

HOUSEHOLD.

My Baby.

My baby must have gone away:
Here, in my arms but yesterday,
Or scarce so long ago,
His golden head upon my breast,
His weary little limbs at rest,
I rocked him to and fro.

The little darling's roguish eyes
Are bright and blue as summer skies,
Or Scottish bells so fair,
But sleep does veil with lids like snow,
And like the summer's sunshine glow
His waves of golden hair.

And so my baby sleeps, and I
Am guarding o'er with watchful eye
My fount of pride and joy,
But changes came and baby grew
So fast and strong, that e'er I knew
My baby was a boy.

A child, in boyish blouse and skirt,
Who rides a broom and delves in dirt,
Whose cheeks are dark with tan,
Comes romping in with noisy shout,
To see what mamma is about,
My sturdy little man.

But oh, with head upon my breast,
No baby nestles close to rest;
I have him still, I know,
My boy fills all my heart, but I
Oft bow my head, and murmuring sigh
"I miss my baby so."

Don't be Ill-natured.

An ill-natured word spoken without reflection fastens the charge of impropriety on a pretty woman guilty of nothing worse than high spirits of youth, and that want of caution which so often accompanies these high spirits mated with innocence. Want of reflection is the undoing on her side, as well as on that of the ill-nature which destroys her for want of thought rather than for overplus of malice. Because she is brisk and bright, she is, therefore, assumed to be light and fast. Her frankness is made to look like impudence, her gaiety like immodesty. When she is good tempered she is coarse; and her very courage is insensitive rather than brave. As for her manners to men, they are shameless, and no other word is to be said. From all which the poor young woman, whose worse crime is a certain heedlessness—a certain want of prevision as to where appearances are against her and leave her reputation vulnerable—is convicted by general gossip set afoot by one thoughtlessly ill-natured chatterer and for ever after goes through life with a mildewed name and a rusted character.

All small societies are infested by this kind of plague. Human nature has its imperative instincts, whatever the theatre on which they are enacted. The stage may be as wide as the world's greatest tragedies, or as narrow as the enmities in the old woman's ward of a workhouse, but the instincts are the same; and this unfriendly interpretation is one of them. It is a kind of inverted form of the dramatic instinct as well as that curious combativeness which seeks to destroy for the mere pleasure of destroying—even as a man will shoot gulls on the sea, for no good to anyone but the fishes which feed on flesh, and the gratification of his own pride as a marksman. The moral world is an analogue of the material; and in this careless ill-nature who see the thoughtless marksman who shoots sea-gulls, which he can neither bag nor eat, for the mere pleasure of the sport. And in restricted societies, where big events are rare and heroic tragedies almost impossible, the dramatic instinct gets its gratification out of mean and petty quarrels, mean and petty slanders, and the wildfire flung about by substantially good-natured, but also mentally blind and thoughtless chatterers.

A death, with the will to follow, is fertile ground for this kind of thoughtless ill-nature; and subordination, perjury, undue influences, a later will destroyed, frustrated intentions, and all the rest of it, wander about the talk of the place like so many sooty little imps wandering through an enchanted wood wherein they are set fast, and whence they cannot get loose into the open day. These imps of speech and foul surmise never reach the light of open accusation. They wander hither and thither, and are handed on in whispers from one to another, and no one pauses to take heed of the words which imply so much more than is known, and accuse of crimes no one could verify under pain of his life. Even relatives will say these terrible things of one another; and a foolish, irresponsible chatterer of this kind did not hesitate to charge her sisters and brothers with the crime of undue influence, because she was dissatisfied with the father's will, which was simply just in its impartiality, and did not make special provision for her. Here, her charges were thoughtless, only inasmuch as, being a fool, she did not realize the magnitude of the offense she assumed had been committed. But there was none of the carelessness we have spoken of above; and what she said, she meant, and the arrows she let fly she wished and intended should stick.

