

"FAGS" OF OLD ETON

Statesmen Who Boiled Eggs and Cooked BLOATER

IN THE GOOD OLDEN TIME

Mr. Gladstone Got Off Easy, as He Was His Brother's "Fag"—Lord Salisbury and Gladstone's Shoes.

Most people contemplating a debate in the house of lords from the gallery would be surprised to hear that a goodly proportion of the grave and reverend sages engaged in settling affairs of state on the very steps of the throne were adepts at frizzling the toothsome sausage and cooking the homelike "bloaters."



BOILING A HOMELIKE BLOATER.

sacred to the memory of King Henry's shade is that of "fagging." The first and second day of every term, when the whole school has returned, a sort of slave market is held in each house, at which the upper boys have the privilege of choosing from among the lower boys their own particular "fag" for the next three months or so.

The right of selection is exercised according to seniority, the boys known to be the quickest and best "servants" being naturally snapped up first, except in the case of new boys, whose looks have to be taken as credentials, as often as not, to the ultimate disgust of the fagmaster.

Down to the time of Alexander II., says the New York Ledger, there was very little law practice in Russia outside of the civil courts, as the criminal affairs of the country were in the hands of the government officials.

DANGEROUS WORK TO AWAKEN A CRUSTY MASTER.

sleepers and free with his fists, and quick at throwing shoes when once awakened. School over, the fag has to prepare his master's breakfast. He lays the cloth, makes the tea and toast—woe betide him if the latter be burned or cut too thick—boils the eggs and fries any extra luxuries in the way of bacon or sausage his master may send him to purchase in the town.

The same round of duty has to be gone through again at supper time, the only difference being that there is more time to do it in, and fagmasters are generally in better temper when school for the day is over.

with the bengals, and take notes to other boys in other houses. It is strange to think if Lord Salisbury had only gone to Eton a few years earlier than he did he might have had to clean Mr. Gladstone's shoes and run errands for his future rival.

Paper lanterns in fantastic shape for exterior decoration at George A. Hall & Co.'s.

themselves they were excellent cooks, and as such were much in request. It is equally difficult to imagine the dignified Lord Chief Justice Coleridge making toast and boiling eggs for his "master," but tradition has it that he was a most exemplary fag.

In addition to their regular daily work for their own master, the lower boys have to fag in a desultory way for any upper boy who may want them during the day. At the cry of "Lower boy!" shouted by any fellow above the lower division of the fifth form, every boy below the fifth has to scamper out in answer to the summons and the hindmost in the race is generally ordered off for whatever duty has to be performed.

The head master's birch does not inflict such wounds as the vigorously applied toasting fork of an incensed fagmaster. The most tedious of all kinds of fagging is to have to sit and read out the "crib" or translation to a number of upper boys preparing their Virgil or Thucydides. This duty combines all the irksomeness of a school lesson, with the disadvantage of learning nothing in return for it.

When Maude found that packet of letters in my desk she instantly knew by the exercise of her fine feminine faculty of intuition that they were from a woman. She also knew that this woman was perfectly horrid, and that I had loved the dreadful creature all the time, and never said one word about it to my wife.

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RUSSIAN COURTS OF JUSTICE.

Administration of the Law Under the Alexandrian Regime.

Down to the time of Alexander II., says the New York Ledger, there was very little law practice in Russia outside of the civil courts, as the criminal affairs of the country were in the hands of the government officials.

Alexander was a believer in open courts of justice and established them, after great opposition on the part of the imperial council. Persons charged with murder, robbery or kindred crimes, great or small, are now tried in open court before judges who are paid by the crown, and forbidden to receive fees under any circumstances.

Criminal practice in these courts gives the Russian lawyers more business than formerly, and when the accused is a man of wealth, and the case is desperate, heavy fees are paid to counsel, just as in England or the United States. It was hoped that the establishment of the courts would do away with the old abuses, but injustice dies hard in whatever country it may exist.

Resulted After Many Years.

A Bristol (Tenn.) dispatch says: A well known gentleman from Franklin county, Va., who arrived in the city today, tells a romantic story. Salem Wade is a negro who spent the past thirty-five years in the state of Georgia. Long before the war his master, a cruel man, sold him to a slave owner of the south because the negro had committed some trivial offense.

TALE OF OLD NOTES

Howard Fielding Tells of a Blighted Affection

WHEREIN HE WAS A FIGURE

He Shows That Good Fruit Cannot Grow Up From the Root of All Evil.

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OLD BONES WAS WAITING.

was due to return in about two minutes she decided not to wait. With her heart full of that harrowing satisfaction which comes to all of us when our worst fears are realized, she broke the seal, and taking the oldest letter from the bottom of the packet read these sentimental lines:

DEAR HOWDY: Fate has got me by the bosom of the trousers. I am a gooner. Old Bones is waiting on the stairs. He will have his money or blood. I would skip out of the back window, but the rope is in Nicholson's room and I owe him ten. Promised to him to-day. Send me all you can raise, and if you haven't any money, for Heaven's sake send me another rope.

