

common property six months excitement outside is hard hand. One scarcely knows to attribute the world's acute insanity to the

THE GOLD DISPLAYED windows of San Francisco and to the adroit manipulation of the miner's arrival sensational newspapers—in boom the Alaska outfitting, in the other as the rivalry of New York and so newspapers.

ere, during the time that and El Dorado were being Bob Henderson were being They were shovelling and ray on his claims on Gold Henderson had also been up fork of the stream and her discovery, one painful high as thirty-five cents

na was staked into the and El Dorado to 33— or miles—a party of miners, George Wilson and James came over the divide to

asked them where they They replied, "Bonanza says that he did not want his ignorance. He had of "Bonanza" Creek. At asked where Bonanza Creek pointed over the hill. Creek! What have you

the biggest thing in the and it?" Henderson threw down his rent and sat on the bank, part that it was some time old speak.

TO PACK A TRUNK. wearing of clothing that as the manner in which thing all moist and dusty dark closet, trunk or ever be nice again, and proclaims the character more than the purse.

aired, dusted and put y will outlast many shion, and if the owner individually, it takes suggests a sentiment imo- piate with new apparel and personality of the

aves or sprigs of sweet d in a trunk or drawer, elves, lend almost a othing—a dainty frag- ant as fancy and so deli- most sensitive and fas- joy it.

y the closer a trunk is r things will carry. It fold a dress skirt in an starched muslin, or cam- he purpose, so as to de- mum the possibility of sing. Now that frills ave come back, these ed up, so that when the it they may "fluff" down, and smooth as possible g the receptacle as may e soft rolls of flannels fit into crevices.

never be put in loose ase or cover so arranged rubbing. A wise lady's se shoe polish,—but a eet milk on a flannel gently.

shes and whisk brooms woollen cloth are well ean with. Tissue paper et boxes, among rib- or millinery will save e. Then be sure to e tiny irons in your ame may be had to set e the gas. Then the nes handy to lay over ribbon, or a crease in let the iron touch the ver the tissue paper.

CE OF DRESS. to me," says a thought- at people do not better take more advantage of dress. It has an influ- of proportion to its tronger in proportion one thing I know. I wit and intellect ap- ated by a woman who and possessed the cou- ood gown will give. I tly timid woman who be called a distingue attributed it all to she wears. She dress- are. Then when at natural timidity as- sible a glimpse as- ng mirror. There she g woman who does not hinking creature she ce. That one glance ce. With the vision in the mirror in her lays the part of that al to anything, even st, though she laughs people praise her for self-control and great ealing with the world hies are of vast im- obtain for the wearer ad an easy passage us ways that nothing

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**MR. LAMONT'S HEIRESS.**

"She is the most outrageous girl! Surely all Australians are not savages! It's the greatest pity Mr. Lamont's executors fished her out. But, poor girl, she was brought up on a sheep farm, I hear; so what can you expect?"

"What does she do so outrageous?" said the man to whom this diatribe was addressed by the great lady of Eardley. "Sheep farms don't grow savages, Lady Mary—"

"You've been in Australia, so you'd know, and I daresay you are laughing at me. There is one thing—she won't prove a rival to your daughters," said Lady Mary, laughing, "for no man in his senses would marry her, even for her money. She is such a pretty, delicate-looking creature, too. It's absurd to see how she behaves and dresses. Insists on living by herself, too; most improper! A girl of twenty!"

"Eardley will have something to talk about," said Mr. Verulam, gravely. He was a London man, but a frequent visitor of the Rector of Eardley, who was a college friend, so he was not disturbed by village concerns.

Lady Mary went on volubly, "Miss Lamont had worn a morning gown, carelessly put on, to receive callers; she had not ordered tea; she had put impertinent questions; stared at anything unaccustomed; sat in her chair to receive elderly ladies, and her manner to men was abominable. Besides all this, she had talked as if all Eardley belonged to her—'My money, my house, my grounds.' It was sickening!" said Lady Mary, who was a frightful gossip even a scandal-monger, but a homely person. Such a snob! But I daresay she is elated with her new position. Are you going to call?"

