

committee declined to do the work, on the ground of the club's poverty. A bazar was then proposed to put it in funds, and the women worked with such heartiness for the success of the bazar that no less than £1,000 was netted. They then repeated their application, thinking that there would no longer be any difficulty about providing the new window. But the committee still declined on the ground that the club's finances did not warrant it. So eighteen women sent in their resignations, and now, as the local paper says, it has come to a question of losing the women or making a window. If the Moray "loons" had the traditional gallantry of Scotch ladies they would not hesitate long over the answer.—*Springfield Republican*, April 20th.

#### Troika Driving in Russia.

We were promised our first Russian experience in the shape of a troika ride. A troika is a superb affair. It makes the tiny sledges which takes the place of cabs, and are used for all ordinary purposes, look even more like toys than usual, but the sledges are great fun, and so cheap that it is an extravagance to walk. A course costs only 20 kopecks—10 cents. The sledges are set so low that you can reach out and touch the snow with your hand, and they are so small that the horse is in your lap, and the coachman in your pocket. He simply turns in his seat to hook the fur robe to the back of your seat—only it has no back. If you fall, you fall clear to the ground.

The horse is far, far above you in your humble position, and there is so little room that two people can with difficulty stow themselves in the narrow seat. If a brother and sister or a husband and wife drive together, the man, in sheer self-defence, is obliged to put his arm around the woman no matter how distasteful it may be. Not that she would ever be conscious of whether he did it or not, for the amount of clothes one is obliged to wear in Russia destroys any sense of touch.

The horses are sharp shod, but in a way quite different from ours. The spikes on their shoes are an inch long, and dig into the ice with perfect security, but it makes the horses look as if they wore French heels. Even over ice like sheer glass they go at a gallop, and never slip. It is wonderful, and the exhilaration of it is like driving through an air charged with champagne, like the wind caves of Rintz.

Driving in the country we could not tell how fast we were going, but in town, whizzing past other carriages, hearing the shouts of the idvosjik, "Troika," and seeing the people scatter and the sledges turn out (for a troika has the right of way), we realized at what a pace we were going. Before we reached home we saw a Russian fire engine. We passed it in a run. The engine was on one sledge, and following it were five other sledges carrying hogsheads of water.

After that drive I thought I knew just how it felt to ride on a fire engine.—*Lillian Bell in Woman's Home Companion*.

"Jenkins is one man in ten thousand."  
"In what respects?"

"He doesn't consider himself a good judge of character."—*Puck*.

#### Question of Snakes.

The question of snakes in a tropical country is one of much interest to a woman. It forces itself on the attention just as soon as one discovers how close the jungle or bush is to the ordinary places of residence. In Samoa this distance is but a step. Along the beach is a narrow strip of coconut grove, with bread fruit filling the spaces in between the loftier trees. But just behind the shores orchards the bush is as tangled and trackless as it would be if human habitations were miles away instead of yards. From cultivated ground you plunge instantly into the soggy shade of forest timber, lacing boughs blocking out the rays of the sun and steadily dripping the waters stored from frequent and copious rains. In every crotch of limb and branch grow orchids and clusters of the bird's nest fern. Every vista between the trunks is tangled with swaying lianas, which in the obscure lights might be taken for almost any fearsome thing. Under foot is a thick mat of coarse grass and aromatic ginger, and many tall succulent herbs, which shut out from sight the real surface of the

of these reasons the snake found he was to loose his victim he altered his silent tactics. He could be heard thrashing the trees and crowing like any rooster, only many times as loud, and as he noisily sought some other part of the forest the crowing was frequently repeated, until at last it vanished in the distance. When asked more particularly as to his crowing, the Samoans say that it is exactly the crowing of roosters. There is an equal host of eye witnesses, men who have seen crowing snakes. They never vary from one another in their descriptions of what they have seen. Except for one spot of special conditions it is never seen on the ground, but always on the tops of the highest trees, either stretched out along a branch or gliding from tree to tree with remarkable rapidity. It is long and slender, rarely is one spoken of as under two arm spans or twelve feet, seldom is one described as exceeding twice that measurement. Its color is spoken of as uniform, a steel blue or slate, and free from spots or other markings. When at rest it is difficult to distinguish it from the branch on which it may be stretched



PIGEON SHOOTING AT PINEHURST.

saturated, spongy soil. Such scenery may be all very well for an artist hunting after color effects and atmosphere, but it is too much the look of good snake country to make one at all comfortable when making a trip through such brush. It come at a positive relief to learn that there are no venomous snakes in Samoa, always excepting the snake which crows.