In some houses gossip of this kind abounds. The talk is all of people, never of things; and when you get into the habit of talking about people, you necessarily slip into that of ill-nature and slanderous insinuation. It is so much easier to dispraise than to praise; and ill-natured criticism can be made amusing, while encomiums are apt to be heavy when not cloying. Besides, ill-nature reacts in a kind of reflected light on one's own person. When we condemn our dear friend for this fault and that, naturally the corollary is that we ourselves are free of that special sin, and look at the world so far with clear eyes. The pot calling the kettle black is a very silly performance; and when Satan and Sin fall out, the little demons laugh for joy. So that, unless we think to hide our own ill-doing by exaggerating that of another, we are supposed to stand free from those moral troubles by which we say our neighbours have been scored and scratched. And even the careless and good-natured, who give themselves up to the fatal habit of slanderous insinuation and ill-natured commentary, are not quite without a conception of self in their lives, are not quite ignorant of that inner glow which accompanies the sharp speech against another—do not disdain the thankfulness of the cleanly-living Pharisee that he was not as that sinful Publican yonder, whose living was made out of the sufferings of others and whose soul was therefore spotted with guilt, even as a leopard's skin is spotted with stains unchangeable.

What the Lips Tell.

The rosy lips of lovely women have been sung about by poets of all ages. The Cupid's bow in dainty curves has always been symbolic of a perfect mouth, and lips most

kissable have never been represented as other than pink and perfect.

No other portion of the face, however, so quickly responds to symptoms of ill health in the body as do the lips. Fever blisters are the disfiguring reminders of a cold; dry, broken, or bloodless lips show that one is out of sorts, even more certainly than heavy eyes or dejected mien, and it is a woman's duty to endeavor to restore them to their soft, rich redness, which is the outward and visible sign of good health.

To do this the general system must be toned up, diet regulated, and a regular house-cleaning gone into; but there are certain defects of the lips that can be overcome without all this trouble, because they arise from a woman's own fault. Many of us, from nervousness or habit, have a way of biting our lips which will surely result in swelling, bruise or dryness that is both uncomfortable and unpleasant to look at. Therefore, the first step is, to break off so pernicious a practice by watching oneself very carefully. Next, anoint the poor, bruised members with some healing salve of a pure make.

Do not, however, think to cure chapped lips by anointing them after being out in the air. The time for treatment is before the mischief is done, putting on a little cold cream every time you start out for a walk which you will find highly beneficial and will keep your lips in winter just as sweet and rosy as when the milder zephyrs of summer rule the air.

A writer whose knowledge of such subjects is beyond question says that glycerine and rose water should never be used to soften the lips, as this remedy has one great drawback, namely, that it induces the growth of superfluous hair, a warning which all women will gladly heed, for no one desires to possess a bearded lady. When cold sores appear rub them with cold cream, being careful not to break them, and they will soon disappear. The reason that they usually cling so long is, that they are tampered with by rubbing or biting, and therefore cannot have a chance to heal properly, as they would if left alone. The same writer who warns us against glycerine and rose water is a strong advocate of hot water, and affirms that there is scarcely any ailment that will not succumb to its healing virtues. Therefore, with cold cream and hot water one should be able to present to the world a pair of rosy lips free from any unsightly blemishes.

Men and Their Ideals.

The notion that men have of their own worth, says George McDonald, and of claims founded thereon, is amazing; most amazing of all is what a man will set up to himself as the standard of the woman he will marry. What the woman may have a right to claim never enters his thought. He never doubts the right or righteousness of aspiring to wed a woman between whose nature and his lies a gulf, wide as between an angel praising God and a devil taking refuge from him in a swine. Never a shadow of compunction crosses the leprous soul as he stretches forth his arms to enfold the clean woman. Ah, white dove, thou must lie for a while among the pots! If only thy mother be not more to blame than the wretch that but acts after his kind. He does not die of self loathing! how, then, could he imagine the horror of disgust with which a glimpse of him such as he is would blast the soul of the woman? Yet has he—what is it, the virtue, the pride, or the cruel insolence?—to shrink with rudest abhorrence from one who is, in nature and history and ruin, his fitting and proper mate! To see only how a man will be content to be himself what he scorns another for being, might well be enough to send anyone crying to the God there may be to come between him and himself. Lord, what a turning of things upside down there will be one day! What a setting of lasts first and firsts last.