"Perhaps. Have I heard all the horrors?" "She's a dreadful girl!" said Lady Mary, vehemently. "Yet I must ask her to my garden party. You will see her there. I hope she won't turn everything topsy-turvy!"

From his friend the Rector, from the doctor's people and the retired military folk Ernest Verulam heard the same story. The wild Australian girl was in everyone's mouth. She strode through the village slashing her whip at two or three great dogs; she tore about on a barebacked horse, and wore neither habit nor regulation hat; she laughed loudly and talked so as to be heard in the next town. She had returned the civilities paid her apparently as she pleased, overlooking this one entitled to courtesy, and patronizing the other. The young men called her a hoyden—an odious girl; there was no putting up with her; she criticized to your face your person, your dress, your manners; laughed at you, called you Charlie or Dick, whether you were a Charlie, or a Dick, or a Tom, or a Harry.

"I should like to see her," said the London man to the Rector. "Some of these stories must be yarns." "I don't think so; she was only just civil to me when I called."

"But I've met Australian girls reared hundreds of miles from towns, and though unconventional they were charming. This girl is preposterous." "See for yourself," said the Rector, "as I have."

Ernest Verulam had nothing to fear from this young lady's criticism. He was a handsome man and dressed as only an English gentleman can; besides, he was well past thirty, and a man of the world—sure of himself and his position; therefore more likely to nonplus a raw girl than to be nonplussed by her. He went to the garden party, which, in any case, he knew would be a pleasant affair. He found himself, favorite as he was, in a secondary place. Everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation for the new lady of Eardley.

A rush to the gate, excited whispers, a vast amount of pushing, proclaimed her arrival—so late that Lady Mary had given her up. The London man sauntered carelessly after the stream. A loud, girlish voice, with a twang was exclaiming, "How do you do? Late, am I? Well, the card said four, and you people over here never mean what you say. How-d'ye do, Jack? There, I forgot your other name—Jack will do."

Verulam was tall, and over the heads of some people. Before him he saw the prize young man of Eardley—who was not a Jack at all, but a Frank—shaking hands with someone; "sawing hands," Verulam called it. A tall, sinuated himself forward. A tall, olive girl, overdressed in dreadful colors, was standing in the midst of the gazers, not in the least abashed or awkward. She had the air of feeling herself queen of the assembly. Her large brown eyes went boldly over the faces before her; she kept laughing unrestrainedly. But she was excessively pretty for all that.

he got—up and down, deliberate, examining Verulam bowed with his finest air and the slightest flavor of amusement.

"You don't look like a Jack or Tom," said the young lady, with her hand held straight out from the arm. "Mr. Verulam," said Lady Mary, performing the introduction.

"Verulam, eh?" Again the girl's eyes swept him as he shook hands, declined the sawing system adroitly, and released her hand at the proper time. Lo and behold she took his arm before he had offered it; she had an air of absolute effrontery. "Come along," said she, "Hurrah for tea!"

"You're quite of my mind," said Verulam, as he calmly adjusted her hand on his arm—it had been stuck through. His dark blue eyes met the quizzical brown ones, smilingly; but if the girl did not know what to make of the smile, she outstared the eyes. Verulam wondered how she would drink her tea. Fortunately she had to keep the cup and saucer in her hand, but he felt sure she looked about for some place whereupon to deposit the detached cup while she used the saucer. She remarked coolly to her cavalier—

"You don't belong here, do you? No? Thought not—you dress ever so much better."

Verulam bowed gravely. "I am staying with my friend, the Rector," he said, "I think he has had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I don't know about the 'pleasure' either side," said she, dryly. "Over here you seem to do things by rule, instead of suiting one's self. He didn't seem a bad sort, your Rector. Why didn't you come with him?"

