

Until Next Summer.

Fold up the robes which the summer has kissed,
Lay them away, they will not be missed;
Crump the furrows, fleecy and light;
Crush down the gossamer floating and white;
Fold them up softly, sweet maiden, to day,
For the sunshine of summer has melted away,

The roses and lilies so fair and so frail,
Have gone from the garden and died in the vale,
And pansies and gentian and sweet myrtle,
With the tears of October are drooping and wet;
So, fair little maiden, the light tissues fold
Ere the sun of November shines whitely and cold.

Yet dream not to wear them again, as to day,
When the weeds of the year crush the blossoms
of May;
For ah! the gay bodice may clasp in the breast
A heart full of sorrow and weary unrest;
And sombre-hued sackcloth the spirit may
shroud
While the form bears the colors it flaunted un-
bowed.

So folding thy vesture to lay out of sight
With sweet-smelling posies, with heart bounding
light,
Yet fold in a prayer for the strength you may
need—
A prayer which He grants to the storm-beaten
reed.

For strength in its weakness—a stay evermore
Until winters and summers on earth shall be o'er

INDIAN SNAKE STORIES.

I was a passenger on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Medina, one among several young fellows who had started in various capacities on our "trial trip" to India. We had encountered some rather rough weather after quitting the Red Sea, but that was all over; we had had favoring gales for several days and were now within twenty-four hours or so of Bombay. Our promised land was almost in view; we were full of its many and varied attractions; all the dark colors had vanished from our picture, and our imaginations were kindled by the recollection of all we had read and heard; and we longed to realize for ourselves the new and strange experiences which we hoped were in store for us. India and Indian matters were now the staple topics of conversation; those going out for the first time were eagerly seeking information on many points from the "old stagers" among their fellow-passengers; and some of these worthies were a little inclined to improve the opportunity and treat the "griffins"—as the new comers are usually called—to not a few travellers' tales. For my own part, I had made several good friends among the old Anglo-Indians on board, had learned much from them of practical importance to myself, and had listened to many a capital anecdote on matters relating to social life, and to hunting and travelling experiences.

It was our last evening but one in the Medina, and a group of us were sitting on deck after dinner, enjoying the pleasant light breeze that was blowing, chatting over the various incidents of the voyage, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities that awaited some among us in our new home. Elephant-hunting and tiger-shooting were passed in review, and some anecdotes of rather a thrilling nature were related.

"The big game are getting very much shot down," remarked an old judge, who had been many years out. "Tigers are quite scarce now, compared with what they used to be. In fact, it is becoming rather difficult to find them."

"All the better, too," replied a fat good-natured little man, Dr. Beamish. "The existence of tigers is only desirable to a parcel of idle sportsmen, and it is to be hoped they will gradually be exterminated, or nearly so. The rewards offered by Government have done much to effect this; and I hope the time is not far off when one may take an evening stroll without the risk of being carried off to form the supper of a family of hungry cubs."

"I don't think tigers are the chief objection to an evening stroll," said Mr. Barry, a civilian of some standing in the Bombay Presidency. "Some can't say I ever encountered one myself, unless I went specially to look for it. Except those horrid brutes the man-eaters, which stick at nothing, a tiger will generally keep out of your way if you keep out of his. The snakes are the real obstacles to a comfortable walk. There is something peculiarly disagreeable in the idea of kicking what looks like a bit of wood out of your way, and getting in return a small prick from a cobra, which leaves you a dead man an hour or two afterward."

"Ay, a good deal sooner than that, sometimes," observed Dr. Beamish, nodding his head. "A few years ago our regiment was going from one station to another, and one morning we were marching before daylight, when a native servant, who was very near me, uttered an exclamation of pain and put his hand down to his foot. I asked him what was amiss, and he replied that a thorn had gone into his foot, and was hurting him badly, and making him feel sick. He staggered as he spoke; and bidding him sit down, I called for a light, and bent down to examine the place and try to extract the thorn. Not many minutes had elapsed, but the man was now very faint and unable to support himself, so I strongly suspected it was something more than he fancied. A moment's inspection showed me two tiny punctures like stings; a small livid ring was already forming round the place, and I became seriously alarmed for the poor fellow, for what he had imagined to be the prick of a thorn was the bite of a deadly snake. Exsiccation of the part, and brandy and other restoratives were immediately administered; but all to no purpose; the poor man was a corpse in less than an hour from the time he had been bitten."

