THREE ETON BOYS.

BY W. E. NORT.TO.

Lord Stames started up, overturning his chair. A rush of blood made his checks crimson for a moment, and then obbed slowly away, leaving them of a chalky wittenss. For a full minute he uttered never a word; then he advanced slowly to-ward me from behind the table, trembling a good deni. "Maynard, my dear fellow," said he, quite quietly, "it is not possible that you can be telling the truth. Some-body has played a foolish hoar upon you."

And when I shook my head, "My good And when I shock my head, "My good sit," he went on, with mather more impa-tience, "I tell you that the thing is im-possible! You will allow me to know something about my own son, I suppose. Brackneil is what you please-1 never called him perfect, God knowsi--but at least he is a man of honor. 'You don't seem to take in that no honorable man could act in the way that you describe." "It is not altogether unprecedented," I ventured to observe.

"It is not altogether unprecedented," I ventured to observe. "I don't care whether it's unprece-dented or not; Bracknell never did is. If he had been determined to marry this-this lady, he would have defied me and deme it in the light of day like a man, knowing very well what the consequences would be. But as for slinking off with her on the sig and betraying the confi-dence of his friend-pool don't tell mel if you brought the whole parish to swear to it, I wouldn't believe it."

I suppose he was really less incredulous than he professed to be, poor old follow, for presently he added: "And pray, where did you get this precious piece of informa-

And then I told him the whole story. And then I told him the whole story, It was one of the most unplexant things that I have ever had to do in my life, and when I had said my say I wanted to go away and leave him; but he held me back, gripping my arm tightly. So far he had latenel to me quietly enough, scarcely in-terrupting me, and only once or twice muttering under his breath a word or two which I could not each but word or two

terroping me, and only once or twice muttering under his breach a word or two which I could not eatch, but now on a sudden his anger barst forth in a storm of disjointed, incohesent sentences. "I'll never see his face again—never! Yon may tell him so from me. He has chosen to take his own way, and by the Lord he shall have it! Not another penny shall be have. I'll stop his allowance, too—and his debts, which I have paid again and again, by Géorge, without so much as grumbing—a fool and his money—but he'll find that I'm not quite the fool he takes use for. Darm it all, sir! did you oome up here with the iden that you were going to tak me orer? You have got up this scheme among you—you and that gir? and old Turner, a man who owes everything to me and thinks he can play me such a trick with impunity. But I'll very soon let him see his mistake. He shall resign the living, as sure as I stand here?"

Shah resign has riving, as sure as 1 stands, "I there?" "I think you forget, Lord Staines," I interrupted, "that I at least, can have had no conceivable object in furthering Hida's schemes. If I had known anything about them, or had had any power over them, I should have done my best to put a stop to them for poor Jim Leigh's sake." "Yes, res.—I know," he answered, with a complete change of tone. "I beg your pardon, Maynard; don't mind what I sa about rom. I didn't mean it. I mean what I asy about Bracknell, though-I'll never peak to him again. On, Harry, that bey has broken my heart! He knew it was essential that he should marry morey-and then to run himself for the sake of such a girl as that. You needn't ply such a girl as that. You needn't pity Jim Leigh; he's well rid of a tod bar-

Jim Leigh; he's well rid of a tad bar-gain." Very likely he was, but unfortunately there was no likelihood at all that he would take that view of the matter. I was beginning to say as much, but the words died away upon my lips; for at this moment the door was thrown open and jim himself strede into the roam. As soon as i saw his face I perceived that one one had been beforehand with now, and that there was no longer any occasion for me to consider in what words he might best to informed of Hilds's flight. He glanged rapidly at each of us in turn. "It's true, then?" he exclaimed. Lord States wheeled round upon him with an odd access of fury. "True'-res

Lord States wheeled round upon him with an odd access of fury, "True-yes, it's true enough. Why the devil shouldn't it be true? Did you nake the mistake of supposing that my son was an honorable man? Why, what a simpleton you must be! I_-!'____ He stopped abruptly, stared at us for an instant with fixed glaring eyes, and then, waying forward, would have fallen on his face if Jim had not caught him. Between us we lifted himon to the sofn, and then the servants were called, and poor little Lady Mildred had to be sent ior. I told her in as few words as possible what was the cause of her father's seizure, thinking it best that she should know the truth; and, so far as I could judge, she was not very greatly supprised. She truth; and, so far as I could judge, she was not very greatly surprised. She kept her presence of mind admirably, dis-justing no agitation and doing what little could be done until the doctor same. Latter in the day a great. Loodon man was telegraphied for; but our local practi-tioner confided to me that he would not have considered this step necessary in the case of a patient of less exalted rank. "Will he die, then?" I asked. "Will no," answered the doctor; "not this time. But he will never be the same again. I have told Lady Midred that she may exercise her own judgment about telegraphing to Lord Bracknell, but that in my opinion he should not be allowed to see his father."

