FORTY YEARS BETWEEN

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

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"Ah, if it had been any one but him!" exclaimed Capt. Hadow.

"It's horrible to call him a deserter," said Francis.

"Don't let's do it," said the captain.

"We have to say something, sir," said the first lieutenant, hopelessly.

"One can always lie, I suppose," said Hadow.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do myself for Jack Garrard," said Mr. Francis.

"Why not say he was kidnaped here by the hill tribes?" said Hadow. "We are pretty certain sure he wasn't, and no one can deny but what he might have been."

"But the Admiral would be bound to inquire into it," said Mr. Francis. "Sooner or later he'd send a ship."

"Trust Jack to do his own lying when he gets here," said Hadow. "Besides, I'll be sick of the whole thing and only too glad to step aboard."

"But won't we be asked why we didn't rescue him?" asked Francis.

"No, no. I have it!" cried the captain. "It's certainly a case for stretching a point, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Enter in the log," said the captain, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully. The pensive Midshipman John de Vigne Garrard, failing to report himself at the expiration of his leave, was afterward discovered to have been kidnaped by the hill tribes of Borabora Island. On my threatening to land a party to recover him I was dissuaded by King George, who cleared himself of any personal responsibility in the matter, and who promised, if only I would give him time, to recover the man without bloodshed or cost to His Majesty's Government. The King urged that the use of force might imperil the officer's life, which other-wise he had every confidence would be spared."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis. "We'll give old George a flaming character," added Hadow.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"We'll go on about his reverence for the dead and the way he gave beef to the sick," said Hadow.

"And what then, sir?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Well, you know," said Hadow, "my orders here leave me a pretty wide latitude. You can't tie down a surveying ship in wild waters the way you can a police patrol. By George, sir, I'll lay the lot back here in nine months and restore Master Johnny Garrard."

"You may count, Captain Hadow, on our most loyal and hearty support," said Mr. Francis.

"Thank you," said the captain, "and we will pass the word along that the subject is not one to be discussed."

"Quite so, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"Not a word!" exclaimed the captain. "Though you might coach the king a bit about the hill tribes. But, of course, not whisper that we're ever coming back."

"No, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"We must go no further than you and me," said Hadow.

"It shall not, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"We shall sail tonight at the turn of the tide," said the captain.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

It was not nine months—it was fifteen and some days to spare—before the homeless again raised the peak of Borabora and backed her mainyard off the settlement.

It was morning when Hadow raised the island, a fleecy speck of cloud against the sky-line, and he shortened sail at sea and lingered out the day, so as to bring him up to it by dark. After supper every light on board was doused, and the great hull, gliding through the glassy smooth water, merged her steep sides and towering yards and canvas into the universal shadow.

By 10 the ship was hove to close ashore, and the lights of the little settlement twinkled through the palms. The warm night, laden with exotic fragrance and strangely exciting in the intensity of its stillness and beauty, hid, beneath its far-reaching pall, the various actors of an extraordinary drama. With pistols buckled on their hips, Brady, Winterslea, Hotham and Stansbury-Jones, four officers of the ship, together with Hatch, a flinty-faced old seaman who could be trusted, all crept down the ladder into the captain's gig and pulled with muffled oars for the break in the reef. Picking their way through the pass, with the surf on either hand roaring in their ears, they slowly penetrated the lagoon and headed for the trading-house. The shelving beach brought them to a stop, and all jumping out to fasten the boat, they drew her over the sands and made her painter fast to a cocoanut tree. Then, acting in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Winterslea was sent forward to track down their prey, while the rest huddled together to await his return.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes passed in agitating suspense. A girl drew by wreathed in flowers; she looked out to sea, then up at the stars, and shrank again into the shadow. From the neighboring houses there came the sound of low voices and of laughter. A pig grunted among a heap of cocoanut shells. An hour passed, and from far across the water, as faint and silvery as some distant signal, the ship sent her message of the time—six bells.

Panting and crouching, Winterslea groped his way among them.

"Come," he said.

They followed him in silence, unloosing their holsters and grimly ready. A pair of handcuffs clinked in Hatch's jumper. They heaved the deep breath of tried and resolute men, inured to danger, and accustomed to give and receive an unflinching loyalty.

"There!" said Winterslea.

