

A SNAKE-BITE FIEND.

WOMAN WHO GRAVES FOR THE COBRA'S FANGS.

SHE SAYS THAT SHE CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT IT.

Dr. Fraser, the celebrated Toxicologist, makes a startling discovery...

R. FRASER, the well-known toxicologist, has been experimenting for years with a view of immunizing people and animals from snake bites...

While making these experiments he has injected snake poison into dogs, rabbits and horses, and even into humans...

Snakes kill thousands of persons each year, and the death rate among horses and other domestic animals is large...

Dr. Fraser has succeeded in making horses immune to snake poison by inoculation...

While conducting his experiments Dr. Fraser heard of a woman at Lahore, India, who had been making similar investigations...

The woman was a confirmed snake-bite fiend. As often as once a month she had to be bitten, or else she became nervous, could not sleep, had headaches, lost her appetite...

At such times she was accustomed to secure a snake and allow it to bite her purely as a therapeutic or as a morphine-eater swallows his pellet...

Having learned what she required, the woman arranged for her needed supply of poison. As soon as she felt the need of it the cobra was secured...

Dr. Fraser says that the snake bite habit can be acquired, and that when a person once becomes addicted to it nothing but an adequate supply of poison at suitable intervals will enable the victim to live in comfort...

And the effect of the poison on the general health of the snake-bite fiend is beneficial. As a delight, the sensations caused by the bite of a snake are described as exceeding the delirium of hashish, opium, or the thrill caused by rye or bourbon...



DR. FRASER.

It is a species of intoxication which has much to commend it. The effects last for weeks instead of hours, and if it has any deleterious effects they have not yet been observed...

If Dr. Fraser's experiments become successful, the bite of the cobra, so far from filling a resident of India with horror, will become one of the luxuries of life, and an invitation to "sample" one of a private stock of serpents will occasion no more comment than an offer to "open a small bottle"...

Water moccasins were formerly numerous in the region close to Taylor, La. In recent years they have become scarce, while minks have increased in numbers. Old hunters there say that the mink is the deadly enemy of the snake and that in a fight the quadruped always comes off victorious...

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CHAINED AND GAGGED.

Thrilling Experience of a Millionaire Sugar Planter in San Francisco.

James Campbell, the millionaire sugar planter of Honolulu, who mysteriously dropped out of sight for two days recently, says he was imprisoned and robbed by Oliver W. Winthrop...

The two men then pounced on Campbell and bound, handcuffed and gagged him. They lifted him from the floor to a bed and strapped him to it. His feet and hands were tied to the four corners of the bed and a chain was passed over his body and fastened to staples driven in the floor...



JAMES CAMPBELL.

He was told that he would have to sign a check or order for \$20,000 before he would be released. He was shown a document, which they asked him to sign, and he was also ordered to write a note to his wife, asking her to cash the check and give the money to the bearer without asking any questions...

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A FATHER'S REVENGE.

Shot the Man Who Had Desecrated His Daughter.

Thomas J. Stapleton, a wealthy farmer, filed his son-in-law, Charles Derste, full of bullets at Anderson, Ind., the other morning. He also shot off the right ear of Charles Stanley, Stapleton is in jail. The trouble dates back to the time of Derste's marriage to Miss Stapleton. It seemed that it was against her father's will. Derste deserted his wife. They met recently in Alexandria and had some words. Stapleton went home, got his gun, and waited for Derste to pass en route home. When the buggy got in front of the Stapleton home he stepped out, and, aiming his gun at Derste, pulled the trigger. Stanley was in the buggy with Derste.

Swallowed His False Teeth.

F. R. Schultz, of No. 129 Ewing street, Brooklyn, through swallowing his false teeth, was unable to help himself in the waters at Rookaway Beach the other morning, though in shallow water, and was beyond help when dragged ashore. Schultz was a baker, who lived with his wife and children over his shop. Near his late home lives "Fiji Jim," a civilized and, in winter time, sedate islander, who in the summer resumes his war paint and club and stands in front of a theater at Rookaway Beach. He and Schultz were swimming, when the baker gasped. Jim hastened to his assistance. When he finally got Schultz ashore it was discovered that Schultz was dead. His false teeth had lodged in his throat, and he had been drowned by the water he had swallowed.

