EXPERT AT THE SNAKE HUNT

PETE OF ROCHESTER VIEWS HIS BRIDGEPORT BROTHERS.

Rattlesnake Oliver Herford and Rattlesnake Lindsay Denison Also Take a Hand—Nine of the Reptiles Vanquished—The Escape of a Milk Snake.

All the snake hunters from Bridgeport, Stratford and Kent, Conn., many war correspondents from the New York papers, plus the camera squad, Rattlesnake Pete Gruber of Rochester, Oliver Herford and Lindsay Denison, the prominent word painters, and Capt. Paul Boyton, the man that can walk on his hands on the water, went up to Kent, in northwestern Connecticut, yesterday to get their annual mess of rattlesnakes. Four good sized rattlesnakes make a mess, as everybody knows, although three may be called a mess, especially if pieced out with pickerel or eels.

Wherefore the Schaghticoke Rattlesnake Club—that's the name of the organization—was more than pleased yesterday when the hunters bagged nine snakes, not counting Oliver Herford's garter snake. Mr. Denison, the magazine writer, caught the first snake, which up and bit Shang Wheeler, the club's curator, on the right hand before it was completely bagged. Shang Wheeler had been completely cured of the bite, however, hours before he received it, and he wasn't much more than scratched anyway. So he didn't pass out as the sun went down on the Berkshires last evening, but gave his time to playing penny ante in the smoker headed for Bridgeport instead.

If you're a snakeist you know all about the Schaghkgh—all about that snake club that goes up to the Schgkhigh—up to the Indian reservation every year on the banks of the Housatonic River for rattlers. They always go up on a Sunday because the only way to get a drink in Connecticut on Sunday is to get bitten for it. It's a rule of the game that no snake must be smashed on the prow with a cobblestone. You must fasten him to Litchfield county with a forked stick and then pick him up alive and drop him into a bag that Shang Wheeler carries. There is no rule about where you choose to pick the snake up. Most folks prefer to grasp the rattler just back of the head, but this is a matter of taste.

You start toward the Berkshires, then, from Bridgeport early Sunday morning in a special car and then the run to Kent is undisturbed except for a stop at Brockfield Junction, where the beer is taken aboard the baggage car. There's another stop at a place that you miss the name of because your mind is concentrated upon helping to open the beer, and at this point the hard licker always is flushed in with the rest of the cargo. And at South Kent you climb out of a car window and get astride of any of the farm horses hitched to the several buckboards and carryalls in waiting. Then you say geet up and everybody goes some place else.

All is brightness now as you drive for miles along the Housatonic to the reservation, brightness beyond compare, because the sun shining in the southeast cannot cast shadows owing to the sun shining to the left of it. As you ride more and more suns arise to beam, while you beam upon nature.

Ah, the slow moving foam flecks on the brown trout streams, like great pools of Wurzburger! Over the pink rocks tumble the waterfalls like swaying highballs, spilling from the everlasting hills. Leaping almost straight to the skies from the river bank the Berkshire Lumps rise in feathery green clouds of misty mint. And ere the highballs leaping from the rocks hit the United States again they are blown by the breezes into a haze as opalescent and pearly as a silver fizz.

There were spring lambs toasting over wood fires next to stewing clam chowder next to boiled potatoes next to corn surrounded by kegs on the reservation when the hunters got off the horses that pulled the carriages. Looie Musante, the esteemed fruit dealer of Bridgeport, had arrived on the job Saturday night with Dad Barber, cartoonist of the Bridgeport *Herald;* Mark Nagel, chef and designer of the Rattlesnake Hellba and Ed Mansfield, the Birdgeport representative of the Beef Trust, and this advance guard had not only lighted the fires under the lambs but had caught a mess of pickerel besides against the giving out of the rattlesnake soup stock for the feed that was to follow the hunt.

