

THREE ETON BOYS.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

It was about this time that I received a letter from home, informing me that "good Mr. Turner" was about to pay a visit to the metropolis; and closely following upon the heels of this announcement came good Mr. Turner himself to call upon me, it being very evident that he had been commissioned to inspect and report upon my humble abode by my mother, who has an ineradicable conviction that, when absent from her, I never attempt to make myself comfortable. Mr. Turner, urbane and patronizing as of old, dropped in while I was sitting over a late breakfast and was kind enough to join me in that repast. He remarked that he had given him nothing but eggs at his hotel, and eggs he was unable so much as to look at, owing to chronic derangement of the liver.

"I am staying at a hotel," he went on to say. "Dear Hilda thought it best that I should not go to her. She has reasons, you understand—good and sufficient reasons."

I said I was quite sure of that, and indeed the reasons in question did not strike me as being of a recordable character.

But Mr. Turner thought it necessary to give his version of them. "Bracknell," he continued, "is, I am persuaded, both kind hearted and well meaning and would not hurt my feelings for the world; but his habitual companions are—well, not precisely congenial to me, and he has contracted, from associating with them, a tendency to use words and expressions which, though possibly uttered in what I may almost call an innocent spirit, are such as I might find it my duty as a clergyman to protest against. Dear Hilda thinks—and I quite agree with her—that all risk of unpleasantness should be avoided, and therefore she has kindly secured rooms for me in a very well conducted hotel. I must remember, however, to tell them that eggs disagree with me."

Now I knew very well that Bracknell might use language fit to make a bargee's hair stand on end before the Rev. Simeon would dare to uplift his voice in rebuke; but I said, with strict adherence to the truth, that I had no doubt he would find himself more comfortable in his present quarters than in Wilton place; and he presently remarked, sighing a little, that the only thing he regretted was being cut off from the society of his grandson.

"Had I been under the same roof with Sunning," he added, rather pathetically, "we could have amused ourselves together without getting into anybody's way; but I dare say they will let him come and see me when it can be managed."

Poor old Turner's adoration of his grandson was quite upon a level with that of Lord Staines, and the little fellow was fond of him too, although their natures were so unlike.

After Mr. Turner had conferred a few words of patronizing encouragement upon me (he had a great deal, tempered by benevolence, for dwellers in Grab street), and after he had anailed away with his umbrella under his arm, I began to feel very sorry for him in his loneliness, and it occurred to me that I should be doing an act of true Christian charity by giving him and the other grandfather a day's outing with their common descendant. And, being in such an amiable mood, I thought I might combine this good deed with the bestowal of a certain amount of harmless pleasure upon two other persons, as well as a fairly earned holiday upon myself. So, having concocted my scheme, I imparted it to Jim in the course of the day, and he jumped at it with enthusiasm. We had already agreed to revisit Eton together some time before the close of the season, but to me belongs all the credit of the happy suggestion that Lord Staines, Lady Mildred, Sunning and Mr. Turner should be added to our party. Jim represented that he was particularly anxious to carry out this plan, because it would cheer up Lord Staines, who had been looking tired and worried of late; and of course that may have been his motive. But he disagreed with me quite sharply when I said that it would be kind to take the old gentleman off Lady Mildred's hands for a day, and leave her to enjoy her liberty in London.

"She wouldn't enjoy it at all," he declared; "it would be about the last thing in the world that she would be likely to enjoy. Besides, I don't believe old Staines would go without her. Now, I do hope you won't put forward that idea, Harry; because if you do, the whole thing is certain to fall through."

So I said that, in that case, I wouldn't put it forward; and as both Lady Mildred and her father received our proposition favorably, it only remained for us to beg leave of absence for Sunning and let Mr. Turner know of the treat that was in store for him. The Bracknells we did not ask; because, for one thing, they would certainly have declined, and also (which was, perhaps, more to the purpose) because we didn't want them.

We all went down from Paddington together in a saloon carriage, Lord Staines as brisk as a bee, Mr. Turner benignly complacent, Sunning dividing his attentions with strict impartiality between his two grandfathers, so as to avoid making either of them jealous, and Lady Mildred and Jim conversing quietly in a corner.

We reached our destination pretty early in the afternoon; and since it was such beautiful, hot summer weather that no old gentleman could possibly be the worse for being taken out upon the river, we drove straight to the Bungs. There we hired a roomy craft, into which we packed our party. Lady Mildred, independent to stare, Lord Staines and Mr. Turner made comfortable with cushions on either side of her; Sunning, after blinding himself by a solemn promise not to jump about, was permitted to crawl into the bows, where he lay flat upon his stomach, as good as gold, the whole time; and Jim, taking the stroke oar, we pulled them all up to Bury.