The path opened out on a little clearing among the trees and showed them, set on stilts, the outlines of a native house. Like all Tahitian houses, it was on the model of a bird cage, and the oval wall of bamboo, set side by side let through vertical streaks of light from the lamp or fire within. As the whole party drew nearer they heard, deep below them on the other side, the pleasant sound of falling water, and realized that the cliff they were standing overlooked a little river at its base. Here, in exquisite seclusion, Jack Garrard had chosen the spot for his moral wife.

Creeping up to the house and looking through the cracks of the bamboo, his comrades saw him sitting within, dressed as a native in tapa cloth, with bare feet and flowers in his tawny hair. He was sitting in a hammock, and with her head resting against his knee, a beautiful girl was looking up into his face, one hand raised to his, in that land of pretty women she was the one that outshone them all—Tehea, the sister of the King, for whose sweet favor every man on board had sought in vain. And here she was, with her long hair loosened and her eyes brimming with love, looking up at the man who had given name and honor to her heart. The pair were hardly more than children; and Brady, a sentimentalist of 40, with red hair, sighed as he peeped through the eaves and thought of his own dear girl at home.

Garrard laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and in happy unconsciousness of any audience but the woman at his feet, began to sing. His voice had always been his greatest charm, and the means of gaining him the friendship of men much older than himself. It had won Tehea. It had won Francis.

Jack lay back in the hammock, and with wonderful tenderness and feeling sang "Flow, Gently, Sweet Afton," repeating the last verse several times over, as it was plain that something in it—some phrase or line—had deeply moved him, for he suddenly bent over and laid his face in his hands, shaking with a strange emotion. Tehea arose, and throwing her arms around his neck, and forcing away his hands, pressed her lips to his wet eyes. Even as she did so, Brady gave the signal for the whole party to move up to the door.

He entered first, the others close behind him. Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless, his wide-open eyes those of a animal at bay. Brady, Winterslea, Stansbury-Jones, Hotham, Hatch, the faces of ghosts, haunted him like the faces of Friends no longer, they were now avengers with the right to strike him down and kill him.

"Jack!" cried Brady in a stifled voice.

The lad took a step back. The girl clung and tried to run between Hatch and Stansbury-Jones. The old seaman caught and shook her like a dog, tearing away the whistle she put to her lips and dashed it to the floor. Jack put up his hand and snatched a pistol hidden in the thatch of the roof. Brady on the instant leveled his own and thundered out:

"Drop it, or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged," returned Jack, and with that he turned his pistol on himself, and, placing the muzzle against his forehead, pulled the trigger.

It missed fire.

Before he could try again Brady had caught him around the neck, while Hatch, resigning the girl to Stanbury-Jones, ran in and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Jack!" cried Brady, "we aren't going to hurt you. We've rescued you from the hill tribes. Man, you're saved!"

"You never was no deserter," said Hatch.

"Mind you back us up, old fellow," said Winterslea.

"Give us your fin, boy," said Hotham.

It was some time before Jack could pull himself together. When at last he did so, and begon to appreciate the generosity of his captain and shipmates, and their astounding concern to save him from the penalty of his crime, he underwent one of those reactions when despair gives way to the maddest gayety. He swore at Hatch and made him take off the irons; he got out a bottle of white rum and forced them all to drink his health; he kept them in a roar with the story of his adventures and laughed and cried in turn as he described his life ashore.

"What does she want?" demanded Brady, as Tehea insistently repeated some words in native.

"She says," said Jack, calmly picking up the whistle from the floor and touching it to his lips, "she says I've only to blow this and you will all be dead in five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the company.

Jack, with an oath, flung the whistle from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am grateful. I am d—d grateful. If I live I shall try and repay each one of you. I shall try and be a better man. I shall try to be worthy of your kindness." He went round and shook hands solemnly with every one of them.

"I—d grateful!" he repeated.

"Let's be off," said Brady.

"Now, lad, your word of honor," said Winterslea.

Jack looked about him helplessly.

"I suppose I've no right to ask such a thing," he said. "I know how good you've been to me already, and all that. But—but gentlemen—she's my wife. I love her. I shall never see her again. May I not entreat a single minute for myself?"

"No," said Brady.

