkey. The convict saw him, so to speak, with his ears, coming down the long hall, broad shouldered, well nourished and self-satisfied, carrying his bunch of keys in his hand.

What could he want there this time of the day, when it was the rule never to disturb the convicts? The giant was literally foaming with fury. Was he to be punished once more for some petty violation of the rules? The keepers always knew how to find fault in those they did not like. Nearer and nearer came the steps, and now they stopped outside the door. A thought shot like lightening through the convict's brain. The turnkey was alone. Undoubtedly there was not even a guard in the hall during the quiet noon hour. Behind the loose brick in the wall was a sharp piece of iron, which he had sharpened during the long months he had been confined to the cell.

Outside the sun was shining, the birds were singing and the woods were green. A key turned in the door. The turnkey came in, but in the same moment he fell to the ground as if struck down by lightening. With terrible force the giant had buried the sharp instrument in his temple.

The convict did not even look at his victim. With staring eyes he sneaked down the hall. Every moment he stopped, listened and looked around.

He felt nothing but a great joy at the success of his deed. Now the road to freedom was open, the prison door was open, there was no guard outside.

The giant had now reached the yard. It was as if Heaven itself had decided that he should be a free man. Near the wall stood a chopping block and a ladder. He placed the ladder on top of the block, vaulted over the wall and let himself fall down on the outside.

For a moment he laid there absolutely quiet without moving hand or foot. Had he broken a limb in the fall?

No, he felt plainly that he was unhurt, and he had only one thought—to get away.

He jumped to his feet and ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him across fields, over hedges and fences, until he reached the woods, panting and exhausted.

Completely tired out, he threw himself down in the grass under a shady beech tree, and, half asleep, looked through the green foliage at the blue sky and the white clouds beyond.

A sinner to whom the gates of heaven had opened could feel no happier than he did.

But only a short hour was given him to enjoy his liberty.

Suddenly he heard a noise of many voices, footsteps and excited signals. He Hjumped to his feet, picked up a heavy branch lying close to him in the grass, and, brandishing it around his head, he disappeared as a deer in the woods.

Too many men were following him, however. Five minutes later the giant lay bound and gagged on the ground, with a rifle bullet in his leg.

He was carried back to the penitentiary in triumph.

The inspector stood in his office behind the rail and looked at him sternly.

The convict, who was now chained hand and foot, cast down his eyes and seemed absolutely broken. He mumbled something to himself, which sounded like an excuse: "Why did he come?"

A shadow of sincere sorrow came into the inspector's face as he answered in an almost inaudible voice: "I sent him to bring you here that I might inform you that you had been pardoned."

Then the murderer was led back to his cell.

Safeblower Arrested.

(By Leased Wire to The Times.)

Augusta, Ga., June .—Will Simmons of Albany, N. Y., supposed to be one of a gang of yeggmen who some weeks ago blew up three large safes at Oliver, Ga., and got away with a considerable sum of money, has been arrested and is in jail in Savannah. He will be carried to Oliver tonight or tomorrow.

Women "Newspaper-Men."

(By Leased Wire to The Times.)

Norfolk, Va., June .—The Women's National Press Association was welcomed to the Jamestown Exposition by President Tucker for the exposition and by Silas Snyder, chief of the exposition press bureau, and response was made by Mrs. Ellen M. Cromwell, president of the association.

Mrs. James E. Gilber, of Washington, D. C., delivered the invocation.

Out of 212,000 women in Australia qualified to vote, 174 exercise the right of franchise.

Twenty minutes of rain in a year is sometimes all that Southern Egypt gets, and there is no dew in that country.

This is a photograph of Mrs. Jasper Lynch, a Lakewood Society leader, who has begun a crusade against fox hunting. Below is a picture of the Lynch house at Lakewood.

"BLIND"

By WALTER F. JACKSON.

"I am blind, Lena. Come to me."

The words of that message kept humming through her brain. At times she repeated them to herself with voiceless movement of her lips. At other times she ran over them backward, counting the letters in each word, and wondering drearily why she felt compelled to do so. Again she found herself questioning whether there was any real meaning in those sound symbols after all. In truth, she was dazed. After the first flash of comprehension, when her racing thoughts had impelled her to instant action, her mind had become blurred. She could no longer realize fully the fact the words were intended to convey.

An hour ago the rollicking music of her banjo had been ringing through her Uncle Bentley's home. She was playing, and her little cousins, Nan and Dora, were dancing. The bare, polished floor beneath their flying feet was bright with the reflection of orange flames spurting from a huge bubbling pine-knot, off which the turpentine fell in blazing drops in the deep stone fireplace. At one side of the hearth, long-stemmed clay pipe in mouth, sat her uncle, mustached and goateed, his long, leatherly Napoleon III. face lit with a smile of placid enjoyment. His wife, the children's mother, white-haired, buxom, rosy as some blooming maid, lamp in hand, was just entering the room from the kitchen.

