

DOCK HOUGHTON AS HYPNOTICIST

DOCK HOUGHTON'S 'HORSE' RECOGNIZES FORMER HYPNOTICIST TELLS HOW COUNCILMAN DID STUNTS

James A. Harris, After Being Put to Sleep, Buried, Hanged and Fimmhammered Out of a Week's Wages, Exposes Methods Practiced by the Auburn-Haired Statian

BY JAMES M. HARRIS
DOCK HOUGHTON, or Professor Arthur, as I knew him, is a sick citizen, whether posing as a city councilman or a hypnotic faker.

While a subject of this self-termed phenomenon I learned to doubt the truth of almost every one claiming to be a hypnotist. While I believe there is some hypnotic work being done in the world today which is genuine, I know that the entire work of Dr. Houghton was a fake.

He had a press agent who was second to none. The press agent spread his fame abroad as the modern Christ who comes with healing in his hands and makes the blind see, the deaf hear and the lame walk.

In Chicago there is a regular organization of professional "horses," or hypnotic subjects. I was a member of this organization. We were trained for the various hypnotic stunts and when we had thoroughly learned our lesson we were able to do anything which Houghton or others of his kind wanted us to do.

It was in Chicago that I met Dock Houghton, alias Professor Arthur. Dr. L. H. Anderson, who is one of the best authorities on hypnotism in America, told me that Professor Arthur, who was then living on Dearborn avenue, near Chicago avenue, wanted subjects, as he was about to give a week's performance at the Lincoln theater. I went to see the doctor's manager and found that he was a member of the sanatorium of the man who posed as the "modern Christ."

Houghton tries him out. He asked if I had ever been hypnotized, and I answered that I was an old "horse" in the business. He proceeded to try me out and after a few experiments he said that I was next to the business and asked me to send a couple of "the boys" around, which I did. I called on him a few days later and while there found some young men who had answered an advertisement that he had inserted asking for subjects. He kept them waiting in the hall and then one by one he took them into his apartments, where he tried them out to see how much previous experience they had. I was present during part of this trial and on several occasions heard him tell the subjects while they were in the trance: "Get that smile off your face; that will never go with an audience," and "Don't bark that way; that is not the way a dog barks."

The question of salary was arranged and plans for the performance were completed. I was to receive \$1.50 a performance, as were some of the others of the most valuable subjects—that is to say, the ones who had the most experience. There was one old man who is known to me as "Old Man Dean," who received the same price. He has been in the business about thirty years or more. In the early days he was a subject of Carpenter and he had been with most of the other members of the business. He was selected to go on the stage on crutches when the professor commenced his healing. The performance was divided into two parts, the hypnotic and the healing. Dean was supposed to be incurably crippled, but when the doctor made passes, snapped his finger a few times and rubbed the afflicted parts he would drop the crutches and walk off the stage a "well" man. There were several other subjects of this kind—men, women and children who were all healed in the most dramatic manner.

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for the doctor is nothing if not spectacular.

Dock Finds Good Subject
"Some of them were not promised as high wages as others. We all sat in the audience and when volunteers were called for we went upon the stage.

"While on the stage we were made to perform all kinds of crazy stunts, and if we were not doing it according to the doctor's liking, he would whisper to us and tell us so. "I was general all-around man in the hypnotic work. I did the human pin cushion act, and permitted anyone who wanted to come from the audience to stick pins in me. The doctor allowed the audience, at the invitation of the doctor, of course, to hold a lighted paper under my arm, and through the aid of chemicals the audience could smell burning flesh. Of course the arms were prepared beforehand, and I felt nothing. I was placed across two chairs, and five men were invited to stand upon me. I knew everything that was going on, but had been trained not to feel it. The principal feature of that stunt is in not placing the feet on the chairs. The doctor placed on the chairs properly he can bear a great weight, but if he is not properly placed he could not hold one man.

"Of course I did all the 'funny' stunts, such as pretending to be stung by bees, bitten by fleas, plucking feathers, swimming, making love to a broom, riding a broom for a hobby horse, and doing a thousand other stunts. All that is necessary in this sort of work is to have perfect control of the facial muscles.