Jack went over to Tehea and took her hand. He put his arms about her and unashamed, before them all, pressed her comely head against his breast. He tried to explain the inexorable fate he was so powerless to resist; in incoherent whispers he told her he would break his chains and return to her, free in the years to come to devote his life to the woman he loved. He called her the dearest names and begged her not to forget him. But she, with a perception greater than his own, swept away these despairing protestations with disdain. The daughter of one king, the sister of another, could she not meet force by force? These fierce intruders with their rough voices and drawn pistols, who were they to threaten a princess of the royal blood and carry away her lover before her eyes? If they were strong she was stronger, and what ship cannon, she asked, however murderous of far-ranging could penetrate these mountain recesses whither she would carry him before the morning. Ah, she said, it was for him to choose between her and them; between Britain and the island; between love or the service of the white queen beyond the seas.

"I have chosen," he said.

Her eyes flashed as she freed herself from his arms.

"I am hateful in my own sight for having loved you," she said.

"Will you not even wish me well, Tehea?" he asked.

"No!" she cried. "I hope you will die."

He turned away.

"Siati," she cried after him.

He came back to her, downcast and silent.

"Remember," she said, in an agony of sweet relenting, "that wherever thou goest, however many the years that may divide us, however wide the waters of the land, I shall be here waiting for thee here in this house of our happiness, and if I die before thou comest, here thou wilt find my grave."

"Tehea," he said, "as God sees me, some day I shall return!"

She took his hands and looked up into his face with such poignant longing and tenderness that Jack's comrades, already uncomfortable enough, were quite overborn by the scene. Tough old Hatch snuffled audibly, and Brady could hardly speak.

"Come, come, lad," he cried huskily, "you mustn't keep us longer!"

Jack unclasped the girl's hands and suffered himself to be led away by his comrades. A few minutes later they clambered up the ladder, the boat was hoisted in and the boatswain's whistle was rousing the watch on deck.

"Mainsail haul!"

By morning the island had sunk behind them, and standing on the dizzy mainroyal yard, with one arm round the mast, Jack could make out nothing but a little cloud on the horizon.

At 60 John Garrard was a post-captain, a Knight Commander of the Bath, and within a year of receiving flag rank and the commander of a fleet. His career had been more than distinguished, and he had won his way to the front as much by his fine personal qualities as by his invariable good judgment and high professional attainments. He had earned the character of a man who could be trusted in situations involving tact, temper and diplomatic skill; and no captain in the navy was more confidently ordered to those scenes of international tension, which, in spite of statesmen, so often arise in some distant place to menace the peace of the world.

He had never married, and when rallied on the subject was wont to say, with a laugh, that the sea was his only mistress. No one had ever ventured to question him much further, though his friends were often piqued—especially the women—as to an implied romance in the captain's earlier life. It was known he supported two old-maid sisters, the Misses Hadow, the impoverished daughters of his first commander, but in view of his considerable private fortune this drain on his resources seemed scarcely the reason of his renunciation.

He was in command of the Inflexible battleship, one of the Australian squadron, when she developed some defects in her hydraulic turning gear and was ordered home to England by Admiral Lord George Howard for overhaul. The captain's heart beat a little faster as he realized his course would take him south of the Societies. He spread out the chart on his cabin table and sighed as he laid his finger on Borabora. He shut his eyes and saw the basaltic cliffs, the white and foaming reefs, the green, still forests of that unforgotten island. He was a boy once more, with flowers in his hair, wandering beneath the palms with Tehea. How often had he thought of her during all these years, the years that had left him gray and old, the years that had carried him unscathed through so many dangers in every quarter of the world. For him she was still in her adorable girlhood, untouched by time, a radiant princess in her radiant isle, waiting by the shore for his return. It shocked him to remember she was not far short of sixty—a fat old woman, perhaps, married to some strapping chief, and more than likely with grown children of her own. How incredible it seemed!

Dawn was breaking as he slowed down to leeward of the island and watched the shadows melt away. It was Sunday, a day of heavenly calm, fresh, yet windless, with a sea so smooth that the barrier reefs for once were silent, and one could hear from across the hushed and shining water the coo of pigeons in the forest. Under bare steerage way, with the leadsman droning in the forechains, the ship hugged the shore and steamed at a snail's pace round the island.