Rattlesnake Pete, who runs a saloon in conjunction with a rattlesnake museum in Mill street, Rochester, and who wears a $600 suit of rattlesnake clothes, cravat, shoes, stickpin designed from snake fangs and a belt of snakeskin that hides his waistcoat, was the centre of attraction, for it was the first time that the Skgj—the club—had met the mighty hunter. Pete was sad because he couldn't bring along a hunter almost as mighty as he, one Jed Cooper of Milford, Pike county, Pa., who gets bitten by a rattler every year.

So often has Jed been bitten, Pete says, that now he sheds his skin every year and during the months of July and August poor old Jed is practically blind. He has eight rattles now, Jed has, four to each heel. Jed had everything arranged to come on to Kent for the hunt yesterday, but on Tuesday last he began to shed his skin for the season and thought it best to stay away until some more fortuitous occasion.

When the hunters began to climb right straight up the Lump to gather the rattlesnakes, Chief George Coggswell in the lead, a snake was gathered almost immediately by Oliver Herford. Mr. Herford selected a garter snake fully several inches long, which is very large, so the hunters said, for a young garter snake. Editor Dick Howell of the Bridgeport *Herald*, who is an authority on snakes and ethics, assured Oliver that there was nothing improper in his picking up a garter snake, whereupon Rattlesnake Oliver arranged the snake in a circle by tying the head to the tail with a pink silk cravat that Doc Monroe donated for the purpose, and when the ends of the cravat had been formed into a bowknot the garter snake was deposited in Rattlesnake Oliver's pocket and the procession proceeded.

Not five minutes later Hunter Lindsay Denison, the writer, captured the largest rattlesnake and released the biggest holler of the day. From tip to tip the holler measured five minutes while passing a given point and it was covered with rattles from the first sound wave to the last. That's when Shang Wheeler got his. It was only a nip, but a nip is a nip.

They fell down the rocks, the hunters in advance did, to help in the work of spraying Shang inside and out, while the hunters near him at the time cut Shang with penknives and told him to keep on bleeding. Some poured a solution of permanganate of potash over the wound and others poured snake cure on his hair. And each time Shang came to the surface for air it was observed that he still held on to the slapping snake.

Dr. Charles Spencer of Chelsea was along, and he bandaged Shang after the snake had been dropped into the bag. Far below from the river bank Undertaker Sammy Scozer, the honorary member from Quasepaug, who lends generous help in financing the club hunts, but can't climb to the snake dens because of a misery in his legs, shouted advice. But Shang announced that he couldn't die till the sun went down anyway and to proceed. So again Doc Monroe's sdakehound, Fang, nosed the trail and the hunt went on.

Nine rattlers were gathered into Shang's burlap bag before the snakesters started back toward the toasting lamb entirely surrounded by kegs. The Princess Alice, the dark eyed daughter of Chief P. Jim Ban, was there to pour when the hunters gathered on the grass, and Ed Mansfield of the meat trust and Mark Nagel, snake chef, sliced the mutton and pumped air into the kegs and foamy liquid out of them.

You could lie in the grass then, looking up through apple blossoms at the blue sky with many hunters lying all about you while they told of the snakes they had seen and caught. Peter Skiff, 83 years old, who had climbed all the way to the den with the youngsters, was disconsolate because he had caught only a milk snake. And he was doomed to greater disappointment before the party was over.

Peter put his milk snake into an excess can of milk that had been brought along for the coffee. No one seemed to care for coffee and so the can was turned over to Peter that his snake might revel in the milk until it was time to start trainward. Milk snakes live in cans of milk even in their natural state, but the milk snake that Peter caught yesterday could hear the buzzing of the rattlers in the burlap bag that rested on the grass not a foot away from the can of milk. The rattling seemed to drive the milk snake wild. It lashed and lashed about in the milk, with no one seeming to grasp that gradually the milk was being churned into butter by the strokes of the maddened snake's tail.

When Peter went to get his snake later on, it had fled from the uncovered milk can. The manner of escape was evident at a glance. As the butter formed the snake remained on top of the golden surface and when it had become quite coagulated, the milk snake leaped upward from the top of the butter and escaped to the nearby underbrush unseen.