Rev. Mr. Smith Seeks Divorce.

Rev. Joshua S. Smith has filed a petition in the circuit court at Independence, Mo., asking a divorce from his wife, Nannie Smith, whom the petitioner recites, he married at Stillwater, Ok., in April, 1893. The plaintiff alleges that his wife spread the report among his congregation at Stillwater that she was his common-law wife. By this act he lost his position. At Oswego she spread similar reports, with a like result. In addition, he alleges, she one day smashed the windows in their house and threw his valuable theological library into the street. When he tried to pick up the volumes she threatened to shoot him, and he was finally compelled to call in a policeman.

THIRTEEN A HOODOO.

WOMAN DISCOVERS WHY THE MOORE BROTHERS FAILED.

Fatal Number on Their Door - Hotel Clerks Have Difficulty with Guests in Attempting to Assign Them to Rooms with the Odd Figure.



The prime cause of the great failure which has shaken the foundation of the financial world is known and is about to be disclosed to a breathless and waiting public. Moreover, this important discovery was made by a woman unfamiliar with business affairs, says the Chicago Journal. It does very well to talk about marasms and options and things unintelligible to the lay mind, but the woman who has unearthed the new theory is sure of her ground. Moore Bros. occupied a suite of rooms in whose number the ominous figure 13 appeared.

"I knew their prosperity could not last forever," a fashionably dressed woman was heard to observe to her friend in a street car the other day. "One of the Moore Bros. was a great friend of my husband's, and I have visited the offices several times. The moment my eye first fell upon the 13 pointed on the office transom I knew that firm was doomed. My husband was once upon the point of renting an office numbered 13, but I begged him not to do so, and he heeded me for once," and the woman heaved a sigh of self-gratulation as she considered what might have been had her husband ignored the advice.

It is little short of astonishing to note how generally the ancient superstition regarding the figure 13 is entertained. The proof of this is to be had by observation of hotels, apartment houses and to a certain extent office buildings, where the figure 13 in the labeling of doors is conspicuous by its absence.

Many of the hotels especially omit the undesirable figure, among those to eschew it being the Great Northern hotel. In these hostilities where the fatal figures prevail differently is often experienced in assigning the corresponding room.

Robert L. Grant, clerk in the Palmer house, has had much experience in this connection. He had one sample of the prevailing superstition during the recent convention.

The first day of the convention a delegate from Kentucky approached the desk and asked to be assigned to a room with a bath.

Mr. Grant wrote 213 on the register opposite the newly-inscribed name and as he did so the man from Kentucky turned pale.

"What do you take me for, sah?" he gasped. "Do you imagine that I will occupy a room in whose number the figure 13 appears?"

The clerk explained that there was no other apartment provided with a bath vacant at the time. All of the unassigned rooms were smaller.

"That makes no difference, sah," indignantly retorted the southern gentleman. "I am not accustomed to such treatment, sah. I desire a room whose number is not a menace to the party I represent. I am a believer in free silver, sah, and do not propose to sacrifice my principles for the sake of a measly bathtub."

The delegate was given a small upper room without a bath and then appeared to be satisfied.

"I occupied room 513 in a hotel in Cincinnati for several years," said Mr. Grant. "I never experienced any bad luck there, but it is a funny thing about that room, too. One day an invalid guest was brought to the hotel and no other room being available I had the invalid conveyed to my room, No. 513. Although his immediate death was not dreamed of, he died within fifteen minutes after entering the apartment. His people were positive the number was responsible for their relative's sudden demise."

At this point a guest lounging near interrupted with a reminiscence.

"When I was across the water," he said, "I remember of being assigned with a friend to room 13 in a hotel there. The individual who saw us to the room was evidently onto the fact that there might be a kick coming if we noticed the number, so he covered it with his hand as we entered."

"I noticed the action, but my friend did not. When he discovered the number he was for moving, but the room was so much better than any other then vacant that I was determined to remain. My friend finally pasted a piece of paper upon which the figure 1 was inscribed over the objectionable 3, after which he was content to stay there with me."

Afraid to Wear Their Laurels.