"It must be a most deadly poison to act so rapidly," said a gentleman who stood near the doctor. "Has no antidote ever been discovered to counteract it?"

"None that can be relied on," replied Dr. Beamish. "The bite of the cobra da espello is certain death to the unfortunate victim, and that within a very short space of time. I have known many instances of individuals having been bitten, and heard of many more; but I never encountered a case in which the sufferer recovered from the effects of the poison, though I have heard of such a thing having occurred among the natives."

"You mean by the application of the snake-stones?" suggested the judge.

"Yes, I have certainly heard of some apparently well-authenticated cases of cures having been effected by them; but never having witnessed one, I cannot say what amount of reliance may be placed on such statements."

"Snake-stones—what are they? Where are they found?" enquired one or two of the listeners around.

"They are manufactured in various places," said the doctor; "and I have seen them, though I never happened to see them employed. Their native name is Pamboo-

kaloo; and they are small dark substances, very light and porous in texture, their power of absorption being very remarkable. In calling them stones we merely use the customary expression, for they are not really stones, but are in reality small pieces of charred bone."

"Do the natives carry them about as charms, or how do they apply them?" asked a young assistant surgeon, who had been listening very attentively.

"They do not seem to have any power of averting snake bites, so are not considered as charms in the ordinary sense," replied Dr. Beamish. "When a native has been bitten and a snake-stone is at hand, the limb is bandaged very tightly above the place, and the stone is applied to the wound, to which it adheres closely, and then drops off of its own accord. It has then apparently drawn out all the poison and the patient is supposed to be cured. This, at least, is what I have been told; but the efficacy of the so-called cure is quite another matter."

"It is what I have often been told, too," observed the judge; "and I remember seeing a man in my district who was said to have been bitten by a cobra and had been cured by the application of one of these so-called stones. But I am inclined to think there is a good deal of chance in the matter. Perfect faith in the virtue of the stone may go a long way in assisting the cure; and of course we only hear of the successful cases, never of the failures."

"That is true," replied the doctor; "and there is, besides, no special quality in the 'stone' itself that can be ascertained, for they have been frequently subjected to very careful analysis, and, as I said, have turned out to be nothing more mysterious than a piece of charred bone, afterward shaped and polished. At least that is all we can tell about them; and they certainly hold no place among the remedies employed by medical men."

"In fact, doctor, there is no remedy for the bite of a snake so good as keeping out of its way; prevention better than cure, eh?" remarked a cheery old merchant on his way back to the Northwest Provinces.

"No doubt of that, Mr. Roberts, but unluckily we can't always manage to keep out of the way of snakes; I only wish we could. Why, I could tell you a dozen instances of their being found in the most unlikely places, and of several most providential escapes from being bitten. A brother officer of mine, who was with his regiment on the line of march, slept every night on a low charpoy, or camp bed, in a corner of his tent, which was unsecured round, but of course rather loose in its construction. His servant's entrance one morning disturbed a snake, which rapidly slipped from the bed, and made off through an aperture in the tent. Another servant on the outside perceived it, and killed it instantly by a blow from a switch which he chanced to have in his hand. It proved to be a cobra, three and a half feet long; and my friend's thankfulness for his escape may be imagined when he discovered on an examination of his bed that the deadly reptile had been lying coiled up within a few inches of his head, the round indentation on the pillow being plainly visible; while he recollected having felt a slight sensation of movement once or twice, which luckily for himself he had been too drowsy to notice further."

"Come, now, doctor, is that a fact?" said old Mr. Roberts, shaking his head doubtfully. "They say misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but a cobra would stagger most people."

"It's a fact all the same," rejoined the doctor oracularly. "Bless you! if that surprises you, I'll tell you one or two more; and then I'll call on the judge, who I know has one at least of a nature to make your hair curl, for I've heard him tell it. Well, then, I was assisting once at a burra-khanna or big dinner party, and we had all been extremely vivacious. At last the ladies rose to depart, when just past the muslin skirts of a very pretty girl, who had been my right-hand neighbor, there glided a cobra, which forthwith made for the open window behind us, but was attacked and killed before it could escape. The young lady, not unnaturally, got rather hysterical; but she soon came round, and then told us what, considering all the circumstances, there was not the slightest reason to disbelieve, that during the progress of the dinner her foot had on several different occasions touched a soft object, which once or twice moved slightly, but which she concluded to be a pet dog belonging to the master of the house, which she knew to be perfectly quiet and good-tempered. The dog, however, had not been in the room at all; and the object she had touched had undoubtedly been the coiled-up snake, whose bite would have been speedily fatal to the poor girl, who little guessed the awful risk she had so narrowly escaped."