Poor Peter was disconsolate. Only last month he lost a tame rattlesnake that he had kept in his home just outside of Kent all winter. Peter was reading a book one night while the snake lay on the table beside him, dozing. He turned up the gas jet, did Peter, to get a better light and so interfered with the light snooze of the snake.

Instantly up rose Eustace—that was the snake's name—and bit off the flame from the gas jet. The room was instantly left in darkness, of course, save for a dull glow that came through the skin of the snake as slowly it swallowed the flame. He could follow the flame as it slid deeper and deeper into the snake, Peter could, and each moment the glowing snake grew dimmer and dimmer. At last it went out.

But Eustace had suffered internal burnings that precluded all hope of recovery. All night long the snake stayed alive so that it could die as the sun went down the following day. But as that terrible day proceeded the sufferings of the poor creature seemed to be more than it could bear.

"I didn't work all that day," Peter said brokenly as he related the story, "but I just put Eustace on a table near a window on the western side of the house so that it could see the sun go down. Toward the middle of the afternoon Eustace had a convulsion for a moment or two and his nerve seemed to be lost after that. At 4 o'clock he turned toward me with a look that seemed to say that he was ashamed of his cowardice and then he twisted in a circle and shoved his tail down his throat and choked himself to death. Perhaps I could have prevented the suicide, but why prolong the poor creature's sufferings?"

Looie Musante was the first to break the long silence.

"Do you know," he said, "that with the snake market in its present condition—I bought twenty pounds of rattlesnakes at 50 cents a pound on the hoof in the open market last Thursday, and Rattlesnake Pete says he's laid in forty-five pounds of copperhead for the season at 48 cents a pound f. o. b.—that you'll clean up an increased profit of from three to four cents a pound in the dressing if you remove the scales with a currycomb instead of hand plucking them in the old way? Now, I figure it out that if—"

Dick Howell and ex-Mayor Clark of Bridgeport brought up Walter Conn of Bull's Bridge, Conn., just then and introduced him as the owner of all that part of Litchfield county that stands upside down and consequently the owner of the snake dens. He was initiated on the spot and the impressive ceremonies ended the discussions of the snake experts for the day. Besides it was time to go some place else.

The bandaged Shang picked up his snakes and led the way, his hand swollen slightly but with no symptoms of very great trouble to come. And Rattlesnake Oliver gallantly presented his garter snake with the pink bow to the Princess Alice and told her to keep all the garter snakes as a memento, and some went one way and others climbed the mountain and came back and went some other way and many walked straight toward the river and turned around, and then everybody went some place else.

BACH FESTIVAL CLOSES.

Montclair Musicians Hope to Make It an Institution in Their Town.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 24.—Montclair's fourth Bach festival closed this afternoon with the singing of motets and chorales and an address by the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson. The final meeting of the festival was largely attended and the several numbers were well sung. While the apogee of the festival was reached last night in the rendition of the second part of the wonderful Mass in B minor there was no abatement in the interest to-day, and the attendance at this afternoon's service taxed the capacity of the First Congregational Church. Many music lovers from New York were present.

The chorales rendered at this afternoon's meeting were "Great God, what do I see and hear?" and "Now thank we all our God." The motets were "Jesu, priceless treasure," and "I wrestle and pray."

Those who promote the festival will endeavor to make it an institution in Montclair. Bach's genius was heard at its best here and as the local musicians become more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his works the annual festival here will take on added importance. The discontinuance of the annual festival at Bethlehem shifts the centre of the Bach musical spirit to Montclair and the local musicians have taken up the work with an enthusiasm that in time will develop the event to one of the first rank. The festival has a proper setting here and its proximity to New York is a feature that lends it an additional advantage for music lovers.

SAFONOFF NOT TO STAY ABROAD.

Russian Conductor Will Return to Lead the Philharmonic Concerts.

It has been rumored of late that Wassily Safonoff, for the last two years conductor of the Philharmonic Society, was not to return here next winter, but remain in Warsaw, where after several years of inactivity the conservatory for the study of music was to be opened again. One of the grounds assigned for the report was that Mr. Safonoff was in poor health and would not care to undertake next year such a long journey.