to an

peopled by a set of raseals and Hars."
T said the world was had enough, but that Thiad not brought quite so sweeping a charge as that against it.
"Ob Fibourity you had. One thing I how's I will never trust man or woman again as langues Fiber. But is won't bear taking about and after ci, what's the nood of taking? Goodby, 12 mg?"
Te turned and wakked, way a few acces, then coidenly fac about and came back to me. "Some day or other we shall meet again, if I five,' he suid; "but when that will be I can't tell. Don't forget me, ald chap. 'I' write to you when I can."

I cm." Anid so we parted. I confess that I did not take his words quite literally, and fully expected that he would be over at our house on the following day. But I was disappointed. He left England, just as he had said that he would do; Eimhurst was shut up; its owner was lost sight of, if not absolutely forgotten, by his many friends, and it was years before I saw his honest, kindly ince again.

CHAPTER VIL

CHAPTER VIL The hero of this nurrative is, of course, Jim Leigh. It is true that Jim is not and never has been a particularly heroic personage; still, so far as heroic writers and readers are concerned, he stands, for the time being in that proud position, and must abile by the consequences of it. One of these is necessarily the occurrence of a considerable hiatus in the record of his career: for what is an unfortunals of a considerable hiatus in the record of his career; for what is an unfortunate writer to do when his hero disappears into the interior of Abyssinia, or the least frequented provinces of India, and will give no account of himself for months to-gether? If I only knew something of the circumstances under which, during all those years, Jim slanghtered Bons, tigers and elsehants and bears in the harry those years, Jim sianghtered lions, tigers and elephants and bears in the happy hunting grounds of three continents, I should doubtless have many a thrilling adventure to chronicle, but I could never get anything but the most baid and meager recital of his performances out of him, nor do I dare to draw upon my im-agination, for my own sporting experi-ences do not extend beyond the shooting of partriless and pheasants, and even of partridges and pheasants, and even those I am very apt to miss when flurried.

The second secon

man who has quitted his native land in a state of bitter discussmant and misan-thropy, and who at the end of six years ought surely to be much better or much worse than when he started. Jim never alluded to his misfortunes, nor made any inquiry as to the faite of these who had caused them. I gener-ously gave him a few items of intelli-gence without having been asked; but he did not refer to them in his remise, and in did not refer to them in his replies, and in did not refer to them in his replice, and in like manners he ignored my representa-tions that owners of landed property ought not to be absentees for an indefinite period. Once or twice he space vaguely of coming home, but something always occurred to make him postpone his re-turn, until, as I have said, he had been wandering about the world for no less than six concentive vars.

than six consecutive years. Now it came to pass that one hot after-noon in the height of the London senson I had returned to my clambers, physically and mentally exhausted, after an intel-lectual lunch-con party, and was saying to myself—with very great truth and justice —that of all forms of social eruely luncheon parties are the most wantonly malignant, when a lond rat-rat, as from a heavy stick, made me glunce at the door, through which, after an instant of delay, there strode into my presence a tail, broad shouldered, brouged individual, who had Jim Leigh's cyss and nose, surmount-ing a black mustache and beard cutrely unknown to ms. The nose, however, was than six consecutive years. Now it came to pass that one hot aftering a black mustache and beard cuttrely unknows to use. The noes, however, was enough to swear by; and I don't know when in the course of my life I have been more delighted to behold a familiar and prominent feature. I welcomed him with a warmith which I hope was as agreeable to him as it was shorer on my part, and he smilled all over his face, quite like the Jim of old; so that I freely forgave him his beard. "And now that you have come back at

