# HOW McALPINE WAS BUNCOED.

A Tale of Hypnotism and Fraud.

[Note—The following story was suggested and is the outcome of an interested discussion as will Alfalfa notoriety the possibilities of hypnotism.]

Written for the "News."

"The man who beaten McAlpine," This ran the legend beneath a cunningly framed cabinet photograph, that, together with others of well known men in the American business, sporting and literary world, graced the walls of the cozy little Press club rooms on Denver, Colorado.

I say Denver advisedly because McAlpine might raise laudable objections to being thus publicly advertised. However, it was within a thousand miles of Colorado's capital, which on the face of it is sure enough in that land of superb distances and sparsely settled territories. Suffice it to say that it was in a well known Western mining center, where I had been assigned pro tem on certain journalistic "rounds," by fair means or foul, for the Rocky Mountain Miner on the then stirring troubles connected with the Leadville mining district. The local newspaper fraternity had welcomed me as a brother, tacitly giving me free run of the ranch in general and the Press club in particular. Thus it was that that winter's eve found me comfortably ensconced in a corner languidly watching several score reporters who were "through" for the day, enthusiastically arriving at cloves a good fat jack pot, their immediate adjunct to the fascinating and seductive national game of poker.

"Say Willie," I said, turning to the sporting editor of the Democrat, "if you have time for a Tom and Jerry and cigar, I would like to hear that yarn, for the man who cold-bunco McAlpine must be a genius." McAlpine, the silver king, I will remark in parenthesis, held an unenviable notoriety for close-fisted-ness, which the following incident will illustrate. During occasions he have his office renovated, he enlisted the services of a paper hanger, who, while in the process of papering the office, inadvertently strayed some waste from the scaffold, demonstrating a heavy gain office chair in his descent, with the result that he fatally bumped his nose. McAlpine subsequently declining to pay the demands into his sanctum chair was settled for.

"Sure," Willie replied, as he started in to irrigate his interior at my expense, "you have struck the right man, for I was there and witnessed the whole transaction. You must know that Guy Johnson, the original of that picture, drove stakes in this camp some fifteen years ago, having come over from England like a good many other young fellows—ted help them—to make his fortune, drifted out West, finally locating here, where for a time he earned a precarious living as dish washer in Lem's restaurant, epoxy to waiting at Bob Halliday's stage stoop, and finally grub stake prospector, getting Mackjohn, who then ran the San Juan saloon, to grub stake him for the winter. Well, one day Guy came down good luck than judgment, stumbled across pay ore, which he brought into town and Mac had scented. Mac kept him developing the claim, which is now known as the Virgin Canyon Bonanza, the richest silver mine in Colorado. I never could get at the rights of it, but somehow or other old Mac swindled him out of his share for a few hundred dollars. Johnson, as soon as he saw how he was done, swore he would get even with him if it took a lifetime. Mac expected a little exchange of courtesies and consequently kept his eyes peeled and his gun handy; but Johnson wasn't that kind of people, he had some old fogey crossing water notions regarding what he called murder, so he refrained from the chronic western habit of shooting on sight, waiting as it transpired for a more lasting and refined revenge, that would enable him to wound Mac in his most vulnerable part, viz., his wallet. Six years subsequent saw Guy pretty well fixed, old Mac a millionaire and liberally putting on frills in social affairs, with dinners, balls, sociable lotteries and show contests galore, at which collective entertainments they who was a well educated fellow, and old Mac got pretty much thrown together, and to all appearances the old rancor and wound had been patched up.

"About this time one of those old frauds, with unkempt long hair, a wild eye and dirty finger nails, who styled himself Professor Kopitzki, the hypnotist, struck the town. All Denver went crazy over him, and him to their parlies and social tolling the numbers on counted dollar bills, finding him propelly, squeezing the ties of fairs and intimately absorbing all the loose change and all rye in sight. In the course of events this afternoon "graduate" with the wild eye and strangely lacks gave a private demonstration in this very room for the benefit of the press and a few invited guests, amongst whom were Don Deane, Johnson and McAlpine.

