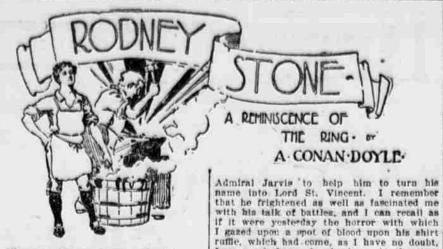
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1896.



(Copyright, 1986, by A. Conan Doyle.) CHAPTER I. FRIAR'S OAK.

18

On this, the 1st of January, of the year 1850, the nineteenth century has reached its wept bitterly when he was gone, but for my own part I was not sorry to see his blue midway term, and many of us who shared its youth have already warnings which tell us back and white shorts going down the garden walk, for I felt, with the heedless selfishness that it has outworn us. We put our grizzled heads together, we older ones, and 'we talk of a child, that we were closer together, of a child, that we were closer together, she and I, when we were alone. I was in my lith year when we moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak, a little Sus-sex village to the north of Brighton, which of the great days that we have known, but we find that when it is with our children that we taik it is a hard matter to make them understand. We and our fathers bewas recommended to us by my uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, one of whose grand friends, fore us lived much the same lives, but they with their railway trains and their steamcheaper in the country, and that it was cheaper in the country, and that it was easter for my mother to keep up the ap-pearances of a gentlewoman when away from boats belong to a different age. It is true that we can put history books into their hands, and they can read from them of our weary struggle of two and twenty years with that great and ovil man. They can learn how freedom fled from the whole broad continent, and how Nelson's blood was shed, and Pitt's noble heart was broken in striv-ing that she should not pass us forever to take refuge with our brothers across the Atlantic. All this they can rend, with the date of this treaty or that battle, but I do not know where they are to read of oursolves, of the folk we were, and the lives led, and how the world seemed to our eyes when they were young as theirs are

If I took up my pen to tell you about this you must not look for any story at my hands, for I was only in my earliest manhood when these things befoll, and although I saw something of the stories of other lives I could scarce claim one of my own. It is the love of a woman that makes the story of a man, and many a year was to pass before I first looked into the eyes of the mother of my children. To us it seems but an affair of yesterday, and yet those children can now reach the plums in the garden while we are seeking for a ladder, and where we once walked with their little hands in ours we are glad now to lean upon their arms. But I shall epeak of a time when the love of a mother was the only love I knew, and if you seek for some-thing more then it is not for you that I write. But if you would come out with me into that forgotten world, if you would know Boy Jim and Champion Harrison; if you would meet my father, one of Nelson's own men; if you would catch a glimpse of that great seaman himself, and of George afterward the unworthy king of - Eng-land; if, above all, you would see my famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, the king of the bucks, and the great fighting men whose names are still household words among you.

then give me your hand and let us start. But I must warn you also that if you think that you will find much that is of interest in your guide, you are destined to disap-pointment. When I look over my book shelves I can see that it is only the wise and witty and valiant who have ventured to write down their experiences. For my own part, if I were only assured that I was as clever and brave as the average man about me I should be well satisfied. Men of their hands have thought well of my brains, and men of brains of my hands, and that is the best that I can say for myself. Save in the one matter of having an inborn readi-

ness for music, so that the mastery of any instrument comes very easily and naturally to me, I cannot recall any single advantage which I can boast over my fellows. In all things I have been a half-way man, for I am of middle height, my eyes are neither blue nor gray, and my hair, before nature dusted it with her powder, was betwixt flaxen and brown. I may, perhaps, claim this, that through life I have never felt a

in his eyes. There was not a beggar upon the country side who did not know that his heart was as soft as his muscles were

hard There was nothing that he liked to talk of more than his old battles, but he would stop if he saw his little wife coming, for the one great shadow in her He was the ever-present fear that some day he would throw down sledge and raso and be off to the ring once more. And you must be reminded here once for all that that former calling of his was by no means at that time in the debased con-

dition to which it afterward fell. Public opinion has gradually become opposed to it, for the reason that it came largely into the hands of rogues, and because it fostered ringside rufflanism. Even the honest and brave pugilist was found to draw villainy around him, just as the pure and noble race horse does. For this reason the ring is dying in England, and we may hope that when Caunt

and Bendligo have passed away they may have none to succeed them. But it was dif-ferent in the days of which I speak. Public opinion was then largely in its favor, and there were good reasons why it should be so. It was a time of war, when England, with an army and navy composed only of those who volunteered to fight because they had

