OLIVER BRANDON'S STORY.

BY NORA LAUGHE'R.

CHAPTER IL.-CLIFFORD FAIRPAX.

"When all the world is youck, lad, And all the free are green, And every koose a swan, lad, And every less a quen; Then hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away, Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day."

-Clifford Fairfax, according to promise, came down to the homestead for a game of cards with us the evening of my arrival. He seemed to be a great favorice with everyone at Irvineside except Mary, who avoided him pointedly upon all occasions. I wondered at Miss Irvine's dislike to him for he was a tall, handsome fellow, clever in his profession of a medical man, a most entertaining companion having travelled much with his regiment and observed and read much.

After we had played several games of enchre and Mrs. Irvine and the girls had retired we sat around the dining-room fire smoking and drinking some fine bottled cider while Fairfax related us some anecdotes of his life as a soldier in India.

"By the by," said Jack refilling his pipe, Do you ever feel anything now of the hur

you got out there, Clifford ?" Yes, occasionally, but it is almost worn off now. It was a near shaver for my life though. Although it is nearly five years ago I can recall it as well as if it happened yesterday."

"What was it," I enquired "an accident you met with in India?"

"Yes, merely a little scratch from a tiger's toe nail, but I was pretty badly hurt at the time."

Help yourself to some more cider and let us hear it now. I don't think I ever heard particulars of it," said Jack. "Out elephant hunting, were you not? acting rather skittishly and not taking proper precautions I guess."

"You have about summed it up, Irvine. I suppose it would not have happened if I had not been so excited and headstrong, Let me see, where were we! Oh! I remember, we were quartered at a small place called Silhet. You have heard me speak of Skidmore-Major Skidmore, one of the best fellows of the 91st. Well, one morning very early Skidmore and I were just sitting down to our chota hagaree or what, perhaps, Canadians might term a first breakfast. It usually consisted of something substantial enough to carry us along until twelve o'clock, ac which hour after a bath we usually took a big feed of several courses. We were just commencing our chota hagaree of curried rice when a moonshee, who came to teach our chaplain the language, rode excitedly into camp with the news that he had seen a whole drove of elephants going into the nearest

After swallowing, or rather bolting our curry our horses were brought round and we set off under the guidance of Chowko, Skidmore's young native servant.

Two natives on ponies carried our rifles and hatches and two body servants of the regiment rode behind us. It was a lovely morning; but, by jove even then oppressively hot.

About an hour and a half's hard riding brought us to the jungle, a stiffish looking place, such immensely thick bushes and foliage that the sun's brilliant rays could scarcely penetrate. We dismounted and peered into it. It looked so dense and thorny, that we began to think it looked next to impossible to get through it without being literally torn to pieces. The Major gave a long whistle and looked rather rueful.

"Fairfax," said he, "the beggars have chosen stiffish ground for their ambush. Do you think we had better tackle it?"

I was just ripe for any sport that morning. "Yes, tackle it by all means, Major, I said, tearing down some big creepers that somewhat obstructed my view.

The Major held a short consultation with the two body servants and ordered them to

wait outside the jungle. Chowko and the two natives were carefully scrutinizing the trees and bushes. Chowko, after taking his hatchet chopped himself a path a short distance into the jungle. Hurrying back to us after a short

absence he informed the Major, "Dis where de rogue elephant be." We lay in wait for them just upon the outskirts of the jungle, according to the natives, and Cnowko's advice, for over an hour. By that time I got thoroughly impatient and resolved to enter the jungle. Skidmore opposed it very strongly at first, as did Chowko and the natives. The two latter began to show signs of fear, at which the

Major's English temper arose and he spoke to Chowko who understood him. "Tell the two cowardly black devils to go back to the body servants and wait there with them out side. You can also go tack

if you are afraid." "No, no. Chowko not 'fraid only for Sahib, Chowko stay."

Major Skidmore was just as anxious now to get a shy at the brutes as I was. The two natives gladly ran back to the body servants who remained outside taking care

of the horses.

