

COLLECTS NEWSPAPERS.

Fad to Which Judge Rogers, of Pittsburg, Devotes Himself.

Judge Rogers, of Pittsburg, who recently resigned from the bench to become a director of the Pittsburg Coal Company—a corporation that owns 200,000 acres of Pennsylvania coal lands and which recently made a contract to supply all the fuel used by the United States Steel Company in the next twenty-five years—has a fad for collecting newspapers. His great-grandfather began it and the collection is most interesting and valuable.

Among other things the collection contains complete sets of "The Register," published in Philadelphia before the Revolution. When Judge Rogers has an evening off he delves into his old files. The other day he came across an item in "The Register" which read something like this:

We have heard a strange story about a salt lick at Charters Creek. Hunters who have visited the lick say that gas arises there which will burn when lighted. We venture to predict that this gas will some day be used for fuel.

In another issue was an item which interested him and which read:

We learn from England that a man named Stevenson has invented an engine that runs by steam. We venture to predict that some day it will be possible for a man to eat his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia.

"The gas referred to in this old paper," said Judge Rogers, "is, of course, our natural gas which has had so much to do with the development of certain parts of the country. In those days Philadelphia was further from Harrisburg than Pittsburg is from New-York to-day. Yet we all know that it is possible now to eat luncheon in Harrisburg and dine in New-York. The editor of the old 'Register' was a farseeing individual and most of his predictions have come true."

Judge Rogers keeps his collection up to date in this way: Whenever he reads a newspaper that is particularly interesting he lays that paper aside. He is instructing his son in the art of picking out important papers and expects him to continue the collection.

A RATTLESNAKE HUNT.

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except for an occasional whirr of his rattle, he appeared to be quite contented as Wheeler carried him.

Every few minutes some one would cry out: "I've got one!"

"How big is he?" would be the invariable question. And if he was not between three and four feet an order would go out: "Kill him!"

Near the top of the den one of the hunters, who had only one arm, pinned a black rattler fast to the top of a rock. Hunters say that the rattlers with the black skins are much more vicious and active than the yellow ones.

"Shang" caught this black fellow back of the neck in his hand as he had the first one, and in five minutes after the snake had been pinned down by the crooked stick he was in the oats bag with the yellow hided rattler that was the first victim. They did not fight, though they played a merry duet on their rattles every time the bag hit against a projecting rock or a tree.

Wheeler is a student of wild animals, and he had brought with him a bottle of chloroform and a package of absorbent cotton.

Oscar Watts saw a big rattler, but the snake crawled under a flat rock before he could be caught by the crooked stick. A series of prods were made with the hunting forks in the holes under the rock. Pretty soon some one touched the snake and the whirr of his rattle was the answer. After more prodding the old fellow made a dash for liberty. The next instant there were five or six forked sticks over his back.

"Bring on your chloroform now," called one of the hunters to "Shang" Wheeler. "We will hold this snake while you put him to sleep."

"No, I don't want to take that advantage of him," said Wheeler. "I want to find a rattler all coiled up and ready to strike. We'll put this feller in the bag with the others, for he is a good sized one."

Wheeler reached down for the snake's head. He caught him all right, but not up as close to the back of the head as he had intended, so that there was about an inch slack in the snake's neck between Wheeler's hand and the back of the snake's head. As Wheeler drew the snake up at half arm's length the writhing reptile managed to twist his head around to the side just far enough to put one fang in the second knuckle of the index finger of the hunter's right hand.

"He's got me, boys!" exclaimed Wheeler, "but not very bad."

"Drop him!" yelled some one. "No; if I did he might bite you," said Wheeler calmly, though even his brown, sunburned face showed a trace of pallor. "Just open the bag and we'll get the rattler safe first and then there'll be time for me."

The moment the rattler was dropped in the

bag Wheeler drew out his knife and, with a circular movement of his left hand, much the same as the motion made when one cuts a bad spot out of an apple, cut the flesh to the bone from the spot where the fang had entered. The flesh had begun to turn white around the little red dot, much the same in appearance as the flesh around the sting of a bee. Then Wheeler slashed the back of his finger up toward the hand and let it bleed freely.

"I'll fix it now," he said, as he took a match out of the pocket of his hunting shirt and drew it across his trouser's leg. The bleeding finger was held over the flame of the match. The quivering flesh sizzled and cooked, and Wheeler scowled and ground his teeth.

"That's mighty painful, but it's good medicine," said the snake hunter.

"Now I am all right," said Wheeler after his wounded finger had been bound up in a piece of a handkerchief. "I want to find a rattler to try the chloroform on."

Some one of the hunters called out that he had discovered a rattler all coiled up.

"Keep quiet, now," commanded Wheeler, "and I'll sneak up on him and try the chloroform."

With the writer, who carried a camera, Wheeler crawled carefully toward the spot. Sure enough, there lay a fine rattler, four feet long if an inch. Wheeler fastened a wad of cotton on the end of a four foot stick and saturated it with chloroform. He poked it at the snake, and the writer by this time had managed to get his

wind I could sail from San Jose to San Francisco, starting at a 4,000 foot elevation. It will take some experimenting and a good deal of practice to find out just what can be done in the way of sustaining myself in the air with that machine just as it is now.

The principle is all right, and if I could with my own arms supply the power for the proper manipulation of those wings I could fly just as the birds can fly.

Professor Montgomery, the inventor, said in regard to the test:

There are three phases to the problem of aerial navigation. This I am satisfied of after years of study of the subject. First there is equilibrium and guidance. Second, continuance in flight has to be secured, and, third, raising from the ground by a power within itself has to be solved. I have solved the first phase in the aeroplane. The most important and imperative of these is the first problem of equilibrium and guidance. It is the first essential step in aerial navigation. The others must come in time, and not till they are solved can we have a full and completely developed machine, or air ship. The present exhibition was for the demonstration of the first problem, namely, maintaining in all kinds of weather and with and against the wind the equilibrium of the aeroplane, and guiding it without the possibility of a doubt as to the power of the aeronaut to control the machine.