fighting blood in them, had to encounter, as they would now have to encounter, a power which could by despotic law turn every citi-zen into a soldier. If the people had not been full of this lust for combat, it is certain England must have been overborne. that And it was thought, and is on the face of reasonable, that a struggle between two adomitable men, with 20,000 to view it and 3,000,000 to discuss it, did help to set a stand-ard of hardiness and endurance. Brutal it was, no doubt, and its brutality is the end of it, but it is not so brutal as war, which will survive it. Whether it is logical now to teach the people to be peaceful in an age when their very existence may come to de when their very existence may come to de-pend upon their being warlike is a question for wiser heads than mine. But that was what we thought of it in the days of your grandfathers, and that is why you might find statesmen and philanthropists like Windham,

the circle of those to whom she could not refuse hospitality. They were trying times those, to save all the farmers, who made such profits that they could, as I have heard, afford to let half of their land lie fallow while living like gentlemen upon the rest. Wheat was at 110 shillings a quarter, and the Fox and Althorn at the side of the ring. The mere fact that solid men should pa-tronize it was enough in itself to prevent quartern loaf at one and ninepence. Even in the quiet of the cottage at Friar's Oak the villainy which afterward crept in. For over twenty years in the days of Jackson, we could scarce have lived were it not that in the blockading squadron, in which my father was stationed, there was the occa-Brain, Cribbs, the Belchers, Pearce, Gully and the rest, the leaders of the ring wero sional chance of a little prize money. The line of battleships themselves, tacking on and off outside Brest, could earn nothing save honor, but the frigates in attendance men whose honesty was above suspicion, and those were just the twenty years when the ring may, as I have said, have served a national purpose. You have heard how Pearce saved the Bristol girl from the burnmade prizes of many coasters, and these, as

is the rule of the service, were counted as belonging to the fleet, and their produce diing house, how Jackson won the respect and friendship of the best men of his age, and vided into head money. In this manner my father was able to send how Gully rose to a scat in the first re-formed Parliament. These were the men who set the standard, and their trade carhome enough to keep the cottage and to send me to the day school of Mr. Joshua Allen, where for four years I learned all that he ried with it this obvious recommendation had to teach. It was at Allen's school that I first knew Jim Harrison, Boy Jim, as he has always been called, the nephew of Cham-is always been called, the nephew of Cham-



pion Harrison of the village smithy. I can like Hickman and brutes like Berks; in the main, I say again, they were honest men. main, I say again, they were honest men brave and enduring to an incredible degree, foundering, half formed limbs, like a New-foundland puppy, and a face that eet every and a credit to the country which produced them. It was, as you will see, my fate to woman's head round as he passed. It was in those days that we began our lifelong see something of them and I speak of what friendship, a friendship which still in our I know.

friendship, a friendship which still in our waning years binds us closely as two broth-crs. I taught him his exercises, for he pover loved the sight of a book, and he in turn made me box and wreatle, tickle trout on the biase of the presence of such a man as Champion Harrison, and if folks stayed at the inn they would walk down as

So much for Champion Harrison. wish to say something more about Boy Jim, not only because he was the comrade of my youth, but because you will find as you go on that this book" Is his story rather than mine, and that there came a time when his name and fame were in the mouths of all England. You will bear with me, therefore, while I tell you of his character as it was in those days, and especially of one very sin-gular adventure which neither of us is likely to forget.

It was strange to see Jim with his uncle and his aunt, for he seemed to be of another race and breed to them. Often I have watched them come up the aisle upon a Sunday, first the square, thickset man and then the little, worn, anxious-eyed woman, deluge. and last this glorious lad with his clear-cut face, his black curls and his step so springy and light that it seemed as if he were bound to earth by some losser tie than the heavy-footed villagers round him. He had not yet attained his full six feet of stature, but no judge of a man (and every woman, at least, is one) could look at his perfect shoulders, his narrow loins and his proud head, that sat upon his neck like a flower upon its stalk, without feeling that sober joy, which all that is beautiful in nature gives to us-a vague self-content, as though in some way we also had a hand in the

In some way we also had a hand in the making of it. But we are used to associate beauty with softness in a man. I do not know why they should be so coupled, and they never were with Jim. Of all men that I have known he

was the most iron-hard, in body and mind, Who, on all the country side, save only Boy Jim, would have swung himself over Wol-stonbury cliff and clambered down 100 feet, with the mother hawk flapping at his ears, in the van struggle to hold him from her nest? He was but 16, with his gristle not yet all set into bone, when he fought and beat Gypsy Lee of Burgess Hill, who called himthe cock of the South Downs. It was after this that Champion Harrison took his training as a boxer in hand. "I'd rather you left millin' alone, Boy Jim," said he, "and so had the missus; but if mill you must it will not be my fault if you cannot hold up your hands to anything in the south country." And it was not long before ho made good his promise.