Of the eight young women who received degrees at the Yale commencement only four had the courage to take part in the commencement procession. The others yielded to their fear of a little gazing on the part of their brother seekers for diplomas. The four brave virgins were treated with distinguished consideration and along the line they were constantly applauded. In lieu of the famous and traditional low Yale bow that all students make to President Dwight, the young women swept him a courtesy without removing their mortar-boards, a concession permitted by the faculty on account of the difficulty in removing a masculine mortar-board from a feminine coilure.

TAKEN FOR A SHOPLIFTER.

A Fine Looking Old Man with a Score of Full Pockets.

"Excuse me, but will you come this way a moment, sir?" said the shopwalker to a stout, well-dressed man of about 50, with a frank, honest face, who had just purchased a collar, according to the St. Louis Republic.

"Certainly," was the surprised reply, as he followed the young man into the private office of the head of the firm.

"Mr. Ribbons," said the young shopwalker as he entered, "I have made an important discovery. See this," and he pulled a protruding piece of red ribbon from the old man's pocket, with the result that about fifteen yards of it were brought to light.

"You are right," said Mr. Ribbons; "go and fetch the police at once."

The old gentleman protested that he was innocent of any theft, but to no purpose and the search proceeded. His clothes were lined with extra pockets and before long fifty yards of ribbon of various shades, and three pounds of confectionery, half a dozen packs of playing cards, two dozen colored handkerchiefs, some small flags, a dozen oranges, a white rabbit, half a bushel of artificial flowers, two guinea pigs, a canary in a small cage and some eggs were produced.

The poor old fellow's dimensions had, of course, decreased in size and he looked a woe-begone mortal.

Just then there was an impatient knock at the door and immediately a short, business-like man entered in great excitement.

"I was told I should find you here," he gasped. "What in the world do you want to take up all this time to buy a collar for? But what's the matter with you, anyway?"

"This man has just been taken up as a shop-lifter," said the detective, and he pointed to the goods lying about.

"Shop-lifting be blowed," angrily replied the short man. "He's the merchant's man at our show and has been with us for years. How do you expect the 'Bunch of Myrtle Novelties' to be gone on with and all the other tricks without the honest-looking, white-haired old gent sitting down in front to let things be taken out of him after they have been put in boxes on the stage? It can't be done and he must come with me."

"Young man," said Mr. Ribbons, as the others left the room, "you are very careless and have made a serious mistake. Be more careful in future."

Wholesome and Delicious.

"One of the most wholesome, delicious and convenient ways of using Edmonsthorpe's shell beans while in the green state is in a puree," said a matron whose dinners are always delightful.

"Cook the beans in boiling water for ten minutes, then drain, rinse and put again into boiling water, plenty of it, and cook until very tender. Turn into a puree strainer and press all the pulp through. Put on to boil again and add milk or cream sufficient to make it the usual puree consistency. For each quart of the mixture cook one tablespoon each of butter and flour together as for white sauce and stir it into the boiling liquid. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with wafers. It is convenient to cook a large quantity of the beans at once and split them, then add milk and thickening only to whatever portion may be needed for that meal, as the pulp will keep longer without the milk and butter. Then it is but a few minutes work to prepare a puree for the next day's dinner, or a nourishing portion if one of the family seems in faint and hungry and does not care for or cannot wait for solid food. I learned the value of this easily prepared dish one summer when I had a guest who could not eat solid food, and again when friends came in after mealtime, faint and exhausted from long fasting and severe exertion at a railroad accident. There was nothing else that I could prepare and they thought it the best lunch they ever tasted."

French Westminster Abbey.

Paris seems to be turning the Luxembourg garden into a sort of French Westminster Abbey. The latest but it is proposed to set up there is that of Sainte Beuve, the critic. Fortunately, in the mile or more of avenue between the palace and the observatory there is room for all of France's great men, if they are only set close enough to each other.

SOME MARRIAGE OMENS.

The brittle who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed.

If the groom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always have good luck.

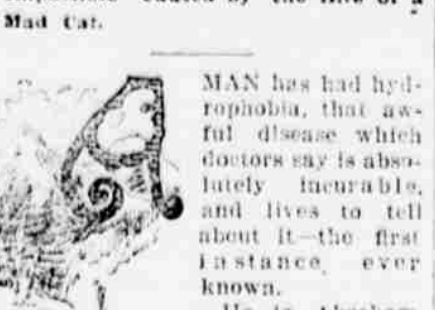
Ship marriages are considered anything but lucky. Get married on land or don't get married at all.

