

ence he brought to bear on the owner of the watch—who, there is reason to believe, was somebody whose heart was sounder than his taste in jewellery. But this is certain, that Elkanah and Frederick drove home together at the usual time that night.

Elkanah was in a happy frame of mind, as usual, but Frederick was very thoughtful. He had queer choking spells all along the road, and he did not get the lump out of his throat until after Aunt Rhoda had lifted him from the buggy and kissed him and cried over him.

Elkanah says that Frederick cried more or less, too.

Furthermore, Elkanah admits that he suspected the watch had been stolen, and that he wanted to be arrested. He says that the result was 'worth it.' Indeed, I think it was. Watson's neighbors are wont to say that Frederick is 'so straight he bends backward.' He is town treasurer at present; and when his townsmen need a trustee, or an executor, or one to fill any position that calls for a just, wise, discreet and honest man, they turn to Frederick first.

Clothes and the Man.

How much time and consideration should a man give to his clothes? is a question which almost every boy asks himself on entering the world. If he have that most puerile of all weaknesses, pride in his own good looks, he may answer it by becoming a fop, and thus gain the contempt of all stronger men; but if he overrates his other good qualities he often becomes a sloven, supposing that the world will judge him on other grounds than that of well-fitting coat and trousers.

A man who was one of the foremost of American statesmen said once: 'When I was a young fellow I held dress in contempt. If I had noble aims in my soul, I reasoned, what did the cut of my coat or the polish of my shoes matter? One day I went down the street in an old hat and soiled garments which I had worn when fishing. A maid was scrubbing the front steps of a neighboring house, and probably taking me for a tramp, threw out the pailful of water as I passed. I was much bespattered, and accordingly hurried home and changed my clothes. I put on a new, handsome suit. When I passed the house again the same maid, not recognizing me, made way for me with a respectful bow. Then I reasoned: "Respect and civility are good things in life. If a certain class of people pay respect and civility to clean and seemly clothes, it is a cheap way of gaining consideration to wear them."'

Vain folly will betray itself in gaudy finery, but why should a grave, rational character be misstated and belied by unclean and slovenly garments?

There may be as much false vanity in untidy, careless clothes as in foppery.—The 'Youth's Companion.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Snakes in India.

(J. E. Chute, in 'Canadian Baptist.')

This letter is just to tell a few plain facts about our experiences with snakes within the last four months or so, and most of them within the last few weeks.

Our experiences have been with the following varieties in the order of their viciousness.

First the cobra. We feel like writing his name with a capital as he is a fellow which inspires so much respect for his presence. This snake is so well-known for its daring, quickness and viciousness that it scarcely needs any description from me. It is about three or four feet long at most, and marked so that it need never be mistaken for any other kind. Its one particular sign is a mark much like a pair of spectacles on the back of its hood and also under its neck. It does not usually attack, however, unless attacked, or is come upon in too close quarters. It possesses less fear than any other snake, but will get away if it has a good chance. If attacked it is a fearful enemy, as its movements are so quick that it is upon its assailant before he can get in a second blow, accordingly no single person cares to attack one of them. They are said to possess memory and malice for their enemy, whom they watch to kill. This is doubtful.

Second in order comes the russels viper, about as long but thicker and blacker than the cobra. This is a great snake to blow when in danger. Its bite is about as bad as the cobra, but it is not so daring nor so quick. But this last is a quality which makes it even more feared in the night than the cobra, in that it will not get out of the way before the traveller steps on it, when it strikes.

Third, the carpet snake (Telugu, kath-pamu), a small snake about two feet long, of a glossy, damp skin, covered with white bands about every inch, which give it its name in Telugu as the 'snake of bands.' This is considered a vicious snake, but not always deadly. The limb bitten may all wither up, or the flesh all drop off or become a mass of ulcers, finally causing terrible deformity and requiring amputation. This is, however, the effect more of another kind of snake, which I do not propose to describe here, as we have had no personal experiences with it recently.

Fourth, the jeripothu, a Telugu name, of which I am unable to give the English. This is about six feet long and as thick accordingly. It is also thought to be vicious, but this does not seem to be so well established. It is said by some to be the male cobra, and never bites dangerously. Some fear the strike of its tail more than its bite.

The carpet snake was most in evidence in our first year in Akidu, when we killed seventeen in and near the bungalow. They can crawl up the straight plastered wall, as we have seen them do more than once. Thus they are found in all sorts of places. But the last year the cobra has been our commonest fear.

Our wood for cooking purposes is stored in a small outhouse. Among this two cobras were killed in the hot season. This makes one handle the wood very circumspectly. Another large one was seen in the girls' dormitory rooms, but got away into a rat hole in the wall, of which there are many in the sun-dried brick walls, a first-class home for snakes.

About a week ago, when on tour, I was going to a village, I stepped over a cobra by the path. The man following, cried 'Snake!' when we killed it. I had not seen it before. We were taught by our old drill master not to look on the ground less than fifty yards ahead of us—a poor policy in India. One needs to nose the ground pretty well here.

About the same time Miss Morrow was on tour on another part of the field, when one day she went to a village her boat captain discovered a large cobra coiled up by her front door step inside the boat. He hurried for some help, when they secured the villain and finished it. She would have probably stepped on it on her return had it not been disturbed, as the peculiar way they enter the door of a boat prevents them from looking where they are stepping. How long this friend(?) had been sharing her hospitality she could not say, as there are so many places for concealment on a boat. Sometimes a boat has to be sunk to rid it of a snake known to inhabit it, as no one would think of living on a boat in such company. It must be kept carefully off from the bank at night, but sometimes they may come on along the rope that fastens it to the shore.

Last evening I sent one of the school boys to level off an old heap of rubbish, lime and tiles into a hole, when he nearly put his hands on a cobra in the pile as he was working. So much for recent experiences with cobras.

About a month ago, when one of the coolies was cutting palm leaves to thatch the girls' cook house, he came on a russels viper in a tree at such close quarters that it blew a vigorous protest into his face not more than a foot away. It was ready for attack, but the coolie gave him the field till he secured proper arrangements for a more even warfare, when he secured his enemy and brought him to me.

But the most exciting viper experience was one evening when one of the teachers started to go to his house in the compound after he had finished his business with me. It was very dark, and just after he left the door, as I was sitting at the desk, I heard two blood-curdling shrieks and a terrible hissing as if a steam pipe had sprung a leak. I immediately took in the situation and grabbed the lantern and a cane and ran in the direction of the hissing, which was still keeping up to some extent, when I found the snake about ten yards from the front door. The teacher had stepped on its tail when it threw itself up against his bare leg to strike, but not having chance of a proper aim it missed, and he took such strides as secured him against a second chance. The stick I brought was too short, so I called for a longer one, when Mrs. Chute came with a long thin bamboo with which we killed it. I shot two of these same snakes along the canal recently when on tour. The white ant-hills make good hiding places for the snakes.

Next come our experiences with jeripothus, one of which I shot in a hole in the wall of one of the servant's houses recently. Another of the same was seen in the same place later. But our most exciting experience with any kind of snake was one evening just after dark. The cook came into the dining-room, when he perceived there was some kind of snake in the dark. He cried 'Snake!' and ran. Mrs. Chute was in the study with the lamp, which she picked up, with a stick