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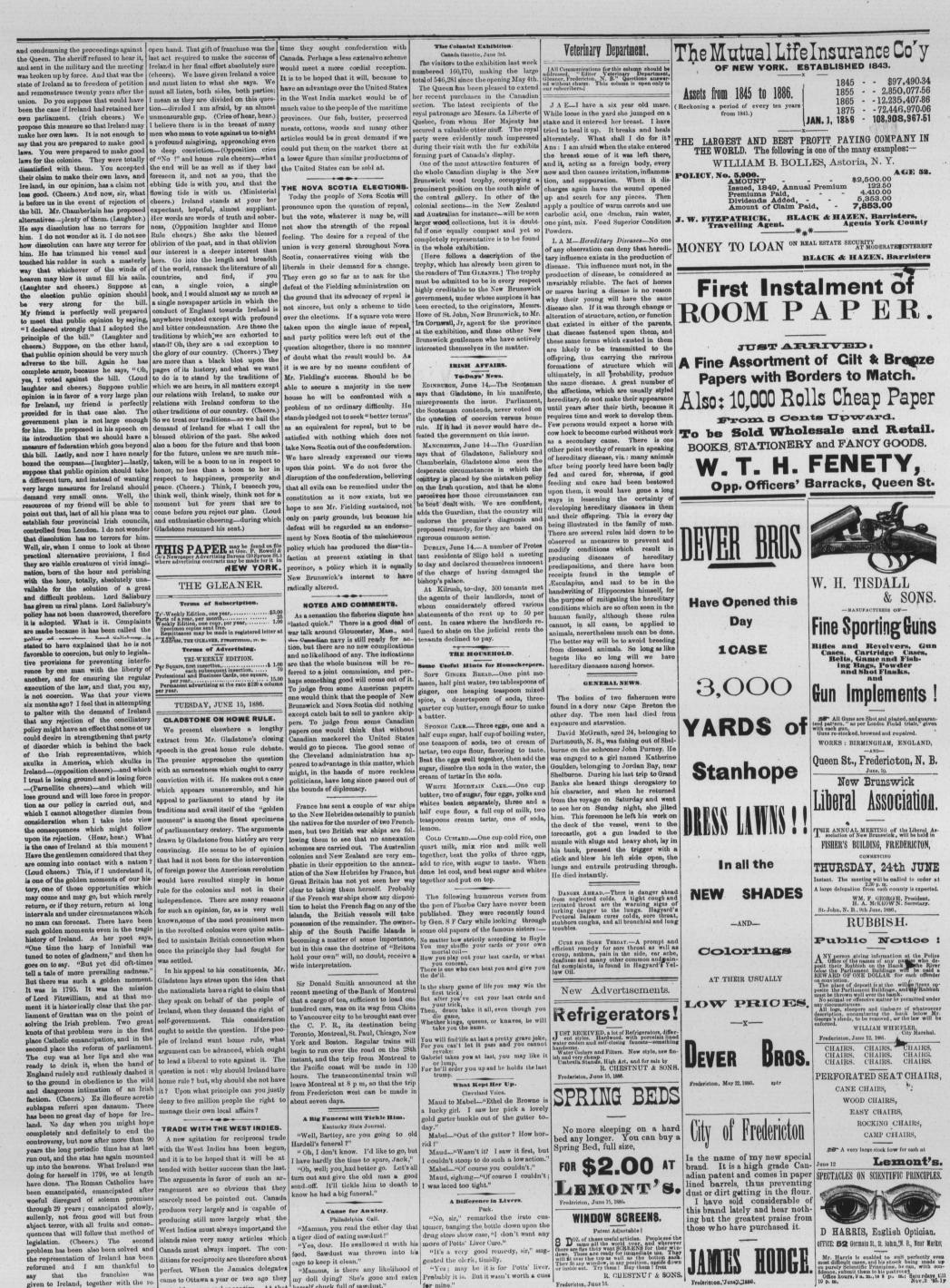
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quences that will follow that method of legislation. (Cheers.) The second problem has been also been solved and the representation of Ireland has been reformed and I am thankful to say that the franchise was given to Ireland, together with the re-adjustment of last year, with a free and