"Now for one other anecdote, and then perhaps the judge will kindly follow suit. One of our sergeant's wives had a little boy of about a year old. The child was asleep one day in a wicker cradle, over which his mother had spread a light chinny quilt, to protect the infant from the flies. She was engaged in some household matters in the next room, quite assured of the boy's safety, as she was close at hand, and could hear his slightest movement. Some cause or other took her into the apartment where the child lay, and, glancing at the cradle, she beheld a terrible sight. The infant lay in a deep and tranquil slumber; but at the foot of the cradle, coiled up on the quilt, was a snake, which the least motion of the child might at any moment disturb and irritate, when the most frightful result would probably follow. Knowing herself to be powerless for good, the poor mother cast an agonized look on her sleeping babe and with trembling limbs slipped from the room and rushed to the place where she knew she should find her husband. In a moment he had decided what to do; and seizing some implement with a forked extremity, he followed his wife back to the house. Stepping softly up to the cradle, with one swift movement he dexterously twitched the deadly reptile from the spot where it lay, and with a well-aimed blow killed it on the ground where it fell. Nothing like presence of mind on such occasions; no time for deliberation with cobras. Now I think I have pretty well done my share of the talking and harrowed your feelings up to the proper pitch for the judge's story."

"Well, well," said the judge, "I suppose I must try. Once upon a time, then—to begin like the old fairy tales—I was a smart young fellow, like a good many of you here; and I was lucky enough to obtain a civil appointment, which was a very good thing in those days, and isn't a bad thing now, let me tell you. My father had an old friend, a civilian, who lived in Bombay; and when I

landed I found a very cordial invitation awaiting me to go to this gentleman's house and stay as long as suited my convenience. A most worthy, kind, and hospitable old gentleman he was; nobody could have been a more sincere friend; he would have gone miles to do any one he liked a service. He had one special fault, however, or weakness we may rather call it—he was very fond of practical joking."

"A most detestable vice, if you'll excuse bad language," interpolated the doctor.

"It is indeed," resumed the judge, "and I trust none of our young friends here will ever be guilty of it, for it is neither clever nor gentlemanly. My friend Mr. Gordon was a gentleman, however; but in those days more latitude in manners was permitted; such things would not be tolerated now. In addition to various foolish little tricks which Mr. Gordon was fond of playing off upon his guests, especially upon the 'griffs,' he had one favorite joke, which had become a constant habit with him, so that he rarely encountered a new-comer without perpetrating it, if the opportunity offered. This was to pick up a stick, bit of matting, or rope, or anything that came handy, and throw it against the person he wished to startle, at the same time exclaiming, 'A snake!' Some of them merely smiled and took no further notice, others perhaps started and looked uneasy for a moment, and this delighted the old gentleman, while a few were found who were visibly annoyed, and did not see the joke at all. It was certainly a very weak one. However, he seemed to find it entertaining, for he constantly perpetrated it, till he one day received a lesson which undoubtedly cured him of that trick, and I think of a good many others."

"He was walking in his compound, or garden, one afternoon with two or three friends. I was there, too, and with me was one of the young men who had come out at the same time as myself, and who had called that day to see me, and had been hospitably invited to remain to tiffin. He and I were strolling about by ourselves, when the course of our walk brought us close to the spot where Mr. Gordon and his friends were chatting. In a moment the old gentleman stooped down to a little tuft of herbage beside him, seized what looked like a small stick or bit of branch, and flung it against my friend, Mr. Ashley, saying, quickly, 'There's a snake!' I had heard this so often now that I did not even smile, but just glanced at Ashley with a look meant to say, 'Never mind it's only his little joke.' My eye fell on his bent arm, where the object thrown by Mr. Gordon had alighted; it had not fallen off, but had remained there. That moment it began to move; and with a sensation of horror, which to my dying day I can never forget, I saw the reared head and small bright eyes of a krait, one of the most poisonous snakes in India! Its bite was but certain death, and that in a very short time. 'Stand still!' I cried, in an agony. 'Do not stir, Ashley, as you value your life!' One glance, and the brave young fellow comprehended the situation. The snake was now slowly curling itself about his shoulder. If he shuddered, I never saw it; indeed, my eyes were riveted upon the horrid spectacle, and I prayed as I had never done before that this most terrible fate might be averted from my poor friend. Just one glance I ventured at Mr. Gordon, who with his friends had turned round on hearing my exclamations, and stood silently by, still as the grave, hardly daring to breathe. The poor old gentleman was piteous to see. His face was pale as death, his eyes almost starting from his head, great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. 'Mercy! O God! mercy!' I heard him once faintly murmur.