"And now that you have come back at hast, you mean to stay at home, like a re-spectable English country geuteman, I trust," said I, after I had made him com-fortable with an arm chair and a cigar and something cold to drink. "Well-I suppose so," he answered, with a shade of hesitation. "To tell you

with a shade of hesitation. "To tell you the truth. Pm utterly suck and tired of foreign lands, and I should like nothing better than to settle down at Elmhurst for the rest of my days." "What should prevent you from doing as you'like! You can't mean that you haven't got over the trouble that drove you away sptt" said 1, for 1 thought we had better come to the point at once. "I believe I have got over it, I don't know for certain," he answered slowly. "Bot I about yourself." So I told him all about myself, and his elservations upon my litepary achieve-ments were flattering and discriminating, though I think he was a little bit nervous

do they manega to pay liker way? They are said to as i on together rather indiffer-ently. On the other hand, they have got on in sector with an access which leaves have Brackmell has climited to the very top of the transmitting of a strateging of the sector with an access which leaves and present the sector of the sector of the sector of the sector of the sec-and present of the sector of the sec-and present of the sector of the sec-or of the sector sector of the sector gize

gize." "I don't want to hear about her," said Jim. He added presently: "I suppose you sometimes see Bracknell, don't you?" I replied that I did. As a matter of fact, I had latterly been a good deal in Willow place because I am credited with a certain facility for drilling amateur ac-tors, and Lady Bracknell had found me useful in heiting her a grance the place

tors, and Lody Sracknell had found me useful in helving her to arrange the plays with which she was wont to entertain dis-tinguished audiences from time to time. "I wonder," said Jain, "whether he ever feels sorry for having treated me as he did. We used to be friends, you know, and—and I don't think he can quite have realized what an injury he was doing me."

Include and the term of the second second

what they are worth, and that, although it may be right to parton a man who has shamefully decretvel you, it is extremely foolish to put faith in him again, when I was interrupted by the entraities of a sec-ond visitor, and who should this prove to be but Bracknell himself! It was an odd coincidence that brought him to my combers on that afteration of all others; for he had never so far bonored me before; but he had revidently not come with any idea of meeting Jim, whom he

me before, but he had evidently not come with any ide, of meeting Jim, whom he gianced at with an impatient frown and did not recognize. Jim was certainly al-tered, but Bracknell was perhaps even more so. It he had but his good hocks to a great extent and carried more superflu-ous flesh than he was entitled to at his are. His constitution was a fine one.

prometation and carried more supermi-ous field than he was entitled to at his age. His constitution was a fine one, but I believe be mixed his liquers in an appalling manner, and one can't sit up all might and every night, playing earls, without exhibiting traces of fatigue. Jun stared at him in a sort of conster-nation; no doubt the change in his for-mer friend was more apparent to him than it was to me. As he drid not see fit to de-clare haves. It he duty of making him known devolved upon me, and I watched with some I, arest the demeanor of the two men who were thus unexpetchelly brought face to face once more. Jim got up slowly, looking very grave, and said, "How do you do, Bracknell" But Brack-nell burst in > a laugh and seized his old school fellow by the hand. "Jim Lé, h, as I'm a living sinner!"

school fellow by the hand. "Jim Le, h, as I'm a living sinner." he exclaime. "Dear old Jim! Where on earth ha e you been concealing your-self for the last hundred years' Didn't somebody tell me you were going in for big game in central Africa or somewhere? I wish I had been going with you! Let me know when you start off again, and J'll see if l eart get out of this for a few months. By Jove! what a relief it would be?"

LADY OF THE CLICKER.

Daily Ranial and Hedged Up Dignity of the Woman Who Telegraphs.

the Woman Who retegraphs. It occurred to a citizen the other day on approaching the fair telegrapher in an aptown hotel that a woman in such a place must often have her temper and her fortitude taxed by thoughtless mem-

ber of the opposite sx. The young woman in question was possessed of a personal makeup that would attract attention in a crowd, yet through all the rush of business and hurry of work the never once seemed con-scious of herself. Men came and went, their messages were received, the words picked off by the lead pencil measurer, the charges announced, and her seat re-sumed without, as Francis Wilson has it, her "moving a muscle or wincing wince.

To the inquirer after facts she turned To the inquirer after facts are turned, and for the first time raised her eyelids, that disclosed a pair of sharp, honest, blue gray eyes, full of business, yet ang-gestive of a happy, laughing tempera-ment, if you only knew her outside her

"Oh, no," she said, "we are too busy for idlers, and always of necessity too deeply interested in our work to allow

deeply interested in our work to know us to pass the 'conversation lozenge.' "There are those who fancy we are here only to look pretty and impress the gentleman guest with the idea that he has delayed for a whole week to send a telegram of utmost importance.