"There were the usual preliminary stunts, such as telling the subject to concentrate his mind, and look him in the eye. With that eagle eye of his he would make them fall one way and then another, and the audience never guessed what the subjects had all leaves their lessons beforehand. In addition to the daily performances, the doctor conducted a side show called 'The Trance of Death.' This was the feature which had been extensively advertised, and Chicago was invited to come, free of charge, and view it.

How Fraud Is Worked
"A man was placed in a so-called trance-like state for 168 hours, and the subjects of the medical association, as well as newspapers, to send representatives to constantly watch this phenomenon."

"A partner of mine, Harry Davis, was engaged for this. That it was a fake I was known to me on the occasion I took the place of Davis and allowed him to get fresh air and exercise. As we resembled each other greatly, people did not suspect that the same man was not there all the time. The doctor brought food to him in a bottle with a rubber tube, and fed him as a baby is fed.

"The cot was placed in the orchestra pit in front of a door leading below the stage. We had a code of signals, and if anyone touched him he would know that the doctor was one of our men. The orchestra pit was covered with a music light, and it was easy to turn this to take the light from his face. We would slip the food in through the door. I took it to him myself part of the time. Once I went to him and gave him the signal. He asked me if anyone was looking, and I replied in the negative.

"I want to smoke a cigarette," he said; so I said "All right," and changed places with him. He went below and smoked, and when he had finished we again changed places. There are only three subjects I know of who can do this seven-day sleep—Dutch Leonard, who was with Santanelli; Harry Davis, and myself. It is a difficult thing to do, for there is practically no solid food for you all that time.

Requires Much Self-Control

You cannot sleep for fear some one will be near you and people are continually sticking pins in you and opening your eyelids. Physicians claim that if the eyeballs are rolled back it is a sure sign that the subject is in a hypnotic state, or that it is a case of genuine hypnosis. I can fool them even on this, for I can roll my eyeballs back at will. It is necessary to be alert and the subject shall be all the time on the alert and it is pretty hard to lie seven days and keep awake. The only way to achieve it successfully is to have a good partner who will allow you to have a few minutes of sleep prepared to warn you at the approach of anyone. Even with this feat is a very trying one.

"Many medical men made an investigation of Dock Arthur's so-called trance stunt and some of them believed that it was a fake, but others were fooled by it. They made many tests, but Harry Davis was too old a horse in the business to be caught by any of the physicians' tests. He was ready for any test. One of them put a bottle of ammonia to the nose of the subject, but it had no effect. This is a favorite physician's trick, but it does you no harm if the subject knows his business. All that is necessary is to take a deep breath and as the breath is exhaled the ammonia is forced away from the nostrils. The physician is fooled. Another physician opened the eyes and touched the ball with his finger, expecting that the ball would be so sensitive there would be a reflex action, but again Harry was too good for them. This had no effect on him.

They tickled the soles of his feet, but he had not learned self-control for nothing.

"Davis managed to stick it out for the seven days except when he was performing, they sent him to the sanatorium. He had finished the proof than at the beginning of the so-called trance.

How Houghton Worked the Poor
Prof. Arthur was a mighty person. He treated his patients in his apartments and because the Chicago people saw these wonderful tests at the sanatorium, they sent him to his office to be cured of all sorts of troubles. Poor old men and women who could ill afford to give up their savings to a faker were fleeced under the belief that they were going to be cured of all their sufferings. They



How the Boy Phenom performed the fake hypnotic stunt by placing the "horse" in "trance of death" for 168 hours. This, according to Harris, who was formerly one of Houghton's subjects, was a sideshow to "Professor Arthur's" stage work.

went to him hopeful and did not know the money, no matter how much the payment of it hurt them. The doctor could cure all the ills the flesh is heir to and I believe if anyone had asked his press agent or Prof. Arthur if he could grow hair on a billiard ball he would declare that he could.