After a short consultation with the faithful Chowko we prepared to enter the jungle. We followed Chowko, partly crawling upon our hands and knees, partly walking in a crouching manner. It was a most dangerous experiment though, for we telt that at any moment a tiger or leopard might spring upon us or one of the small deadly cobra which abound there might sting us, .But we grew more excited every moment and, risking everything, on we pressed. The shrubs grew more and more gigantic, we could hardly force our way through them they lacerated our flesh so painfully. Mammoth cecepers, some of them thicker than my body climbed up the enormous trunks of the trees, and stretched out their long arms to each other somewhat resembling the tall rigging of a ship. The branches of these huge creepers we had continually to chop off with our hatchets. Chowko was indefatigable, he was a strong muscular fellow, and by this time thoroughly excited, yet with his aid we got on but slowly. . The thorny pear strees and prickly brambles tore and pierced our flesh so fearfully that the blood ran down

us in small streams. "By Jove, this is awful," said the Major receiving a severe scratch in one of his eyes from a big brambly-looking shrub, "but we Damon brought his face nigh mino,"

won't give up now, Fairfax, without bagging something for our trouble, ch?' On we went persevering for two weary hours, but to our great chagrin and disappointment could see no sign of elephants. All at once Chowko stopped, lifted up his dark forefinger and listened. "Harke Sahib, Doctor. Chowko tinke

hear somefin." This time Skidmore grasped his rifle tighter, for we all three heard a peculiar prr-r-r-r trumpeting kind of sound. Then a few minutes after came a thundering, crashing as of a mighty army and a whole herd of elephants rushed past us. On they went and on we sped with all our might in the path they had forced. Our hearts were beating terrifically and the perspiration poured from us in streams. Great Scott I Jack, the heat and excitement was something awful then. Talk about your summer heat here in Canada, you have no idea what that summer was like out there.

Well, the elephants rushed on with increased speed and we after them. Chowko was first, the Major close behind him and I came last, for just then I was almost done up next time I find you singing or else I'll stuff through the bushes I saw two eyes glaring rather than offend you so terribly. at me like living coals. I stood quite still staring stupidly at them for a moment with a | but failing ignominiously as she pictured me fearful sort of fascination. It was a tremen- heroically stuffing gun-wadding into my dons tiger, who, with his formidable teeth ears, "I guess I will have to forgive you, displayed, tore wildly at the branches with his claws to get at me. Luckily, however, they resisted his efforts for a minute or two and I raised my rifle and fired, taking care to your song?" jump on one side under cover of the smoke. But it was too late. The branches parted and with a low, ugly growl he sprang at me, day. making a terrific charge and laying me prostrate, tearing my clothes and flesh in a terrible manner. I shall never torget it. I quite thought that my last moment was come and I could see neither Major or Chowko. In their excitement they had rushed on after the herd of elephants, neither of them missing me or hearing my shot. With almost superhuman strength I curved my arm round to a knife in my belt and plunged it into the brute's heart just as its teeth were being buried in my left thigh. Just then I heard the faint report of another rifle, objects becoming indistinct swam before my eyes and I fainted from loss of blood.

When I returned to consciousness I was lying upon a green bank just outside the jungle, supported by the Major's arm and Chowko's kind dark face bending over me.

"Are you much hurt, Fairfax?" anxiously enquired Skidmore. "No! I guess not," I replied, "but I believe the brute has ripped my thigh open." As indeed it proved upon investigation. hardly know how they got along. They dared not attempt to take me all the way back to the camp, but luckily Chowko knew of an old Mahomedan Mosque - or what locked very much like one-at no very great distance, which was used at that time as a bungalow for a young English clergyman. To this mosque, or whatever it was, they carried me and its occupant proved himself most kind and hospitable. Under my direction he cauterised my wound. had just strength enough to tell him what to do and what liniment to send to camp for. I have never before met a .woman-I mean I was ill there for three months. I shall always remember that strange bungalow. Skidmore would have it that it had never been a mosque, but a suite of rooms in which the Zenana of some rich Rajah performed their toilette after bathing in the adjacent tank. Well, be they what they might, they ten upon the margin I know that you do were most roomy and cool with enormously thoroughly understand and follow him now thick walls and a great echo along the dom- if you did not at first. Ah! if other woed roof. The young clergyman, Bernard men would read Shakespeare more they Kingsley-who by the way happens to be a would be better worth talking to, but, alas ! brother to Lieutenant Kingsley, now of our they prefer the light wishy-washy trash, regiment-was a capital good fellow; he and most of them. You are an exception. I his native servants nursed me as tenderly as am glad you are an enthusiast like myself. a woman could have done.

