AN IMPORTANT WARNING.

Some of us have cause to remember the times, not as recylleng-ago, when oil terifory and oil companies were all the rage. It will be remembered, as a feature of those times, that it was next to impossible for a company to obtained as place of the company to obtained as a manufactural paying to some of its own members thousands for hundreds that the same had really cost. One man, or more generally two or three men, having obtained a piece of lard for each cost of the place of the contract o

American Goods in Australi

THE CO DE STOR OF LIFE. Does Fate, as a dark cloud, hang over. And cover our heads from the light ? Does hate mock the heart of the lover! Must wrong be the victor of right ?

most asomalous in that odou-phere. Repeatedly he had creatures pin pretty favor cost, and afterward be winto the measures of walto cost, and afterward be within to the measures of walto cost of the transfer of the Lathrep and Lional together an air of perpetually doing a cost of this, and that Li ciprocal air of receiving the some scalarty. Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one To make or to mar, as he will ; And the bolts of ill-fortune that reach one May maim, but they never shall kill. Byer onwards and up zards pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day,
Aiding attength to thy strength by thy doin
Thou shalt gain it, nor faint by the way. dprosal air of receiving the gir some gallastry.

"But she believes that she than a mer waltz in return," himself, while he dosely scar Lathrop's face. It seemed i woman who would prefer walk ing through life. Lionel had there that evening, and Mis raceived him with sweet graci was a slender girl, willowy i candid, brown eyes that look under strongly-arched eyebror

-Tinsley's Magasine. 8. WADDINGTON.

A WHIP OF SCORPIONS

While Off Scorpions

Nearly the first thing which Mark Trafford did, on returning from Europe in 1872, was to look up the whereabouts of his friend Lionel Mayne. Trafford had been quite in timate with him three years before, on leaving America, but their correspondence, at first mutually frequent, had dwindled into irregularities for which Lionel had been alone blameable. After a year of separation, matters had so arranged themselves that they no longer wrote to one another. Trafford regretted this turn of affairs, for Lionel's letters were always pleasant reading, and fragrant with a most agreeable personality. Trafford found his friend in his old quarters, a pair of rooms that addressed you in a mute dialect of bachelochrood the momenty you made their sequalitance. But it was bachelorhood that freely well and the limits of careful refinement. Indeed, Lionel was always a man of the daintiest personal tastes. While Trafford grasped his friends' right hand, on the day of their meeting, he observed that Lionel's left hand held a luxuriously-careful meerschains and the second control of the consisting the constitution of a careful refinement as monked-brouned bacochanal head, very other acceptance of the consisting and the second control of the consisting the consistency of the consisting the constitution of the constitution of the consisting the constitution of the constituti

Scattered about the room were a hundred proofs of artistic outlive, from the famed armless Venus in plaster to a photographed. Lionel wrang his friend's hand with a look of real delight. He was a magnificent crasture, physically speaking, and Trafford, whose general effect might be described as one of unnoticeable bround leanness, no doubt felt, after this long absence, audded humbling sense of personal contrast. Lionel was heavy-framed, and yet a lightome grace played flexibly, so to speak, over his muscular girth, something after the fashion of a close-fitting silken garment. His head, with its blond, Greek look, was superbly set on a pair of massive shoulders. His blue yees were full of a sunny frankness, and shadowed by dark lashes of unwonted grew lightly enough to show the fine chiesing of throat and lips behind their curly sparseness.

"That it should be you, Mark, of all people?" he exclaimed, with his large, soft hand still grasping Trafford's "I honestly believed, old fellow, that you were never coming back."

"And acted as if you deeply cared," "Trafford resplied, in a dry way peculiar to himself. It was not his choice, however, it has the solution of himself. It was not his choice, however, the at the companied of the contrast of and warm picturesqueness. Almost any gardense knows the effect of a few vine prezys about some jagged, uncourt stump. "I never was better in my life," Lionel now went on, as the two friends seated themselves. "It isn't only physical health, Mark, it's mental. I write so much better than I didd! You must see the last few chapters of my new book, and I'm sure you will say so."

Trafford excerated his friend's books. He saw the extreme cleverness of their occasional passages, but as novels they were, to his thinking, merely grotesque libels upon his deep "insight into character," as the phrase goes; and it must be allowed that certain critics rupported this opinion; yet Trafford insid long act told himself with decision that it was nink friend's power to see words. With a cortain half-artistic showiness when he described any of the louder phenomena, such as a thunder-storm, or a fractious horse, or a flashily-handsome woman, but that Lionel, on the whole, knew as much about the planets of remote systems. Trafford however, was himself grossly unliterary, it is but just to add; he eren wrote ordinary notes quite ill, and with a fair amount of trouble.

"Job at this of your display and not of your writings, Lissal. It is the privilege of your friends, to smeambor, that had you and display and the standing of the shoot." Here are already and the shoot of the shoot." Here are already to the shoot of the