Dr. Arthur was too spiritual to pay any attention to the filthy lucre. Such sordid things as money did not interest him and after he had made the passes and administered the rubbing which constituted a treatment, the patient would have to call upon the manager to pay his bill. The doctor's thoughts were on higher things than mere cash.

The doctor is a past master in the knowledge of dramatic effect. He is a good actor and might make an honest living on the stage if his constituents in the Sixth ward refused to return him to the council next month.

He always claimed to his audience that his performances were most exacting and once he fell in a faint, declaring that he gave out so much of his own life and magnetism in healing others that he had little left to sustain him.

Faker Throws a Faint

He closed his performance on Saturday night. During the intermission between the hypnotic stunt and the healing stunt the doctor left the stage, and a few minutes later came rushing back. He was disheveled and his arms were outstretched and the exclamation on his lips:

"My God, the manager has skipped!" He had a convenient fainting spell, but finally came out of it far enough to conclude the performance and wake up the seven-day sleeper from his "trance of death."

We all waited around to be paid off, and when the audience had disappeared the doctor—he who was above considering paltry gold—met a crowd of people, all with their minds bent upon money.

The manager has skipped and taken all the money with him," he said. There were protests from every quarter, but the doctor protested that he was in just as bad a fix as anyone and that he had no money to pay anyone. That all the contracts had been made by his press agent, but as he believed in doing the right thing he would see what could be done.

He told us to call at his office on the following Monday. With this we went away, not very well satisfied but making the best of it.

On Monday I called and was met at the door by a woman who told me I could not come in. She said that there had been a lot of people there trying to collect bills, but that the professor would see none of them.

Sees Councilman from the Sixth
A few days later I again went to the office and was told that he had left town. I hear nothing more from him for about two weeks, when I was told by a "horse" named Casey that the professor had been in town all the time and was then located on the south side. He gave me his address and I called several times, but with no satisfactory result as regards the money due me. One time a woman was present who told me that she had seen the professor in the city. I did not see Prof. Arthur again until a few days ago, when I saw him on the street and he was pointed out as the respected and honored councilman representative of the Sixth ward. Since then I learned the fact that Prof. Arthur, the boy phenomenon, and Dr. Arthur Houghton, councilman from the Sixth ward, are one and the same person from the picture published in The Herald at the beginning of The Herald's crusade against fakers in Los Angeles.

Chicago people became suspicious of Prof. Arthur and the professor thought it just as well to leave for some place where he was not quite so well known. It was after leaving Chicago that he wrote the letter to Florence White, the medium who decided a week ago that she had better take a vacation from practice in Los Angeles. In that letter he told her that he regretted he could not stay long enough to meet her, and remarked that "he got weary of staying."

I have had so much dealing with mediums and spiritualists that I am tired of them. I have assisted them in their work, and some of the spiritualists with whom I have traveled have also posed as mediums and given cabinet tests. I believe there is little of legitimate work and I have never in my life seen a manifestation which I could not reproduce with the aid of paraphernalia furnished by the eastern supply houses. In Los Angeles today there is a representative of a firm in Chicago, which is one of the leading houses manufacturing spiritualistic and hypnotic paraphernalia.

The agent has done a thriving business in the past, though the demand for high-class paraphernalia is not nearly so great in Los Angeles as in any large city of the east.

To the uninitiated the works of a fake hypnotist or spiritualist seem perfectly straight, but in most cases it is the subject and not the hypnotist upon whom the success of a performance depends.

I have known subjects to travel 1500 to 2000 miles to take part in some particular test, and at one time I went from San Francisco to Australia to take part in one of Kennedy's exhibitions.

One would think that a person must be really hypnotized before he could stand having pins stuck in him, but such is not the case. I can stick pins in myself any time without pain.

If the flesh is pinched tight and the pin is run through there is very little pain. If you want blood to flow pull the pin out quickly and if you do not want it to come pull it out slowly. The pain is only in the first two layers of tissue and as soon as the pin has gone beyond that there is no feeling.

In burning the arms of subjects, where a lighted cigar or cigarette is used, the portion of the body to be burned is covered before the performance begins with a strong solution of slippery elm. This solution forms a film which burns the same as flesh, except in a very few instances the flesh is not touched at all.