"You must remember that all this occurred in less than a minute—in far less time than I have taken to tell it. But what an age it seemed! And if it felt so to me, what must it have been to the poor fellow who knew that his only chance was to remain perfectly still! He did so. He stood as if he were made of stone, never moving even a muscle. The snake crawled round his neck and shoulders, reared itself for a moment against his head, and again I saw its horrid glittering eyes. Once more it curled itself round his arm, and then, after a moment's pause, it glided down his leg to the ground, and rapidly made off in the direction of a hedge not far off, where we did not attempt to pursue it, being only too relieved by its disappearance. 'Thank God! you're safe. Oh, thank God for it!' said Mr. Gordon, rushing up to young Ashley, and seizing him warmly by the hand. 'My dear young fellow, can you ever forgive me? for I never, never can forgive myself! One thing, however, I am cured. Never from this day forward shall I do such a senseless, idiotic thing again—never, never!' 'Perhaps will be as well, sir,' replied Ashley, with a faint attempt at a smile; but the next instant he fainted. The strain had been tremendous, and it was a good while before he came round. He was not ultimately the worse for his fright, however, and the incident proved greatly to his advantage; for he found a staunch friend in Mr. Gordon, who never forgot the peril to which he had exposed the young man, and did all in his power to assist him in his profession, of which he afterwards became a very successful and leading member. And so ends my contribution to the evening's entertainment." Whereupon the worthy judge leaned back in his deck chair with an expression of considerable relief, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner, in reply to the thanks he received from the circle who had been listening to him.

"Story-telling is like eating; it only wants a beginning," observed Dr. Beamish, cheerfully. "I knew the judge would come nobly out of the difficulty; and I see Mr. Barry there has an anecdote at the tip of his tongue. Let us have it, me dear sir, by all means."

"Curiously enough," said Mr. Barry, "that story of the judge's reminded me of a case that happened many years ago in my district. I did not see the occurrence myself, but a man who did told me about it, and, in fact, the thing was perfectly well known. It took place at a dinner party or social gathering of some kind. A lady sat down to a piano and had just begun to play, when someone chanced to look at the leg of the music stool on which she was seated and perceived something moving there. A closer inspection showed that the moving object was a snake, one of the most venomous species. It had been closely coiled round the spiral leg of the stool; and when the poor lady unconsciously seated herself in its vicinity, it had been disturbed and immediately began to move. She was quickly warned of her great danger and urged to sit perfectly still, which she very heroically did, not stirring

hand or foot or uttering a cry. It must have been a fearfully trying ordeal for the poor thing, as there was no telling what course of action the snake might pursue. However, in this case, it never touched her at all, but after curling round the music stool for half a minute or so, dropped on the floor and was killed before it could effect its escape."

"How excessively unpleasant!" said a young fellow, one of those, like myself, new to Indian life and experiences. "Why, the horrid reptiles seem to meet you at every turn! Is no place safe from them?"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear sir," replied the doctor, easily; "the snakes are not so frequently encountered after all—the poisonous ones at least. And though it is unhappy the case that thousands of people, chiefly natives, lose their lives by snakes, there are at the same time numberless instances in which those who have been bitten by the less dangerous species have recovered, and in fact suffered little or no uneasiness. There are plenty of harmless snakes, but you are not sure which are which for a time. The stories you have been hearing are what we may call 'special cases.'"

Among the group that had formed on the deck was an Indian chaplain, who had been listening to all that had gone on, but had not hitherto taken any active part in it.

