young J. stated that he had been in India six months, and as yet had not seen a cobra.

"'What would you do, if you suddenly became aware that a cobra was crawling across your leg?' I idly asked.

"'Do? Why, I'd knock it off like a flash, and shoot it.'

"'You'd be a fool if you did,' said old Major C., as he tipped back his chair, and thrust his arm through the open window, resting it on the sill.

"'Well, then, what would you do?' asked J.

"'Sit still till he'd crawled off, and then shoot him,' said the major.

"'There isn't a man living who has the nerve——'

"'For God's sake don't move, major,' I interrupted, in a whisper; 'don't stir, don't breathe; there's one of those devils crawling up your arm.'

"The major turned a shade paler, but sat like a statue carved from stone; not a muscle in his face moved, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. J. and I were almost as still, as we watched the devilish, beautiful thing with a sort of fascination. It seemed unaware of our presence, and glided slowly along the man's arm, over his shoulder, and across his breast, stopping from time to time, and swaying its head gracefully from side to side.

"The suspense was horrible, but we could do nothing, as the slightest movement on our part meant death to our companion. At last the creature slid slowly down to the ground, and had glided half way to the door, when J. suddenly drew his revolver and fired, blowing the brute to atoms.

"'You have wonderful nerves, major,' I said, turning with a sigh of relief. He made no reply, but sat staring straight ahead, with fixed, glazed eyes. I touched his hand, but drew away in horror, for it was rigid.

"'And that,' said the doctor, "is how I know that death can be caused by fright."

H. C. W.