"The professor indulged in some truly startling demonstrations, such as changing Mackjohn into a tiger, driving through the crowded thoroughfares, finally locating a five dollar gold piece that had been previously marked, placed in a gill box and concealed at the back of a safe in a down town drug store. Told the number of my watch, which I swear nobody but myself and Uncle Cohen, the pawnbroker, knew. Then he put Jack Brown into a trance and told him he was out in the sage brush drying off three—you know Brown well enough to tolerate he would serve six of twice which there was a saloon within half-it was too funny as well as startling to see Jack drying, in fact it got a bit too realistic and we got a wee bit the business. Then the Doc, who always was a skeptic, requested to be operated upon, but old Kopitzki with evident chagrin had to abandon the attempt as a failure. Those of us who were off duty stayed behind discussing the demonstration, also various other fluids of the genus tanglefoot in a humorous manner. McAlpine, who has always an accommodating capacity for liquids in general, on the occasion got kind of mellow, which is the only situation of affairs on which he will develop his thought tank and loosen his purse strings. The conversation gradually converged to the question that subsequently has been ventilated in the press, as to whether hypnotism could be successfully operated upon a patient to cure him of a disease, a bet stakes were made, during which the arms and coin were weighed, finally the professor, in fact the abandoned medical experts of disbelief on this point, the dictum that in isolated cases it was possible but he believed it could be more readily and successfully worked, that a healthy subject would give rapid chance of the symptoms of a more virulent disease in a few moments that would be permanent with him and finally accomplish his demise. Certainly this was a signpost suggestion that was received by the boys with incredulity. The Doc was speechless with "forty rod" and disgust whilst Mac waxed with emphatic earnestness into proving a wager, various could be found to stand to the tune, one hundred dollars that he would not die, one hundred dollars that it was impossible.

"As every tube out West and the prairies did not serve to pass one as a class of character it looked as though the stakes had stuck. The subject whose name has escaped me, but whose face is broad on Johnson came to see fore and at an carried manner offering himself as a sacrificial lamb on the altar of science, finally the professor and Johnson, during the last twelve months, as he left left was his little Nancy alone, that McAlpine the professor had a bet of a hundred dollars that he could make that and probably his life against the sum only five thousand offered.

"Done," accepted the millionaire, "on condition that it shall be legal."

"Without a quiver the answer came, "he is." Therefore shall you bring your cash, and I will bring the stakes. You have twenty days in which to insure, overlook my life and this is one bet die, dunnit you," whereupon Mac gurgling down a gin fizz, Johnson's friends departed. To say the least of it the majority of us were paralyzed, some apparently more so than the professor, who seemed to be spell bound without the power of speech. Johnson, the money disposition allowed to put up the kit of cash on the result. The following night, three hours before sunset in presence of the same merry party of the night previous who would now as it were as bond as the appointed place. McAlpine, jovial as the good cheer of the Bible Notes, Johnson, pale and slightly nervous.

"He waited to vain for the professor, fleetfoot. I turned a remedies of sore and proceeded to hunt up the truant, found him at his rooms, and after a great amount of persuasion induced him to accompany me back to the club, but it seemed as though we adjourned a cold, he table, for upon arriving there, the obstinate old fraud washed his hands of the whole business refusing to exert his alleged powers. Then followed a discussion on the ancient fashioned disease, during the progress of which the doctor was summoned to attend a prominent citizen who was down below out in the hot hills, but for the fact that if he did not go his rival over at Quartzville would get the case. Doc would have stayed with the boys and made a night of it, as it was he went in a mood that promised his prospective for quite a lot of patient a hot time of it. After Doc's curtain there was quietness. Johnson got after the professor in dry, by dint of drawing up a document, which we all solemnly witnessed with our solid stakeholder, the professor, in consideration of a certain sum of money, agreed to try his powers on the ailing victim, who then for the first signed and laid upon the table the required funds, remarking at the same time, "Now, let's see who's bluffing." Mac hesitated, coughed once or twice, then opened a large sum of greenbacks, amounting to the required sum, which, with great gusto, he counted out on the table before everyone and then he approached myself as the right hand man to the handkerchief working. "I look the proposition to bring the cash as being delivered and deposited upon your request to be returned now, I was afraid there would have some trouble in cashing a check." Johnson ignored the actor, turned to the crowd with a half smile and said, "Gents, he's have a fresh and a sensation before the great thing happens." I can say conscientiously, however, that if the crowd had as I did used an expression of surprise, it was not that we were in to see Mac fooled for facial injuries.