"If you will allow me," he now observed, "I will tell you a very curious and melancholy incident that happened on one occasion in a church where I was conducting the service. The windows and doors were of course all wide open, and through one of those open doors a cobra glided into the church. I did not notice it myself, but several of the congregation did, and were not unreasonably much alarmed. The deacon, a native, was fortunately on the alert, and he managed to procure a towel, with which he cut off the creature's head before it had time to do any mischief. Tranquility was restored, and the service proceeded to its close, when many of the congregation went to look at the dead snake as it lay headless on the ground. Among them was a man who, in his curiosity to examine the reptile, put his foot on the head and rolled it towards him; when he instantly uttered a loud exclamation and drew his foot away. By some means or other he had contrived to set in action the muscular apparatus attached to the poison fangs, which had darted violently forward and struck him on the foot. All remedies were useless; in half an hour the poor fellow was a corpse, proving, with a vengeance, the awful virulence of the poison of the cobra da espello."

This was our last anecdote. It was getting late, darkness was setting in, and it was about the time when the judge, the doctor and some of the others were in the habit of turning in for a night's rest. An adjournment was made, therefore, by most of the party to the cabin, Dr. Beamish bringing up the rear with the chaplain.

"Very curious incident that you have just related, Mr. Lane," I heard him say, as he descended the stairs; "I must really make a note of it."

"Yes," calmly replied the chaplain, "but nevertheless terribly true."

FEROCEOUS FELINES.

A Glanford Boy Attacked by Cats and Receives Serious Injury.

We have it on pretty good authority that several mornings ago a boy about fifteen years old, a nephew of Mr. James Harrison (of Glanford), an inmate of his family, went out to the barn to feed the horses. When he entered the loft he discovered two large cats lying on the straw asleep. Boy like, he took up a bundle of fodder and, creeping up, struck both of them at one blow. There was something of a disappointment in the result. The cats, instead of running away, sprang at the boy with a fury that startled him. Having nothing with which to defend himself, the boy tumbled around, while the cats squallied and bit him unmercifully. The boy's cries did not bring any assistance, and, of course, realizing the fact that it might prove fatal to delay desperate efforts, the boy sprang toward the ladder leaning against the rafters and ascended to the roof of the house. The cats followed him, and despite his efforts to keep them away, bit and clawed him frightfully. Realizing his ladder folly, he jumped down on the hay. The cats followed him. By this time he was bleeding very freely, and his coat was almost torn into threads. Seizing one of the cats by the hind legs, he attempted to beat it to death against the wall, but the animal turned around and began tearing his arm. Shaking the feline off, he ran to the ladder leading down. The animals followed him. Just as he reached the ladder, he discovered a monkey wrench lying on the floor. Seizing it, he turned, dealt the foremost cat a blow between the eyes, and before it could recover, mashed its head. The other animal was not rendered less ferocious by the death of its companion, but fought with fury. With a heavy blow the boy stretched out the remaining feline and beat out its brains. Catching them by the tails, he marched to the house to give an account of his battle. When he entered the house, ragged and bleeding from almost every inch of his body, holding two large cats by the tails, the astonishment of the uncle and terror of the aunt were what you might call boundless.

The boy has been confined to his bed since the encounter, and his physicians say that it will be a long time before he will be able to be about again. In fact the injuries may result fatally.—Hamilton Times.

UNRULY STUDENTS.

ANN ARBOR, Michigan.—Several hundred students came here last night to clean out the citizens in retaliation for the arrest of several of their number the evening previous. They pounced upon the officers who attempted to quiet them. The Mayor had the alarm bells rung. The citizens came by hundreds with clubs and overpowered the unruly students. Ten of the leaders were arrested. The military were called out. No further trouble.

Mrs. Annabell Plummer, of Woodstock, N. B., is not disposed to accept silently her husband's advertisement "forbidding" all persons to trust her, etc. In a counter advertisement in the Sentinel she remarks—"I would inform the readers of your paper that Wm. Plummer is wrong in advertising his wife's leaving his bed and board without any just cause, as the bed is her own, both before and since. The board, she had none for sometime before leaving, only as neighbors brought it in, as she lay on a sick bed, not able to care for herself. In leaving his tender care she did it to save herself from death."

Diphtheria is still very prevalent at Newbury. Seventeen deaths are reported.

The Latest Frenks in Ladies' Dress.