P. S.—Or a gun. I came in just as Maude, having finished this letter, was trying to look as if she hadn't expected to find anything in particular.

"So you thought you'd found some love letters?" said I. "Well, they're not what you took them for, but there's more real affection, and more genuine, nineteenth century blight on it in that little bundle than you'll find in a month's session of the divorce court. Since you've brought these letters to the light, let's look them through and see what became of the only man I ever really loved."

"Who was he?" "Henry Nelson Brown, called 'Foxy' at college, where that note was written. Those are his letters to me. You will observe later that while the expression is charmingly varied, the subject is substantially the same in all. In answer to that note I sent him \$10 and a ball bat, telling him to pay Nicholson and kill Bones. But Foxy was too shrewd to pay a whole debt when he could scale it down, so he gave Nicholson \$5 and only half killed Bones. Both were entirely satisfied, and Foxy bought a plug hat with the \$5 which remained. Let us turn to his next letter, which is on the paper of Holcomb, Reardon & Co., hides and leather, of New York. He is clerk for the firm at \$6 a week, after his graduation with highest honors in music. Here is the letter:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 12, 1872. "DEAR HOWDY: Send me fifteen dollars. Quick. The 14 man is coming to town, and it finds me without my watch he will send up a horrible howl. But if everything is O. K. I will work him for enough to pay back the fifteen and the rest that I owe you, and then we will go and have a red-eyed racket with it. Ever yours, "FOXY."

"So you used to go on rackets?" said Maude, in the severe tone of a woman



HE REFLECTS ON HIS SIN.

who thinks that she has drawn a shrewd and damaging inference. "I didn't go on any with the money Foxy speaks of," I replied. "I never saw it. The old man Brown came to town with all his pockets sewed up."

"And didn't he pay you at all? I think he was real mean." "No, he wasn't mean in those days. He was poor. He would have given me anything he had—in the days when he didn't have anything. Take this note for instance:"

"December 23, 1879. "DEAR HOWDY: I will turn up every cent I can for you. My winter overcoat is in box already, but I'll spout the light one if the weather moderates. Meanwhile, if you can spare a quarter for lunch I'll give it to you with the other. Perhaps the firm will give me a raise. I asked the head clerk what he thought of my chances, and he said the firm would either raise me or bounce me the first of the year, but if he was a betting man his money would go on the bounce. I'll see you Saturday. Foxy."

"Did he give you any money on Saturday?" asked Maude. "No; but he would have done it if I had let him. I met him just going into a pawn shop with his light coat on his arm. It was pretty nearly the coldest

day I ever saw in New York, so I lent him the money to get his heavy coat out. Then he hocked his light coat and went to the theater.

"Here are a number of notes I received during that winter, but they're all more or less like the others. Here is one which I got the next June:

"DEAR HOWDY: I'm sat on my back. Digestion all gone to blazes. Can't keep anything on my stomach, nor get anything to try the experiment with till I fix the landlady. The doctor says that I can pay him now what I've saved the past year by eating free lunch. I would, dear boy, but I haven't it with me. He also says that Croton water is bad for invalids, and he advises me to drink lead champagne. He seems to know his business, but he evidently doesn't know mine. Can't you send me fifteen or twenty? The firm has sent me a check for \$111, balance of salary. There were a few little memoranda in the cash drawer which brought it down to that. Why didn't they send money? What is the name of Beecher's bull pup that I do with a check while I'm tied to this bed? If I give it to the landlady she'll abort it and there won't be any chance. And it wouldn't buy much champagne anyway. Come and take my safe morning statement. Foxy."

"I went to see the boy and found him very low in his mind. But the champagne which I brought with me braced him wonderfully, and his strong constitution pulled him through. It was on the August following that I got this note:

"DEAR HOWDY: I have turned over a new leaf. No more recklessness for me. Henceforth it's strictly business. Lying there, with death staring me in the face, I did a heap of solemn thinking. I thought up schemes to advance me with the firm, and one of them has caught on. I never saw old Reardon so tickled in my life. 'Brown,' says he, 'you've got the making of a business man in you. I'll consult a lawyer about this plan of yours, and if he says we can follow it and keep out of state prison, we'll do it and put you in charge of it.' I just drew my salary, and it was doctored, which was lucky for me, as I had taken about twice the usual amount in advance. However, I have a dollar, and if you can raise ten or so let's celebrate tonight. I believe my fortune is made. "FOXY."

"There's a death-bed repentance for you," said I, "and he was right; it was the making of him. He got to be a sort of chief robber for Holcomb, Reardon & Co., with a good salary and nothing to do but stifle his conscience and discourage competitors. I did not hear from him for some months, and then, in response to a note, I got this:

"DEAR HOWDY: I will try to do what I can for you, but the demands upon my purse are very heavy just now. Why don't you strike Jennings? I hear that he has money to throw to the birds. Yours, "BROWN."

