trots him round as if he were a pet poodle. The old boy used to be fond of his cigar, and liked to crack a joke with the best of us; but now I notice he never smokes, and seems to have a deadly fear of anything funnier than obituary notices. His wife is a well-developed Presbyterian, I understand, and takes Frank to all the sociables. Frank is too big to say I wouldn't if I was in his place; but I'd graduate early if Mrs. D. was mine, and set up for myself. 'No, Mrs. G., I will not! Do it yourself.' I sat up quite startled to hear my walls echoing, 'No, Mrs. G., I will not!'

The fire was burning low, having blackened on the top and built for itself a sort of ashen arch, as a kind of grave in which to entomb its fast-expiring energy; old "Lethe" had become somnolent as its namesake, and no amount of suction could draw forth a whiff; my limbs felt contracted, and strangely shorn of warmth. "Pshaw!" said I, getting upon my legs, "I've been to sleep"; and with that I turned down my light, stepped into my bedroom, and was soon there in good earnest.

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A Man Out of Time.

On a high bank, at the foot of which runs the river, stands the little mission church of St. Hypolite. Near by is the parsonage, with its trim garden; while farther along are a few straggling houses, which is the real settlement, consisting of low Indian huts. These Indians spend their summer here; and when the winter comes on they go into the forest, taking what provisions they can with them, to hunt and obtain furs, which they sell at the station. Their life in winter is one of hardship and privation, while in summer they do almost nothing. Such a life, with a few variations, was it that Awawaw led. Left alone in the world at an early age, he grew up as his own master. Nobody adopted him, but he was always welcome in every hut. His greatest friend was an old, old woman, who was accredited with many magic powers by the Indians, and whose stories of wars and the bravery of the chiefs of bygone days were the greatest delight of his boyhood. He, too, wished that he might one day do such things. As years went on he grew to hate the quiet trading life, and longed for adventure. In the evenings, when the Indians sat together and smoked, he would try to arouse them with tales of daring. The fathers of the tribe only grunted, and looked at the smoke as it curled out of their pipes. The younger men, however, were often awakened to a state of excitement; which, however, they always forgot before the next morning.

The cure of the mission, seeing that Awawaw was a danger to the community, and wishing to provide for him a career in which he might do well, proposed that he should enter the English Army. He flatly refused; but after a while he consented, and the cure obtained a position for him, not, however, without difficulty. The regiment was at Halifax, and was soon to sail for South Africa. So thither he went, full of hope and of dreams for the future; but he did not find that soldiering was all that he had pictured it. He who had never known what it was to obey, was forced to submit to a severe discipline, which galled and enraged him; till finally one day, maddened by a more than usually sharp rebuke, he sprang upon the drill-sergeant, throwing him to the ground. Two guards immediately rushed to the sergeant's assistance; but when, after a short struggle, they managed to separate the combatants, they found that the sergeant was dead, having choked to death. Awawaw was, of course, led off a prisoner to the guardhouse. Not until morning did he begin to appreciate in what a position he was placed. He saw that there could be but one penalty. He looked for means of escape, but found none. Later in the day he was brought before a court-martial, which only confirmed his worst suspicions. He was sentenced to be shot. Left alone in his cell once more he began to think of the end; at least, he would die bravely! But as