

OUR LIVES. Our lives are fabrics fortune weaves of varied pattern...

LADY WIFFUL.

The old house at Whimble Friars was lighted from basement to roof...

Lady Wilful herself was moving about the large hall-room studying the sounds of gales and mirth...

It was a question no one was able to answer, although all could see that something had gone grievously wrong...

Of course her name was not really Lady Wilful, but that was the pet name given to her in early childhood...

At twelve years of age Lady Wilful had been left to the care of Mrs. Stamer...

After their little passage-at-arms D'Arcy was colder to her than he had ever been before...

"I will wait until my birthday," she told herself; "then I shall be quite sure and I will tell the world that I was not called a fortune-hunter."

"You must not keep it, Katharine," said Mrs. Stamer decisively.

with a man like Captain Brabason—and refusing the duke told!

"The Duke is nothing to me, aunt," returned Lady Wilful defiantly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied Lady Wilful; "and, if I am at home, I will not see him."

"I was just going to send for you," she said as she kissed Lady Wilful.

"D'Arcy is here, he has sent in his papers and leaves town for Southampton this week. He has come to say 'good-bye.'"

"To Natal, I think, darling. Go into the boudoir; I will come presently."

"I have a great deal of trouble to teach you," said Lady Wilful.

"I have dared," said Lady Wilful calmly, "to bankrupt a beggarly young man, with neither money nor brains."

"You forget," said her niece laughingly, "you are speaking of my future husband."

"When you see a trick, take it," the shot struck him as she had intended it should.

"I have my ideas of honor, Miss Dundas," she said in a tone which he tried to make cold...

"Do you not think," continued Lady Wilful, "very much in the tone she might have adapted to a child..."

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The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is huge, hideous and slab-sided, and surrounded by a thin and tapering spire...

"I announce myself to the reader as the man who believes in Ghosts—perhaps. At any rate, I believe in my father, and he believed the story I am about to relate."

"What asks you?" asked a policeman of a boy on Fort street, Detroit, who had a rock in his hand...

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NEWS IN BRIEF. Italy has 4,800,000 lemon trees. France is decreasing in population.

There are 60,000 trees in the streets of Washington. British postal savings banks have \$225,868,565 on deposit.

The fortune of the Marquis of Byron is \$600,000 a year. Good crops and prosperous mining operations are reported from Arizona.

A marked falling off in the consumption of alligator skin leather is reported. The United States now furnishes one-half of the world's supply of gold and silver.

Irwin, Penn., boasts of a one-armed bicyclist, and Chicago claims a bicyclist with a cork leg. It is claimed the experiment of making black glass from shale has proven successful.

Nearly forty-nine million dollars are on deposit in the savings banks of New Hampshire. It is expected that river fire departments will soon be added to the fire department of Chicago.

Passengers by the overland route to Portland from San Francisco make the trip now in about 59 hours. A seething little New Orleans girl recently on the ball of the eye completely destroying the sight.

Iowa has 25 cattle to the square mile, the highest in the world, than any other State in the country. Only about one-sixth of the counties in Georgia, it is said, have failed to adopt either prohibition or high license.

Ans are said to guide wild diggers in selecting spots in Dakota, as the latter themselves build over water veins. A resident of Golden, Oototagoda county, N. Y., is reported to have sold his wife for five dollars, saying he "was hard up."