I don't know what Jim may have thought about it, but I confess that to me the distance appeared to have enormously increased since the days of my boyhood. However, we took a good long rest, which

some of us—two of us, I believe—employed in strolling across the grass, while the others sat still and surveyed the scene and quietness of it all, after the turmoil of London; and then in the cool of the evening we dropped leisurely down stream toward Eton once more.

We dined together at the old Christopher and drank to the memory of former friends in the best chamber, that establishment could produce. Doubtless the memory of Lord Staines' school friends was cherished only by a very small band of survivors, but the old man ran over their names and their exploits, one by one, relating the merry life that he had led with them and the astounding breaches of discipline of which they had been guilty, until at length Mr. Turner, taking heart of grace, ventured to doubt whether the doings described would have been tolerated by any head master worthy of his high and responsible post.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Staines, with superb contempt, "what do you know about it? Head master indeed! But of course you don't understand Eton traditions. You were educated at Harrow, or some such place, weren't you?"

But Mr. Turner was flushed with wine, and did not choose to be sat upon. "Harrowians may be poor sort of creatures in your opinion, Lord Staines," he returned; "but at any rate we can generally show an eleven good enough to beat yours at cricket." Which was an extremely rude thing to say, besides being very false.

I don't know whether the harmony of the evening might not have been seriously interfered with by this unexpected onslaught of the lamb upon the lion, had not Jim jumped up, saying that if we were going to take a look round Eton we really ought not to lose any more time. Obviously, a single vehicle could not contain us all; so Jim and Lady Mildred walked on ahead, while the rest of us packed ourselves into a fly and were driven as far as the entrance of the school yard. Here Lord Staines insisted upon getting out and managed, with the help of my arm and his stick, to hobble for some distance across the flag stones which have been worn smooth by the passing feet of so many generations. Mr. Turner and Sunning wandered away, it was getting late and close upon lock up time, so that we had the place to ourselves.

The old man, who was leaning upon my arm, paused and looked about him a little wistfully.

"I recollect," he said, "coming down here one election Saturday. It was just before Bracknell left; and you and Leigh were leaving at the same time, you know. I walked back from Upper Club with Bracknell, and I remember that we stopped and talked for a moment just about the very spot where we are standing now. He told me he had backed my horse, Jupiter Tonans, by Thunderer, for the Lager, and I warned him that he had better hedge, because, as I dare say you are aware, Thunderer never stays; and sure enough, Jupiter Tonans finished third. I thought at the time that he would have stood a little more preparation—but no matter. Well, you know, Maynard, I suspect that what applies to horses applies pretty much to ourselves. One hears a good deal about education and training, and example, and that, and the other; but when all's said and done, it's breeding that has the last word. Like father, like son. I have been reckless and extravagant all my life; he has followed in my footsteps, and the upshot of it is that we're both denuded nearly ruined now."

I said I was very sorry to hear it. Lord Staines shook his head. "Bracknell ought to have married money. I always told him so. He chose to marry the person's daughter, and it caused a coolness between us, as you will remember. I could have overlooked his imprudence and disobedience; but, you see, I didn't think he had behaved well in the matter—no; I didn't think he had behaved well."

"It doesn't much signify now," I remarked. "Not much now, perhaps; but it was hard upon poor Leigh at the time, and he felt it more than I should have expected. He was speaking to me about it not long since. He is a good fellow, that; I wish he had a little more money. I looked at him and Mildred this afternoon, and I thought to myself, 'I wish he had a little more money! Only fancy, you know.'"

"I suppose he hasn't nearly enough money?" I hazarded. "Oh, Lord bless your soul, no!" answered Lord Staines. "Nothing like it—nothing like it! No—she will have to marry Beuchamp; and, indeed, she might do worse. Come, Maynard, we'll go on and get into the carriage again; we haven't much more than time to catch the train."

So we moved slowly away to Weston's Yard, where the fly was waiting for us, and where the other members of our small party were already assembled. Jim climbed up on to the box and we were driven away to the station, Sunning falling asleep before half the distance had been accomplished, and none of us talking much. It was natural that we should be a little tired and disinclined for conversation on the return journey. I myself, I believe, had a nap in the corner of the saloon carriage, and even if I had been awake I could not have scrutinized the countenances of my fellow travelers in that dim light; but when we alighted in the full glare of Paddington station, I could not help noticing how pale Jim was, and that Lady Mildred's eyes were suspiciously red.