Professor Montgomery will now strive to perfect the aeroplane so that it may be started from a lower level. Maloney thinks that with proper practice he will be able to manipulate it, starting from some high stand instead of using a balloon.

Professor Montgomery teaches in the Santa Clara College, although he is not a priest. He

the matadors appeared. When the brute—the "ferce Andalusian bull which stood seventeen hands high in his socks," and which had "already killed six matadors," pranced into the ring the strain was awful. The animal consisted of the ferocious looking head and shoulders of the stuffed hide of a Guernsey cow, mounted on a light truck and propelled by a lusty attendant, who projected him about the ring with lightning-like rapidity and made him go through all the performances of a real fighting bull. (A live bull was propelled about the grounds outside to add realism to the effect.) Two of the matadors were killed—gored to death and run over by the wheels of this terrible animal before the combined efforts of the rest of the attendants could upset his equilibrium and drag him through the dust of the arena. This performance was repeated every thirty minutes, and the same two matadors were killed with almost the same life-like reality.

In the largest tent that the members of the royal harem graced with their presence, and which served to advertise both the beauty of their persons and the tunefulness of their instruments, there were doings which amounted to no less than the burning to death every fifteen minutes of the same poor victim. A Chinese magician enveloped him in a large canopy each time, and then after doing a species of war dance about the tortured one, caused the flames to burst out of the canopy, and a moment later, when the canopy was removed, the victim had disappeared and a pile of ashes remained in his place.

One of the things which seemed to amuse the crowd was the large number of dogs running wildly about the campus with toy balloons tied to their tails, and their antics to reach the same, which always kept at the same distance in the air from them. In the evening a "stunt" performance was given in the theatre, and the whole show succeeded in adding several thousand dollars to the coffers of the athletic association.

WHAT HE TOOK.

You probably remember the schoolboy who, in a composition on pins, said, "Pins have saved the lives of many people."

His teacher was astonished at this statement and asked him to explain it.

He replied: "By people not swallowing them."

That was not the case with the man in the following incident:

"My dear," Mr. Finicky said to his wife, "I don't think those pills I have been taking have done me much good."

"Why, you haven't been taking any for three weeks."

"Yes, I have; I've swallowed one three times a day as directed."

"You have? Then why is it that there are as many left in the box as there were three weeks ago? What box have you been taking them from?"

"This one—marked for me."

"Dear me, John! That is my shoe-button box."—(Birmingham Herald.)

VEGETARIAN EGGS.

A vegetarian had an amusing experience the other morning while at breakfast. His family was out of town, and he went to a restaurant and took a seat next to a stranger.

The vegetarian took occasion to advertise his creed by telling the stranger that all meat was injurious and that the human diet should be strictly vegetarian.

"But," replied the stranger, "I seldom eat meat."

"You just ordered eggs," said the vegetarian. "An egg is practically meat, because it eventually becomes a bird."

"The kind of eggs I eat never become birds," answered the stranger quietly.

"Good heavens!" cried the vegetarian, "what kind of eggs do you eat?"

"Principally boiled eggs," said the stranger.—(New-Haven Register.)



A RAP AT THE CLERGY.

The Vicar—I am just going in to read to old Muggins. Is he worse?
The Doctor (gravely)—He needs your help more than mine.
The Vicar—Poor old fellow. Is it as bad as that?
The Doctor—Yes; he's suffering from insomnia.—(The Tatler.)

camera ready for action. The wad of chloroformed cotton was rubbed against the snake's nose. The rattle on the tail sounded, and in a flash the head of the angry snake darted at the cotton and buried the fangs deep in the soft mass. Wheeler in an instant twisted the stick so that the snake could not disentangle his fangs from the cotton. For a minute or two the serpent lashed about and writhed, and then the muscles began to relax, and in four minutes the body dropped limp on the ground.

The hunters gathered about in a circle and watched the snake come out of his sleep. First the beady eyes moved, then the flat yellow head began to move slightly, and then the neck began to arch and try to shape itself for a strike. The jaws would open and half close from sheer weakness, apparently. Gradually the snake recovered the control of his body muscles and tried to wriggle away, but was not allowed to go. Wheeler picked him up, despite the wounded hand, and in a moment the chloroformed rattler was in the bag with his companions.

FLIES LIKE A BIRD.

Continued from fifth page.

feet each time. Of course, having nothing but gravity and the wind to depend on, there must be a constant downward tendency unless you sail into the wind and use it as the propelling power, just as birds do. I believe that against the right

has been working on the aeroplane for several years.

CORNELL STUNT SHOW.

Continued from second page.

upset at times by the habit he evinced of walking on his fore feet. The procession was brought up by an Arabian band, and other excuses for bands, rendering questionable music, preceding the royal harem, and accompanied by the full contingent of guardians, all playing instruments, the names of which would look uncertain in print.

The beauties or rather the beauty of the harem was allowed to walk across the campus unveiled because the athletic association needed the money but she disappeared before the next day. The arrival at the circus grounds in front of Sibley presented a most unusual scene of activity. A bird's-eye view of the grounds showed the arena where the bullfight was held, a large enclosure of canvas with a ring inside to give space for the contestants; the tents of the royal harem, where performances of varied character were in full sway; the tents of fortune tellers; popcorn, peanut and red lemonade stands, "hit-the-baby-and-you'll-get-a-fine-cigar" booths and similar attractions were scattered about.

When the enthusiasm of the crowd that filled the large arena at the request of numerous tramp "barkers" had reached the highest pitch

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