I have said already that Boy Jim had no love for his books, but by that I meant his schoolbooks, for when it came to the reading of romances, or of anything which had a touch of gallantry or adventure, there was no tearing him away from it until it was finished. When such a book came into his hands Friar's Oak and the smithy became a dream to him, and his life was spent out upon the ocean or wandering over the broad was glad to play Friday to his Crusoe when

pride would have let him come home. His pride—that was the deepest thing in all Jim's nature. It is a mixed quality, to my mind, half a virtue and half a vic virtue in holding a man out of the dirt, a vice in making it hard for him to rise when once he has fallen. Jim was proud down to the very marrow of his bones. You remem-

thrown him from the box of the coach. Two days later some one picked it up from the roadside mud. Jim only had seen where it

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nine if pet news	into his perch, laughing as loudly as any of his companions. "Wo'll let yos off this time, Harrison," said he. "Are those your sons down there?" "This is my nephew, master." "Here's a guines for him. He shall never say I robbed him of his uncle." And so, having turned the Isugh "in his favor by his morry way, of taking it, he cracked his whip and away they flew to make London under the five, hours, while Jack Harrison, with his half-forged shoe in his hand, went whisting back 19 his forge. CHAPTER II. THE WALKER OF CLIFFE ROYAL. So much for Champion Harrison. Now I wish to say semething more about Boy Jim, not only because he was the comrade of my pouth, but because you will find as you go		
0 1	on that this back is his story tather than	many fashionable operas.	1

nany fashionable operas. A curious curtom prevails in Germany, for which I have in vain sought an explanation With Easter comes the feast of eggs Gobelin informs us that the custom of giv-Hares are, in the popular belief, transformed for the nonce into oviparous animals, and ing eggs at Easter is to be traced back to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians on see in the pastry cook's windows animals of that species, as large as life, modelled in sugar and sitting upright in a nest, sur-Persians, Gauls, Romans, etc., among all of whom the egg was the emblem of the unirounded by any quantity of eggs. The fresh and simple minded German children believe verse, the work of the Supreme Divinity. Hutchinson remarked that "The egg was implicitly in this egg producing power of the hare, and when about Easter time they held by the Egyptians as a sucred emblem see one running across a field they clap their hands and shout after it, "Hare, good little of the renovation of mankind after the The Hebrews adopted it to suit

hare, lay plenty of eggs for us on Easter the circumstances of their history as a type day." It is the custom in German families of It is the custom in German and eggs-th of their departure from the land of Egypt. and it was used in the Feast of the Passover Easter eve to place sugar and eggs-the former usually filled with bon bons or tiny as part of the furniture at the table, with playthings-in a nest, and then conceal it the Paschal lamb. Christians have certainly the house or garden, in order that the young used it on this day, as retaining the eleones, who always rise at break of day of that important morning, may have the de ments of future life, for the emblem of the

resurrection. It seems as if the egg was thus light of seeking and finding the hidden treasdecorated for a religious trophy after the ures. In the Moravian settlement at Salem, N. days of mortification and abstinence were C., is an old tradition as dear to the younger people as that of Kris Kringle at Christmas over and festivity had taken place, and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, cer-

tified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave." time-that the rabbits lay beautifully colored eggs at Easter, and nests for rabbit" to lay in are secreted within the flower yards of each household. The nests AN OLD CUSTOM.

The usage of interchanging eggs at this are sometimes made of candy, the eggs like

abon, says a writer in the New York Herise, but the usual custom is to improvise ald, has been referred for its origin to the a nest of grass and straw and place within it egg games of the Romans, which they cele-brated at the time of our Easter, when they eggs of every conceivable color. These are discovered by the little folks early Sunday ran races in an egg shaped ring and the morning.

games were instituted in honor of Castor MAY KISS THE PRINCESS. The rank of a princess does not shield her and Pollux, who, fabulists relate, came forth from an egg deposited by Leda from a salute on the check by the lowest after Jupiter had visited her in the shape of a swan. Others allege that the custom was boor that presents her with an egg at Easter in Russia, and the custom of distributing Pace or Pache Ege-the Passover or Easter borrowed from the Hebrews, who at their Passover set on the table two unleavened cakes and two pieces of the lamb; to this egg-is still observed by the peasantry in different parts of England, while the young people of Scotland, where the festival has been suppressed for conturies, still throw hey added some small fishes, because of the leviathan; a hard egg, because of the bird leviathan; a hard egg, because of the behe-zig, and some meal, because of the behe-eggs, which they finally eat.

