That follow the ebb and the flow;

That follow the ebb and the flow;

Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain,

Hope dawnings and sunsets of woe.

But there 're few other evils to which flesh is

That with serrow our joy can so fieck.

And fill our whole being with so much despair,

as a boil on the back of the nack.

Aman's wife may tell him in tones low and

sweet

Her mother is coming to stay,

He may tread a banana peel down in the street
And swear in a dignified way.

Somebody may walk on his favorite corn,
He may fooliahly cash a snide cheek,
But the one thing that makes him regret he was

Is a boil on the back of the neck. The brooklet e'en sings in a sad undertone, The skies are all clouded with care, And nature's voice echoes a saddening moan

The breezes come freighted with care.
The future is naugh: but a desert of night, The present a miserable wreck,
Without even justone faint spark of delight,
For the man with a boil on his neck.

Cupid's Commercial Failure.

Megotiations now have ceased, the game is called Miss Caldwell with her millions failed to capture Prince Murat.

He brought to her a title of distinction to be

While there would be no limit to the title h Me soon discovered all her gold was anchored to

The title of "The Princess," which nobility holds dear, The wished him to bestow for just a paitry sum

While she would bear the name which his nobility confers, The bank account, as heretofore, would still be

As heiress who will titles estimate so very low Deserves to finally become plain Mrs. So-and-so

CHAPTER XXI. LORD LANDSDOWNE.

One morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham attired herself in her second-best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham practising diligently, turned her steps toward Oldelough Hall. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and mained in appropriate obscurity. in a few minutes Lucia appeared. When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she

sumed a slight air of surprise. "Why, my dear," she said, as she shook hands, "I should scarcely have known

And though this was something of an

exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be gaining color as she bent over them. She noted in her attire and appearance. The was wondering, with inward trepidation. agly twiss had disappeared from her delicate what her ladyship would say if she knew head, and in its place were soft, loose waves the whole truth—if she knew that it was and light puffs; she had even ventured on her grand-daughter, not Octavia Bassett, allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to who enjoyed Mr. Burmistone's confidence. longer worethe trade-mark of Miss Chickie, dare to tell her?" isut had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

*A Watteau plait down the back—isn't it great deal more. Wattenu plais?—and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite stone, Francis?" she inquired. "That he like some of Miss Octavia Basstt's dresses, only not so over-trimmed.'

"I did not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia bravley. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and culated—or Burmistone?"
dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem
"It is scarcely likely the

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from single glass dexterously in his right eye, and some style of hers, I suppose. Very be- gazing at her ladyship through it. coming indeed. Well, well! And how does See why Lansdowne should object. Fact Lady Theobaid like all this, my dear?" " I am not sure that-" Lucia was begin-

ming, when her ladyship interrupted her by

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her wisitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I Oxford, too, and Burmistone is supposed have just keen complimenting Lucia upon to have behaved presty well towards Lansher pressy dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has wild fellow—so the father and mother say. been giving her the benefit of her experi- As to Burmistone causing it to circulated, suce, it appears. We have not been doing that sort of thing is rather absurd. The her justice. Who would have believed that man isn't a cad, you know." she had come from Nevada to improve us?"

somorously, "has come from Nevada to what I have chanced to see, and I must "Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, teach our young people a great many things -new fachious in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

" If you will excuse me, grandmamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, " I will go and write the letters you wished

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and having bidden Mrs. Burnham good morn-

ing, Lucia went.
If Mrs. Burnism had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident disgleasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigiorous gentlewoman had a stern sense of dignity, which

forbade her condescending to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached more commonpiace topic.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear,

"To the garden party!" repeated her ladyship. "May I ask who thinks of giving a garden-party in Slowbridge?" It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives alittle out of Slowbridge Mr. Barmistone,

my dear, Lady Theobald, at his new place. "Yes, my dear, and a most charming him. affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of early days, imagine what she felt now,

is from Mr. Barold?" Mr. Barold has not been to Oldclough

for several days."

