HE IS ARISTOCRATIC AND POPULAR

Repeated Acts of Gallantry-Baring Ex ploits in Egypt—Lord of the Ad-miracly.

HE BEARS A CHARMED LIFE.

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The Berest, ds have always been an uncommon breed, and wherever any strain at their blood exists certain qualities of theirs are sure to display themselves. Notwithstanding the high social position they have held for centuries, there is something wild and gypsy-like about them, with makes them quite different from the srdinary type of British aristocracy. They are not only courageous to the point of utter recklessness, but they actually love danger more than any other form of excitement. When they can not find a legitimate outlet for this adventurous impulse, they give vent to it in some queer form of eccentricity, Thus, the notorious but cui iously popular Marquis of Waterford, Lord Charles Beresford's grandfather, earned the name of "Spring, heeled Jaek." by his mad-can ex-

when they are noted find special processions and when they are not provided that the secondary is the time and the secondary be this adventurous impairs, they give want by the secondary of the

sible example, except in the single respect of strictly doing his duty as a naval officer; and wherever they went they were so petted and pampered by the inhabitants, especially the woman folks, that they could hardly have been blamed if they lost their heads and went to the devil. Their whole cruises was one long round of furious dissipation, and Charley Beresford was the gayest of them all. He had never such a chance to let himself out before, and he took his enjoyment in allopathetic doses. But there was "a sweet little cherub perched up aloft," that took the very best of care of him. With all his recklessness and

INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR FUN.

INSATIBLE APPETITE FOR FUN,

the young fellow had a simple minded honesty and a natural goodness of heart that always kept him perfectly safe. Not one of the duke's companions went the pace more gorgeously than he did. Yet not one of them left so fair a record, or such warm and lasting regard as he did in every place they visited. The Duke of Edinburgh, who knows a good fellow when he meets one, as well as anybody living, took cordially to his junior lieutenant and formed for him one of those immovable friendships for which he is noted. This, in spite of the fact that Charley Beresford was the plague of his life. Whenever a scampish antic was played on the Galates it was quite unnecessary to inquire who was the culprit. Charley was pretty, sure to be at the bottom of it, and if he wasn't he was always ready to take the blame. Once, and once only, he came very near making the duke very angry indeed. The Duke of Ediaburgh is an enthusiastic musician, and his cabin on the Galatea was furnished with several superb instruments, among them a particularly fine harmonium, at which he spent almost all his leisure time when on board his ship. One Sunday in port, when he was supposed to be on a visit to the Governor, he unexpectedly returned and went straight down to his cabin. There he saw a scene which might have led to the supposition that a torpedo had exploded in the interior of his harmonium. The precious instrument was all to pieces, and the pieces were scattered

and the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane syed rosy-checked, mischievous, good natured powder monkey. The British midshipman is sup osed to be the ne plus ultra of impulence, and Charley Beresford was the ne plus ultra of a British midshipman. He went perfectly wild with delight at being in the navy and on the sea, and no ship he ever was aboard of was half big enough to contain the stock of high synits and animal magnetism that he brought with him. Luckly he had the faculty of cusmunicating his exuberant hilarity to all ranks of his hipmates. Wherever he sailed he was a miversal favorite.

THE BLUE JACKETS ADORED HIM.

THE BLUE JACKETS ADORED HIM.

In their blunt way, and though he kept his imperior officers on pins and needles lest he should play some crazy trick that would get him into twouble, the more discerning among them had no fear on his account out predicted that he would one day be a sause of pride to the navy and the country. Notwithstanding all the influence that his isamily might have exercised, he reade his way in the service by merit alone. He had been ten years in the navy when he got his ismultants commission, and joined the Galatea frigate, then commanded by the Duke of Edinburg for a cruise round the world. A young officer of rank and wealth and a rollicking disposition could not possibly been exposed to greater temptation to go wrong in every way, than Charles in every been exposed to greater temptation to go wrong in every way, than Charles in every hear the second part of the with his glass from the frigate, and that it was perfectly feasible to drive there. The whole party agreed to risk it, amid peals of laughter; for, some-house of the properties of the second party agreed to risk it, amid peals of laughter; for, some-house of the properties of the second party agreed to his good luck. The event showed that it was justified after a fashion. He say the properties of the second party agreed to his good luck. The event showed that it was justified after a fashion of the properties of the pro

"Yes," some one replied, "but how are you ever going to get the coach and horses back again?"