Lord Staines shook hands with me on the platform. "Good night, Maynard," he said, "good night, and thank you for giving us all a very happy day."

Poor old fellow! I think it was the last happy day of his life. His life is over now, and I suppose one cannot say that it was a well-spent one; yet, who knows the truth about any man's life? Perhaps, when all secrets are revealed, it may be found that some of those whose statues look down upon us in public places, and whose names are recorded in history, have a less favorable account to show than this old gentleman, who was worldly and a spendthrift, who saw by little use to the community at large, who took no active part in politics, who excelled in nothing except to a limited extent, in the breeding of race horses; but who, however, to my knowledge, was guilty of an ungenerous or dishonorable action, and who, as it seemed to me, gave away more than he

received, both in the way of money and affection. He was by no means a show specimen of the order to which he belonged, but he possessed some of its good qualities. The coming democracy will doubtless be able to exhibit all these to the world, combined with others into the bargain, and, in the meantime, I regret to say that I have more than once heard Lord Staines spoken of as a standing argument for the abolition of hereditary legislators.

CHAPTER XI.

I felt tolerably sure that I should not have to wait long before receiving a visit and a full confession from Jim. When, however, he only presented himself at my chambers, his abjural did not prove to be in all respects what I had anticipated.

"Harry, old fellow," he began, after he had cast himself down upon my sofa and had assumed a most woe begone air, "I've lost my self-respect."

"I shall be very pleased to assist you in looking about for it," I replied cheerfully, "and I dare say, between us, we shall manage to discover it again. It was mislaid, I presume, somewhere in Windsor or Eton on the afternoon or evening of the 20th instant?"

He nodded. "Well, yes; I suppose so. At any rate, I wasn't quite certain of the loss until then. Of course, with your sharp eyes, you saw long ago how matters were going with me; but I gave you my honor that I didn't. Not that it would have made any difference if I had; for one can't help these things. If you had asked me, any time during the last six years, whether I could ever love another woman as I loved the one whom I was once so nearly marrying, I should have laughed at you. Yet that is what has happened to me; and I confess that it makes me feel a little uneasy and ashamed."

I could not see why a man who has remained faithful all his life to a woman who has deceived him and thrown him over should have any particular right to respect himself for being such a doit, and I said so; but Jim observed that I didn't seem quite to catch his meaning.

"I owe nothing to Hilda," he said, "and it stands to reason that if one has been jilted, one is free. It isn't to her that I have been untrue; it's to myself. I'm too stupid to explain myself; but six years is a longish time, you know, and to find myself madly in love again, after having been quite positive for six years that that was the one sensation which I never could possibly experience a second time, is a little upsetting. It makes me feel that I am not the man I took myself for, and also that I have been a most stuporous fool."

"You have indeed, my dear fellow," I agreed, with ready sympathy.

"Yes, because, now that I look back upon it all, I am convinced that I never was really in love with Hilda. I thought I was, but it seems to have been a gigantic mistake from first to last; and what sort of opinion can one have of anybody who can make such mistakes as that?"

"Be comforted," I replied; "your case is not without numerous precedents, and so far as you have stated it, it seems to me to be one for plenary absolution. At the same time, if you are so very anxious to frame an indictment against yourself, I think that might be managed without going so far afield. I don't blame you for falling in love with Lady Mildred, for that you couldn't help; but, since you must know as well as I do that you can't marry her, it might perhaps have been a little more considerate not to tell her that you loved her."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Jim; "you don't suppose I have told her, do you? Why, I never knew it myself until the other day, down at Eton, when the truth flashed upon me all of a sudden. It may seem very ridiculous to you, but I assure you that up to that moment I had been under the impression that I only cared for her as a friend. And it is only as a friend that she thinks of me."

"Really?" I said, somewhat staggered by this announcement. "Then—excuse my curiosity, but what made her eyes so red after you and she had been talking together?"

"Her eyes were red because she had been crying," answered Jim, curtly. He looked so savage that I did not like to press him with further inquiries; but he resumed by and by of his own accord: "She had been telling me about her family affairs, and a nice mess they seemed to have got into. There is no inducing Lord Staines to economize. He has left off racing, but I believe that is the only expense that he has put down, and of course he has to support the Bracknells. In point of fact, I didn't come here to speak to you about myself and Lady Mildred, because that is a perfectly hopeless business, and neither you nor anybody else can help me; but I'm troubled in my mind about Bracknell. He has been very kind and pleasant to me since I have been back, but I know he is in a sea of difficulties, and"

"I expected this," I interrupted, in some vexation. "So much for his promise. Of course he has been borrowing money from you, and he is just about as likely to repay you as if he were a South American republic. You may as well make up your mind that you will never see that money again."

