

At this instant, from beneath the table, slowly emerged the hideous face of a skelton, clad in a long, black robe, which showed only the hands and face of bone. Silently this solemn figure took its seat at the table, at which moment Life, with both hands on her heart, rose in terror and withdrew step by step, lifting one hand as if to push the scene from her, to a far corner of the room.

Death now began diceing with War, the King rising and looking on with great concern. When Death had almost succeeded in sweeping the board, the King in disgust withdrew to wait upon the Lady of Life, who by stealth had slipped away, and to his horror, grinning Death now stood in her place.

In anguish King Europe turned to the War man, who pointed to a cloud, in the form of a dragon now rising on the western horizon.

Slowly the huge monster trailed its way towards the zenith, where, about midway, it encountered a number of clouds shaped like various beasts, some bearing crowns and a few, with emblems across the forehead.

In the midst, two monstrous crowned beasts, and a huge crowned bear began to spar, the former, at the same time, trampling under foot a little cub, whereupon the largest, which had heretofore remained passive, raised his great paw and plunged into the fight.

At this instant the great serpent sent forth a stream of fire from its fangs, which caught here and there in the various crowns of the