"Oh, they can't go back by the road, of course," he explained, "but what does that matter? All I bargained for was to drive you here safely."

The result was that they had a delightful picnic, but returned in the ship's boats and a launch had to be sent to bring the coach and horses back to Auckland.

In those days Lord Charles was as good a jockey as he was a whip, and nothing pleased him better than riding to win at any of the local race-meetings.

But his play time was nearly over, and the real work of his life lay close before him. When the rebellion of Arabi Pasha took place in 1882, Charley Beresford held the rank of commander and had just been appointed to the gunboat Condor, with the fleet at Alexandria under Sir Beauchamp Semour, now Lord Alcester. The bombardment of Alexandria immediately followed, and then the young commander got his opportunity. Eearly in the day the line of battle ship Temeraire grounded and was in great danger; but the Condor went to her under a galling fire and got her safely off; with the result that the heavily armed Marabout batteries were

And a threat as the second and a more in the second and a street was a second and a

CONVEYING A MESSAGE TO HIS WIFE

jus if he had been on his own quarterdeck on the Condor. What the signal was
has never been made public, but those wh
know say it consisted of certain code words
asking Lady Charles to keep two dances for
him at the ball to be given at Portsmouth
that night. The next thing he knew he was
under arrest for violating the regulation
which forbids any private signal to be made
from a royal yacht. He immediately placed
the resignation of his ministerial office and
his naval rank in the queen's hands, only to
receive them back next day with a gracious
rebuke for his faux pas.

This little bit of human nature made him
more popular than ever: but a more serious
matter was ahead. In 1888 he took a stand

which is most nusual in so young a minister. He required that financial provision should immediately be made for raising the strength of the navy to that of any other two naval nations combined. The cabinet were divided, but Lord Salisbury decided regainst the proposal at that time, and Lord Charles Beresford took the dignified course of retiring from the ministry.

Charles Beresford took the dignified course of retiring from the ministry.

He went to the Lediterranean in command of a magnificent ship, the Undaunted, where he was probably much happier than at Whitehall. But his policy has since been fully adopted by Lord Salisbury's ministry, mainly through Mr. Goschen's influence; and wherever a bold heart and a good, clear head in naval affairs are needed in future, whether in council or in war, the nation will not be at any loss to know where to seek them. The curly-headed powder-monkey is unquestionably the man of the future in the British navy.

The Last Man.

The probably fate of the last man is a subject that has often been discussed; of about a dozen solutions of the question, seven of the best are summarized below:

1. The surface of the earth is steadily diminishing; all the landed portion will at last be submerged and the last man will be drowned.

drowned.

2. The ice is gradually accumulating at the North Pole and slowly melting at the South; eventually the earth's centre of gravity will change and the last man will be killed by the rush of movables when the catastrophs finally comes.

led by the rush of movables when the catastrophe finally comes.

3. There is a retarding medium in space, causing a gradual loss of velocity in all the planes. The earth, obeying this law of gravitation, will be drawn nearer and nearer the sun, until at last humanity will be roasted from the face of the globe.

4. The amount of water on the earth's surface is slowly drying up. Finally the earth will be an arid waste, like the moon, and the last man will die pleading for a drop of moisture with which to wet his tongue.

5. A gigantic planet is likely to tumble into the sun at any time. In that event our

5. A gigantic planet is likely to tumble into the sun at any time. In that event our great luminary would blaze up and burn the earth and the other planets in its train to cinders.

6. With the beginning of the year 3000 A. D. the human family will commence to retrocrade and within 1,000,000 years from that date man will not be higher in the scale of nature than the plant louse of to-day. In this case there will be no "last man."

7. The sun's fires will gradually burn out, and the temperature will cool in consequence. The earth's glacial zone will enlarge, driving shivering humanity towards the equator. At last the habitable space will lesson to nothing and overcrowded the equator. At last the habitable s will lesson to nothing and overcrow humanity will be frozen in a heap.