The egg in all ages and in every country has been the subject of poetical myths and legends. The ancient Finne believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimai-mer who have between the lap of Vaimai-stream of the subject of poetical myths and colored in trad when old and young alike re-ceived these eggs, the demand for them was such that they commanded oftentimes great prices. After they were boiled hard, non, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it and colored in red, violet, blue, green, etc. fall into the water and it broke; the lower dyee, inscriptions and various designs were portion of the shell formed the earth, the traced on them, and those thus ornamented upper the sky, the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little clined, after the same fashion as valentines. sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were changed into tars.

tars. English and Irlah nurses instruct children which, by the way, was a favorite game. In the north of England boys beg when they have eaten a bolled egg always to push the spoon through the bottom of the shell, "to binder the witches from making a shell, "to binder the witches from making a boat of it." In France a similar custom prevails, but the reason assigned for it is that diabolical witcheries. They emptied it droitly and traced on the interior cabalistic haracters able to cause much evil. The aithful were therefore instructed to break at the same time the shell and the spell.

It is difficult to accertain the precise origin The common people carry one of these red of the graceful custom so universal in France eggs in their hands not only on Easter day. of the graceful custom so universal in France and Gormany, and more or less prevalent throughout the world, of offering eggs at the festival of Easter. The Persians gave each other eggs at the New Year, the Russians and the Hebrews at the festival of Easter. Among the Romans the year commenced Among the Romans the year commenced and take one another by the hand and one of them says, "Christ is risen!" the other answers, "It is so of a truth!" and then they at Easter, as it did among the Franks under the Canets. Mutual presents were bestowed. and as the egg is the emblem of the begin-ning of all things nothing better could be women continuing this kiesing for four ound as an offering. In Christian countries many hundreds of days.

eggs during the forty days of Lont, but as named, as all smokers will testify. Sweet Moments cigarettes are properly the heretical hen did not cease to lay, a large quantity of eggs were found to have CONNUBIALITIES.



DOES IT PAY ? Cost of one advertisement, - \$100 Profit on orders gained, - - 50 Net loss, - - - - - \$50

Ah! But each of you have saved \$10 to \$15 on your Suits made by Nicoll___and you come again and again and tell your friends.

> Making it pay you has given us the largest tailor business in the world.

Pants to order \$4 to \$12. Suits or Overcoats to order \$15 to \$50.

Samples mailed. Garments expressed.

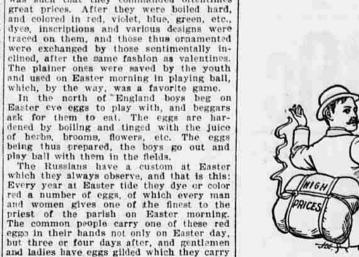
"goo

Visit our stores in other cities.



Omaha-DesMoines-Kansas City-Denver Hartford-Washington-Pittsburg-Indianapolis-Minneapolis-LosAngeles-St. Paul-St. Louis-Chicago-Boston-New York-SanFrancisco-Portland, Ore

207 S. 15th_Omaha.



Thrown off-

The credit-giving tailor is losing his trade,

Sensible men are fast finding there's a big saving in Nicoll the Tailor cash tailoring,

continents with his heroes. And he would draw me into his enthusiasm also, so that I he proclaimed that the Clump at Clayton was a desert island and that we were cast upon it for a week. But when I found that we were actually to sleep out there without covering every night and that he proposed that our food should b the sheep of the Downs (wild goats he called them) cooked' upon a fire which was to be made by the rubbing together of two sticks my heart failed me, and on the very first night I crept away to my mother. But Jim EMBLEMATIC OF THE BEGINNING. stayed out there for the whole weary week-a wet week is was, too-and came back at the end of it looking a deal wilder and dirt ier than his hero does in the picture books. It is well that he had only promised to stay a week, for if it had been a month he would have died of cold and hunger before his

per the guinea that the young lord had

jealousy as ter man than myself, and that I have always seen all things as they are, myself inthen, we will push my own personality as far as possible out of the picture. If you

conceive me as a thin and coloriess cord upon which my would-be pearls are

Our family, the Stones, have for many gento take the name of his father's favorite commander. Thus we can trace our lineage against the Dutch. Through Hawke Stone and Benbow Stone we came down to my father, Anson Stone, who in his turn christened me Rodney at the parish church of St. Thomas at Portsmouth in the year

grace 1786. Out of my window as I write I can see my own great lad in the garden, and if I were to call out "Nelson," you would see that I have been true to the traditions of our fam-