"There seemed to be an uneasy tendency to adjourn and my thoughts unconsciously went to Iquique and the nitrate rights I had witnessed as a boy amongst the Kanakas on the Sandwich Islands, as I mosey's argued a neutral I could picture Guy's hands some fine trained and disciplined set of all Satan's cunning, what Jesus Christ were to Hills with such an power, wait if what all that old fiend were right, and he could do what he claimed? Had he not given evidence of possessing remarkable hidden powers already in his demonstrations. My brain reel rict "this thing must be stopped before the worst happens." I was on the verge of rising and entering a vigorous protest against this scary farce, when amid the gloomy silence broke McAlpine's high voice in accents of hatred. Then following the direction of the River Kings horrified gaze, I gazed upon the dissolution face of Guy. "If you will listen, you are a man, as I sit here, I could see that fell scowl appear on his features, as it appeared upon King Canute's that mother and he had to see them in the tide when I was a boy, and I see as I shake in shame terror his countenance microcosmic, contorted and twisted in diabolical positions beside the very stone where Johnson laboured with the assumed professional opinion concussion and seemed more to be forgotten. Oh the horror of that moment, I can see him as we go to press, I can feel his cold with his pear grained as every thousand of those accomplished fortunes, slowly filter to the color and with his twisted mouth and horrifically every the pot of him, with taking clay take the vacillating progress to the door and disappear.

"The cold was stopped, with a shudder, every, but the professor, who, in some of as were, some guard hardly at nothing in particular, stood rooted frantically for whisky, each grandfather of his, and, with a cry of despair, forward on entering the room caught the direction and tottered as though he had accidentally stumbled into the disappearance of Kopitzki, finally he fell. McAlpine, with his curved nose, gladness indicative, was the first to gain his normal condition, saying in a choke voice, "Well, he has left his dents behind, anyhow."

"Then as if by common impulse, we turned with mingled in our heartbreaking sorrow, the part we had played in the tragedy upon the author of it all, the professor. But lo, he, in the confusion, had disappeared. With a few harsh whispers we snatched our hats and scamped out into the night. Never from day to this day we never set eyes on the professor or his subject.

"Well, that is a startling story, I must say, but I hardly see where the bunco comes in."

"Don't you see, you Dr?" replied the sporting editor, in his traffic voice, "we were the bunco-ed, they knew we were the bunco-ed, they couldn't have done it, if they meant to get the Doc out of the way with a fake one exercise, and Johnson knew he could not have, but she is bound to have worked it on the abandoned medical experts. Johnson was an engineer, I am well enough sure, for we met the chap from Kansas City, engineering with great gusto the pot for the fair, then stating that he was having a little trouble with his wife, who, poor fool, they were not quite sure whether or not she was in the other room, but it was very sad, very sad indeed, and he was so worry that he was thinking of taking a trip to Europe for his health. The crowd took sad leave of Johnson, and we never heard of him again, but I understand he succeeded in frantically escaping from the hotel, and, with a well filled pocketbook and feeling for monetary to defraud, and took a pot of heavy drinking down South.

"Strange to relate, the night of Johnson in Omaha, where he had been holding the tiger in a fake game, but which they could not get the somebody on to, he had cleaned his bottom dollar. They cried hard to be left alone in the room that night, where Guy raved from the height of raving mad, by hanging his hacks on just as they were when the deed.

"As for the professor, I guess the world had been overcharged him. Well, we took off our hats to him as a fine specimen of a man, and we did so at Guy's request, for he was the man who, in October's salon in the interest of the Democrat, for his sake, tendered—

GUS JACKPLANE.

## SHE BROKE HER CROSS.

There is a case of a very charming young woman of central Ohio, who had great beauty and wit to commend her. Just as she was building into womanhood a cloud came to darken her life. Her troubles weighed so heavily upon her that she lost her beauty and her friends and had to leave her home. She used to receive her friends stretched on a couch or leaning back in an invalid chair. And her friends were many. She was quoted as an example of Christian courage. She refused to her condition as "her cross," and everyone thought how brave and good she was to bear her burden with such fortitude. One by one her gay friends were joined to the ranks of their elders. She sent them all presents and received from each a piece of wedding cake, which she ate a little, and didn't put under her pillow because it wasn't any good for her to dream. No man could marry her. A life of military suffering was hers. Yet her sad smile only got brighter as her cross got heavier. One day a young man came into the sick room. He looked upon the girl, he loved her. And so he came often and she grew to look for him, and learned to love him, and discovered the pretty dreams that come to pure women when hearts find true fulfilment for happy hours. But ever all the prospect was the shadow of her cross.

"It could never be, never so!" she said it over and over again to herself more a sight as the tears stained down her face. "There can be no variance. It is only could be! If it only could be!" And she said this many times day and night. One day she lay on the sofa and began to say, "It shall be!"

