

# CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY of these AUTOGRAPHS of SPIRITS?



**Scores of Letters From Dead Have Been Received by Dr. Theodore Hansmann---Kings and Queens and Many Great Men of Long Ago Write Him From "Behind the Veil."**



DR. THEODORE HANSMANN.

**H**OW would you like to receive hundreds of autograph messages from the dead?  
How would you like to become on friendly terms with the great and the near-great of the ages of long ago?  
To correspond with that little Corsican who led the banners of France to glory—and to shame?  
To have Nero tell you what "selections he rendered" when he gave his awful recital on his Roman housetop?  
To get an original Nast cartoon drawn in that mystic world that lies behind the veil?  
To get a few directions from old Diogenes on how not to find an honest man?  
You laugh? It is impossible?  
Read about the man who has the strangest autograph album ever seen, and then try to explain the mystery of these hundreds of messages from the spirit world.

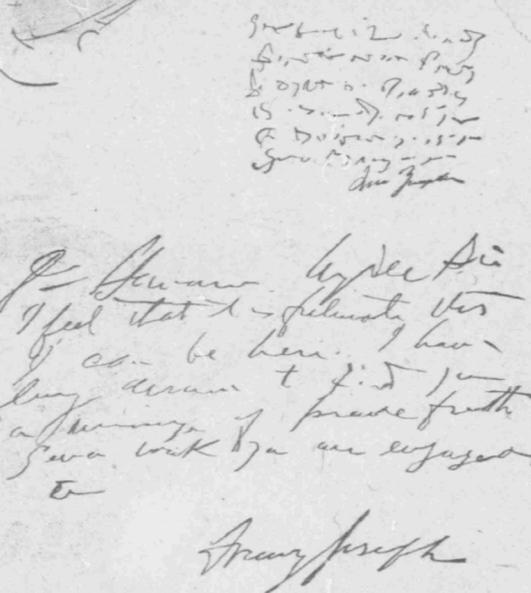
**D**R. THEODORE HANSMANN, of this city, is the recipient of a remarkable testimonial in honor of his eighty-sixth birthday. A few days ago the doctor, who is one of the most famous spiritualists in the world, procured a blank book, or album, and took it with him to a seance.  
Upon the apparition of a figure, which Dr. Hansmann affirms to have been the spirit of his deceased son, he presented his blank album, and the spirit accepting the gift, promised to obtain messages and portraits from the other world. The apparition, the doctor says, disappeared with the book through the floor.  
A couple of nights later, the doctor was informed that his son would appear at the house of a certain medium,

and return him the album, containing the messages from his spirit friends. Sure enough, Dr. Hansmann says, his son reappeared, and returned the album which, upon examination, was found to be completely filled with birthday congratulations.  
These mysterious testimonials of esteem, 200 in number, were from a varied coterie of shades, including some of Dr. Hansmann's personal friends, who had "passed over," as well as some of the most famous personages in history. Among the latter were Cleopatra, King Henry VIII, President Lincoln, Mark Anthony, Queen Louise of Prussia, and many others known to fame.  
Strange to say, unbelievers in spiritualism, who have examined the album, affirm that the handwriting of

such historic personage as General Grant and President Lincoln is identical with the well-known calligraphy of those individuals while living. With but few exceptions the messages are in the English language. One of the exceptions is from Omar Khayyam, who personally employs his native Persian. The doctor, however, has not taken the pains to verify this supposition, and the congratulations of the gifted Oriental poet are, as yet, untranslated.  
Another exception, in regard to the use of English, is afforded by a message which, Dr. Hansmann affirms, is from a man who lived some 18,000

years ago. It is very doubtful, in the nature of things, if this message could be translated by the greatest of living scholars. The individuality of the writer is conveyed to Dr. Hansmann through strictly occult channels, which he will not divulge.  
He hints, however, that this spirit was formerly an inhabitant of the lost continent of Atlantis, and is sometimes of great aid to mining prospectors because of his vast stores of knowledge concerning certain portions of Mexico and South America rich in the precious metals.  
A notable communication in the doctor's remarkable birthday album is from the spirit of the late Thomas Nast. It is a drawing of "Boss Tweed," in very Nastic fashion, with the head in the shape of a distended money bag. On the opposite page ap-

pears a message from Tweed himself, in the words: "Doctor, he ruined me."  
The messages, while all highly complimentary to Dr. Hansmann, show among the spirit contributors a spirit of lightness and vivacity not commonly, perhaps attributed to the distinguished denizens of the other world. Voltaire informed the doctor that there were 3,000 of his spirit conferees who were greatly disappointed at not being enabled to communicate their regards in the album.  
A remarkable message, as instancing a belief in Dr. Hansmann and many of his fellow-spiritualists, is from Franz Josef, the present Emperor of Austria. Dr. Hansmann is a great friend of the late Crown Prince Ru-



MESSAGE FROM AN ANCIENT.  
Above is a Photographic Reproduction of a Spirit's Writing.  
FROM EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH.  
Spirit Autograph of Austrian Ruler, Who is Thought to Have Been Influenced Sub-Consciously by His Dead Son.

door, son of Emperor Franz Josef, whose tragic and mysterious fate is one of the romances of royalty. By this is meant that the doctor esteems the memory of the accomplished prince, who, in return, has appeared to him often in the spirit, and written messages of friendship, one of which appears in the birthday album.  
The late Empress of Austria, who was assassinated, appeared to the doctor, he says, the evening of the day of her death.  
It is the theory of the doctor that these potent and nearly related spirits to the Emperor controlled his shade while living, inducing it to leave its fleshly person, and write in the birthday album.

## Western Desperadoes Rapidly Passing Away

It is generally conceded that the picturesque bad man of an earlier day is slowly passing from the scenes of his former activity. The respect with which his presence was at one time greeted seems to have departed. Even the most exposed frontier community refuses to take him seriously. "If a bad man comes in here," said the keen-eyed proprietor of a Goodrich roulette wheel, "we take him into the street. This town won't stand for any melodramatic foolishness." No doubt it is this spirit of contempt that takes all the romance out of the bad man's traditional incursions.  
To pose before a lot of sneering on-lookers is bad enough, but to be robbed of your weapon and hung into the dust of the wayside is absolutely disheartening. It is almost refreshing, therefore, to note that Tennessee has an example of the genus bad man whose modesty does not prevent him from allying in a careless way to a record of which any bad man might be proud. According to the story, this active citizen has admitted in court that he killed at least fourteen men during the last ten years. Most of his victims were shot down in Kentucky fends, but he has dropped them as far away as Chicago. Later on he added that as he had a poor memory for times and places, it was quite possible his mortality record could be lengthened out to fifteen. As far as known, this remarkable person failed to enter any singular particulars, and the exact manner in which the long roll of personal testimonials to his marksmanship was obtained is left to the lively imagination of the hearers. A man with a bad memory for names and places can scarcely be able to recall these trifling details. From an Exchange.