My dear mother, the best that ever a man id, was the second daughter of the Rev. had. John Tregellis, vicar of Milton, which is a small parish upon the borders of the marshes of Langstone. She came of a poor family, but one of some position, for her elder brother was the famous Sir Charles Tregellis, having inherited the money of a hy East Indian merchant, became in wealthy time the talk of the town and the very particular friend of the prince of Wales. Of him I shall have more to say hereafter, but you will note now that he was my own uncle and brother to my mother. nd brother to my mother. I can remember her all through her beauti-

ful life, for she was hut a girl when she mar-ried, and little more when I can first recall her busy fingers and her gentle voice. I see her as a lovely woman, with kind dove's oyes, somewhat short of stature, it is true but carrying herself very bravely. In my memorics of those days she is clad always in some purple shimmering stuff, with a kerchief round her long white neck, white kerchief round her long white neck, and I see her fingers are turning and dart-ing as she works at her knitting. I see her again in her middle years, sweet and loving, planning, contriving, achieving, with a few shillings a day of a lieutenant's pay, on which to support the cot-tage at Friar's Oak, and to keep a fair face to the world. And now if I do but size into the world. And now, if I do but step into the parlor, I can see her once more, with over eighty years of saintly life behind her. silver haired, placid faced, with her dainty ribboned cap, her gold-rimmed glasses, and her wooly shawl with the blue border. I loved her young and I love her old, and when sha goes she will take something with her which nothing in the world can ever make goed to me again. You may have many friends, you who read this, and you may chance to marry more than once, but your mother is your first and your last. Cherish her, then, while you may, for the day will come when every hasty deed or heed-less word will come back with its sting to live in your own heart. Such, then was my mother; and as to my father, I can describe him best when I come to the time when he returned to us from the Mediterranean. During all my childhood shawl with the blue border.

live in your own heart. Such, then was my mother; and as to my father, I can describe him best when I come to the time when he returned to us from the Mediterranean. During all my childhood he was only a name to me, and a face in a miniature which hung around my mother's neck. At first they told me he was fighting the French, and then after some years one heard less about the French and more about General Bonaparte. I remember the awe with which one day, in Thomas street, Portsmouth, and his nephew, looking as respectable a which one day, in Thomas street. Portsmouth, I saw a print of the great Corsican in a bookseller's wintow. This, then, was the arch enemy with whom my father spent his life in terrible and ceaseless contest. To my childish imagination it was a personal af-fair, and I forever saw my father and this clean-shaven thin-lipped man swaying and realing in a deadiy year-long grapple. It was not until I went to the grammar school that I understood how many other little boys there were whose fathers were in the same case. which one day, in Thomas street, Portsmouth,

there were whose fathers were in the same case. Ouly once in these long years did my father return home, which will show you what it meant to be the wife of a sailor in those days. It was just after we had moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak, whither he came for a week before he set sail with

Adur, and snare rabbits on Ditchling Down, ways seen all things as they are, myself in-cluded, which should count in my favor now that I sit down in my mature age to write my memories. With your permission, then, we will push my own personality as the smithy. him.

from a mischance in shaving. At the time I never questioned that it had spurted from

some stricken Frenchman or Spaniard, and

I shrank from him in terror when he laid his horny hand upon my head. My mother

Lord Avon, had his seat near there. The

Friar's Oak is in a dip of the Downs, and the forty-third milestone between London and Brighton lies on the skirt of the village strung, you will be accepting me upon the terms which I should wish. tages, each in its own little garden. At one end was the forge of Champion Harrison, erations belonged to the navy, and it has been a custom among us for the eldest son with his house behind it, and at the other was Mr. Allen's school. The yellow cottage standing back a little from the road, with Only once during those village years can I a high-stern, peak-nosed fifty-gun ship cross of black woodwork let into the plaster remember Champion Harrison showing me for an instant the zort of man that he had is the one in which we lived. been. It chanced one summer morning, when know if it is still standing, but I should th nk Boy Jim and I were standing by the smithy it likely for it was not a place much given to change.

hut

door, that there came a private coach from Brighton, with its four fresh horses and its Just opposite to us, at the other side of the brass work chining, flying along with such a broad white road, was the Friar's Oak inn, which was kept in my day by John Cum-mings, a man of excellent repute at home, merry rattle and jinging that the champion came running out with a half-forged shoe in his tongs to have a look at it. A gentleman liable to strange outbreaks when h n a white ceachman's cape-a Corinthian, as traveled, as will afterward become apparent. we called him in those days-was driving Though there was a stream of traffic upon and half a dozen of his fellows, laughing and the road, the coaches from Brighton were too freah to stop, and those from London shouting, were on the top behind him. I may have been that the bulk of the smith caught his eye, and that he acted in pure too eager to reach their journey's chd, so that if it had not been for an occasional wantonness, or it may possibly have been ar accident, but as he swung past the twenty broken tracs or loosened wheel, the land-lord would have had only the thirsty throats foot thong of the driver's whip hissed round of the village to trust to. Those were the days when the prince of Wales had just and we heard the snap of it acrops Harrison's eather apron.