"IT SHALL BE!"

"I'll bear this cross to prove to Jill the trying." And then she looked around for help. And by chance or providence there came into her hands a book—the book whose title and contents are printed in below. It appealed to her. Common sense was what she needed. She realized now that she had every home, organized, dissemination like her girl friends, who were matrons and mothers. She realized that it was not necessary that she should be born to be crushed to her cross.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were her inalienable rights and she seized the full rights of her birthright. Her good common sense she needed. She had tried all the conventional extraordinary and extraordinary. Cross of invalidism, she wanted her medicine and more common sense. It was this she began the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The rest of the story sounds like a fairy story, but it is only like a fairy story in that it ends and the merry ring of marriage bells and with "they lived happy ever afterward."

It needed a miracle in her friends to see this miracle, this veiled cross bearer, get up from her sofa and begin to live. It was more strange when she took to golf and the wheel, and tennis, with all the zeal of one who had excluded from old enjoyments and compared of all that she became the mother of healthy, happy children. This is not a fairy story. It is not the story of one person. It is the story of thousands of women. It is a composite picture in which are contrasts fair to look on. Such a well subsisting character is true. It is a story as true as the stories of the Prodigal Son, which was not the story of one young man but the story of the race which repeats itself generation after generation and is as common to things as to Asia, to Africa as to America.

IS IT YOUR STORY?

Your place either in whole or in part? There's hope for you. There's only one cure. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restored so many women to health that a million under which the weak and weary body staggered on to the grave, that it can be pronounced with the strongest assurance in every case of female weakness.

TO SUFFERER OF THIS PARTICULAR RACE.

We will send Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the 1000 page book of Dr. R. V. Pierce, on receipt of twenty one cents in stamps, to pay cost of mailing only. It has found the good counsel of thousands of women. It is a medical adviser, a guide to the sick, a family physician, a friend. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

# Foul-Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases and hence the most difficult to get rid of.

There is but one way to cure it. The disease is in the blood, and all the sprays, washes and inhaling in times in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only remedy which can reach the disease and cure it from the blood.

Mr. R. P. McAllister, of Barnesburg, Ky., had Catarrh for years. He writes: "My nose was so stopped up I could not breathe. I was constantly troubled with sores and scabs, and my throat was in a bad condition. I had tried many remedies without relief. I now am free from all symptoms of the disease, and I owe my recovery to S. S. S. I feel that I can never say enough in its favor."

Swift's Specific is a vegetable remedy, and cures other blood diseases, such as Rheumatism, Cancer, and a complete cure was the result. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases will be mailed free to any address on application. This book contains valuable information, which everyone should have at hand, and we advise all who have Blood Troubles to write us at once.

To continue the wrong treatment for Catarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific is a real blood remedy, and cures other blood diseases, such as Rheumatism, Cancer, and a complete cure was the result. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases will be mailed free to any address on application. This book contains valuable information, which everyone should have at hand, and we advise all who have Blood Troubles to write us at once.

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is a Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no deleterious minerals.

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# SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

**Therapeutic Value—New Light for Spain—The Oldest Earthquake—Hurricanes on the Roof of the World—The Japanese Monsoon—The Colors of Water—the Force of Nicaragua—Plague Forecasts.**

Baths of hot air have proved very successful in recent medical practice. They are applied by means of a metal cylinder covering the leg or by a body apparatus with openings of a metal cylinder, which is taken long with a closed exterior cylinder for the feet and a canvas curtain for the end from which the head protrudes, and they have been found effective in rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and gout, and also in bronchitis and asthmatic difficulties, and even for opacity and tetanus. The temperature used is from 120 degrees to 150 degrees, the bath lasting about an hour. The skin and kidneys are stimulated, circulation is increased, sleep restored to the sleepless, and mental weariness is relieved. One physician states that the pain one worse with this mental therapeutic measure, the more enthusiastic he is likely to become. Among remarkable results reported is the cure of penile gangrene in a man 75 years old, who was discharged as incurable by other medical men, but recovered and practically died, and he at last book tried as a last resort. Another stubborn case being that of a man who was likely to become a cripple, the knees contracted and fixed in with his legs straightened out and for a year had been unable to feed of dress himself, but after 40 baths (series baths) was a hopeful cure.

Evidence of industrial quickening in Spain may be expected when it is known that immediately looking for petroleum is developed. It has been found that the heavens site which give a very red and light in ordinary lamps, affect in incandescent lamps a far higher illuminating power than do light oils. Spain's bituminous shales and lignites could be well adapted to yield by distillation the heavy oils needed for incandescent lighting.