London Daily News: "The whirligig of fashion is bringing round an old-fashioned decoration, which has its merits. Ladies are wearing of monograms, and are adopting emblems and mottoes. The fourteenth and early sixteenth centuries were the time when mottoes and fanciful emblems flourished most abundantly. Besides his hereditary bearings every knight had some emblem of fancy, and every lady her symbol, which might be changed at pleasure. When these were embroidered on dresses the effect was quaint and variegated, and gave each costume a kind of originality. Parisians have rediscovered this, and birds and mottoes are embroidered all over dresses. A well graced (and well puffed) actress, who is the reverse of stout in figure, appeared lately with the device of ravens on her array. Her rival, who is not slim, observed that 'where the skeleton is the ravens are gathered together.' Swallows are more common than the sombre bird of the Danish banner—perhaps to indicate that the wester intends 'flying, flying south.' Gold swallows are worn on a blue satin ground, though a naturalist might prefer to reverse the colors. Ladies of fashion, if the fashion prevails, will soon look as quaint as did Jacqueline de la Grange in her costume brodered with pink eagles and black ducks, or Anne of Bohemia with the crowned ostrich. The mottoes may slip from writing paper into wider use, and poets once more style themselves on their title pages, le bonnet de liege. The old motto would serve many of the new poets very well, and the fashion will at least add some variety to existence, till the thing is overdone, and ceases to be an outward sign of inward mediocrity."

Strange Suicide of a Lady.

Moscow society would appear to be just now considerably exercised by the suicide of one of its brightest ornaments, the young and lovely Countess Vera Kosebeff, who a short time ago suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Heiman, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicings upon an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whether she had gone until her steward received a letter from her, written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her body would be found in the water. Search was of course made with all possible promptitude; and it resulted in the discovery of the beautiful young Countess' corpse sewn up in a large straw sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Kosebeff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles, and received by him sometime after her death, she gave as her reason for enclosing herself in a sack previously to drowning herself, her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles.

A Youth Who Said "No."

Three old gentlemen are sitting around a table on a steamboat, waiting to get another party to a game of cards. Presently they spy a nice looking young fellow. One old party goes up to him and says: "Pardon me, young man, we want somebody to join us in a game of cards; would be happy to have you with us." "Thanks; I never play cards." "Take a drink with us?" "Thanks; I never drink." "Well, have a cigar?" "Thanks; I never smoke." "Eh! Now I rather like that in a young man. Come into the cabin and I'll introduce you to my wife and daughters." "Thanks," said the demure young man, "I shall never marry."

Inspection of Coal Oil.

In many cities on the other side of the line oil inspectors are appointed and none but an oil of 150 degrees is allowed to be used. Would it not be well to have such an official here? Lamp explosions are becoming too frequent in Hamilton and the oil which is being disposed of by some dealers is of a quality which requires testing.

A murder that for coolness and deliberation is not often surpassed is reported from Breitenbach, Germany. A married couple having quarrelled, the wife left the house, and for several days stayed away, sleeping at night in barns wherever she found it convenient. Meanwhile the husband remained calmly at home. This indifference exasperated the wife to a pitch of diabolical hatred, and about eleven o'clock one night she returned to the house, and while her husband lay asleep in an adjoining room went into the kitchen, started a fire, filled a kettle with water, and put it on the stove, waited patiently until it steamed, and then, taking it to her husband's bedside, poured the contents over him, searing him so badly that he lived only a few hours.

SAD FATE OF AN OLD MAN.—An old man named Gibson Grey, of Fonthill, was fatally burned on Saturday night last. He was carrying a lamp in his hand, when he stumbled and fell, the lamp breaking and the oil catching fire. He was soon enveloped in flames, and so severely burned that his recovery was from the first quite hopeless. From 1853 up to the time of the removal of the office to Welland in 1873, he held the position of Deputy Registrar. Mr. Grey was 79 years of age, and much respected by all who knew him.

There may be a long, sweet summer and a gentle, meditative autumn, but the cold, bleak winds of winter are sure to come sooner or later. And be life ever so peaceful and prosperous, even down through a serene old age, the time will come when the pleasing warmth of vitality will be felt no longer, and the three score years and ten will have as effectively vanished as if they had never been.

The Japanese Government has in its service eighty Englishmen, thirty-one Americans, thirty Frenchmen, eighty-seven Germans, seven Dutchmen, four Italians, three Swiss, three Chinese, two Austrians, two Portuguese and one Russian, making 181 foreigners.

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss, in 1404. They were first manufactured in London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close-knit woolen caps.

An old gentleman, on his return from fashionable tour, being asked who carried on the palm at watering-places "hops," laconically answered: "Frogs."