"Do let a man finish his sentence," remonstrated Jim. "In the first place, he hasn't borrowed a shilling of me, and in the second, it wouldn't distress me in the least if he had borrowed a thousand pounds. But do you know, Harry, sometimes I am half afraid that Bracknell is a scoundrel."

He said this so hesitatingly and with such a look of anxious deprecation on his honest face that I had not the heart to tell him how extremely probable it was that his apprehensions were well founded, although I could not go so far as to meet him with the contradiction which he evidently hoped for. So I only begged him to be more explicit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Books, every one is well aware, pair and build their nests with such punctuality that the confidence of the Scottish gardener in "craws eating assthis" for acts of parliament, was fully justified by the manner in which they disregard the status of the thermometer and the alteration of the "style."

The Wore Plumpers.

"Never hear of plumpers" asked a lady friend of mine the other day.

"No," said I. "What new feminine device is this, for goodness' sake?"

"Well," she replied (we were calling at the time at the house of a mutual friend), "just you notice Miss — when she comes down stairs, and tell me if you notice anything strange or remarkable in her appearance."

The Miss — referred to, be it said, is a tall and somewhat angular young woman of uncertain age, but who is possessed of a considerable degree of personal vanity and a more than ordinary desire to appear at her best upon any and all occasions.

In a few moments she appeared, and after greeting us cordially we entered into a general conversation. Nothing very remarkable about her, thought I.

"Well," said I to my lady friend, after our departure, "I have scanned Miss — pretty closely, but failed to notice anything worth commenting upon in her appearance. She talked as if she had something in her mouth."

I was interrupted at this point by a peal of laughter.

"Why, what on earth are you laughing at?" said I. "And, by the way," I asked, "did it not strike you that Miss — is growing somewhat stouter? Her face seems to be somewhat plumper?"

"There," interrupted my friend, "you have it. Miss — had 'plumpers' in her mouth." To my look of inquiry and astonishment she responded:

"Plumpers, you see, are small round shaped affairs like a doll's saucer. They are made of rubber, and when held in place in the mouth they cause a woman's cheek to become plump and round. When ladies have lost some of their teeth plumpers come into play; prevents their jaws from appearing lantern shaped or their features from being angular."

"Heavens and earth!" said I. "What will the feminine mind conceive of next?"—New York Herald.

Woman and Her Hairpins.

The natural instrument which nature furnishes to all women for aggressive and defensive purposes must be of steel, and as pliable as the caprice of its sweet and fickle owner. These conditions fulfilled, more Protean qualities belong to it than to an ideal umbrella of which I once dreamed, which could upon emergency be transformed to a pair of stockings!

Where is the woman who, dressing in a desperate hurry, has not been saved by a friendly use from the ignominy of unbuttoned boots, while the lordly male creature can only stand still and swear or call wildly for Lucy or Susan to find his shoe buttoner. The beautiful empress of Austria has been known to button her gloves with a hairpin—a privilege of which even royalty does not deprive!

A Welsh rabbit or a marsh mallow toasted on a hairpin in a boarding school dormitory which would tempt the jaded appetite of a Roman emperor. Then there are diabolical uses for this same small marvel—to pick locks of other people's writing desks, or to jab into offenders in a crowd. There was an Italian marchesa who, kneeling behind her hated rival, murdered her by sticking her sharp, silver hairpin into her.—Once A Week.

Almost Forgotten.

I often see going through the streets of New York a diminutive little woman to whom not one in a thousand passer-by would give a passing glance. I do not suppose she weighs 100 pounds. Her face is wrinkled and looks sorrowful. She is old, alone, almost homeless, and often too ill to continue the struggle necessary to keep soul and body together. Often has she come into my office soliciting copying work and addressing envelopes at a dollar a thousand. Yet twenty-five years ago this little woman's name was in every literary paper throughout the country.

In 1863 she published what was the pioneer work written in the interests of women as breadwinners. The book was called "The Employments of Women." She sold the copyright for a trifle, and of the immense success which the book enjoyed for ten years she received not a penny. Twice was the work successfully republished under the titles of "Five Hundred Occupations for Women" and "How Women Can Make Money." Thousands, yes, tens of thousands of copies of the book were sold, and into countless homes has gone the work which cost her years of labor; yet is the author today a beggar on the streets of New York!—Edward W. Bok's Letter.

A Queen's Costume.