"There is no ground whatever for this report," Mr. August Roebbelen, one of the governors of the society, told a SUN reporter yesterday, "and we have no idea where it could have originated. The Philharmonic Society is now in communication with Mr. Safonoff and we had only a week ago a letter in reference to some of the programmes for next season. He will be back here as usual in the fall to begin our rehearsals."

Mr. Safonoff was engaged by the Philharmonic Society for three years. That contract has still one season to run.

OBITUARY.

Charles L. Chovey, senior member of the firm of Charles L. Chovey & Co. of 139 West street, one of the best known firms in the wood and willow ware trade, died on Saturday at his residence in Madison, N. J., aged 82 years. He had been in business in New York for fifty-five years, forty-nine years in Dey street. His death was due to an attack of indigestion, which, with the condition of his heart and his advanced age, had confined him to his home for the last five months. Mr. Chovey was a native of France, but had lived in the United States since childhood, for more than forty years being a resident of Madison. He was active in public affairs and contributed largely to church and charitable enterprises. He was one of the organizers of Madison Lodge, F. & A. M., and at the time of his death was its oldest past master. He was also active in the affairs of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, and for many years was a member of the committee on history of that body. He is survived by two daughters and three sons.

Alexander Harris, a theatrical manager and for several years a representative of Klaw & Erlanger, died in the New York Hospital yesterday of hemorrhages. He was born forty-four years ago and had been in the theatrical business all his life. He was a Mason and a member of the Friars. A sister survives him. The funeral will be on Tuesday and the interment will be in Greenwood.

Boyd Putnam, an actor, died yesterday afternoon at the home of his brother-in-law, Lyman Gray, at Irvington, of Bright's disease.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The mystery of suffering has been a difficulty with many thinkers for many generations. Bishop Wilberforce's story of a butterfly in Ceylon has been quoted recently in an English periodical. The scientific accuracy of the tale is respectfully submitted to the scientists. The symbolism is easily understood. A man of science watching under a microscope the difficulty a butterfly had to break from its chrysalis decided to delicately cut certain impediments which would enable the butterfly to release itself without difficulty. The result was that instead of emerging strong and large and of beautiful coloring the butterfly was a frail little creature with no strength in its body and no color in its wings. The struggle from which it had been relieved contained the very source of its strength and beauty.

Stevenson lovers who visit Edinburgh this summer will make pilgrimages no doubt to Howard place, where Stevenson was born and spent his childhood in 17 Heriot row. It was from the windows there that he saw "Leerie" (a lamplighter) go his rounds. At the base of the Partlands is Swanston Cottage and the gray old farm to which his heart clung, and to which the flying man came in his "St. Ives." It is only a mile or so beyond the car terminus, and in Samoa Stevenson's mind went constantly back to the spot and the stone beside the little stream in which he used to sit and make verses.

The inn at Queen's Ferry beside the Forth Bridge, where Jonathan Oldbuck sat drinking his wine with Mr. Lovel, as is told in "The Antiquary," is the spot which supplied the nucleus of Stevenson's "Kidnapped," and from it the author saw "a boat put off from the Queen's Ferry fraught with a dear cargo."

"Aunt Jane of Kentucky" is enjoying a new and unique distinction. The first chapter, a complete incident in itself, was first published as a magazine story under the title of "Sally Ann's Experience." Now this first chapter is to appear again in the same magazine accompanied by an article from Elizabeth Calvert Hall, in which she tells how she happened to write the story. It is said to be the first time on record of a big magazine republishing one of its own stories.

Every steamer that sails out from this port now is laden with tourists, old and experienced, young and eager. To those who are going to London Mrs. Alec Tweedie's book on "Hyde Park," "that great green sward that has been the highground of history and romance," will be of special interest. From it we learn that coaches came in with Elizabeth and that it was she, her beruffled gallants and gorgeous court ladies that set the fashion of driving in the park. Charles I. threw the park open to the public. With the reign of Queen Anne came the custom ever since continued of sitting in the park on sunny afternoons, and with the Georges came the Beaux. Now every one, from the Prince of Wales down, rides in the park in the mornings, while the throng in the afternoons that gathers there is one of the most brilliant gatherings of beauty and fashion in the world.

