so strong was the protest that the Government was eventually compelled to withdraw its promise to the United States officials.

To compensate the exhibition committee in some degree, a photo-litho copy of the production was presented to them, and a special book has been made up of the parts relating to the discovery of America, reproduced by photo-lithography.

The Post Office Report.

If there was a fair division, every person in the United Kingdom received during the postal year ending March 31st, 49,6 letters and 624 postcards. The post office figures are beyond the mind's grasp. Letters numbered 1,790,500,000; postcards, 244,400,000; newspapers—which, strange to say, showed no increase—162,800,000; parcels, 52,370,000. Telegrams, like some of the boys who carry them, were stationary, and actually brought in £20,000 less than in the previous year. Absent-minded people are not yet extinct. They posted 32,000 letters without any addresses, and of these 1,955 contained cash or valuables worth in the aggregate over £5,000. But the most absent-minded person of all was he who wrote to "Jacob Stainer, Esq., violin maker, Absam, Germany," for his price list, and got the letter back, with an intimation that Mr. Stainer had been dead 200 years! There have been strange demands and cool requests. One postman was asked to give the address of "a widower gentleman, rather short, wears glasses, with one little boy two years of age." The postman couldn't! A clerk at Ventnor was desired to mind a lady's poodle while her owner went to church. The lady was very indignant at a refusal on the part of "a public servant." Savings Bank deposits were £2,425,977 better at the end of 1892 than of 1891, and the amount of Government stock purchased in the Savings Bank increased by £500,000. Over a million new accounts were opened during the year—a number never reached before. On the permanent staff of the post office there are 71,055 officers, of whom 10,465 are women. Altogether 131,459 people are employed.

New Books or Old?

"New books or old?" I must confess
Old books bring greatest happiness.
I hate your modern poet's lay
That finds no brightness in the day.
But only darkness and distress.
A fig for their conceitless,
Their songs in Penseroso dress!
But yet again I hear you say,
"New books or old?"
Come, give me Chaucer's pilgrims gay,
My Spenser fair and fresh as May,
Kit Marlowe's bushy shepherdess,
And Shakspere for all blessedness—
Now need you ask for which I pray,
"New books or old?"

—James Ernest Baker.

A bookbinder named Till, of Dover, was recently bitten by a rat, and died from hydrophobia of a tetanic character.