With every mile the bays and wooded promontories grew increasingly familiar as Sir John was borne toward Lihua, the scene of his boyish folly. He looked ashore in wonder, surprised at the vividness and exactness of his recollection.

It was like a home coming to see all these familiar scenes spreading out before him. He looked at his hands, his thin, veined, wrinkled hands, and it came over him, with a sort of surprise, that he was an old man.

"That was forty years ago," he said, to himself. "Forty years ago!"

As Lihua opened out and he perceived, with an inexpressible pang, the thatched houses set deep in the shade of plams and breadfruit trees, he felt himself in the throes of a strong and painful indecision. He paced up and down the bridge; he lit a cigar and threw it away again; he twice approached Commander Stillwell as though to give an order, and then, still in doubt, turned shamefacedly on his heel.

"By the deep nine!" came the hoarse taurmur of the leadsman.

It lay with him to stop the ship or not—a word and she would come shivering to a standstill; a word and the boatswain would pipe away his gig and the crew would be running to their places. His heart ached with the desire to land; but something—he knew not what—withheld the order on his lips.

Did he not owe it to her to keep the promise of forty years, a promise given in the flush of youth and hope, and sealed with scalding tears?

His resolution was taken. He ordered Commander Stillwell to stop the ship and lower a boat.

"I am going to treat myself to a run ashore," he said by way of explanation.

The vessel slowly stopped. The covers were whipped off the gig. She was hoisted out and lowered, the crew dropping down the ladder into their places at the peep-peep-peep of the whistle.

He was landed at a little cove where in bygone days he had often whiled away an hour waiting in charge of Hadow's boat. It gave him a singular sensation to feel the keel grate against the shingle, and to say to himself that this was Lihua! He drew a deep breath as he looked about and noticed how unchanged it all was.

It came over him with a start that the village was empty. Then he remembered it was Sunday, and they were all in church. Thank God, there were none to watch him, no prying, curious eyes to disturb his thoughts. But they would soon be out again, and it behooved him to make the best use of his solitude while he might. He struck inland, his heart beating with a curious expectancy; at every sound he held his breath, and he would turn quickly and look back with a haunting sense that Tehea was near him; that perhaps she was gazing at him through the trees. He approached his old home through overgrown plantations. It awed him to part the branches and to feel himself drawing near at every step to the only house he had ever called his own. As he heard the splashing waterfall he stopped, not daring for the moment to go on. When at last he did so, and mounted the little hill, he found no house at all, nothing but ferns and weeds, man high. He moved about here and there, up to the armpits in verdure, in consternation at discovering it gone.

His foot struck against a boulder. He had forgotten there were any rocks on the hill. He moved along and his foot struck again. He pressed the weeds back and looked down.

He saw a tomb of crumbling cement, green with age and buried out of sight under the tangle.

It has never occurred to him before that Tehea might be dead.

He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths. Yes, it was the grave of a chief or a woman of rank. He laid both hands on the thick stem of a shrub and tore it out of the ground. He seized another and dragged it out with the same ferocity. It was intolerable that she should suffocate under all this warm, wet jungle that intruded itself, like a horrible canaille, where there were none to drive it back. He would give her air and sunshine, she that had loved them both; he would uncover the poor stones that marked her last resting place; he would law bare the earth that wrapped her dead beauty.

He worked with desperation until his hands were bleeding, until his eyes were stung and blinded with the steaming sweat. Dizzy with the heat, parched with thirst and sick with the steam that rose from the damp ground, he was forced again and again to desist and rest. He cut his waistcoat into slips and bound them round his bloody hands; he broke the blades of his penknife on recalcitrant roots that defied the strength of his arms; he labored with fury to complete the task he had set before him. Here he stood, within four falls of vegetation, the sky above him, the cracked and rotted tomb below, satisfied at last by the accomplishment of his duty.

He called her aloud by name. He bent down and kissed her mossy bed. He whispered with a strange conviction that she could hear him, that he had kept his promise to return.

Then, rising to his feet, he turned toward the sea and retraced his steps. The people were still in church, and the village was deserted as before. He walked swiftly, lest they might come flocking out before he could reach his boat, to torture him with recognition, with the question they would ask, with their story of Tehea's death. Then he laughed at his own fears, remembering his white hair and the intervening generation. Time had passed over Borabora, too. The world, he remembered, was older by forty years. Older and sadder and emptier.