"The women will solve the question of mankind," Ibsen said once in response to a toast, "but they must do so as mothers. Herein lies the great task of women." Ibsen's own marriage was ideally happy, we learn from an article on "Ibsen's Women" in the *Book News Monthly*. Susanne Thoresen, the splendid, unselfish companion of his long life, and his gentle sister Marie are the prototypes of some of the strangely contrasted sisters in the dramas. *Hedda Gabler*, the writer claims, is a composite photograph of a Norwegian and a German woman. She ended her life because existence bored her. *Hilde Wangel* was inspired by an interesting young Viennese girl and *Nora's* pathetic story is a transcript from life. "Life without love, without devotion to high ideals is death. Such is the burden of Ibsen's message to woman."

Edward C. Booth, the author of "The Post Girl," is a native of Yorkshire, where the scenes of his book are laid. He is also a musician and composer, as is the hero of his book. The post girl's lover is a pianist and composer of concertos. Mr. Booth writes songs and music for strings, having been forced to give up his work on the violoncello after years of study because of an injury to his right hand.

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By REX BEACH

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THE BARRIER

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Brooklyn Elks to Bury Peter F. Dailey. Peter F. Dailey's body will arrive at the Grand Central Station at 9:30 this morning and Brooklyn Lodge of Elks, No. 22, will have charge of the funeral. Ex-Sheriff William J. Buttling of Brooklyn will make the funeral arrangements on behalf of the Elks. It was at first proposed to hold the funeral at 1556 Broadway, the residence of Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton, but both Ross and his wife are in hospital.

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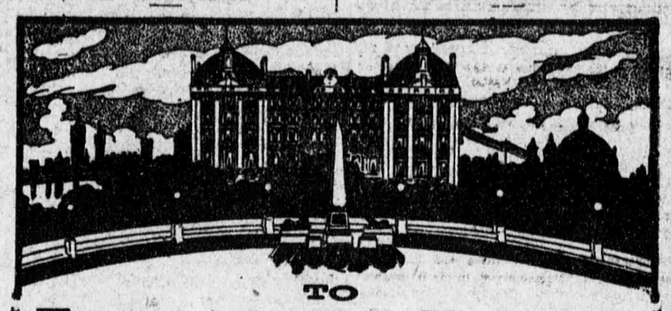

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Route via Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean. Leave N. Y. week days and Sundays, Pier 45, N. R., foot West 10th Street, 5 P. M. Leave Boston same hour. Due either city 8 o'clock following morning. Fast and Luxurious Steamships. Wireless Telegraphy. Submarine Signal Service. Searchlight. Dainty writing room for women. Staterooms with or without Bath. Meals a la Carte, Hurricane Deck Cafe for men. All attributes for safety, comfort and convenience. ***Tickets and staterooms in either direction at Pier 45, N. R., and at Ticket, Tourist and N. Y. Transfer Co. offices in Greater N. Y.
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HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT
PALACE IRON DAY LINE STEAMERS.
Leave Brooklyn, Fulton St. (by Annex), 8:00 A. M.
" Desbrosses St. Pier.....8:40 A. M.
" West 42d St.....9:00 A. M.
" West 129th St.....9:20 A. M.
Landing at Yonkers, West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Kingston Point, Catskill, Hudson, and Albany. Daily except Sunday. Through tickets and easy connections to all points East, North, and West. Through rail tickets between N. Y. and Albany accepted. Most delightful one-day outings to West Point, Newburgh, or Poughkeepsie, returning on down boat. Restaurant open at 7 A.M. Music.
STEAMER MARY POWELL
Leaving Desbrosses St. at 1:45 P. M.; West 42d St., 2 P. M.; West 129th St., 2:20 P. M., daily, except Sunday, for Highland Falls, West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh, New Hamburgh, Milton, Poughkeepsie, Rendout and Kingston. Orchestra on board.