Never Was Hypnotized

I have taken this seven-day sleep about twenty times and of course I have never been hypnotized in any of them. I have had many interesting experiences. The first one was in January, 1896, at Milwaukee, Wis.

The police thought my life was in danger and they tried to stop it, but the professor declared that if I was allowed to stay, but there were all ways two of them watching me. Six men were on duty from the police department and there were also several physicians who had been detailed by the Milwaukee Medical society to watch me constantly.

After thirty-two hours of constant watching, the watches declared that the sleep was undoubtedly genuine and after a careful and searching investigation by the physicians, in which every part of the body known to be tried in order to make me flinch, they left.

During the entire thirty-two hours I did not dare take even a snatch of sleep, and of course no nourishment passed my lips. It was the most painful experience I ever had. The professor, who was a Russian, thought the sleep was genuine, but I had a partner who knew better and after the watches went away he brought me soup every night and watched while I got snatches of sleep. I slept for nineteen hours before I went into the so-called sleep, but after it was over I awoke at 10 o'clock at night until late the next afternoon.

Does the Burial Act

I have been buried several times, and once I came near not coming out alive, but under most conditions this is easier than the matter of sleep. I was put in a coffin and the coffin was inserted six feet into the earth. There was a tube coming down from the top so that people could see. It was about the size of a stove-pipe, and passed my lips. It was connected with the foot of the coffin and running above ground in a place about eight feet from the coffin. This was a two-inch pipe, but it gave room enough for a direct current of air through the coffin.

It was far enough away from people to be able to sleep without them detecting it, so that this was really easier than when I was in plain sight of everyone. On a three-day sleep I never ate anything, but when I was underground for seven days they tied food to a string and sent it down at night through the tube.

The only time when I was near the death point was in Missouri, when a drunken man stumbled over the grave, knocking the pipe out, and sent the dirt tumbling down on top of me. It went into my mouth and I thought I would suffocate before they could get to me. I did not stir, but the men who were watching me saw what had happened and came to my relief.

Served in the Army

I went to Cuba in the United States army and my sleeping career was laid aside for a time for the more strenuous duty of serving my country against the Spaniards. Upon my return from Cuba I performed a hanging test to satisfy some of the medical profession that a man could really be hung under hypnotic control. The controversy in regard to this arose as a result of the hanging of a man named Painter. Painter had been a hypnotic subject and some people claimed that he had been hypnotized by a hypnotist named Barnes, who saw him just before the hanging. The controversy in regard to this theory the physicians sent for me and asked if I would agree to submit to a hanging test. I agreed and as I knew I was up against some of the best medical men and newspaper men in the country, I had to be careful with my preparations.

I had an arrangement made of piano steel wire fitting around my legs, waist and chest, and reaching to the back of my neck, where it was fastened with a snap. About two feet from the end of the rope we placed a hook where it could not be seen, and after the committee had tied the rope around my neck the hypnotist came up to me, apparently for the purpose of hypnotizing me, but in reality to insert the hook in the snap. The barrel on which I was standing was kicked from under me and I hung there for about ten minutes, during which time my pulsation and respiration were constantly taken by the physicians. The rope was cut and I was lowered to the ground.

Removes Apparatus

The professor released the hook and placed the rope in his pocket, saying that he would keep it as a souvenir of the occasion. I went to a dressing room and got rid of the apparatus. It was fortunate that I did so, for no sooner had I returned to the room in which the supposed hanging had taken place than one of the investigators asked me to take my coat and vest off, as he would like to see if I had any apparatus on me. He also wanted to see the end of the rope, but the rope which was handed to him was not the one he received, for the professor had provided for such an emergency by having another rope. While the committee was examining this rope one of our confederates removed our paraphernalia. This test has been quoted extensively in medical journals and pictures taken from the scene have been published by some of the leading authorities on hypnosis.

The hardest cataplexy test I have ever given was when I was placed across two sawhorses, with a platform put on top of me and a horse walked across the platform. While this may seem an impossible feat, the platform was so balanced that I do not think at any time there was more than 500 pounds weight upon me.