Tested Recipes.

RIBBON CAKE.—Cream one cup butter, add gradually two cups of sugar and beat well, then add four eggs well beaten; mix together three and one-half cups flour and three teaspoonfuls baking powder, add this to the first mixture alternately with one cup milk. To half of the batter add one cup raisins stoned, cut and floured, one half pound figs chopped very fine and floured, one tablespoonful of molasses, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of clove, mace and allspice mixed equally, one-quarter of a grated nutmeg, the spices to be mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Bake in buttered pans in a moderate oven about thirty minutes and put together with a thin layer of jelly. This is a good recipe for general use, and the rule makes two cakes each of dark and white cake. Spread the jelly on while the cake is yet warm. It may be put together with frosting if liked but this makes it too sweet for some tastes. Apple jelly is a good kind to use as it has less flavour and detracts less from the fine flavour of the cake. In making this cake about eight spoonfuls of the batter will make one of the layers. Frost with a boiled icing. Boil together until it threads one cup sugar and one-third cup water; beat the white of one egg to a froth, pour on the hot syrup and beat five minutes or until cool enough to spread. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir the sugar and water together until they are mixed then do not stir again. After a few minutes try the syrup to see if it will thread; use a cold spoon and do not leave it in the hot sugar and then expect to make an accurate test. Do not beat the white of the egg too much for this kind of frosting.

GOLD LEAF CAKE.—Cream one scant half cup of butter, add one cup sugar and cream together; beat the yolks of eight eggs to a cream and add to the first mixture. To this add one-half cup milk and one and one-half cups flour mixed with two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with one teaspoonful orange extract and bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. This is a good rule for using the yolks of eggs and makes a cake of fine texture. Bake it in a single loaf and frost.

ORANGE ICING.—To the grated rind of one orange add two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, let stand one hour, strain and add to the unbeaten yolk of one egg. To this add confectioners' sugar to make it stiff enough to spread. Be careful to grate the yellow outside rind without taking any of the white peel. The flavor of the orange lies in the rind and not in the juice, and the rind also gives color. This is one of the easiest kind of frostings to make. Water or cream may

be used instead of the orange juice and any flavor preferred. But be sure to use XXXX confectioners' sugar. This frosting may be thinned if it is too thick to spread easily, but these quickly made frostings are to be spread, not poured on a cake like a boiled icing. Another frosting is made with the white of an egg and confectioners' sugar or with the white of an egg, a tablespoonful of water and the sugar.

SPONGE CAKE.—In making this kind of cake always start with the yolks of the eggs; beat them until light, add the powdered sugar gradually and continue beating. Now add the flavoring, after that the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Add a part of the eggs at a time cutting and folding them in as in making an omelet. Now add a part of the flour in the same way and then the rest of the egg and finally the last of the flour. Remember not to stir but to fold it over. Bake in a moderate oven. Five eggs, one cup of powdered sugar, one cup of flour is a good rule. Paper the pan and butter it very slightly; to remove the cake turn the pan on one side then on the other and let the weight of the cake assist in its removal. Turn out on a napkin or a wire cooler but as a delicate cake sometimes takes the impression of the wires the napkin is to be preferred.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Put one cup of molasses and one-quarter cup butter into a saucepan, place over the fire and remove as soon as it reaches the boiling point. Add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda and beat well; add one beaten egg with one-half cup of sour milk and two cups of flour mixed with one teaspoonful each of ginger and salt; beat again, turn into buttered pans and bake in a rather quick oven twenty minutes. This gingerbread bakes well in a large sheet but better in individual pans. As the soda is added to the hot molasses the effervescence must be caught quickly and hence better results with small cakes that are baked quickly.

ONE ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCES.

He Has Killed Twenty-two Persons, But Is Regarded as a Safe Man.

"Lafayette Truman, engineer of the Erie train that ran into the Eastern Illinois train Friday night, has killed twenty-two men," said C. R. McCullough, a brother engineer of the Chicago and Erie road, at the Clifton last night. "But," he continued, "in no case was he to blame, and in every case he has been exonerated by the jury. Most of these killings were at railroad crossings and in other similar accidents where the engineer could not be held responsible. He is only a young man, but I want to relate two experiences of his which show him to be possessed of a marvellous presence of mind."