I often think of that day in the jungle. After all we had some sport for Major Skid- favorite of mine, but I half think I like more and Chowko had shot two elephants | 'Hamlet' best of the tragedies and 'Much and I had stabbed quite the largest and Ado About Nothing, of the comedies. I love handsomest tiger we ever met with in In-

"It was a near go, though," I said, passing Fairfax some tobacco.

Yes, you bet it was," said Irvine. Great Scot! how I wish I had gone out

there with you, Clifford."

"I am growing a regular rover," said Fairfax, musingly, as he lit his pipe afresh. "A soldier's life is the life for, me. Egypt we are going to have trouble there. We had little enough to do in India. The old docdown in Fergus, now that I am at home, but I could not stand that one narrow groove of a country medical practitioner in Canada. It is eight years ago since I first took it into my head to 'round the world away.' I shall never forget the dear old mother's tears, Dolly and Ena's pleadings, the poor old dad's anger at my leaving Canada, and that first start away from Guelph station. They have been my only drawbacks to the life that has such charm for me."

CHAPTER III. - L'ARMOUR - MENTAL ABERRATION.

"A damask cheek and ivory arm Shall ne'er my wishes win, Give me an animated form That speaks a mind within ; But, ah i where both th ir charms unite How perfect is the view, With every image of delight, With graces ever new."

Strolling back again into the house one morning with my gun upon my shoulder, I heard a sweet, clear voice singing in the parlor. I could see that it was Gladys perched upon a high stool arranging some books upon their shelves, therefore I listen-

"Damon came a praising me, Vowing that he loved me too-None like I so fair could be, None like him could be so true. I meant to chide, but spoke no sound And still my wheel went round and round.

Damon, somewhat bolder grown

In his hand mine fondly placed, Pressed it gently in his own, Then his arm went round my waist. Somehow I smiled instead of frowned And still my wheel went round and round.

Tho' he knows I kisses hate; would bank his base design-But the wretch he did it straight, And then again-and still I found

That still my wheel went round and round . Concluding the last verse Gladys turned round to reach another book and caught sight of me, blushing resy red as she did so. "Oh! Mr. Brandon, how you startled me, I thought you were gone shooting with

"Well, we did start out intending to go but Jack was called back to speak to one of the hired men about something or .ther, and am glad of it, otherwise I would have missed that delightful little song," said I, laying my gun down in a corner of the

"It was downright mean of you to listen in that underhand way behind the door."

"But you will forgive me, Miss Gladys?" "Forgive you? No, that I won't. You city men are just about as mean as you can be. I don't want any help, thank you; you need not hand me the books. Just go right away and kill the poor innocent little snow birds as you intended."

I had never seen Gladys at all angry bafore this. "Now, do pardon me," I said humbly and sincerely. "It is the prettiest song in the world. Won't you tell me where you picked it up and I'll never, never listen again if you do not wish me to." "Well if you will promise never to listen

"Yes! in fact I'll run right away the

with running. All at once to my right hand both my ears with with gun-wadding "Well," said Gladys, trying not to laugh

> but mind, sir, it is upon that one condition. F oget it at your peril." "But you have not given me the name of

> "I really do not know it. I found the verses in a very old book I was reading one

"And what is the air?" I persisted." "Really, Mr. Brandon, you are just as inquisitive as a Yankee. The air-" and here Gladys paused, growing shy and confused again, "the air is merely a tune of my own that I set it to. Mary says both the words and the air are very foolish, so I never sing it before anyone.

I mentally onsigned Miss Irvine to Halifax, for little Gladys' sweet voice could put soul and music into the most common-place ballad ever written. A glorious picture she made, looking shyly out of those true, brown eyes. Her slender figure had that lithe supplenessone rarely meets with amongst Canadian women. Such a form that one rarely finds outside the gardens of the South, an exquisitely shaped head, richly complexioned, small, dark, oval face, and, falling away below her waist over the pink morning dress. a mass of long, curly dark hair which had become unpinned in the exertion of placing large volumes too high for her reach.

Although Irvine and the snow birds were awaiting me I lingered for the rest of the morning talking to Gladys in the parlour.

Taking up a nicely bound but well worn and well marked volume lying upon a small. table I glanced at the owner's name upon the title page.

"What, do you study Shakespeare to that extent?" I asked.