Indy, "or men or mr. Duringstone's classese-suring the services of persons of established walk in the lanes about Oldclough, she had gestion in society when they wished to encountered a gentleman, who had dis-

pend their money upon entertainm self to be made a party to such a trans-

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmistone not, for which courage his companion adis not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne." "Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her lady-

ship, sternly. "Bon of the Marquis of Lauderdale. whose wife was Lady Honoro Erroll." "Did Mr. Barmistone give you this information?" asked Lady Theobald, with ronic calmness.

Mrs. Burnham colored ever so taintly. " I-that is to say-there is a sort of acquaintance between one of my maids and his fasher are quite fend of Mr. Burmis-

tone, it is said.' that we should not have known of this

before. "But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the The was to buy the bauble and to pay for it in marquis. I think he is only a second or hird cousin. We are little-just a littleset in Slowbridge, you know, my dear-at least I have thought so, sometimes lately.' "I must confess," remarked my lady, that I have not regarded the matter in

> that light." "That is because you have a better right to - to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response.

Lady Theobald did not disclaim the

privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, incongruous as such a state ment may appear, it must be confessed that she fels that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden parties, and all such swervings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lanadowne and the Marquis of Lauderdale were to be referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, but for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmistone would not have been educated at Oxford and have come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but would have re-

"I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmistone's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt she has known of this approaching entertainment for some I had been clever."

weeks. "I do not know, grandmamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and "Ah," she thought, "how could I ever as to Mr. Burmistone's intentions, a discussion were not to be regarded from the for the first time in my life, I am in a

The same day Francis Barold sauntered up to pay them a visit, and then, as Mrs. "What a presty gown, my dear!" said Burnham had prophesied, Lady Theodald heard all she wished to hear, and, indeed, a

"What is this I am told of Mr. Burmiintends to give a garden-party, and that Lord Lansdowne is to be one of the guests, and that he has caused it to be circulated that they are cousins." " hat Lausdowne has cause it to be cir-

"It is scarcely likely that Lord Lans

"Beg pardon," he interrupted, fixing his is, he is a great deal foncer of Burmissons than relations usually are of each other. Now I often find that kind of thing a bore. but Lansdowne doesn't seem so. They were at school together, it seems, and at downs at one time, when he was rather a

"Pray don's say ' you know,' Francis, said her ladyship. "I know very little but confess I have not been prerossessed in Mr. Burmistone's favor. Why did he not

choose to inform us-... "That he was Lord Lansdowne's secon cousin, and knew the Marquis of Lauderdale, grandmamma?' broke in Lucia, with very presty spirit. "Would that have preposessed you in his favor? Would you have forgiven him for building the mills, on Lord Lansdowne's account I-I wish I was related to a marquis.

which was very bold indeed. "May I ask," said her ladyship, in her most monumental manner, "when you became Mr. Burmistone's champion?

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU HAVE MADE IT LIVELIES."

When she had become Mr. Burmistone's champion indeed! She could scarcely have "I hope your rheumatism does not told when, unless, perhaps, she had fixed threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she take at the first time she heard his name introduced at a high tea with avery politely opprobrious ephitet affixed. She your relative, which would make my said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am had defended him in her own mind then, thinking quite seriously of taking the dear and felt sure that he deserved very little girls to the garden-party, when it comes that was said against him, and very likely nothing at all. And the first time she had seen and spoken to him, she had been convinced that she had not made a missake, and that he had been treated with cruel injustice. How kind he was, how manly, how clever, and how well he bore himself under the popular adverse criticism! She only wondered that anybody could be so Francis Barold. He never gives way to

And if this had been the case in those when-ah, well !- when her friendship had had time and opportunity to become a much deeper sentiment. Must it be confessed. "Then he will tell you when he comes, that she had seen Mr. Burmistone even for I suppose he has as much to do with it oftener than Octavia and Miss Belinda knew of? Of course is had all been quite Harriford for costumes for her daughters. shall be deucedly sorry to do is." "I have heard before," announced my accidental; but it had happened that new Indy, "of men of Mr. Burmistone's classes- and then, when she had been taking a quiet Miss Chickie with brilliant sarcasm. "Our a new idea, isn't it?"