"I am sorry I wasn't here then, but I can make up for the disappointment—" "I wasn't disappointed. I'll bet—" "I mean my disappointment, of course."

"Fudge! that's the proper thing to say I suppose; but it's all make up." Now these rude speeches had disconcerted the Eardley young men and annoyed the older men.

Verulam laughed good-humoredly, and said, "That's a pretty straight way of accusing me of a lie; but perhaps we over-civilized people have too many set phrases. We might speak a little more plainly with advantage."

She laughed, too. "I should think so," she said, but she glanced at him dubiously; then set down her cup with a clatter, indicating danger to Lady Mary's best china. She began rattling crude opinions in an audacious manner, Verulam sometimes agreeing with a subtle mockery, that evidently puzzled her, or else flatly contradicting her with frank rudeness. Sometimes he set her down patronizingly. She kept looking at him with her big brown eyes. Finally she yawned.

"I'm tired of you," she said; "you are so very superior to poor Colonial me. I was bred on a sheep farm, but I do not know any more than the sheep."

Even this contemptuous dismissal did not disturb Verulam's impenetrable self-possession.

gave her no explanation. She walked away, omitting to ring the bell.

This set-down fell ineffectively on Verulam; he continued to cultivate this unpromising acquaintance, while other men gave it up. Nobody knew what he meant or wanted; he received the heiress's rudeness with indifference or retort. His friends were astonished. Verulam had always seemed singularly careless about money, and besides, he had a large fortune of his own. To imagine he was taken by such a girl—a vulgar hoyden of the most primitive manners—was absurd. She wasn't an interesting story, either. But Verulam took no heed; perhaps he looked upon the Australian as a rare specimen of her kind.

The young heiress became as isolated as a girl without a penny; but to all appearance this pleased her. To Verulam, one of the few who did not confine his civilities to bare duty, she was more blatant and flighty than ever.

One evening Verulam was coming home from a long tramp. It had been a heavy, sultry day, threatening storm, and as the evening drew on, the sky got copper-colored and the edges of the clouds flecked. Some big drops began to fall, and before one could count five, down came the rain. Such rain! It almost blinded Verulam who made a rush for the only shelter visible—a group of trees.

"Nearly caught it that time, didn't you?" said a girlish voice with a twang. Verulam got his breath and started round. There stood, as dry as a chip and as mocking as a pert child, Doris Lamont. One of her big dogs crouched at her feet.

"Nearly—not quite," said Verulam at once. "You don't mean to say you have only one dog with you?" "You can look about and see," said she, indifferently, but she looked a trifle annoyed, and moved a step away, adding quickly, "This is a storm—I'm blest if it isn't!"

"I hope you got here before it began?" said Verulam, politely, as if he hadn't noticed the first thing that there wasn't a drop on her.

"You bet! I was a bit too smart to get caught." She did not look at him, however, as she made this answer—a trick he had observed in her quite of late.

"I understand the inference," he said laughingly, as he shook the rain from his felt hat. But I'm a great deal too smart to stop here with lightning coming along."

"There isn't any lightning." "There will be."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! The rain is pouring like the tropics, and there's no other shelter anywhere."

"All right. If you mind this rain, which I don't—it's nothing like the tropics—you can stay here, and I'll get a barn further on."

She muttered something that sounded uncomplimentary, but as Verulam moved, followed him. Perhaps she was more nervous under the trees than she chose to confess. A few minutes' running brought them to an old thatched barn on a patch of open ground.

She couldn't change her tactics lest she should draw back the others; besides—"Oh, don't!" said Doris, covering her face.

Verulam pulled her hands down into his. "Tell me now," he said, "what you were afraid I should find out if you showed me your real, sweet self, or if you are too proud to capitulate in words, for I have won the game between you and the fortune-hunters. Are you quite sure I am not one of them? I might be after all."