"This is not the case, however, and the man most likely to forget himse'f and bother us is not the fellow who spends a quarter for an unnecessary telegram as an opener to conversation. We gram as an opener to conversation. We see him, of course, occasionally, but his business generally amounts to inquiry as to the location of the perfectly visible hotel desk or of the nearest postoffice or letter box. We make short work of him, and in a discreet way can force the blush on him that sets him on his gentlemanly feet again. "Others there are, and thank goodne

they form the great majority that rules. they form the great majority that rules, whose business is transacted promptly, politely and with an evident sense of the fact that they are dealing with a lady. These persons it is a pleasure to serve, for there is no superfluous dialogue or attempt at jesting, or suggestion of any thing but the perfect gentleman.

thing out the perfect gentleman. "A boor gets loose at us once in a while, to be sure, but we manage him on the plan of the quiet answer that turneth away wrath." He's apt to be old and gouty, and to find fault with us for that his 'd'arter hash't tellygraffed' him since his arrival. On a suggestion to such a one that perhaps his worthy girl at home has not been informed of his stopping place in the metropolis, he is frequently awakened to his own sense of carelessness, and then rises the smile that shows the good beart underneath,

and all is screen again. "Yes, we work constantly, and we must work well, for oftentimes much depends on the correctness of our trans-mission; but we have no cranky overseer, we are well paid for young wom-en, and our trials are fewer and not so spirit rending as those that fall to the lot of the saleswoman."-New York Herald.

The Yosemite Valley.

For overy hundred persons living west of the Mississippi river who have seen St. Peter's at Rome hardly ten, I think it may be safely said, have visited the Yosemite. Two small hotels in the valley are ample for all who may at any one time seek accommodations, and or an average two conches a day during the season will carry all who sock convey-ance to that place of grandeur. One thing is certain, the foreigner "doing" the United States seldom omits the Yosemite; yet many an American tourist traveling in California leaves the coast traveling in California leaves the coast in ignorance of the wonders and beauties of the famous region. On a beautiful Sunday in May, out of sixty-five guests at the Stoneman house over forty-five were foreigners, most of them on a trip around the world; and that proportion is not unnaual during the season. To the foreign tourist the Yosefailte ranks with Niagara, and from those who have the wonders of nature on every continent the verdict seems to be that the Yosemite stands pre-eminent-the greatest of all. --New England Magazine.

Portraits of Christ.

There is no portrait of Christ which can be pronounced authentic. The Jews were forbidden by their law to make likenesses, and so art, as we understand the word, scarcedy had among them an existence. There are, however, two por-traits which have the merit of extreme antiquity, and were both probably made at some time in the First century. The one is cut on an emerald, the work pur The one is cut on an emergial, the work pur-porting to have been done by command of the Emperor Tiberius. The jewel was preserved in the trensury of Constanti-nople, but in some way fell into the hands of the Turks before that city was taken by them, and about 1483 was given by the sultan to Pope Innocent VIII as a ransom for the sultan's bro-ther. ther

The other portrait is on a fine brass medal discovered in Anglesea, Wales, in the year 1702. The workmanship is that of the First century, and a Hebrew inscription on the reverse declares the porscription on the reverse declares the por-trait to be that of the prophet Jesus. The two portraits bear a close resem-blance, but it is allogether probable that both are ideal, and that each followed the description of Christ given in the well known but not well anthenticated letter of Publius Leutulus. The napkin portrait called St. Veronica's is much more modern, and is probably a copy of the emerald likeness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Rare Case.

I found Capt. Miller, of the navy yard, wreathed in smiles when I saw him in his office at the Lyceum.

him in his office at the Lyceum. "I have just had an amusing experi-ence," be remarked. "I am accustomed to being run down by politicians who want places for their proteges and by place seekers themselves. But today, for the first time in my life, I have been waited on by a man who wished to notiwaited on by a man who wished to noti-fy me that he had given up his job. He is from the Sixth Assembly district, New York, and was employed in the con

Fork, and was employed in the con-struction department at \$2.50 a day. He was appointed about three months ago. "In tendering his resignation he said he could do better in private employhe could do better in private employ-ment at \$1.25 than as a government workman at twice that amount. What with political assessments, entertaining his party friends, purchase of tickets of one kind and another, and other pulls on his purse, he found little of his wages left for family expenses. It of course, ac-cepted his resignation, at the same time jocularly informing him that he ought to be exhibited in a dime museum."—New York Star. York Star.

Strange Lapse of Memory. Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priest-ley was preparing his work entitled "Harley was preparing his work entitled "Har-mony of the Gospels," he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion rela-tive to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and had the paper away. His attention and time being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject oc-curred to the mind acting. Than the same curred to his mind again. Then the same time and pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid asids. So completely had he forgotten that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before, that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.—Boston Herald.