At the recent opening of the Italian parliament the queen of Italy wore a costume of extraordinary magnificence, which was also very becoming to her style of beauty. The dress was of violet satin, exquisitely embroidered, over which was thrown a short violet velvet mantle of slightly darker shade. The bonnet was of forget-me-not blue velvet, covered with gold lace and adorned with a plume of pale blue feathers, fastened with an immense pearl diamond clasp. The queen also wore earrings of pearls, diamonds and such ropes of pearls in three rows as would have enchanted Lothair.—London Letter.

Senator Carlisle is now 55 years old. He is of medium height and rather spare in figure. His movements are easy and graceful, and his genial manner quickly puts his visitors at their ease.

PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION.

Sketch of the Man at the Head of World's Fair Matters.

When the organization of the Chicago World's fair began there were 115 men acting for the government and forty-five for the directory. Nearly a year later they reorganized by naming eight men for each of the two bodies. By and by these sixteen managed to concentrate the executive authority in four, and since then the progress has been wonderful. These four are H. N. Higginbotham and Charles H. Schwab of Chicago; J. W. St. Clair, of West Virginia



H. N. HIGGINBOTHAM.

and George V. Massey, of Delaware, and of these the first named is the great man of the exposition.

When the committee first formed to pledge funds for Chicago called on him he took his pen and wrote, "Marshall Field & Co., \$100,000." Of course he was named as one of the board of directors. He soon became president of the council of administration, and is now officially president of the World's Columbian exposition. He was born in central Illinois in 1838, and began business life as a boy in the Will County bank at Joliet. As soon as he attained his majority he was made assistant cashier of a bank at Oconto, Wis., and early in 1861 became an entry clerk for Cookey, Farwell & Co., in Chicago, but soon after entered the army.

After three years' service he sought his old employers and became bookkeeper for Field, Palmer & Leiter. His advance was so rapid that in 1878 he was a partner in the firm, and soon after the working man of the concern. In 1893 he married Miss Rachel D. Davidson, of Joliet. Besides managing an extensive business he has devoted a great deal of time to organized charities, and is now successfully directing the difficult and complicated work of the exposition.

Shakespeare's Captious Contemporaries.

Dramatic authors whose productions have been harshly treated by the critics should not be discouraged. Posterity may do them justice, as in the case of Shakespeare, all of whose contemporaries considered his plays worthless. In 1661 Evelyn reported that Shakespeare's plays "begin to disgust this refined age." Pope preferred Hudibras to Shakespeare, and pronounced "Midsummer Night's Dream" "the most insipid, ridiculous play" he had ever seen. In 1581 Tate, a poet who afterward wore the laurel, could find no epithet sufficiently opprobrious to express his opinion of "King Lear," and so he called it simply "a thing." In Hume's condemnation Shakespeare and Bacon were ranked together as wanting in "simplicity and purity of diction."

Addison styled the plays "very faulty," and Johnson asserted, with his usual emphasis, that Shakespeare never wrote six consecutive lines "without making an ass of himself." Dryden, though not without lucid intervals of high appreciation, still regarded Shakespeare and Fletcher as "below the dullest writers of our own or any preceding age," full of "solecism of speech," "flaws of sense" and "ridiculous and incoherent stories, meanly written." Another astonishing critic was Rymer, who comes to us indorsed by Pope as "learned and strict." He says of Desdemona: "There is nothing in her which is not below any county kitchenmaid. No woman bred out of a pigsty could talk so meanly." Even as late as the Eighteenth century Stevens declared that only an act of parliament could make any one read Shakespeare's sonnets.

Too Willing.

Young Wife (reprovingly)—My love, you know my dear mother can't bear cigars, and she won't remain with us a week if you smoke them in the house.
Young Husband—All right, my dear. I'll smoke a pipe.—New York Weekly.

The Cow Uppers.

Animals are kept on the roofs of the houses in Lima, Peru, and it frequently happens that a cow passes her whole life on a roof, being taken there as a calf and brought down finally as fresh beef.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Extra Charge.

"We'll have to charge you for extra baggage," said the baggage master.
"Why, I've nothing but this hand bag."
"And that railway doughnut."—Epoch.

An orange grove takes from twelve to fifteen years to come into full bearing, and may continue in bearing for 100 years and upward. Well authenticated cases have been known in Cuba of trees producing fruit for 300 years.

American Horse, the Ogalalla chief, is known as the Daniel Dougherty of the Sioux tribe. He is the most eloquent, silver-tongued aborigine on the continent. He is naturally a man of influence among the Indians.