nts, mounted, and led his horse by the bridle, as but I should searcely have imagined that he sauntered by her side. She had always hope. Do you prefer a full or flounce, Francis Barold would have allowed himbeen very timid at such times and had felt mem?" rather like a criminal; but Mr. Burmistone had not been timid at all, and would, indeed, as soon have met Lady Theobald as mired him more than ever. It was not very long before to be with this hero re-assured her, and made her feel stronger and more self-reliant. She was never afraid to not be long before he would come to open her soft little heart to him, and show him innocently all its goodness and igorance of worldliness. She warmed and aggrieved. brightened under his kindly influence, and

"It is odd that I am such a different girl when when I am with you," she said to him, one day. "I even make little jokes. should never think of making even the tiniest joke before grandmamma. Somehow, she the butler at the Burmistone place, and never seems quite to understand jokes. She when the girl was doing Lydia's hair, she never laughs at them. You always laugh, told her the story. Lord Lansdowne and and I am sure it is very kind of you to encourage me so; but you must nor encourage me too much, or I might forget, and make her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget "It seems rather singular to my mind a little joke at dinner, and I think, if I did she would choke over her soan."

simples readiness of wit and speech.

Perhaps, when she had dressed her hair and adorned herself with pale pink bows, and like appurtenances, this artful young person had privately in mind other beholders than Mrs. Burnham, and other commendation than that to be bestowed by that most excellent matron.

"Do you mind me telling you that you time if you hadn't been here. You have have put on an enchanted garment," said made it livelier." Mr. Burmistone, the first time they met when she were one of the old-new gowns. 'I thought I knew before how-

"I don't mind at all." said Lucia. blushingly brilliantly. "I rather like it. It rewards me for my industry. My hair is dressed in a new way. I hope you like that, too. Grandmamma does not.

It had been Lady Theobald's habit to to treat Lucia severely from a sense of dinner. duty. Her manner towards her had always rather the tone of implying that she was old fellow," he said. "What's up." naturally at fault, and yet her ladyship could not have told wherein she wished the girl changed. In the good old school in that I have been rather snubbed by a which my lady had been trained, it was customary to regard young people as weak, foolish, and, if left to their own desires, frequently sinful. Lucia had not been left to own her desires. She had been taught to view herself, as rather a bad case, and to feel that she was far from being what her relatives had a right to expect. To be thrown with a person who did not find her silly, or dull, or commonplace, was a new

"If I had been clever," Lucia said once to Mr Burmistone.—" if I had been clever, perhaps grandmamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmistone, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance.

genteel parior. Would Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would have remained at home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Oldclough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for inform-

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whither it is true that Miss Belinda Bassett-Belinda Bassett," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmistone to assist him to receive his guests. "Yes, it is true," was the reply; "

think I advised is myself. Burmistone is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times.'

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?" "In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wante, -well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et castera." There was a slight pause before he finished. adding quietly : "He's not a man to submit to be-

ing refused-Burmistone.' Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work; she knew he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in its place so cleverly ; and she detested this more than anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to

He did not address her again, immedi ately, but turned to Lucia, drooping the eyeglasses, and resuming his normal con

dition. "You will go, of course?" he said.

Lucia glanced across at my lady. "I-do not knew. Grandmamma..."
"Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must

go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation-unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question."

"But there may be reasons...." began her lad yehip. "Barmistone is my friend." put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am

position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you." When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that they had received invitations to the fete, and that Lady

Theobald had accepted them. "She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. 'I don't quite understand her lately. Octavia. She must be very fond of blind, and stupid, and wilful as to assail her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have les me go, if he had not insisted on it, in

that taking it-for granted way of his." Naturally, Mr. Burmistone's fete caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors his host was not altogether prepared. that her feelings had been outraged by the "When the fete is over, my dear fellow, discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to he said, "I must go back to London, and "Slowbridge is changing, mem," said "Look here!" said Burmistone, "that"

Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties in question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. Shares had gone up again, and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little

"Will you be glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked. "We shall not be glad to let was often surprised in secret at her own you go. We have grown very fond of you." "I shall be sorry to leave you; and Aunt Belinds is going with us. You don't expect me to be fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham and the rest?"

Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled.

"Am I one 'the rest' " he enquired the first time he found himself alone with his usual hateur and discretion.

"Would you like to be?" she said. "Oh! very much-very much-nature ally," he replied, severely. They were standing near a rosebush, in

the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest. "Well," she said, next, "I must say think I shouldn't have had such a good

"Iha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind. "Oh!" she answered, "it's true. If it wasn't, I shouldn't say it. You, and Mr.