CATSKILL EVENING LINE for Catskill Mountains all points, Hudson, Coxsackie. Weekdays foot Christopher St. 6 P. M.; Fare, $1.25. Summer Resort, Hotel and Boarding House Directory, with Catskill Mountain Pictures, Free. Address Pier 43, N. R.

NEW HUDSON LINE Between NEW YORK and ALBANY $1.00 $1.00
Steamers leave Pier 53, foot of West 14th St., Daily, except Sunday, 6 P. M. Service and accommodations the best. Cuisine unsurpassed. Close train connections at Albany for points North, East and West. For tickets and staterooms apply to McCANN'S TOURS, City Ticket Agts., 1328 B'way, cor. 37th St. Phone 123—38, or at the pier.

JOY LINE $2.40 TO BOSTON Via Boat and Rail.
Providence Direct, $1.50 | Worcester, $2.40
Every week day, 5 P. M., from Pier 19, East River.

BOSTON AND POINTS IN NEW ENGLAND.
FALL RIVER LINE, via Newport and Fall River. Leave Pier 19, N. R., foot Warren St., week days and Sundays at 5:30 P. M. Steamers PRISCILLA and PURITAN. Orchestra on each. NORWICH LINE for New London and East. Lve. Pier 40, N. R., ft. Clarkson St., week days only, 5 P. M. Pier 70, E. R., ft. E. 22d St., 6:30 P. M. Strs. CITY OF LOWELL and CHESTER W. CHAPIN. NEW HAVEN LINE, for New Haven, Hartford and North. Leave Pier 28, East River, week days only, 2:45 P. M.; foot East 22d St., 3:00 P. M. Steamer RICHARD PECK.

EXCURSIONS.
CHARMING EXCURSIONS
West Point, Newburgh & Poughkeepsie
Daily (except Sunday) by Palace Iron Day Line Steamers. Leave Bklyn., Fulton St. (by Annex), 8; Desbrosses St., 8:40; W. 42d St., 9; W. 129th St., 9:20 A. M. Returning on down boat, due 42d St., 5:30 P. M.
MORNING AND AFTERNOON CONCERTS

EUROPEAN RESORTS.
ITALY.
FOR TARIFFS
Grand Hotel des Thermes, Salsomaggiore; Excelsior, Rome; National, Lucerne; the famous hotels under control of the Pfyffer Brothers, apply "Town & Country" Bureau, 289 4th av., New York City.