"No, no, you couldn't be! I trusted you long—well, I trusted you, anyhow," corrected Doris, hastily, "I'm not too proud to yield." And then there was a minutes' interruption, and when the pretty Australian was free to speak, she hurried on breathlessly, lest the victorious lover demand the end of the phrase she had broken off at "long." "It was fun though—great fun—shocking everyone, and drawing off those money-grubbers. But was I very outrageous?"

"How long ago did you trust me, darling?" Verulam said, totally ignoring her anxious question.

"Never mind; answer me. I daresay I did overdo it; but then I knew it was only something, perfectly awful that would have any effect. Of course, you—you—no caring for my money, but only for you, my dear fellow! You didn't think me very dreadful did you, I do know how to behave; but, oh dear! I've got such a name here now, they'll never believe I can. Do you remember how rude I was to you in that shop? I went hot and cold over it afterwards. But nothing ruffled you; you always paid me back—not like the rest, you were meek, or dense, or huffy. I am a bit wild and cheeky," said Doris rather mournfully, "else I couldn't have had the face to do things. The idea of their imagining we Australians were such savages!" she rippled out laughing, then laid her head caressingly against the arm about her. "I won't be hard, or wild or cheeky to you," she whispered. "Don't remember those things I said to you."

"My darling! I didn't mind one of them; besides, if I exact a recompense for each harsh word—" He lifted her face, laughing.

"Oh, dear no!" said Doris staring aside; "that's too much." But Verulam caught her back to him, and took as many kisses as he chose, Doris declaring that it wasn't fair. She couldn't escape, but happy enough for all her protests. And then they found out that the storm was over and the moon rising. They strolled back to Eardley, Doris meek as a child, with her hand in her lover's. They parted at Doris' gate and Verulam walked on to the Rectory; but before he reached it the Rector overtook him.

"Weren't you talking to someone at Miss Lamont's gate?" he said, rather hesitatingly. "I saw you, but I didn't quite like—"

Verulam's laugh was a little conscious. "I like fellows," he said. "But, my dear fellow, do you mean—pray take care—Miss Lamont—" "All right, old chap," said the other affectionately. "Come and see her to-morrow, and she shall tell you how sorry she is that the self-seeking of other men forced her to insult even the cloth."

"Well, I hope it will turn out well," sighed the Rector, "So that's what you were after!"

"It won't turn out a bit well," said Eardley.

What did it all mean? That Ernest Verulam was a fortune-hunter, too, or that the girl had been fooling everyone? Nevertheless, the world flocked to the wedding, and to the Australian bride's "At Home" a month later. Was she a changeling, with her pretty manners, just touched with a piquant freedom? Had her London-bred husband tamed her by some mysterious system of his own? She wasn't the same person at all.

Nobody ever solved the puzzle at Eardley. "Australians are savages," said Doris innocently, "That is quite right; but they can be made civilized."

**A THIEVING FAMILY.**

A detective on duty at the Louvre had his attention called by one of the assistants to the extraordinary attitude of several ladies who wandered about from one counter to another without buying anything. After watching these ladies for some time, the detective called up a colleague, and the two together took all seven into custody.

On being searched they were found to have secreted stuffs and small objects of value under their dresses, and were immediately marched off to the Police Commissary. That functionary found to his amazement that the troupe consisted of a grandmother, three of her daughters and three grand-daughters in comfortable circumstances.

The old lady's husband and the husbands of her three daughters were immediately sent for, the youngest ladies of this interesting family are still unmarried, and declared themselves totally ignorant of the acts of their wives, who they said made frequent trips to Paris from their home in the suburbs, and often brought home many pretty things; but they assured the Commissary that they, the husbands, had no notion that these had been come by otherwise than by the usual method of purchase.

The Commissary, taking the social position of the "kleptomaniacs" into consideration, has allowed them their liberty upon heavy bail.

**ANXIOUS TO OBLIGE.**

Wayfarer, to the robber—I haven't any money with me, I'm sorry to say, but I will be glad to advise all my friends and acquaintances to take walks along this lonely path hereafter.