Lizzie stood in the centre of the room, with one foot on the rung of a chair and the banjo resting lightly upon her knee. The young romps capering around her had pulled down her long, thick, half-curling black hair until it rolled in a softly lustrous flood over shoulders, back and bosom, and had encircled her brow with a wreath of red oleander sprays. Imagine the picture she must have presented to the young horseman pounding up the firelit doorway under the mosses that fell floating out of the depths on depths of water-oak foliage above.

"That's Lonely After," said Mrs. Bentley, catching sight of his approaching figure under the trees.

Tunka, tunka, tunk! B-r-r-r-rp! B-r-r-r-rp! rang the banjo, flinging out the headlong, jubilant passion of "My Black-eyed Daisy" in a fiery spray of music that set the blood to dancing and made the rafters ring.

"Hooray!" squealed Nan, throwing up her freckled little star of a face and spinning around on her toes. "Oh, ain't this jolly! My! I believe I c'd keep it up all ni-ight."

"So c'd I," laughed Dora, cutting quaint didoes as she whirled; and her high young treble suddenly took up the refrain of the song, asserting with panting vehemence that if she couldn't git that black-eyed gal she sho'ly would go crazy, she sho'ly would go crazy; yeh, if she couldn't git that black-eyed gal, she sho'ly would go crazy.

"Letter fuh Miss Lizzie," interrupted a nasal drawl at the door.

B-r-r-r-rp! And then quick silence. Lizzie had dropped one hand across the strings near the bridge, and was looking with large, questioning eyes at the long, sallow, solemn visage bending down over the horse's neck in the doorway.

"For me?" She went forward a step. Nan wrinkled her little nose disgustedly, and Dora vented her disappointment in an explosive "Aw, shucks!" Lizzie herself was pale as with sudden fear. "Did you say the letter was for me, Lonely?"

"Yeher." He bent from the saddle, holding out an envelope. "Reckon hit's fum yo' sistuh," he said. "Writin' looks lak hern."

"It is," said the girl. The hand in which she held the letter was now trembling visibly. "I wonder," she added, and stopped, a deep glow mounting to her cheeks, and as quickly fading. "Thank you, Lonely," she said as she turned away.

Lonely After smiled a solemn acknowledgement. It may be remarked in passing that he wore his whimsical name as a badge of his father's mourning. He had made his appearance on this planet a year after the death of his parents' first born, and his sire had perpetuated the memory of a lonely hearthstone in thus naming this second boy. And therein the old man proved himself something of a seer. If he had searched the wide world over for a name that would fit his boy as the latter developed from youth into manhood, he would never have found one more suitable to Lonely After's appearance.

As he rode away from the door, he looked back with hungry, melancholy eyes, and saw Lizzie approach the fire. The soft thump, thump of retreating hoofs was yet sounding in the room when she turned on the hearth with her back to the blaze and tore open the letter.

"Wait, Lizzie. Lemme light the lamp again," said her aunt, rising.

"No, don't, please. I can see well enough right here," said the girl's low voice.

That fact was patent. It was only that Mrs. Bentley's sympathies were aroused, and she felt the need of doing or saying something. She knew Lena Herbert, the writer of that letter, better far than Lizzie herself knew her, and she had long since guessed a sad secret that Lizzie believed hidden in her heart belond the reach of all human ken. Mrs. Herbert's rather infrequent letters therefore always aroused in Mrs. Bentley a feeling of passionate resentment toward the woman who wrote them and of compassion for Lizzie, whom they ever seemed to stab with poignant pain.

Nan and Dora cuddled down in a great split-bottomed rocker beside their mother, and with arms around each other's waists, began swinging violently to and fro. Mr. Bentley lifted his face to blow a cloud of white smoke toward the ceiling and to ask with his placid smile:

"What's she say, Lizzie? All wal?"

"Sir," gasped the girl.

Her aunt sprang up and ran to her. "Honey, you look pure sick. You're as white as the wall. Here, set down, child—do, befo' you drop in a faint."

"Faint? Me?" Lizzie broke into a weak, wild laugh. "Why, I never fainted in my life, aunt." She gave the elder woman a swift, fond hug, then tpurned to uncle. "At what time does the train—the south-bound, I mean—pass Waccamaw, Uncle Will?"

"Less see. Ten-thirty, aint it? Yas, thass ri-ight. But what wakes you ask, Lizzie? Whass to pay, little gal?"

"I want to catch it—I MUST. You'll let me have a horse, won't you? Lena, needs me—she—"

Her voice died. She crushed the letter into a ball in her shaking hand and thrust it into her bosom. With feverish haste, she caught up her flowing black hair, and began wreathing it around her head in heavy, lustrous coils.

Mr. Bentley got upon his feet. "Is she sick," he asked, and without waiting for a reply, went to the door to send out a ringing call for Lonely After. "I say, Lizzie," he added, looking back over his shoulder, "got any money? You'll need some, child."

"Thank you, uncle, yes. I was afraid but Uncle Josh and Polly; so I brought but "Uncle Josh and Polly; so I brought all I had in the house—something over thirty dollars. I shan't need half that

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This is the Duchess of Manchester and son, who with her husband, the Duke, and her father, Eugene Zimmerman, the Duchess sailed for England, on the Celtic. The Manchesters were with Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Smith, in Japan, when he died, and they accompanied his widow to this country.