

ARCHIE'S OLD DESK

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Archie's Old Desk by Sarah Doundney

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SARAH DOUNDNEY

**ARCHIE'S
OLD DESK**



THE OLD DESK.



Archie's Old Desk.

BY

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ARCHIE'S OLD DESK.

CHAPTER I.

THE CLIVES.



NDEED, Archie, it would be folly to spend money on a new desk, when this will answer your purpose quite well."

"But, mother, it is such a hideous old thing: it was Uncle Tom's sea-going desk for years and years. The lock is broken, and the hinges are shaky."

"Lock and hinges can easily be repaired. And really, Archie, I am sure that this old desk will stand more wear and tear than one of modern construction, such as you wish to buy."

Mother and son were sitting together in their small parlour, with the objection-

able desk between them. Looking at it as it stood upon the table, no one could have termed it elegant; and few would have wondered that a lad of Archie's age should desire something less ancient and more ornamental. It was composed of mahogany—good solid wood all through; it was brass-bound, and had substantial brass handles. And instead of stamped and gilded leather or velvet, it displayed, when opened, a surface of faded green cloth, spotted here and there with old ink-stains.

“Well, mother,” said Archie dolefully, “I suppose I must take it, as you think it would be extravagant to buy another. But I wish it wasn't quite so frightful. And now I must get some note-paper and envelopes.”

“I have already purchased a stock for you,” Mrs. Clive replied, without appearing to notice the manifest dissatisfaction in her son's face.

“*Humph*,—plain and cheap enough,” he