



FOUR DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Ladies Rachel, Dorothy, Anne, and Blanche Cavendish

The young man did not answer.

"You are a silly ass," repeated the Duke.

No answer.

"You are a silly ass," came again.

"Yes," said Victor Cavendish, agreeing and long-suffering and somewhat bored.

In British politics His Excellency was neither brilliant nor outstanding, but simply hardworking, plain and straightforward in his opinions. He was a Unionist whip at one time, and

a good one, though he occasionally got tired and somewhat bored with his duties. It was the first stage of the moodiness and fits of abstraction to which I have referred. His duties as whip, of course, were to get his men in for a division. One day he fell asleep when he should have been very much alive, and a *confrère*, a young lordling, said to him later:

"Cavendish, you owe me a hundred pounds."

"Why?" said Cavandish drowsily.