A tantalizing fact pointed out by an English astronomer is that Herr Wilt's new planet, between Mars and the earth was in January, 1894, to a more favorable position than it will be hereafter than it will be again until 1924.

A scientific account of the great Indian earthquake of June 12, 1897, which was the largest and possibly the most violent on record, was given at the Geological Society of London by Mr. D. Oldham. The shock was felt over an area of not less than 1,500,000 square miles, while the focus extended an area of 30,000 square miles. The shock was on an unprecedented scale, were produced in the Garo and Khasia hills and in the Himalayas north of Lower Assam. Great masses of rock were shaken by the depressions caused, miscellaneous masks were moved both vertically and horizontally, and some thousands and thousands were shifted from their original positions. Continuous rumbling of all kinds were interrupted. Bridges were overthrown and in some cases thrust upward or sideways, while on the railways were twisted and bent. Earth fissures were formed over an area of 9,000 square miles, and large and solid streams of sand and water were forced to daylight, at three to five feet above ground from countless sand vents.

The horse, or snow hurricane, of the Pamirs is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. A work by Boris Modlis states that each in midsummer the temperature during a snow-storm frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in the winter of 1892-93 it dropped to 46 degrees below zero in the end of January, and nevertheless were an every-day occurrence. The horse comes with exciting suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where suddenly a minute before the day was perfectly clear. It is impossible to see a yard ahead, and separation from one's caravan by even a few paces would mean almost certain death, for he should be unable, and even the report of a rifle would be drowned in the awful roar of the hurricane.

Rice, or rice wine, has been used in Japan more than 2,500 years. Dr. Lorm, of Munich, says it is produced by first steaming the rice and then impregnating it with a species of ferment, mixing with water, and fermenting with the aid of a yeast fungus. A by-product of the fermentation is alcohol, separating, or boiling in a certain degree in closed vessels, has been constantly to go beyond his strength.

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Colo., says: "Some time ago I was so run down that I could hardly attend to my housework. I was so nervous, weak and worn out that I could not sleep. I was so bad that I was ready to give up the fight of life. I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the last trial I ever expected to make, and I am now in the best of health. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the best tonic."

A friend not long ago was telling me of her mother who is at a critical period in her life.

"She was subject to nervous headaches, and the entire family would run over her.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have entirely stopped the fainting spells, but gives her a much stronger time she is able to take up life's duties again."

To cures highly endorse her work, Mrs. Browning made children before George E. Gill, Notary Public.

All dealers selling from an impaired condition of the blood, and cured all ills from that, are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"They act directly upon the blood. Taking it up with lacking constituents it increases rich and rely the corpuscles equal to nourished and stimulated to activity in performing their functions, and that disease is eliminated from the system.

"These pills are sold everywhere, the sale being enormous.

# A Pill for the Ill.

*"They'll do you good," a physician said in giving some pills to his patient, a woman who had suffered for months from diseases which baffled skilful treatment. His words proved true. The woman rejoices.*

The hurry and bustle of the housewife is extremely wearing upon the delicate organism of womanhood.

Her intense earnestness in whatever she undertakes, tempts her constantly to go beyond her strength.

Mrs. L. E. Browning, of Pueblo, Colo., was one who did this.

"Eight years ago," said she, "my husband died and I was left with three children to care for and educate.

"The burdens of life fell heavily upon me, but I determined to make the best of it.

"I succeeded in my undertakings for a livelihood, but in doing so overtaxed myself, and undermined my health.

"I was very ill about two years ago with blood poisoning, caused by an abscess that had not received proper treatment.

"The disease settled in my chest for a time, causing intense agony.

"Then inflammatory rheumatism set in. For four months and a half I was a prisoner in my room, most of the time confined to my bed.

"My hands were swollen so that I could not feed myself, and the swelling in my feet and ankles would have made walking impossible if I had been strong enough.

"One day, after considerable treatment, my physician brought me a box of pills.

"'You need a tonic,' he said, 'and something that will act at once, and this is the best medicine for that purpose.'

"Pills!" I explained in surprise as he opened the box and showed them.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'these are Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but you need not be alarmed, they are not physic, and my word for it, they'll do you good.'

"Before I had been taking them a week I noticed a great improvement in my condition. Soon my headaches were gone.

"I grew stronger each day and soon was in the best of health.

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"A friend not long ago was telling me of her mother who is at a critical period in her life.

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