"In October, 1890, he was engineer of a train that was dashing through burning forests near Lima, O., at the rate of sixty miles an hour. That night the sky was concealed by black storm clouds, and before the burning district was reached the darkness from the windows of the cars seemed impenetrable. Then, as the train proceeded, the horizon became hazily red. As the train sped on nearer, the blood-red clouds appeared to be tumbling about tumultuously as if it were a sea of fire buffeted by angry winds. At length the train seemingly plunged into the heart of this forest of fire."

"There was a straight stretch of track continuing for seven miles. As the train dashed along the fire sprang up in sheets from crackling, falling trees on either side, and above was a canopy of shifting, eddying, red smoke. Down the track, beyond the reach of the headlights, there was only a red blur. A bridge spanning a deep river was ahead somewhere. Suddenly, immediately in front, Truman saw a shower of big sparks fly upward. In an instant he was reversing his engine, and the train was brought to a standstill just on the edge of the river. It had flashed over him when he saw the sparks that the bridge was burning, and that a spar had fallen, sending up, as it went down, a show of light. He saved the train and the lives of 300 passengers. There is not one engineer in a thousand who would have arrived at the conclusion so quickly that the additional transitory light was from the bridge burning. They would have supposed it was an inconsequential part of the phenomena, and plunged on to destruction."

"The other incident, while not surrounded by the popular hero-like aspect lent by the forest fire and the run through it, was no less heroic, and showed a far greater presence of mind. This was in Ohio too, near Hepburn. His train this time was running at about the same rate, sixty miles an hour, when the rods on each side of the engine broke, instantly killing the fireman and wrecking the cab. Truman, to save himself, jumped into the tender. And there he was isolated, and it were for the train was going sixty miles an hour, and the broken rods were flying madly and beating deafeningly, and it was impossible for him to reach an airbrake with the train going at that speed. He is only a young man, but he did something then that many old engineers have since told me they would never have thought of. He got out his pocket knife and cut the hose, thereby applying the automatic brake, and succeeded in stopping the train. I would rather ride behind that man," concluded Mr. McCullough, "than any engineer in the United States."

A Cat's Objection to India.

A good cat story, comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat, which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and though she was searched for high and low she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on the 25th October, as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, but it is not made clear whether the cat was stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India, and carried back on its return voyage in the ordinary course.

Emin Pasha is not dead, if latest reports be true, and it is beginning to be felt that all future rumors of his decease will need discounting unless he comes to the front and confirms them.

The City of St. Petersburg is preparing to build a bridge over the Neva to cost \$14,000,000. The plans and specifications were drawn by M. Eiffel, the distinguished French architect and engineer.

ONE OF THE OLD SONGS.

How the Indisposed Singer Conquered.

The immense hall was crowded with "all sorts and conditions of men," all impatient and eager to hear the much advertised new singer. The orchestra had played nearly all its repertoire, in order to prevent the audience from noticing the long wait, and still she did not come. When at last she did appear she was accompanied by her manager, who explained that the artist was suffering from a very unpleasant sore throat, and that, though rather than disappoint her kind friends she would try to sing, her selection would not be the brilliant aria on the programme, but a simple, old ballad. With a sweeping bow he retired, and the pretude began. A moment later the singer's voice fully proved that the sore throat was a stern reality, and not a deep-laid advertising scheme, as the wise ones of the audience had begun to suspect. She was quite hoarse, and when she reached the high note her voice sang almost "cracked," but still the worse she lunged and the more nervous she became the more intently the people listened and the more interested they seemed.

But in truth, the majority of her hearers were far away in mind, though present in the flesh, and the sounds they heard were distant ones. The fad man in the corner who looked so intently at the singer's feet was thinking of the far away time when somebody had sung the very song to him, and the face at which he mentally gazed was a very different one from that of his wife, now sound asleep at home. The old maid by his side had a pleasant memory connected with that song, too, and the thought of it brightened her face and made her look so young and pretty that her old admirer across the aisle lost his heart all over again, and the "wedding bells" in his left ear came true soon after.