PAWNBROKERS' SALES.
L. L. FIRUSKI, 70 Bowery, sells 10 A. M.:
May 25—B. Gutter & Son; jewelry.
May 26—M. & E. Bruckheimer, 2108 3d av.; clothing, &c., pledged prior May 16, 1907.
May 27—A. Lawrence, 118 3d av.; diamonds, watches, jewelry, goods every description pledged prior May 1, 1907, to No. 43100, all older dates held over.
May 29—J. E. Lemon & Co., 476 6th av.; all diamonds, watches, jewelry, goods every description pledged prior May 1, 1907, Nos. 33625 to 36560, and all older dates held over.
June 1—Chas. Mayer & Co., 32 3d av.; all diamonds, watches, jewelry, goods every description pledged prior May 15, 1907, to No. 53410 and all goods reserved from previous sales; E. Alter & Son, 309 3d av., pledged prior May 21, 1907, and all older dates held over.
JULIUS SHONGOOD, Auctioneer, by Jos. Shongood's Sons, Auct'rs, 94 Bowery:
May 25—Clothing; Marks Loan Office, 2057 3d av.
May 25—Clothing, furs, &c., pledged to March 1, 1907; Provident Loan Society of N. Y., 279 4th av., 186 Eldridge st., 119 West 42d st., 105 East 125th st.; 24 Graham av., Brooklyn.
May 26—Jewelry, diamonds, &c.; M. Manning & Sons, 1670 3d av.; Alex Freund, 1545 3d av.
May 27—Jewelry, watches, diamonds, &c., pledged to May 17, 1907; D. Silberstein's Sons, 10 6th av.; Silberstein Bros., 2457 8th av.
May 28—Clothing; A. Rhode, 807 Columbus av.
May 28—Jewelry, watches, diamonds, &c., pledged to May 1, 1907, to No. 33200, and all held overs; B. & S. Aufses, 279 Stanton st.
May 29—Clothing. A. Selinger, 634 3d av.
CENTRAL AUCTION CO., M. Sheehan, Auctioneer, 1370 Broadway, sells 11 A. M.:
May 26—By J. J. Ryan, 149 Smith st., Brooklyn; diamonds, jewelry, &c., pledged to May 15, 1907.
May 27—By M. & L. Harlam, 155½ East 125th st.; diamonds, jewelry, &c., pledged previous to May 15, 1907, and old dates.
May 29—By Fillin; jewelry, &c.
June 1—By John Simpson, 164 Bowery; diamonds, jewelry, silverware, &c., pledged to No. 6500, March 1, 1907, and all goods held over.
ELI SOBEL, Auctioneer, 98 Bowery, sells all goods pledged prior May 18, 1907.
May 25—Clothing; Estate C. Sobel, 87 1st av.
May 26—Clothing; N. Y. Loan Office, 1861 3d av.
May 27—Jewelry; Thos. Newman & Sons.
May 28—Clothing; H. Kalisch, 110 9th av.
May 29—Jewelry, diamonds, &c., pledged prior May 22, 1907, to No. 71700. N. Y. Loan Office, 1861 3d av. Chas. I. Singer, 826 10th av.

PUBLIC NOTICES.
WANTED FOR U. S. ARMY—Able bodied, unmarried men between ages of 18 and 35; citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. Men wanted now for service in Cuba and the Philippines. For information apply to Recruiting Officer, 25 Third Ave., 2393 Third Ave., 962 Third Ave., 308 E. 84th St., 749 Sixth Ave., 147 Park Row, 79 Cortlandt St., 332 Eighth Ave., 2306 Eighth Ave., New York; 363 Fulton St., 474 Fifth Ave., 197 Havemeyer St., Brooklyn; 47 Montgomery St., Jersey City; 24 Hudson Place, Hoboken, N. J.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
$65 SMALL FULL SIZE UPRIGHT. Fine condition; fine tone; beautiful parlor organ. Sacrifice. BIDDLE'S, 6 West 125th St. **$48**
$50 TWO FINE UPRIGHTS. GOOD order; new pianos. Steinway. Bargain guaranteed. 7 East 14th St. **$75**

FOR SALE.
GENTLEMEN'S clothing to order on $1 weekly payments; perfect fit; fine material. EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., 289 Bowery, entrance on Park place.

SALES BY AUCTION.
J. ROGERS, Auctioneer, sells fine goods, bric-a-brac and all publishers' stock, 827 Broadway, 2 to 6.

NEW JERSEY CENTRAL
TWO-HOUR TRAIN TO PHILADELPHIA EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR
FOR PHILADELPHIA. Lv W. 23d ST.:—6.50, 7.50, 8.30, 8.50, 9.50, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50 a. m., 12.50, 1.20, 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 5.50, 6.50 7.50, 8.50 11.50 p. m. Sundays, 7.50, 8.50, 9.50, 10.50, 11.50 a. m. 12.50, 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.50, 5.50, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50 10.50, 11.50 p.m.
Lv. LIBERTY ST.:—1.30, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, a. m., 12.00 Noon, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00 p. m., 12.15 midnight. Sundays, 1.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a.m., 12.00 noon, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.30 p. m., 12.15 midnight.
FOR BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON. Lv. W. 23d ST.:—7.50, 9.50, 11.50 a. m., 1.50, 3.50, 5.50, 6.50 p.m. daily. Lv. LIBERTY ST.: 1.30, 8.00, 10.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 2.00, 4.00, 6.00, 7.00 p. m., daily.
FOR ATLANTIC CITY. Lv. W. 23d ST.:—9.50 a. m., (12.50