"Jennings wasn't throwing any money to the birds when I arrived at his place of business, but I managed to pull through, and it was almost a year before I got into a tight place again. Then I wrote to Foxy and received this on the paper of Holcomb, Reardon & Brown:

"DEAR FIELDING: I am exceedingly sorry to find myself unable to help you at this time. I have no doubt, however, that you will get along all right. Come to see me. I would like to show you my apartments in the Regent. I am just going up town to buy a piano. Regret that I am unable to spare you the ten. Yours as ever, "H. N. B."

"Then I sat down and penned a note to Foxy that was full of deep feeling.



"PUT THE LETTERS AWAY."

I asked him whether he was not throwing away the best part of his nature in the race for wealth. I described the awful hole I was in, and asked him, in the name of our ancient friendship, to go into his clothes and come out with the cash. Probably my note was lost in the mail, for I got no answer. But a year later it happened that I was caught between the devil and the deep sea. I wanted money worse than the thirsty sands of the desert want water. Then I wrote to Foxy, and this was the reply. I can forgive the English, for that is evidently his stenographer's, but the sentiments, I fear, are Foxy's:

"NEW YORK. "HOWARD FIELDING, Esq.—Dear Sir: Yours of the fifteenth is at hand and contents are noted. I do not see how low at present I shall be able to comply with your request. Business is not as good as it was last month, and our expenses are heavy. My balance in the bank is small compared to what it ought to be.

"In conclusion let me give you a little advice: Why don't you straighten up and save a few dollars? If you got a thousand or two dollars ahead, these little financial troubles wouldn't bother you. Put aside a few dollars every week and try and live more in accordance with your income. Yours Sincerely, "Dictated. HENRY N. BROWN, per T."

"And that was the end of it, Maude. From 'Yours ever' he has grown to be 'Yours Sincerely,' with a capital S. I am glad the stenographer put so many dollars in that last paragraph. They show where the trouble is. Put the letters away. Few men have such a collection, but almost any poor man can get one if he has a few of the first numbers as a beginning."

Disease in Vienna Bread.

The restaurant keepers of Vienna have been in the habit of selling the fancy bread of that town on commission. Instead of buying it from the bakers they have sold it as agents, returning what was left over to the bakers. The latter are very skillful in freshening up old rolls and sending them back again. When they cannot be put into the first state again they are sliced up, toasted on both sides and sold as "twice baked" or Zwieback or hrosel. It reaches that state after passing through many hands and being considerably battered and bruised. A chemist who has analyzed some shows that it accumulates an enormous number of disease germs. The bakers, to protect themselves, have resolved that in future they will not sell bread on commission, and that the restaurants must buy it outright. Thereupon the restaurant keepers accepted the situation and appointed a committee to arrange for treating their stale bread in precisely the way it used to be treated by the bakers.

Paper lanterns in fantastic shape for exterior decoration at George A. Hall & Co.'s.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!



Owing to the inclement weather of last week many were unable to visit our Great Special Cloak Sale, though more than half the 9,000 garments advertised were sold. An inventory discloses

4,200 Cloaks

Still to sell of those included in the sale. With the evidence of many requests and inquiries which have flooded our daily mail from people all over the state asking that the sale limit be extended in order to permit those from distant points to attend, we have decided to open the doors again to this unprecedented opportunity, and invite those as not yet served, to visit our cloak rooms, where they will be entitled to the same privileges and prices as in vogue during the past week.

The catalogue of styles include the newest and most desirable fashions. The most durable and artistic weaves. Unbroken assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Warm Wraps down to the little ones just old enough to walk.

The frosty weather suggests FURS. As an emphasis to cloak interests, we invite an inspection of our vast and distinguished variety of furs, including all popular kinds and modern styles. The atmosphere of low prices on cloaks has touched the cloak man's pencil with a downward stroke, and bargains are the result. See if it isn't so.

A lively vibration among the importing houses has been going on in New York by our RESIDENT BUYER. He's caught some of the over sanguine importers with too many dress goods. That always pleases him, for he knows they can be moulded to his price, and with the cold cash in his hand, he wields a mighty argument that lays the finest fabrics on our counters at far under the market prices.

Do you want to share in the spoils? Then visit our dress goods department with a little cash this week. We'll show you new and fashionable patterns, and second you with prices so low and incomparable with the superior fabrics offered. It's hard just now to keep enough and wear for daily necessities. Constant drafts upon the whole sale stock furnish the solution. No matter what you may call for, either in single garment or combination suit, it can be produced in all weights and weaves, accompanied with a prime make that will win your patronage at once.

Bring full in our Show Department of the new late styles and shades, and you will find much pleasure in a study of Paris fashions here.

SPRING & COMPANY