SAYS HE IS A SON OF KAISER'S GRANDSIRE

Special to The Herald.
CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—Claims of a man, now a resident of Chicago, who makes the amazing assertion that he is the disinherited son of Emperor William I, of the German empire, grandfather of the present kaiser, were laid before Herr Von Weyer, the Imperial German consul, today in the form of an affidavit.

Consul Von Weyer will forward today to his Imperial master the report of the Chicagoan's representations, though he makes light of them officially.

The "pretender" is Carl Coler, who lives at 413 North Clark street. He declared that Emperor Wilhelm must recognize him and provide for him as befits royalty.

Coler is fifty-eight years old, of distinguished appearance and polished manners. In setting forth his claims he points to his remarkable resemblance in features and mannerisms to the Hohenzollern family.

He says that he has been cast off by his three brothers, all men of the highest note in his native country, after he had consented to exile himself that the scandal which, he alleged, is linked with his parentage, might be shielded and the name of a king be shielded.

FAKERS PROVE EASY MARKS WHEN DEALING WITH BRIGHT PERSONS

REPORTERS LAUGH AT SPOOKSTERS

Young Men and Women Who Investigate Fraud, Astonished at the Stupidity of Parasites Who Fatten on Others Even More Gullible Than Themselves

BY BESSIE BEATTY

O H, what fun it is to laugh when the laugh is on the other fellow!

The faker has laughed in his sleeve at the poor, foolish public so many times a day for so many days that the laugh has become an old story.

The last laugh is the best laugh, some wise sage long ago discovered, and the Herald reporters are having the pleasure of proving it and are prepared to make the air resound with merriment.

Gullible and foolish as is this poor weak public which gives up its coin to keep a faker in luxury, it is not half so gullible or foolish as the poor faker who gives up the secrets of his "profession" to an imposing reporter.

The faker thus permits his lust for the dollar to lead him into paths which he would never dare tread. St. Elmo, the high-class medium; St. Elmo the mighty, who boasted that he could not be caught, has fallen in the snare laid for him, and his tumble was all that the most heartless ill-wisher could desire.

To think that the medium who caters to the fashionable, the medium who has had so many nice, quiet, exclusive little laughs when no one was looking, to think that we should have recognized her when she called on you again for a reading. Even the best of us make mistakes, fake mediums not excluded. Please pardon us for returning some of those laughs which you have laughed in secret—laughed at the expense of the poor money in real estate at Corona, you will have to pardon us for laughing.

Elsie the Easy
And Elsie Reynolds! Elsie, those poor old eyes must be falling you. Those eyes that have seen so far into spirit land, it is indeed a pity that those eyes should fall when they are most needed. It is a pity that you were not able to recognize a young woman with whom you talked on that fatal evening when the detectives grabbed you instead of the spirit you told them they would find.

It is a pity that you could not have recognized her when she called on you again for a reading. Even the best of us make mistakes, fake mediums not excluded. Please pardon us for returning some of those laughs which you have laughed in secret—laughed at the expense of the poor money in real estate at Corona, you will have to pardon us for laughing.

And Cleo the Mysterious
Then there is Cleo. Cleo has made money in Los Angeles. From the would-be business men and the women who cling to the fringe of society Cleo has taken dollars almost without number, and five dollars was a small sum to pay Cleo for certain information.

I called at 136 West Pico street, where Cleo has made her home, and I was told that she no longer lived there. I learned also that she was not giving readings any more and it is easy to see how she could afford to take a rest, for there are few in the land who have done so good a business as Cleo.

At 136 Pico street, the people all profess ignorance of Cleo's whereabouts. She went away about the first of the month and she left no address, but she was seen by a Herald reporter a few days ago and it is known that now and then, if she is pressed strongly enough, she gives readings to a particular patron or friend who has thorough confidence in her.

Cleo has laughed and she is still well supplied with the money which Los Angeles people gave her, so she may yet laugh in luxury.