He swung himself up the ladder, mounted the bridge and put the vessel on her course. The telegraph rang; the engineers repeated back the signal, and the great battleship, vibrating with her mighty engines, resumed once more her ponderous way.

OGDEN'S SOCIETY

Special to The Tribune.

OGDEN, Utah, Dec. 17.—Elaborate and beautiful was the Christmas session of the Coterie, held at the home of Mrs. J. S. Corlew, and enjoyed by the members of the club and the fortunate guests, Mesdames Abbott, Link, Conlisk, Maloney, F. J. Kiesel, W. R. Scott, L. B. Adams, Thackwell, Kimball, Whalen, Agee, Hurst and Misses Nell Hendershot and Link of Boston.

For several years past Mrs. Corlew has entertained this holiday session of the Coterie and the event has come to be one of the most important in the club calendar. Combined with the Christmas idea, was the birthday thought, the fourteenth anniversary of the organization of the Coterie coming at this season, and both the decorations and the latter part of the programme carried out this dual thought.

Mrs. Perkins read an enjoyable paper upon Japanese art, Mrs. Parmley and Mrs. Maloney gave vocal solos, Miss Evelyn Hendershot enlivened her hearers with a bit of ragtime, and Mrs. Maloney with characteristic power, gave a reading in the negro dialect.

The club programme proper being completed, the dining-room and the library, the latter serving for the time as a dining-room, were thrown open. Two long tables accommodated the guests, and here the birthday thought prevailed. Running lengthwise, through the center of each table, the large letters outlined in holly berries and leaves, was the word "Coterie;" fourteen lighted tapers, each borne by a tiny cake, twinkled cheerily and again Christmas greens and holly swung from chandeliers, festooned arches and banked mantels. Between courses at the tables Mrs. Emerson acted as toastmistress and very happy were the remarks of the honored president of the club in this position. Mrs. A. P. Bigelow's toast to "The Coterie," Miss Kimball's to "The Queer Little Man of Japan," and Mrs. Gideon's to "The Christmas Spirit," were bright responses.

The place cards took the form of clipping holders with covers done in water colors and were very artistic.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Simpson will leave soon for the East, where they will sojourn in Eastern cities for about two months.

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Mrs. F. Decker of Provo is visiting in Ogden, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Del Gay.

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Mrs. M. Malone pleasantly entertained the ladies of the Congregational church on Thursday afternoon at her home, 312 Twenty-sixth street.

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Mr. Roy Lamden will spend the Christmas holidays in Oakland, Cal., with his mother.

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Miss Minnie Kiesel has returned from Chicago and an extended tour through Old Mexico.

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Mrs. S. E. Lyons entertained on Monday evening at her home complimentary to Miss Queenie Giles. The time was pleasantly spent at cards and refreshments were served. The personnel of the party was: Misses Maud Anderson, Queenie Giles, Florence Gay, Kent, Olive Gay, Johnson and Hinckley; Mrs. Lee Taylor, Messrs. Del Gay, C. Greenwell, Ott and Lee Taylor.

* * *

Miss Olive Cannon entertained a circle of friends at her home on Twenty-fifth street Thursday evening.

* * *

Mrs. Edward Kirk was hostess at a prettily arranged Kensington on Tuesday afternoon complimentary to her sister, Mrs. Thompson, who is visiting her.

* * *

In her usual charming manner Miss Maud Anderson entertained on Thursday evening at cards complimentary to Misses Giles and Johnson. After an evening of pleasure refreshments were partaken of. The participants in the pleasures of the evening were Misses Giles, Johnson, F. Anderson, O. Gay, F. Gay, Kent and Hinckley, Mrs. L. Taylor, Messrs. Del Gay, L. Taylor, C. Greenwell, Ott and F. Hendershot.