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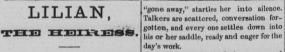
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me i" ahe says, "at least, of the gentler sex. And Sir Guy presiding ! what fun ! Archie, may I trouble you to get the please : I'm as hungry as a hawk." Sir Guy pours her out a cup of tea, carefully, but silently; Archie, gloomy but attentive, places before for what she meet fancies (Cyril gets her a chair; Taffy brings her some toast; all are fondly dancing attendance on the little the field, and turning a very white face to the discussion of the says, bring in gets her a the field, and turning a very white face the field the state the state

Tafly brings her some toast i all are fondly dancing attendance on the little spoiled fairy.
"What are you looking at, Tafly?" asks the field, and turning a very white face to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I wish you would not ride so to his, "I would have the by his in the into the into the his reaction of the pins are consumed with only." "Thank you, dear," says Lilian, demurely, giving his hand a little loving pat: "you are worth your weight in gold. Be aure you, push it in again during the a delicious morning it is!" glancing out to hose only joy left me. When I am riding madly like this, I feel ngain almost hapy-almest,"-with aquick suppresses a sight. ""To consider your remarks beneath, notice, presumptuous boy," says Mis of the gares on to his pleasing statentions on the heart she is words, though in her heart she is words, t



Neck-Wear Ma

April\_13, 1886.

strate is his notice. He is standing with his back to the screen, and has his eyes fixed in moody contemplation on the floor. Melanchely on this cocasion has evidently marked him for her own. "What's up with you, old man?" you look suicidal," says Mr. Musgrave, stop-ping close to him, and giving him a rattling slap on the shoulder that rather takes the curl out of him, leaving him limp, but full of indignation. "Look here," he says, in an aggrieved lat command," says Archibald in a low,

takes the curl out of him, leaving him limp, but full of indignation. "Look here," he says, in an aggrieved tone, "I wish you wouldn't do that, you know. Your hands, small and delicate as they are"...Taffy's hands, though shapely, are decidedly large..."can hurt. If you go about the world with such habits you will infallibly commit murder sconer of later: I abould bet on the sconer. One can never be sure who has the heart disease and who has not." "Heart-disease means love with mest follows," mays the irrepressible Taffy, "and I have noticed you aren't half a one since your return from London." At this sud gorgor's peech both Lilian and Chesney change color, and Guy, seeing their con-fusion, becomes miserable in turn, so that breakfast is a distinct failure, Cyrit and Mingrave alone being capable of ani-mated conservation.

Musgrave alone being capable of ani-mated conservation. Half an hour later they are all in the saddle and are riding leisurely towards Bellairs, which is some miles distant, through as keen a scenting wind as any one could desire. At Grantly Farm they find every one before them, the hounds sniffing and whimpering, the ancient M. F. H. cheery as is his wont, and a very fair field. Mabel Steyne is here, mounted on a handsome bay mare that rather chafes and rages under her matress's dotaining hand, while at some few yards distancy from her is Tom, carefully got up, but divery as is his wont. One can hardly oredit that his indolent blue eyes a little later will grow dark and eager as he seens the fray, and, steadying hinself in his saddle, makes up his mind to "do or die."

or die." Old General Nowsance is plodding in and out among the latest arrivals, prog-nosticating evil, and relating the "wond-rous adventures" of half a century ago, when (if he is to be believed) hounds had wings, and hunters never knew faiture. With him is old Lord Farnham, who has one leg in his grave, literally speak-is a hoting loet it in battle more avant the fence at a rather wild pace, he literally in another second horse and rider are rolling together in a confused mass upon the ward beyond. The horse half in and half out of the water, recovers himself quickly, and, scrambling to his teet, stands quietly has one leg in his grave, literally speak-is habite, prove avant

rides wonderfully nevetheless, and is as young to speak to, or rather younger, than any nineteenth century man. Mabel Steyne is dividing her attentions between him and Taffy, when a prolonged note from the kounds, and a quick cry of I To be Continued.]