"Yes! I rarely read anything else lately. Confess now, Mr. Brandon, don't you think me a little learned prig ?" "Indeed no," I said admiringly.

a young woman pardon the term, with mind enough to understand him." "I don't know that I am egotistical

enough to imply that I do understand him,'

said Gladys. "By all these notes and comments writ-Which is your favorite play ?"

"I can hardly tell." 'Othello' is a great to think of the ideal women that he has portrayed, some perhaps that have only lived in his own wondrous imagination, but yet having never lived will yet live for ever as Shakespeare lives," Gladys replied, her sweet face lit up with admiration.

"Yes !" said I, thoroughly following her enthuslasm, "Who indeed but Shakespeare could describe female character as he has done, for, holding the mirror up to Nature, will be our next call, I suppose, for I can see | he has shown as women in all their virtues, vices and weaknesses, yet never do they lose the true charm of their womanliness and tor sadly wants me to sell out and settle never did he portray a woman a fool. But one cannot read; Shakespeare alone. Will you let me read with you?"

Gladys shook her head decisively. "But read me something now," said she.

Opening the book at haphazard I read aloud the forest scene in 'As you Like It! Then turning to 'Hamlet' I commenced where Ophelia steals upon him unawares, while, weary of his unexecuted task he argues against his better self the expediency of suicide. Then when Ophelia suddenly appears before him he is surprised at first into being courteous and almost loving until he begins to suspect that she too is deceiving him, and then being almost maddened by the fearful necessity of personating madness he heaps upon that "most deject and wretched lady who had sucked the honey of his music vows" the most bitter agony—that of a lover's unjust

As I finished reading I saw that Gladys' eyes were dim with tears. "This seems to me," said she "the saddest scene of any. Pcor, poor Ophelia, neither

so fearfully heartrending. "

and bye. gleams through the mind and influences the Mary's heart isn't quite cabbage hard. ion-nay guardian angel, for man."

"Shakespeare's characters are all true, spoil that now, Oliver. It companionable women," said Gladys, return I told you." ing to her text without raising her eyes. Yes!" I replied "this reminds me of could have spent one more day, here at the

he might shield and protect her, and from for me. Jack?" near his heart that he might cherish and

my gaze as we rose to go to the dining am of loving the sweetest and truest girl in

As we sat down to dinner I could not avoid seeing a cold glance from the elder sister and hearing the angry whisper, Jack, laughing at my happiness and whet-"Gladys, it is perfectly disgraceful of you ling 'Lura Darling' to himself after to to flirt so with that man. He may be a New wished me good night. York adventurer for aught we know."

How bitterly those few unkindly whispered words hurt me in the dark future months awaiting me Mary Irvine never

Clifford Fairfax joined us in all our sports. Returning home with him late one afternoon | Society of Bengal a descript on was given Laura Stone seated near him.

room for a little music, Mr. Gully Grain | cannot prevent the slaughter of their ger dropped in to relate the last tit-bit of animals, but the head men generally com-Fergus scandal. Crossing the room to promise matters by giving the huntresses Gladys I sat down upon the ottoman beside a pig and paying a small sum. Towards her. I could see Fairfax's dark eyes watch? evening the hunting party retires to a ing me and a sudden fear came to me. What neighbouring stream, where they cook and if he loves her, too! The thought almost eat the meat and drink the liquor. They maddened me, Fairfax being in a better pos- eat nothing after this meal, but bathe and ition than myself, beside being a vast deal return home. Men are not allowed to better looking with his dark swarthy com- accompany them on such occasions, and plexion bronzed by an Indian sun; merry | they conduct themselves for the time being black eyes and gay devil-may-care soldierly in a very masterful and masculine manner.

sing I rose, preparing to turn over the pages and sweethearts, and they flourish their for her, but Clifford Fairfax was too quick spears, axes, and sticks, beat their iron for me. Selecting that quaint song, Barbara drums, shout, sing hunting songs, and dance Allen, from some music sheets lying upon just as the men do. The ceremony begins the piano she sang it in her sweet unfalter- | iu the west, and each village that has been ing voice. Then I heard her ask Fairfax to visited goes out on a similar exentsion to its sing. He had a good voice and played his neighbours, but always to the east. By own accompaniment. Looking up into this means it is supposed that the evil spirit Gladys' eyes as she stood by his side he is safely conducted out of the district with-

" Must I leave thee? Oh! send menot away, So far away from thee and thy dear sight For with thee my full heart will ever stay, I cannot, cannot bear to say good-night.