The Conductor's Story.

BY MAURICE E. M'LAUGHLIN, When a man has been railroadin' twenty lor When a man has been railroadin' twenty long years. Years Ho gits kinder hardened an' tough An' scenes of affliction don't trouble him much Cause his natur' is coarse-like an' rough. But a scene that took place in my train one cold night Would a' melted the heart of a stone. An' among the adventures which I have been through.

That night jist stands out all alone.

'Twas a bitter cold night an' the train wa "Twas a bitter cold night an' the train wa jam fuil,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken;
The people had jist turned in for the night.
An' the train for New York was a makin',
When, jist as the people to snore had begun.
An I with a satisfied sigh
Had sat down in a chair for a short rest,
heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

COMPARATIVE VITALITY.

Great and Mysterious Problem Why

younger.

There is a fancy abroad among the cultiv-There is a fancy abroad among the cultivated that very stupid men do not reach great age, but if they ask a few masters of workhouses and the managers of the great charities, they would find that is an error. Nor can the quality be accurately traced to any conditions or method of life. The very old are often intensely vivacious, but they are often also very dull, occasionally almost imbecile. The rich, according to modern theories, ought to possess the highest vitality; but as a matter of fact it belongs, taking all the world, to negroes who were slaves in the West India Islands, and in England to gamekeepers and excessively poor women.

The only facts we certainly know about habits as conductive to vitality are than habits as conductive to vitality are that freedom from anxiety is favorable to it, pro-bably by conserving the pumping power of the heart, and that it is in a rather singular

bably by conserving the pumping power of the heart, and that it is in a rather singular degree hereditary, the capacity of living surviving in many families the most violent changes in the habits of each generation, even the most violent changes in residential climates. Those who cling to life intensely often die early; while the indifferent live on till death seems to have finished that furrow and yet passed them by.

No; vitality is not synonymous with strength of will, though it must be on the evidence, a non-material quality. It is more like a "gift" than anything else, like that strangest of all capacities, the feeling for music, which must be in a measure spiritual yet has absolutely no mental force, being as often wanting in the ablest as in the stupidest of mankind. What is the source of the gift we none of us know, and probably never shall, for we cannot hope to accumulate more experience than the great physicians have done, and they frankly confess that in every patient there is some quality making for death or survival that they can only recognize, without pretending to understand it.

"Boots and Saddles!" WILL T. JAMES.

What trooper ever mustered on the field Where battle wrests the trophics lost and

Seemed unto him predicting a fleree fight,
The starting trumpet sounds the call to
mount?

It may be for some venturous raid or, worse,
The interception of a midnight march;
He seldom knows the risk; commands are
terse
No time has he to guess. The lantern torch
Illumes familiar things as he equips;
His eyes rest tenderly on those from bome.
Perchance he lifts a keepsake to his lips,
Kemembering one he left, in youth, to roam.

While saddling for the expedition, he Forgets he ever had a home; but when The soundron forward trots, and thought

The secondron forward trots, and thought free free free polymer to conjure up old memories again. He then bethinks him of the journey's end, From which alive he never may return To camp, to home, to mother or to friend. Nor to that one for whom his heart dot yearn.

War's but a game of chance—the wager, life.
As some must lose and others win at dice.
So must some die and some survive the strife;
The builtet finds its billet in a trice.
Among the dead and dying have been found
Both steed and rider that obeyed the call
Of "Boots and Saddles" near the marshalling
ground.
With corpse for comrade—darkness for a
pall.

But there's exhilaration in its actes
For him who has to warfare been inured;
The pulse of courage recklessness promotes,
Nor act hiu flinch when hardship is endured
Music hath more in it than soothing charms;
It can arouse as well as lull to sleep;
Its brazen tongue can trumpet war's alarms,
And eyes it oped to laughter cause to weep

Two Eye-Witnesses. Policeman-Who bunged your eye in that

way?
Sufferer—Moike Flynn.
"Was there an eye-witness?"
"Indade there was."
"Who was it?"
"Moike Flynn."
"I mean, was there anybody else pre

sent?"
Indade there was." "Who was it?"
"Meself, bedad.

