

BARONET

most picturesque characters in English life, and has been in turn a sailor—a fellow midshipman of Admiral Lord Charles Boscawen—an officer in the English *Régle* Brigade, a cavalryman in the German army during the Franco-German war of 1870, a war correspondent, a champion swimmer and a sleepless rider. Two years ago, although over sixty at the time, Sir Claude rode in a sleepless with his son over

One of the most difficult courses in England, the boy coming in first. He holds the Royal Humane Society medal for saving life from drowning; was bitterly disappointed when Blonddin refused to carry him on his back across the Falls of Niagara on a tight-rope; has tumbled as an amateur boxer in a Spanish bull fight; was for many years the champion amateur boxer of England, and even presided at a hanging, which led to the inauguration of an annual

his expulsion from the Army and Navy Old in London. He was high sheriff of his native county, that of Essex, at the time, and theoretically the convicted murderers under sentence for execution are confided to the custody of this official, who is likewise responsible, theoretically at least, for the execution. Sir Claude took his responsibility in the matter very seriously to heart, and on

in order to see that there was no hitch in the proceedings. Fortunately everything went off well, for if there had been any hitch Sir Claude would assuredly have considered it to be his duty to lend a hand. Sir Claude some years ago came to Lincolnshire, but quickly obtained his title, and was called Sir Claude de Grey.

already de Greenguy is quite the reverse of her husband, being of a very austere temperament and rewarded for her piety, which is threatened by the most boundless charity. The baronetcy is of relatively modern origin, dating from the reign of King George IV. The family, however, is of old Norman descent and has been settled in England since the seventeenth century.

THE DRIVER HAD BEEN BEATING HIS
WOMAN FOR YEARS. HE WAS
MURDERED FOR IT.

minutes. Several men had remonstrated against such cruelty, but the driver had coolly consigned them to the most uncomfortable spot he could think of, and had gone on with his lashing. Presently a woman drove into view. She was a little woman, but she had a mighty effect on the driver. Straight through the crowd of men she pushed, right up under the very nose of the injured man.

"Oh, you wicked man," she said, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "No," said the driver, doggedly, "I am not."

"Let the whip fall again but with much less violence than before. The man draw a step nearer."

"If you strike that horse again," he said, "I'll have you arrested." He did not strike.

"I know he wouldn't," said a man the outskirts of the crowd.

Only one of those brutes sacred to the death of a woman. A whole bunch of men, six feet tall, might argue with him for half a day on the evils of horse beating, and he'd still cheer at us. Even a policeman sometimes has difficulty in enforcing commands, but just let a woman come along and threaten to report him, and he gets good on the instant. I guess it is because he knows it means business."—N. Y. Evening

person can attract attention and not be very attractive.