Burmistone, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier." He went home in such bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than

usual, commented upon his grave aspect as "You look as if you had heard ill news,

"Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever - unless

young lady from Nevada." "Ah!" with great seriousness; "that's rather cool, isn't it?'

"It's her little way," said Baroid. "It eems to be one of the customs of Nevada." In fact, he was very savage indeed. He felt that he had condsecended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and very well entertained; but often enough-in fact rather too oftenshe had made him exceedingly uncomfort-When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt accustomed to; she did not consider that same point of view. Perhaps he did not put into definite words the noble and pating a special passion. I think it is a special passion. I think riotic sentiment that an Englishman was not to be regarded from the same point of in New York, it was scarcely what an Englishman would stand. Perhaps, as I say, he had not put this sentiment into think!" words : but it is quite certain that it had been uppermost in his mind upon more occasions than one. As he thought their acquaintance over, this evening, he was rather severe upon Octavia. He even roused so far as to condescend to talk her over with Burmistone.

"If she had been well brought up," he said, "she would have been a different creature.

"Very different, I have no doubt," said Burmistone, thoughtfully. "When you say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Gaston?" "There is a medium," said Barold,

loftily. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it." "Weil, as you say," commented Mr. Burmistone, "I suppose there is a medium."

"A charming wife she would make for a man with a position to maintain," re-marked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett ?" queried Burmistone. That's true. But I am afraid she wouldn't enjoy it-if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"At !" exclaimed Barold, impatiently, 'I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his." Mr. Burmistone elipped his hands in his pockets and jingled his keys slightly, as he did once before in an earlier part of this

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Baroid flushed a little, and took his cigar

from his mouth to knock of the ashes. "A man is not necessarily a snob." he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You

can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmistone. "She would do as she chose,"

Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I am not referring to her in particular. Why should 1? "Ah!" said Burmistone. "I only thought of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered She is not easily embarrassed. There is a sang froid about her which carries things

"Ah!" deigned Barold, "she has sang froid enough and to spare.' He was silent for some time afterwards and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which

-more rapid than I'd ever have dared to did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here." And he laughed, rather unessily.

CHAPTER XXIII.

" MAY I GO ?" The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a

Lucia was very pale, and her large soft eyes wore a decidedly frightened look. She med to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had hap-

summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston

"Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Oldclough."

"Who is he?" "He is my grand-uncle," exclaimed Lucia, tremuiously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandmamma-'' She stopped short, and colored, and drew her slight figure up. "I do not quite understand grandmamma, Octavia," she said. "Last night she came to my room to talk to me: and this morning she came again, andoh!" she broke out indignantly, " how could

she speak to me in such a manner!" "What did she say?" inquired Octavia. "She said a great many things," with great spirit. "It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I-I was wrong to say I did not understand her I did be-

fore she had finished." "What did you understand?" "She was afraid to tell me in plain words -I never saw her afraid before, but she was afraid. She has been arranging my future for me, and it does not occur to her that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it-and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive, in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?" "Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't

wants you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose. Lucia started. "How did you guess?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess." And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is

do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized, all as once, several things she had been myssified by before.

one of the reasons why she loathes me so,'

"Oh, it is! It is!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

Octavia smiled a little again. Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly. "I am glad I came here," she said as length. "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, i could have forgiven her more easily; but she been making coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. "Octavia," she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, "I think that, more." Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath view as an American, and that though all came fast. There was a hint of exultation this sort of thing might do with fellows in her tone. "Yes," she said, "I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I

> And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her

ladyship. (To be Continued).

In His Proper Place.