I bid farewell, yet still I do not go; But near to thee I dare no longer stay, For honor calls me hence to meet the foe To-morrow in the battle's bloody fray.

"We two have leved and yet we two must part, Tho' thou art here thy heart isstill with me, And I, tho' far away from where thou art My soul, my very life remains with thee."

"The affected puppy, how dare he!" muttered to myself. The words were his own composition and they fell upon my ears like a knell. I am afraid that I there and then consigned the military amateur-poet to the far realms of eternal frizzling. Gladys' mignon face crimsoned under my angry gaze as Clifford Fairfax, familiarly drawing her hard through his arm led her back to her seat beside me on the ottoman.

singing mood that evening. Sitting down to

me think differently of Gladys-Oh i my duke, several inferior titled rulers, and darling, he cannot care for you as I do-..... many presidents. In so many countries and

north wind cooled my heated forehead and allayed the tempest within my heart. I had scarcely stood at the far end of the piszza a moment, when two fur robed figures came agined .- Paper-Makers' Journal. up the steps from the garden. By the ray, of light from one of the drawing room windows I saw they were Irvine and Miss Stone, and I could hear the latter weeping. Unfortunately I could not retreat without their seeing me and so I was compelled to hear a portion of their conversation. Jack's broad | fierce intolerance may be ranked among th breast heaved with compassion as the poor surest symptons of little souls and inferio girl, touched by his kindness, sobbed out a intellects. In the whole list of our English brief account of the cruel treatment she had poets we can only remember Shenstone and experienced from her step mother that Savage two certainly of the lowest wh morning. Then Jack, folding her in his were querulous and discontented. Cowley sheltering arms, poured forth the story of indeed, used to call himself melancholy his love and begged her to leave her unhap. but he was not in earnest, and at anyral py home and become his wife at once; and was full of conceits and affectations, and his Laura bent her pretty face upon his heart nothing to make as proud of him. Shake and smiled away her tears.

Never before did I realize so thoroughly ly of a free and joyous temperament; and the great dramatist's assertion that it is a so was Chancer, their common master. The bitter thing to look into happiness through same disposition appears to nave pre-dong another man's eyes.

slumber and Jack and I sat smoking by the partook somewhat of the austerity of 2 parlor fire, I told him how unwillingly I had | party to which he belong-i, and of it

the trouble of telling you. She is a dear have retained its serenity as its dignity; good little girl, isn't she? I only hope, in his private life, as well as his poetry, Brandon, that some day you and Gladys | majesty of a high character is tempered vi will be as happy as we are."
Gladys _____ I gasped. "Then you

self and Miss Stone.

don't really think she cares for Fairfax, Jack ?" " For Clifford Fairfax? Why, Brandon,

you are joking. Oh! I see it all now!" and Irvine burst into a longand immoderate fit of 'Lear' nor'Romeo and Juliet' have anything | laughter. "Why, Cliff was engaged to Mary for nearly three years but they often quarrel "What do you think are the best traits | led, and just before he sailed the second time of a heroine, Mr. Brandon," she asked by for India they had one big final quarre which evidently terminated their engagement. "Affection and cheerfulness," I replied I guess you have observed ere this that Mary quickly. Affection is ever a woman's nobl- has a devil of a temper—she is something. est and best charm for then she not only loves | like that roan mare ! Niagara,' kicks over but sympathizes and pities. By that sweet | the traces, ch? But she is a good girl at power of sympathy she can draw all hearts | heart, too much spunkiness is her only fault. to hers especially, when with it is combined | She and Clifford don't seem to have made that most fascinating of powers, habitual | it up yet, but I bet it won't be long first, he cheerfulness, which like a perpetual sunlight is just as fond of her as he always was and whole body with its beauty and lustre, you thought he admired Gladys ! He and lighting up the face with the truest of all little Gladys were just pretending to flirt to so copious that one needs care but little by beauty, making the possessor a fit compan- try and bring Mary to her senses. They were acting upon my advice, but I guess you'll the mill needs to be economised.