No bride or groom should be given a telegram while on the way to church. It is positively a sign of evil.

THE FIRST ON RECORD.

THE FIRST PERSON TO RECOVER FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

Doctors Don't Know What to Make of the Case, as Recovery Was Considered Impossible—Caused by the Bite of a Mad Cat.



MAN has had hydrophobia, that awful disease which doctors say is absolutely incurable, and lives to tell about it—the first instance ever known.

He is Abraham Schlessenger, a well-known business man of St. Louis, who was attacked by the malady while on a visit to his brother and sister at Leek Arbor, N. J.

Mr. Schlessenger, who is a tall, well built man of forty-six, was bitten one night last October by a sick cat. The wound healed quickly and nothing was thought of it further. Mr. Schlessenger continued in good health until about three weeks ago, when he complained of a headache and a nausea about the stomach. The next day he felt no better, but declared he was not sick enough to need a physician, and so none was called.

By the afternoon of the following day he began to feel a shooting pain from the tip of his right forefinger up his arm and into his head. In debating on his strange symptoms his sister, Louise, thoughtfully remarked:

"If it wasn't that that cat bit you in the left forefinger, Abe, I would be inclined to think—"

She did not complete the sentence aloud, but it continued in her thoughts as she suddenly recalled that the cat had not bitten him in the left forefinger but in the right. She was fearful of calling his attention to the fact. At the same time it impressed her so strongly that she sent for Dr. A. B. Kohus, the nearest physician. Dr. Kohus did not think it could be hydrophobia after such a long lapse of time. He could not diagnose the illness blood poisoning, as the outward symptoms were not apparent. Nor did the complaint of Mr. Schlessenger suggest such a diagnosis. He concluded by giving the invalid treatment for his stomach and nerves, as the athletic patient ridiculed the suggestion that anything else might be the cause of the trouble. The remedies had no effect further than to stimulate Mr. Schlessenger's nerves, and he was able to come to the supper table that night. He evinced no appetite, however, only remarking that he would like a glass of fresh well water.

His sister Louise arose and procured it for him. When the glass had set a moment beside his plate, he lustrely raised it toward his lips. Then suddenly set it down without tasting it. At the same time it was noticed that he shivered and contracted his throat, trying to swallow an imaginary mouthful.

"I guess I don't want a drink," he simply said.

An hour afterward Mr. Schlessenger grew worse. Shooting pains commenced to cross his head with increasing activity. His brother and sister, seeing these ominous signs, could no longer refrain from comment, but their suggestions of hydrophobia only angered him. He declared it was neuralgia. He was forced to retire to his bed, however, and the doctor was again called.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Schlessenger's frame suddenly grew rigid. His features contracted and his eyes stared wildly, bulging from their sockets. His arms and shoulders bent backward and his chest was considerably raised above normal. His veins and powerful muscles were strongly outlined on his skin. There could no longer be a doubt of the nature of the disease and the doctor declared it to be hydrophobia.

He did not tell the patient his real thoughts, however. Schlessenger was told that it was a severe case of neuralgia and that it would cease at a certain hour that night. After that the patient grew easier. At the appointed hour he had grown entirely well. The cure is entirely attributed to will power.

The Retort Discourteous.

"If there is anything that I covet," said Mr. Spickles' wife, "it is a good voice. I know that it is very wrong to be envious but I can't help it when I hear another woman singing."

And as Mr. Spickles is a notoriously mean man nobody was surprised to hear him reply:

"That is perfectly natural. If you could sing you'd be sitting up there with the choir, where you could see what every woman in church had on without turning your head."—Washington Star.

Kind.

Cholly—Really, do you think Adelaide cares for me? Mildred—Yes, she says she prefers your knapsack to that of any gentleman she knows, because it requires such a small mental effort to hold conversation with you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Easy Job.

Aunt Elvira Hobbs never got up in that roomatiz spell yet." "Now, some folks won't never get up in bed a long other folks keep a-chin' ice cream to 'em."—Exchange.

This Weather.