days when the prince of wates had just built his singular palace by the san, and so from May to September, which was the Brighton season, there was never a day that from 100 to 200 curricles, chalses and phaetons did not rattle past our doora, Many "Hullo, master!" shouted the smith, look-g after him. "You're not to be trusted ng after him. on the box until you can handle your whip better'n that. "What's that?" cried the driver, pulling

up his team a summer evening have Boy Jim and I lain upon the grass, watching all these grand "I bid you have a care, master, or there folk, and cheering the London coaches as will be some one-eyed people along the road

will be some one-eyed people along the road you drive." "Oh, you say that, do you?" said the driver, putting his whip into its socket and pulling off his driving gloves. "I'll have a they came roaring through the dust clouds, eaders and wheelers stretched to their work, the bugles screaming and the coachmen with the low-crowned curly-brimmed hats and their little talk with you, my fine fellow." The sporting gentlemen of those days were faces as scarlet as their coats. The passengers used to laugh when Boy Jim shouted at them, but if they could have read his big, half-set limbs and his lose shoulders aright they would have locked a little harder at very fine boxers for the most part, for it was the mode to take a course of Mendoza, just as a few years afterward there was no man about town who had not had the muf-flers on with Jackson. Knowing their own him, perhaps, and given him back his cheer. Boy Jim had never known a father or a mother, and his whole life had been spent with his uncle, Champion Harrison. Harriprowess, they never refused the chance of a wayside adventure, and it was sidom inson was the Friar's Oak blacksmith, and son was the Friar's Oak blacksmith, and he had his nickname because he fought. Tom Johnson when he held the English belt, and would most certainly have beaten him had the Bedfordshire magistrates not appeared to break up the fight. For years there was no such glutton to take punish-ment and no more finishing hitter than Harrison theore he was always as I pundeed that the bargee or the navigator had much to boast of after a young blood had taken off his coat to him. This one swung himself off the box seat with the alacrity of a man who has no doubte about the upshot of the quarrel, and after hanging his caped coat upon the swinglebar, he daintily turned up the ruffied cuffs of his white shirt.

Harrison, though he was always, as I un-derstand, a slow one upon his fest. At last "I'll pay you for your advice, my man," he hite derstand, a slow one upon his feet. At fast, in a fight with Black Baruk, the Jew, he finished the battle with such a lashing hit that he not only knecked his opponent over the inner ropes, but he left him betwixt life and death for a long three weeks. Dur-ing all this time Harrison lived half de-mented, expecting every hour to feel the band of a Bow street runner upon his col-I am sure that the men upon the coach know who the burly smith was, and looked upon it as a prime joke to see their companion walk into such a trap. They roured with delight and beliewed out scraps of ad-vice to him.

"Knock some of the soot off him, Lord Frederick!" they should. "Give the Johnny hand of a Bow street runner upon his col-Raw his breakfast. Chuck him in among his own cinders. Sharp's the word, or you'll see the back of him."

see the back of him." Encouraged by these cries, the young arbicocrat advanced upon his man. The omith never moved, but his mouth set grim and hard, while his tufted brows came down and hard, while his tufted brows came down over his keen gray eyes. The tongs had fallen, and his hands were hanging free. "Have a care, master," said he. "You'll get pepper, if you don't."

and his nephew, looking as respectable a family man as one would wish to see. othing in the assured voice, and something also in the quiet pose, warned the young lord of his danger. I saw him look hard at his antagonist, and as he did so hard at his antagonist, and as he did so his hands and his jaw dropped together. "Gad!" he cried. "It's Jack Harrison!" "My name, master."

"And I thought you were some Sussex chawbacon. Why, man, I haven't seen you suce the day you nearly killed Black Baruk. aid cost me a cool hundred by doing it." How they reared on the coach. "Smoked! smoked, by Gad!" they yelled.