"A pity? Why Irvine, I don't think I the gallant reason I once heard given by a homestead thinking that Fairfax was in love celebrated physician, why woman as intend. with Gladys, and that his love was reciproed for the companion and friend of man cated. I am a jealous fool and it almost was taken from his rib in preference to any drove me wild to see him look at her as other bone. She was not taken from his though she were his property already. But head lest she should rule over him, nor I can excuse him now. What a born idios from his feet lest he should trample upon I was, I cannot help laughing now. But do her, but she was taken from his side that you really and truly think Gladys could care

"Am I sure that little Gladys cares for you, you ask? Yes, Brandon, I am just as Gladys' beautiful brown eyes drooped as certain as I am of being a true born Guelph they met mine and her face flushed under township Canadian. Just as certain as I

Ontario-"Bar one, Jack, bar one!" "Well, anything for peace, Oliver, replied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A "Women's Hunt" in Bengal.

At the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic

after a hard day's shooting, we found Gladys of a peculiar custom among the aboriginal and Miss Stone, who had been skating with tribes of Ranchi, a group of hamlets in Dolly and Ena Fairfax. We, with them, Chota Nagpore. It is known as the Era were easily persuaded to sit down to a cosy Sendra, or women's hunt. On the present high tea of cold wild turkey and cranberry occasion the object was to expel the cholera sauce, baked bear's paws, buckwheat pan- demon, and it is usual when any great cakes and maple syrup. Doctor Fairfax calamity overtakes the land for the women was gone to see a patient at Salem, but Mrs. to dress themselves up in men's clothes, Fairfax's good natured, beaming face smiled arm themselves, and go out to hunt, not in benignly upon us from behind the capacious | the jungles, but in the nearest villages east tea-urp. Jack's roguish blue eyes took a of them. They chase pigs and fowls, and milder glow as he looked down at pretty everything they kill is theirs. They also levy black mail from the heads of the villages As we were adjourning to the drawing for the purchase of liquor. The villagers They are decked out in coats and all the When Mrs. Fairfax requested Gladys to finery they can borrow from their husbands out offending its dignity. One village near Ranchi is an exception. It is called Mahadaiva, or devoted to Mahadev, and there the Amazons are not allowed to enter, as it is supposed to be under the special protection of its patron saint. If cholera appears there, it is because the Mahadev is offended, and he must be propitiated before it can disappear.

A Study in Postage Stamps.

There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin post-office alone contains between four thousand and five thousand specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. What country carries off the palm for absurdity and grotesqueness of artistic design and inferiority of execution we are not told, but if the collection is faithfully representative the variety of ugliness must be considerable. Some of the stamps, it appears, bear coats of arms and They pressed me to sing but I was in no other emblems impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the plane I dashed off noisy airs from "Chil. | the waters under the earth-stars, eagles, peric;" then in answer to Dolly Fairfax to | lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolplay something else, I branched off into phins, and other "fearful wild fowl." There "Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words," are, moreover, the effigies of five emperors, I know not why but they made eighteen kings, three queens, one grand Leaving the piano and finding myself un- nationalities some really attractive speciperceived I slipped out through the heavily mens must have been elaborated, but, if so, rimson curtained glass door on to the it is a pity cur authorities did not borrow s plazza. It was bitterly cold but the keen | hint or two from the best; for anything more bald, monotonous, and commonplace than the British series of postage stamp down to the latest issue cannot well be im

The Cheerfulness of Genius.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social and indulgen whife a sendency to sentimental whining of peare, the greatest of them all, was evider nated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their gra Later on, when Irvineside was wrapped in contemporaries. The genius of Milk witnessed the little love scene between him- controversies in which har was involved ed; but even when fallen on .. "Never mind, old chappie, it saves me days and evil tongues, his -pirit seem great sweetness, genial indulgences practical wisdom. FRANCIS JEFFRE

> Brass lamps are out of date, being sup eded by those of repousse silver or Venet wrought iron. They frequently stands or seven feet high.

> A costly inkstand and pair of candel are of Royal Dresden china, in the delx tintings peculiar to that ware. They a suitable ornament for a handsome like

table A magnificent lamp is of rare close enamel, around which twines a money lizard with flaming eyes. The base carved teak-wood. The shade is male one gorgeously-colored yellow and pin

A man who would be a good workerm see to it that he is a good sleeper. Inn life is like a mill. Sor etimes the stran