Yes, "the world do move," after all. Those who were present at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the Baptist church one afternoon last week witnessed a sight which was calcuated to inspire the most ardent advocate of women's rights. Whilst the wives and daughters of the land were dis cussing the "third party" and other grave questions of state, one of the erstwhile lord of creation" paced the corridors in the "lordly" endeavor of trying to keep his offspring from breaking out into open rebellion. The wives and daughters looked upon the sight with feelings of satisfaction at the thought that man had at last found his proper place, and the "yoke" had been broken. As for the fallen "lord,' he presented the appearance of a man who was prepared to sell himself without making anything on the transaction .- Galt Refor-

Barbers Have Good Myes. Ever get shaved by a barber who wore glasses? Just think over now, and see if you can remember any barber who ever wore glasses. I've been in the business 20 years, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, and I would be more apt to see such barbers than you. I don't believe that I ever eaw more than three. A man who can't see well has no business fooling around another man's face with a razor. I went into a recruiting office once thinking I would enlist. They asked me several questions. one of them being an inquiry about my business. I said I was a barber. The recruiting officer replied at once: "Then your evesight is all right." I don't think I ever saw a cross-eved barber in my life. As a rule, the barber's evesight is better than any class or business or profession which you find.

The Smallest Republic in the World. Probably the smallest republic in the world is the one which declared its independence on August 9th, at Franceville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides, and elected M. Chevilliard its President. The inhabitants consist of 40 Europeans (including a solitary Englishman, a missionary) and 500 black workmen employed by a French company. The new flag of the republic having been duly hoisted, the French gunboat Saone landed a detachment and saluted the flag.

-The man who does not find advertising profitable generally finds business unprofit.

-A new Krupp gun bests the world. The calibre is 131 inches, barrel 40 fees in length, and its greatest diameter 61 feet. It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots per LORD STANLEY

eristics, Official Worl Life of Canada's Presen General - A Glimpse Wi Hall.

(From the New York He "Invariably honorable, jus hospitable, valiant and magni-all invariably loyal; that fami challenge history and traditio defective link in its long ch sion, to point to a single stain of its public conduct, or on its cise of the mild and grace

private life." Such is the estimate by a torian of the Stanleys, who Earl of Derby, and a scion of Stanley of Preston, is Govern Canada. Lord Stanley and family are now on a tour, wh probability be extended to United States, and readers will, therefore, doubtless fine His Lordship and of the V in which he lives at Ridean Lord Stanley is a son of

Earl of Derby. His broth Earl, followed his father public career, and fathermore than once member Cabinet. Fred Stanley, as General of to-day was called, at a very early age ant's commission in the Gr In 1865 he was elected to continued to be a mem until 1886, when he was with the title of Lord Sta During his career as a pa filled various offices, such Admiralty, Financial Se Treasury, Secretary of Sta President of the Committee Education, Secretary of Colonies and President Trade. It may well be Secretary of State for th that insight into colonial him in good stead now.

> DAILY LIFE IN RID When settled at the Ha

movements are quite n valet has everything prep at 7 o'clock each morning he calls his master. After lishman's adoration to th water, and having attire garb chosen for him by t cratic factotum, His Lore morning papers. He ve before breakfast. Tha about 9 o'clock. All the it, even Master Willie, w 11 summers. At other of the younger member comstances. By about cellency has disposed of the matutinal cigar, an tain Colville, his milite hand with a formidal documents requiring ! Excellency signs nothi it more or less carefull tion in that respect mi Lorne, who went on th officials who drew up more about them that Lansdowne, who went with as suspicious a editor scanning the j production. Scarcely went through his h marked with verbal en accordance with his

nious composition. The luncheon hour the last of the public pesed of, and at that I rule, the household

assemble. Lord Stanley's afte variable, aithough he take a drive, and, if t able and the exacting him away, he goes d football field. Of merely remains a former he frequently a mighty effective ancestor established the Derby, His Lor particular devotee carriage horses are s has there appears to in his blood. Inde virtues are essential publickind. He is a English nobility, wh a larger degree than in erecting and mai of British greatness. and doings of such of Preston do not m as the escapades of borough, and theref public prints of the nobility than we do A BEPAS

tions of the afternoon to or enjoyed, and seek their rooms to repast is served whether the gues Everybody dresses young boys are acc dining with mothe their Eton jackets, full dress. The di there are guests, gentlemen lingeri for a great part C is finished, howev fond of getting a tainments. His Lancashire lad, is the boys essay ment ; Mre. Bago who was there la plished musicial one or two loc vocalists most a were held at the a week. These we hour, early to b

By about 7 o'cloc

LADY STANI The world do homes of the hig any striking exe pler domestio jos have united in a and lowly. T wealth are supp an acquaintanc cerns of these illustrious famil