Country Barber (affably to total stranger)—Very tryin' weather this, sir. Makes you feel as if you'd like your body in a pond an' your 'ead in a public 'oose!—From Punch.

WILD STEERS WRECK A BICYCLE.

Ranch Cattle Give a Wyoming Doctor a Lively Race.

Men who are posted in the ways of western range cattle, and especially those of the Texas breed, know it is extremely hazardous to approach them on foot or in any unusual manner. Mounted cowboys ride through and around herds without trouble because the animals are accustomed to seeing men on horseback, but the appearance within close range of any strange object arouses their curiosity and fire. Pedestrians are a rarity on cattle ranches; likewise bicycles.

Dr. A. B. Hamilton of Laramie, Wyo., should have known better than to try to cross the range near a big bunch of steers on his bicycle, but it seems he didn't, and now the doctor is laid up with a broken shoulder blade, his hair is blanched by fright and his new \$100 wheel is ruined beyond repair. The doctor had occasion to visit a patient on the Little Laramie river and was within four miles of Laramie town on his way home when he ran into a herd of Texans. It was probably the first wheelman the cattle had ever seen, for they paraded the ground and snorted viciously for a moment and then made a concerted charge for the doctor, who realizing his danger, pedaled away at the top of his speed in an effort to escape.

There are few living things except a race horse of high class that can outrun a Texas range steer when once in full motion. Dr. Hamilton made a brave race, but the cattle gained on him at every jump and he could feel the hot breath of the leaders almost at his side before he had covered half a mile. Just as he thought one particularly vicious-looking beast was about to pick him off with his horns the wheel struck a hummock and the doctor took a header which landed him safe in a buffalo wallow, where he lay quiet while the cattle jumped over him. The steers were under such headway they couldn't stop and besides it isn't the nature of western steers to stop when they have once started on a stampede until they drop from exhaustion.

The bicycle did not escape. It lay directly in the path of the maddened animals and was crushed into a worthless wreck.

Labourers on Taxation.

Henry Labouchere is always interesting if not original. Here is his idea of a sound system of taxation:

Every one ought to be allowed to accumulate during his lifetime what he pleases, but when he dies there ought to be a maximum that he may leave to relations or friends, all in excess of this maximum going to the state. Take, for instance, Mr. Astor. It is said that he possesses about fifty million pounds sterling. Evidently he cannot spend the interest of this amount. In a given number of years, therefore, if this money from generation to generation remains in the hands of one single individual, it will become 500 million pounds sterling. Neither the individual nor the community will benefit by this. Therefore, I would meet it by handing into the public treasury most of Mr. Astor's fifty million pounds sterling on his death. How would this harm him? He would have ceased to exist. If the state took 99 per cent of his money on his death he would still have one-half million pounds sterling to dispose of and on this sum his heirs or heir might rub on very comfortably.

Cycling and Sunstroke.

Cyclers seem to possess in a large measure immunity from sunstroke. There was one prostration Saturday in the big cyclists' parade in Cincinnati, but it is an exception that serves only to prove the rule. And the reasons for such immunity are not hard to find. Habitual wheeling tones up the system, brings out the perspiration, produces what is equivalent to a constant breeze, and as exertion under such conditions results in increased evaporation from the surface of the biker's body, he sheds the hot rays of the sun as the oiled fenders of water-ford turn aside the pattering shots of rain.—Louisville Times.

NOTES OF DAY.

It has been found that nearly all the rivers in west Africa, within 1,000 miles east and west of Ashantee, yield gold.

A doctor says that half the deafness prevalent at the present time is probably the result of children having their ears boxed.

Platinum wires have been drawn so fine that two of them twisted together could be inserted in the hollow of a human hair.

At the beginning of the century the population of London increased yearly 20 per cent. It increased only 10 per cent from 1881 to 1891, and now the increase is still less.

The most curiously made soap in use is that supplied to the stations of the London and Northwestern Railway Company, which is made from the fat and grease washed out of their meat cloths.

At one of the university unions an orator declared that the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell!

In a coroner's jury empaneled in London the other day there were 12 Smiths, one Jones and one Brown. To complete the cycle it is only necessary to mention that the deceased's name was Robinson.

It is a curious and bewildering circumstance that in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence the violin should be today as to form and all essential details exactly what it was some 300 years ago.