Business Men Bunked

There is a story current and one that appears to have some foundation in fact, that two prominent mining men, one an official of a company with headquarters in the H. W. Hellman building, and the other with offices in the Wilcox block, were recently bunked out of \$500 by a clairvoyant and an accomplice.

The men deny the story, but this is natural, as one would hardly expect them to be willing to admit to the world what easy marks they have been. Both of them admit that they went to see the clairvoyant.

The two men, so the story goes,

went to see a medium and were advised to make up a sum of \$500 and give it to a man who would get out to sell mining stock for them. It is said that the man was sent east according to the suggestion of the clairvoyant, and he has not been heard of since.

This laugh belongs to the clairvoyant. The "easy marks" have probably ceased to weep.

Do these fakers know what the sensibility of the public is? The constantly recurring thought in the minds of the young men and women sent out to show up the ridiculous frauds is: How, in the name of common sense, can anyone with an ounce of gray matter in his or her cranium be deceived by the clumsy, stupid deceptions practiced by these charlatans?

It is the feeble-minded and half-baked who enter a dark room at night and allow themselves to be deluded by the shadowy forms made of cheese cloth and gauze. They are the spirit of their departed ones, but it is a brighter and apparently better educated class that go to the sharks who palm ballots and do mysterious stunts in half-darkened rooms where incense burns and six-bit idols adorn the furniture of the frauds.

One of these fakers frankly told a Herald reporter yesterday that if the fools who came to him wanted to be divorced from their dollars he felt it his duty to take the coin.

PENNSYLVANIA BEARS UP TO MANY TRICKS

Special to The Herald.
LAQUIN, Pa., Nov. 24.—The black bears of Wheelerville continue to hold the palm for being the smartest of their kind in this state.

They have stripped the apples off the orchard of a small farmer liver near Cold Spring, Pa. The heavy bear accounted for two nights. Last summer, in the neighborhood of Wellsboro, Junction, two cubs got to nosing around a bear's den. The bears fell on and started the thing down grade, one of the bears on top of it. That bear had a bad fall and a roll among the rocks, and the truck went off the track at a curve.

Between Wheelerville and Grover, one midday last week, a bear frightened a huckster's horse until in its plunge about it scooted a crate of eggs and two firkins of honey into the roadway from the wagon and men started on center up the road. The bears fell on and greedily devoured the eggs and honey before the huckster got his frightened horse stopped and returned with a grin.

One morning less than a month ago an engineer on an early freight on the Susquehanna and New York rail road pulled into the Ellenton grade through the Pleasant Stream timbers, saw what he first thought was a man lying on the track, a few rods ahead. But the object proved to be a bear, and as the engine approached Bruin sat up on his haunches and grinned defiance at the locomotive.

But a whistle from the iron horse was too much for the bear, and he shambled off into the thicket. Some of the trainmen of the engine were at inquisitive bears along the run between Monroetown and Ralston.

SHOT FALLS LIKE HAIL ALL AROUND FAMILY

Special to The Herald.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 24.—Haunting phenomenon which no one seems able to account for, the family of Samuel Ayers of this city is preparing to remove from the home they have occupied nine years. Since last Sunday they have been frightened every night by a shower of shot which comes into the dining room and parlor from some mysterious source, continuing at short intervals for three or four hours.

The first appearance of the phenomenon was Sunday night, when the family was about the table. Mr. Ayers, feeling the shot fall about him, thought his young son had thrown a handful. When it occurred again he reproved the shot continued to fall, and then examination of the windows and doors was made to see if some one from outside was throwing it inside. All windows and doors were closed and fastened, but the leaden hail continued. Examination of the house was made, but no persons were found where shot could come through.

This has continued from early evening until about midnight. Chief Weiss, of the police department, was called, but he could offer no explanation. The owner of the house, William Langer, owner of the house, but believed it was some joke by members of the family. He sent the family out of the room and remained alone, only to be pelted by a coal scuttlerful of shot from the floor after the first shot's fall, and since then twice as much has fallen.

She—What was the most interesting letter you ever read?
He—One that I got from a man saying he was going to pay me a thousand dollars I had never expected to get.—Detroit Free Press.

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