The servant girl sitting with her "feller" in the "nigger-heaven" grinned and tossed her head when the refrain began and hummed it softly to herself. "Sure, yer vice is sweeter'n heroin," whispered the "feller," and two people were in a state of blissful enjoyment for the next half hour. The gray-haired wrinkled old singing teacher in the parquette sighed and groaned and laughed all at once as he recalled his varied experiences with the well-worn music, and in front of him two pretty vocal students thought exultantly how beautifully they would be able to sing that song "next term." Alas! their teacher, might have told a different story, and that kindly old tyrant time did so eventually, for one of them entered the heavenly college very soon and the other married a plumber. Up in the gallery two shabbily dressed women glanced sadly at one another, and one wiped away a tear, while not far from them the angry frown on one face and the bitter expression of the other told as plainly as words of a domestic tragedy.

MUSIC AND THE MUSICIAN.

Down in the orchestra seats the first violinist's face lighted up with a heavenly smile as he listened to the tender tune, for it was associated in his mind with a happy courtship, a merry wedding day, and thirty-five years of perfect married life.

In the first row a young man leaned back in his seat, and softly, unconsciously whispered: "Good-night, mother," as he thought of the long-dead woman who had so often sung him to sleep with that very air. She had intended him to become a Baptist minister, he remembered, with an amusing smile, and last night he had been sent to interview a gambling-house keeper, to-night he sat in the music hall (she had regarded all such places with holy horror, as wives of the evil one) and he blushed to think of where to-morrow might see him. Beside him another journalist sat smiling in a half-sad, half-happy way—a bright young woman about to give up the work she loved for the sake of the chubby little urchin whose golden head had nestled in her loving arms the last time she had heard that ballad.

And so, the song went on, and the theatre was crowded with ghosts and spirits, ghastly skeletons, and pleasant visions. Wedding marches and merry dance tunes, funeral dirges jangled in soundless melody; people and dreams and hopes long dead came back to life again; babies that had never lived were cradled in loving, lonely arms; gold mines were discovered, difficulties surmounted, disagreements settled, mountains climbed, and oceans crossed. To some it murmured of still, pleasant country places; to others of the moaning sea, while not a few felt for the moment a breath of the fresh wind, which, in childhood, had seemed to blow all troubles away.

In some ears and hearts it sung a psalm of thanksgiving, in others it wailed a dreary despairing dirge; to others again it was the stirring call of a battle trumpet, but more than all it whispered of the hope and cheer which underlie all human sorrow. And so it came to pass that when the song was ended the applause was deafening and the singer felt obliged to return. Her next selection, a brilliant gavotte, was very well received, but the applause was faint and perfunctory, and the astonished artist wondered why such a musical audience should show so little discrimination. If for a moment she could have looked back of the flowers and congratulations she received, the manager's delightful approbation, and the faces of her many new made friends she would have seen that the memories awakened, had pleased all hearts.

The Kangaroo as a Prize Fighter.

Among the recent developments in the world of sports, in Australia, is the training of a kangaroo to stand up and spar or box with a human antagonist. An exhibition of this curious kind of combat now takes place regularly at the Royal Aquarium, London, and it attracts many spectators.

The way in which the natural kangaroo spars in the bush, his birthplace, is peculiar. He places his front paws gently—almost lovingly—upon the shoulders of his antagonist, and then proceeds to disembowel him with a sudden and energetic movement of one of his hind feet. From this ingenious method of practicing the noble art of self-defense the kangaroo at the Royal Aquarium has been weaned. The clever instructor of this ingenious marsupial has trained it to conduct a contest under the conditions known as the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. It cannot be said that it adheres to these regulations quite so rigidly as the combatants who pummel one another at the National Sporting Club are required to do. On the contrary, it cannot wholly disabuse itself of the idea, favored by the French, though discountenanced by

the English, that those who are at fault have as good a right, to defend their lives with their feet as with their fists. It affects its attitude in preference to the box, a predilection which, considering the force with which a kangaroo can kick, might quite conceivably cause an injury to his antagonist. However, no harm, has as yet been done, and the encounter between human and marsupial is spirited and novel, and admirably illustrates the power of man to bend the brute creation to his will.