"It's Jack Harrison, the bruiser. Lord Fred-erick was going to take on the ex-champion. Give him one on the apron, Fred, and see what happens." But the driver had already climbed back general denial."

point it out to a beggar. Nor would he far as the smithy, just to have a sight of steep to give a reason, in such a case, but would answer all remonstrances with a curl And he was worth seeing, too, especially on a winter's night, when the red glare of the forge would beat of his lip and a flash of his dark eyes. Even at school he was the same, with such a sense of his own dignity that other folk upon his great muscles and upon the proud hawk face of Boy Jim, as they heaved and had to think it, too. He might say, as he swayed over some glowing plow coulter, framing themselves in sparks with every did say, that a right angle was a proper sort of an angle, or put Panama in Sicily, but old Joshua Allen would as soon have thought He would strike once with his thirtypound swing sledge, and Jim twice with his of raising his cane against him as he would hand hammer, and the "clunk, clink, clink; of letting me off if I had said as much. And clunk, clink, clink!" would bring me flying o it was that, although Jim was the son of down the village street, on the chance that and I of a king's officer, it always since they were both at the anvil there seemed to me to have been a condescension might be a place for me at the beliows. on his part that he should have chosen me

as his friend. (To be Continued.) IMPLETIES.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts was up t the capitol the other day, says the Washngton Times, and his presence recalled to he mind of a good Episcopalian senator a story which the bishop told on himself. At the time of the story the bishop was dean of

the seminary at Cambridge. Phillips Brooks had just been elected bishop and had accepted, when one fine morning President Eliot of Harvard met Dean Lawrence on the street.

"The church has made the greatest misake of a lifetime," said the president to the lean. "Brooks was the pivot around which we revolved in Boston. Now you hav spread him out all over Massachusetts. have

ell you it is a mistake, a great mistake; any ne would do for bishop." Time rolled on and death claimed Bishop Brooks, and later Dean Lawrence was chosen his successor. A few days after he again met President Eliot, and the latter

"My dear bishop," he said, "I must con-"My dear bishop," he said, "I must con-gratulate you. The church couldn't have made a better selection. I thought you should have been the choice when Brooks will return to send forth a joyous peal on will return to send forth a joyous peal on

The bishop laughs as heartily as anyone over the incident.

In a very handsome little church, not two undred miles from Indianapolis, the reading hundrei miles from Indianapolis, the reading platform is adorned by a remarkably beauti-ful pulpit, flanked by equally decorative chairs, says the Indianapolis Journal. The artistic oaken pulpit, hand carved in passion flowers and illies and bordered with trafoil, is almost the "graven image" in the eyes of the association of church women who earned and nurchased the null furnishings who joicing bells, fair angels with azure wings and purchased the pulpit furnishings when the edifice was built. Recently a new minis-ter came into charge of the congregation, and it was some time before he learned this pec-liar doctrine of "leve me, love my pulpit, which his people entertained. He was a lit-

le fellow, and one day casually remarked to ne of his feminine church members "Mrs. Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high for me; think it had better be cut down

trifle. 'Cut down?'' the horrified woman

claimed. "Cut that pulpit down? No, in-deed; it would ruin it; it would be much easier to get a taller preacher."

The Church Times of London reprints the following paragraph taken from the Daily Mercury of July 12, 1804: "An enormous whale is said to have been stranded off Flamborough Head in the year 1259, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, with a church steeple sticking out of its mouth. On cutting up the sacriligious monster, which could not be per-formed so quickly as to prevent his convulslong from setting all the bells a-ringing, the whole congregation were found in the body of the church inclosed in the stomach of the leviathan in the very act of singing Paalma and the parson in the vestry taking a glass of wine before sermon."

John L. Sullivan said the other day in San Francisco: "I traveled with Sankey the evangelist recently and I had a bit of argu-A stangenet recently and I had a bit of argument with him on the subject of pugilism versus the pulpit. He said a good many things that I couldn't contradict, and I guess I got back at him. I said to him: 'Now, Mr. Sankey, we all know you're sincare, but don't you think that even in your game there are a lot of bunca-steerers?' Welt, sir, he laughed and took it good-naturedly, but I noticed he did not come back at me with a general denial."

ccumulated at the end of the period of al stinence. These were usually given to the One of the Easter bridegrooms of New York hildren, and in order to render them more ears the unromantic name of Henry Stone attractive they were dyed with gay colors or Iand.