In proof of the existence of this reptile there may be offered the testimony of witnesses, eye witnesses, ear witnesses. Any quantity of Samoans, and white people as well, will give you detailed accounts of how they heard the snake in the dense recesses of the bush. They tell how their ears caught the sound of stealthy movements in the tree tops overhead, and how the faint sound stopped when they halted to listen closer, or how it began as soon as they resumed the march; of how their invisible pursuer was betrayed through the miles of his fellow traveling by the rustling of leaves and twigs in the forest canopy. Inevitably the narrator closes his account by a description of his escape; he either overtook some other wanderer in the bush and found security in numbers, or else he made particularly good time homeward, or he remembered a charm which had much power. When for any

out; when in motion it goes far too fast for any detail to be observed.

White people are more chary about mentioning this remarkable reptile. Yet there are many reliable people who say that they have either heard or have seen it.

The is about as much as can be said. The ear witnesses have heard the crowing, the eye witnesses have seen an arboreal serpent of large size. The proof will not be complete until some one shall be both eye witness and ear witness, shall see the snake in the very act of a crowing which shall reach his ears. Until that combination is made there will always be those who are in doubt as to the crowing snakes of Upolu, but it is safe to say that proof or no proof the Samoans will always believe in the animal as a peril of the jungle.—*Forest and Stream*.

"Yes, that's the bride."

"Very young, isn't she?"

"Nineteen, I believe."

"Who are those middle-aged women with her?"

"Those are her unmarried sisters. She's chaperoning them."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

#### The Significance of Boils.

A collection of pus beneath the skin, accompanied by pain, swelling and redness about the area involved, later "pointing" and discharging its contents, is termed a boil.

Formerly such an incident was regarded as favorable to health, the idea being that by this means the system freed itself of the contents of the sore, and that the vent thus provided for impurities constituted a decided benefit to the sufferer. Many persons believe that attacks of illness have been averted by the intercurrent of boils.

Boils occur through the agency of bacteria which finds entrance through some break in the skin to the tissues beneath. The uncovered skin, like that of the face and neck, is more apt to suffer, as it is more exposed both to injury and to germs conveyed in dust. The friction from a collar or collar-button may be sufficient to open a pathway for germs. In the same manner a mode of entrance may be provided by a scratch from the finger-nail, especially at the nostril or at the orifice of the ear. Often a hair forms a convenient guide for germs to follow into the depth of the skin.

Opposed to germs and to pus formation in the tissues are the various life-giving elements of the blood. The white blood-cells are the destroyers of germs in the tissues, and apparently the living blood itself has an antiseptic action upon germ life.

One is more susceptible to boils when his health is below normal—"run down," as it is usually expressed. The vital forces may become deficient in their ability to destroy germ life from many causes, like unhygienic employments, sewer-gas in houses, lack of exercise, improper food, recent illness, or present disease.

When the system is depressed the tissues are invaded more easily. One boil may be rapidly followed by another, and they may occur in "crops." Thus one boil predisposes to another. Hence it is impossible to discover any beneficial results dependent upon the occurrence of boils, unless it may be that they accentuate the need for tonics, change of air and of remedial measures to improve the physical resistance of the sufferer.

The best method of dealing with these painful and depressing outbreaks is therefore not only a resort to the well-known local applications, but also to employ tonics and restoratives and secure a purer atmosphere.

An attack should be the warning for a stricter observance of hygienic laws. In this sense benefit may result from a boil, although in a manner different from that formerly attributed to it.—*Youth's Companion*.

"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than thot, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him."—*Chicago News*.

The Artist—A flattering likeness! No, indeed, Mr. Cashleigh. It's only the matter-of-fact, stingy, purse-proud man of pedigree we artists have to flatter. The artistic, generous, modest, self-made man, never!—*Brooklyn Life*.