Texas Again to the Fore

The Uvalde Reflector says that a party out hunting in that county had along a out multility in that county into along a liver colored setter dog, which found a studie of the rattler species, and that the snake swallowed the dog. The hunters killed the snake with a Gauling gun, cut Rified the snake with a training gun, cut him open with a butcher's cleaver, and that the dog jumped out all right, except losing his bark; that the snake was two feet thick and thirty-six feet long, and had ninety-two ratiles and a button, and and matery two rathes and a outfor, and the editor says it sounds a little improb-able, and it may be. But out on the San Antonio river, in 1853, Col. Rip Ford, Bill Pitts and others killed a rat-ter with the same for the start and a same tler with an acre of burnt woods and four live Indians in it, and no one then thought it improbable-New Birmingham (Tex.) Times.

A Rheamatic Superstition

by the measuring worm, the idea being suggested in the latter case by the man ner in which the measuring worm arches his body in walking, which is supposed to be like the contortions of a rher intie patient. On no account must the patie eat a squirrel or touch a cat, since the manner in which these creatures arch the back indicates an affinity with the disease. Nor must he cat the legs of any animal, since, as every one knows, the limbs are most frequently affected with rheumatism, and by eating the legs of an animal the "disease spirit" residing there might be taken in.—Youth's Companion

see his father." Jim and I left the house together. We

had hardly exchanged a word as yet, and I did not like to begin; so that we walked in silence as far as the park gates, where our paths diverged; and there he came to a halt.

"Goodby, Harry," said he; "I'm going away to morrow." "The best thing you can do," I an-

"Is it! I don't know. Anyhow, I can't "Is it! I don't know. Anyhow, I can't stay here. I shall go to India, or Austra-lia, or somowhere—it doem't much mat-ter. Harry, you are right; this world is

though I think he was a little bit nervous last I should ask him whether he had read

That I should ask him whether he had read try works. Then he went on to speak of friends of former years.
 "Poor old Lord Stathes is still allye, I here, "is a still allye, "I replied, "and not hey to be still allye," I replied, "and not hey to be a still ally and they to be a still ally a s

It was so evident that he had completely forgotten the triffing circumstance of his having once robbed Jim of a wife that I was shaken by internal laughter. and had to turn away to conceal my emo tion; but Jim, I dare say, saw nothing to laugh at in such callousn

ange at in such callousness: "I don't the h I am likely to be making any more expeditions of the kind set awhile," he answered colling, "I have stayed away from England too long as it is."

'Have you!'' said Bracknell, whose attention was already beginning to wander.

"Well, I don't know; England's a beastly

"Weak, I don't know! Lagrant & a desatip rountry to live in, unless one has about £30,609 a year, clear. You don't mind my smoking, do you, Maynard!" I said I did not; and he added, Jowering his voice slightly, "I want just to have a word or two with you presently, if you're not how?"

word or two with you presently, if you're not busy." Jim took this rather broad hint and put on his hat. After I had ascertained his nddress and had arranged a meeting with him for the following day, he turned to g+; but Bracknell, starting out of a fit of abatraction, easight him soddenly by the allow with renewed cordiality. "Going to stay in London for a hit" he asked. "You must look us up in Wilton place old chap. You know my wife"

ITO BE CONTINUED

The Wandering Jew. Calmet's "History of the Bible" has this to say of the Wandering Jew: He was the porter of Pontius Pilate, and was called Calaphilus. When the mob was dragging Jesus to the judgment ball Calaphilus struck bin saving: "(fo hall Calaphilus struck him, saying: "Go faster, Jesus! Go faster. Why dost thou linger!" Jesus replied, "I am in dost deed going; but thou shalt tarry till 1 come." Soon this man was converted and took the name of Joseph. He is supposed to live forever, but every 100 years he falls into a trance, upon awak ening from which he finds himself at the age as when the Saviour said these s to him. The Wandering Jew is words to him. grave and stern, is never seen to smile, and perfectly remembers the death and resurrection of Christ. No place is his home for more than a few hours, and thus does he fulfill his title of "Wander hours, and ing Jew."-Detroit Free Press.

All Ills Fancy Painted.

Judge (to colored prisoner, charged with stealing poultry)--What is your business? Prisoner-1 am a chicken fancier,

your 'mnah

Judge -Solfancy-sixty days.-Texas Siftings.

One Way of Revenge There is a gentleman in the Anstralian house of representatives renowned for incluive sarcism who takes out his nr book and quictly hut obviously aket a political opponent whom his ob-tions have infuriated; and these faces, readily recognized, som their way into the illustrated sconer or later-a method does not turn away w error frequently to new serves frequently to rep-and visible manifestati