* * *

A unique and interesting entertainment, entitled the "Merrymakers' Social," was given Tuesday evening in the interest of the traveling library by the women of the Aglaia club. A musical programme of exceptional merit was rendered and light refreshments were served. A number of the leading club women impersonated either historical, mythological or literary characters, among the principal ones being: Widow Bedott, Mrs. A. B. Corey; Josiah Allen's wife, Mrs. E. O. Wattis; Madame Mantilina, C. E. Coulter; Flora McFlimsey, Mrs. H. M. Bond; Goddess of Night, Mrs. H. F. Hinton; Susan Clegg, Mrs. Edward Bichsel; Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Mrs. J. G. Paine and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Mrs. Frank Towne.

* * *

Mrs. A. W. Voll and Mrs. Gilbourne were hostesses Thursday afternoon to the Rathbone Sisters' souvenir spoon birthday club. Cards was the amusement of the afternoon, prizes being won by Mrs. McGaw and Mrs. Cunningham. Following this an elegantly appointed luncheon was served. Those present were Mesdames Hodge, K. Hoge, Jenkins, Glassmann, Gullihur, Carr, Eklund, McGaw, Staples, Wiant, Fryer, Rodd, Brown, Robbins, Marks, Tyree, Jackman, Lees and Lindsay.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chevers and Mr. P. H. Cook entertained a number of traveling railroad agents on Tuesday evening at a dinner given at the Weber club. The personnel of the party was: J. J. Sherlock of Omaha, C. N. Curtis of Kansas City, T. C. Scott of Denver, A. J. Henderson of Council Bluffs and J. P. Barron of Cheyenne. The dining-room of the club was tastefully decorated, festoons of smilax forming an artistic effect. A drive to the canyon earlier in the day was an interesting feature for the visitors.

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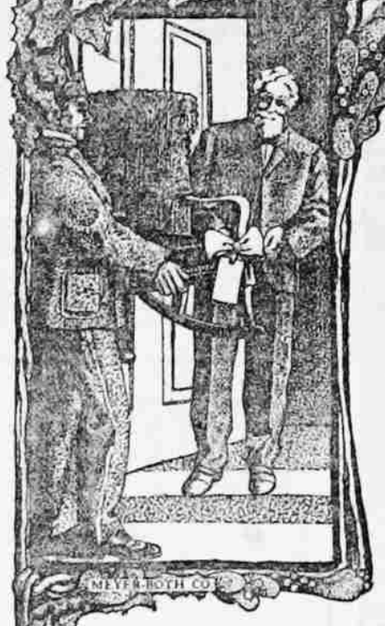

Xmas Suggestions

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Read the list below and decide which of the extensive collection will be most suitable; then come and see how really trivial the price is.

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CHINA CLOSET
EXTENSION TABLE.
IRON OR BRASS BED.
MATTRESS.
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DRESSER.
DINING CHAIRS
BED ROOM ROCKER.
CENTER TABLE.
PARLOR PIECES.
PARLOR SUITE
SCREEN.
COUCH.
RUGS.
CARPET.
CURTAINS.
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ACORN RANGE.
ACORN HEATER.
KITCHEN CABINET.
Or one of the many other household etceteras.

FOR HUSBAND OR FATHER

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MORRIS CHAIR.
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SMOKING STAND.
CELLARETTE.
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WILLOW ROCKER.
OFFICE DESK.
BOOK CASE.
LIBRARY TABLE.
LEATHER ARM ROCKER.

LADY LOVE OR SISTER

VASES.
ART STATUARY.
FANCY MIRROR.
SOFA PILLOWS.
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BOOK CASE.
PICTURES.
DESK CHAIR.
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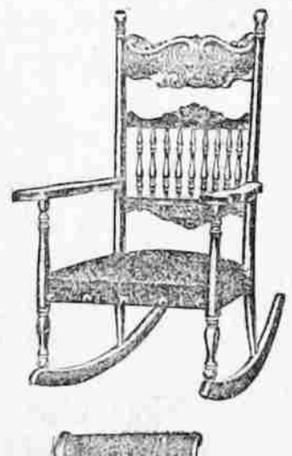
DRESSING TABLE.
PARLOR CABINET.
MUSIC CABINET.
ROCKERS.
FANCY CHAIR.



FOR SWEETHEART OR BROTHER

SMOKING TABLE.
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MORRIS CHAIR.
DESK.
STUDENT TABLE.
BOOK CASE.
CARD TABLE.

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TOY TABLES.
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STORE will be open evenings all next week for the convenience of Xmas shoppers : :