therwise ornamented. A favorite game was In London the belief prevails that early knock two eggs togother and whichever in the new year the prince of Wales' remain-ing unengaged daughter will be engaged to roke became the property of him who held the other. Of course this would not profit a well known English nobleman. much if the eggs were in a fluid state, and It is wasteful for a young bride to throw ut of this arose the custom of boiling them

away her first batch of mince pies, even if they aren't ideal in all respects. They will make first-rate wheels for the go-cart of We also find a record of this game from "Hyde's Oriental Sports," in which he tells of one with eggs among the Christians of the oldest boy when he is 5 years old. Luigi Erba, a remarkable Italian from Perugia, about 40 years of age, started out Mesapotamia on Easter day and forty afterward, during which time their children buy themselves as many eggs as they can

ome time.sgo to pick up wives of all races. With them he retired to Polynesia, and word and stain them with a red color in mem-ory of the blood of Christ, shed at the time omes from his retreat that he is now the happy father of 370 children. He set up of His crucifixion. Some tings them with green and yellow. Stained eggs are sold all the while in the markets. The sport his harem in 1889. The most notable society event of the

ear in Milwaukee took place on the evening consists in striking one egg against another and the egg that breaks first is won by the of March 25, when the wedding of Miss Ida Uhlein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August owner of the egg that broke it. Imme-diately another egg is pitted against the Uhlein, and Fred Pabst, jr., son of Captal and Mrs. Fred Pabst, was celebrated. Th winning egg, and so they go on, till the last remaining egg wins all the others. The wedding in a sense marked the rapprochement of two of the greatest breweries of the country, and gave the event an added intersport is a favorite one in Baltimore. There they do not cook the eggs, and a skillfu est in the minds of the business world a boy will often bring home a basketful good for culinary purposes. Then, again, a boy

well as society. Major Patrice McMahon, duc de Magenta nay bring home a suit of clothes entirely who has won the hand of the daughter of the duc de Chartres, Princess Marguerite ruined after a day spent in playing at what d'Orleans, was born in 1855, and has pervee more than twenty years in the army In some remote districts of France it is chiefly in the Eighth chasseurs-a-pied, H still customery for the priest of the parish to go around to each house at Easter and

went out with his regiment to Madagascar and it was while recruiting his health a estow on it his blessing. In return he re-Biarritz that he brought his courtship to a happy issue. The Princess Marguerite is just 27. "Shady" Childers, aged 82, and Mrs Amanda Winters, aged 46, both Indianians

ceives eggs, plain and painted. In these came regions a belief still lingers that dur-ing Passion week the belis of the churches set out for Rome in order to get themselves met for the first time last Wednesday even Twenty-four hours later they were mar rfed. The groom's wife died six month ago, after a married life of forty years, but no children had been born to them. Mrs Winters hao been a widow for fourteen years the morning of the resurrection. People do not come back from so long a journey with-Mrs. Helen Hegeman Dean of Brooklyn commemorated last Tucaday the eightleth anniversary of her marriage, and held her 102d birthday fete on January 29. To her out bringing presents to good children. The joy bells then always come first and bring with them various beautiful playthings. The death bells come last, and bring nothing Easter, then, was like a second New Year's the anniversary is a sad one, for she was left a widow half a century ago. But to her relatives and friends the day is one of day. The peasant bestowed on his child an egg dyed scarlet, like the closk of a Roman

peculiar interest. She is in good health and spirits and expects to live many years yet. Albert Duncan of Chautauqua county, Kan sas, went about getting a wife in a practical way. By hard work he had saved enough to

d. A trim little girl stepped from the two recognized each other an

other and

were supposed to descend from heaven bear-ing baskets of eggs which they deposited in the houses of the faithful. Sometimes, howbuy eighty acres of land. Recently he erected a comfortable cottage. The next thing was a wife to put in it. He sent an advertisement to a matrimonial paper in Chicago, and within two weeks had half a dozen answera. ever, it happened that the evil one slipped in an accursed egg among those which came

rom heaven. In the district of Brisse there is a custom From these he picked cut the name of Miss Anna Stroder of Cherokee county, because of scattering a hundred eggs on a level space covered with sand, and a lad and a lass hold-ing each other by the hand come forward to Alma Should be of Cherokee county, because, he eaid, she way a Kansax girl. Without delay he wrote her to meet him at Sedan Saturday, and directed her to wear a blue ribbon on her left arm. Young Duncan drove to Sedan early in the morning, se-cured his license, donned a blue ribbon and execute a dance of the country. If they suc-ceed in finishing the "branle" without break-ing an egg they become affianced, even the will of their parents availing not to break heir union. then went to the depot to watch the in-coming train. At 2 o'clock he was re-

Formerly at the approach of Easter all the hetroosts of France were ranaacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribwarded. train, ute to the king. At the conclusion of the Easter high mass in the chapel of the Leuvre, lackeys brought into the royal cabiwithout further ceremony went to the resi dence of the Methodist parson and were united for life.

they call "pricking eggs."

BELLS GO TO ROME.

ardinal, and supposed to come from Rome.

On Easter motning, at the stund of the re



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