LATE CABLE NEWS

There are families, beyond doubt, as well on power who are either the entire that it is not power who are either the entire that it is no power who are either the entire that it is no power who are either the entire that it is no power who are either the entire that it is no power who are either the entire that it is no power who are either the entire that is no power who are either the entire that is no power who are either the entire that is no power who are dear the entire that is no power who are dear the entire that is no power who are dear the entire that is not power. It is not the entire that is not power that is not power that is not power. It is not the entire the entire the entire the entire the entire there is the there is the power that is not power. It is a few cases, a cheerful temperament: but they know quite well that in such patients there is "recuperative power," and as they like curse, partly out of kindness and partly and the entire the entire the entire that the entire tha

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

An English Convict Marries An Heiress.

An English Convict Marries An Heiress.

A long and interesting accout of the remarkable career of Frederick George Barton, an expert criminal and a native of Tonbridge Wells, is given in a Kent paper. The quiet little town of Burgess Hill (says the account) has recently been startled out of the dull decorum of its existence by the fact that a centleman living in one of its most eligible villas, and who was recently married to a young lady of fortune to whome he was introduced in Canada, is none other than a clever and dangerous convict who had failed to report himself to the police, and had been occupying his lefsure by the perpetration of wholesale burglaries of a similar skilful and

DARING DESCRIPTION

to those for which he has already undergone two terms of penal servitude. Barton was born at Tunbridge in 1858 of respectable working-class papents, and at 12 he was committed for five years to Red Hill Reformatory for embezzlement. After staying in (and robbing) a Boys' Refuge in London, young Barton went to Tunbridge Wells, and stole £17.000 worth of securities by a burglary in the house of a clergyman who had befriended him. He was taken and sentenced in 1876 (aged 18) to ten years penal servitude. Four year later, in the December of 1880, with six years of his sentence unexpired, Barton was again in Tunbridge Wells, much to the astonishment of the police, who found him in possession of a free pardon from the Home Secretary. The manner in which this was obtained is perhaps one of the most audaclous to be found recorded in the criminal calender. It appears that Barton persuaded a fellow-convict, whose term had nearly expired, that he had come into large estates in India, worth £20,000 per annum, in addition to £175,000 hard cash; and this convict, or to those for which he has already undergone

STIMULATED BY THE PROMISE

What trooper ever mustered on the field
Where battle wrests the trophies lost and
won,
Exposed to peril, with but Fate to shield
A living target for the foeman's gun,
Has felt no thrill when, on a darksome night,
When forefelt omens—why, he can't acin a letter, which, although posted in India, was doubtless a forgery; and although the facts have never been traced, there is little feason to doubt that Barton concocted the letter, and, with the connivance of some friend, had it posted from Fort-George, with the signature of a resident chaplaın there, which was also forged. The most astonishing fact remains. The Minister was Sfr William Harcourt. We next hear of him

Sif William Harcourt. We next hear of him STEALING VARIOUS ARTICLES.

By this time the family of the unfortunate Mrs. Barton had been stripped of nearly every penny by Barton, and left in an almost destitute condition plus the burden of Barton's liabilities. It is understood that on their return to Canada Mrs. Barton will seek a divorce. Even after his marriage Barton kept up a correspondence with ladies with a view to marriage, and paid personal attention to others. He made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of a well-known elergyman, residing near London, who was staying in Brighton with her mother and paid her marked attention. Meeting her on the Brighton Front, Barton invited her to accompany him in his dog-cart when he drove to Burgess Hill, to see about his letters. Arriving at Cedar I odge Barton and the young lady were arrested together, and both taken to the police station. The lady was looked upon as an accomplice, and the police would not release her from detention until her explanations were verified and found to be correct. The young lady was released from her most unpleasant predicament late in the exening, and will not probably forget her drive with Barton and its sensational ending. At the recent assizes at Lewes Barton was indicted for burglary, and found guilty of receiving goods well knowing them to have been stolen, and was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude. But as he is even now only thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, it is quite possible that this plausible criminal will be heard of again in the future. STEALING VARIOUS ARTICLES.

The confidence wer refers to bires as a faith curer