A writer in a recent number of the Overland Monthly advocates the importation and domestication of the kangaroo in this country. He gives authorities showing the feasibility of the project, and believes the animal could be introduced and raised here with profit. The flesh of the kangaroo is highly esteemed as a food, and from the hides a valuable leather is made. These are legitimate uses of the animal. But it is shocking to think of degrading so useful a creature down to the level and equal of a brutal human prize fighter.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Trade With the Old Country is Growing Rapidly.

An interesting and encouraging series of tables showing the trend and volume of Canadian trade has been issued by Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, Controller of Customs, and submitted to his Excellency. Exports show an increase of \$15,500,000, and imports increased \$8,500,000. The year 1892 was up to the past year the "high water mark" of our exports—the value being \$102,137,203. In 1892, however, they were \$113,933,375. The excess of imports over exports since Confederation is \$511,118,981, or a yearly average of \$20,444,759.

The course of trade has changed during the past year—it has trended steadily from the United States to the Mother-land—but at the same time it has grown to a gratifying degree with the West Indies, China and Japan, in these directions the Government's efforts in these directions to find markets are meeting with success.

The following table shows the imports by provinces with the amount of duty collected thereon:—

	Value.	Duty.
Ontario.....	\$15,982,291	\$3,295,786 79
Quebec.....	56,239,889	7,591,896 47
Nova Scotia.....	9,788,693	1,233,614 67
New Brunswick.....	6,542,551	1,010,579 65
Manitoba.....	3,017,140	775,923 98
British Columbia.....	6,358,976	1,412,878 37
P. E. Island.....	50,286	153,197 55
N. W. Territories.....	86,346	16,926 16

\$127,496,068 \$20,550,473, 53

Owing to the abolition of the sugar duties the importation of this commodity shows a large increase compared with 1890.

With reference to the exports, Canada sent to England in 1890 3,600 dozen of eggs, valued at \$820; last year the record was 3,987,655 dozen, valued at \$592,218. In these same years there was a great falling off in the shipment of eggs to the United States. The exports of butter also show a gratifying increase.

INLAND REVENUE REPORT.

The figures in the report of the Controller of Inland Revenue for 1892 are most encouraging, being considerably in excess of the previous year. In 1892 the total amount of inland revenue accrued was \$8,076,526 as against \$6,005,005 in 1891. A decrease is noted in the quantity of malt taken for consumption to the extent of about 20 per cent., as compared with 1890-91, and 12½ per cent., as compared with the average of the preceding four years. The total quantity was 46,425,882 pounds. This is doubtless owing to decreased production of malt liquors, on account of the increase of the duty upon malt from one to two cents per pound.

The following table shows the annual consumption per head of population of the articles mentioned:—

Year.	Spirits.	Beer.	Wine.	Tobacco
1880.....	.776	3.263	.037	2.153
1890.....	.833	3.360	.104	2.143
1891.....	.745	3.790	.111	2.292
1892.....	.701	3.516	.101	2.291

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Authentic Cases in Which It Has Been Known to Occur.

"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual causes of death," said Dr. Elder, "and have met several well authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General, Francis, tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves and he died."

"Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and, dabbled her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks."

"But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter-Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some death-heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together."

"It a fit of terror he threw himself out the window, and, though he sustained no serious injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghastly surroundings, he died in a nervous tremor. I could cite many other cases where the shock to the nervous system which we know as fright has produced death."

The subject of men's hats is engaging the attention of a number of London newspapers and their readers. Mr. Labouchere has headed a crusade against the "top hat," and speaks in favor of some kind of a soft felt hat as a substitute. One correspondent urges the adoption of a three-cornered variety, as combining in the highest degree all the qualities required in a hat. "It is becoming to everybody," he says, "smart looking, compact, handy, warm, weather-proof, and is not easily blown off." The Prince of Wales is anxiously looked to for a sign on the proper thing.