

TORTURE OF FIRE AWAKES HIM NOT.

Charles Zoeller Found Lying in a Trance at Snake Hill.

Burned with Live Coals and Pricked with Needles, He Sleeps On.

Surgeons Stifle His Respiration for Minutes, but His Expression is Unchanged.

MAY BE AN AUTO-HYPNOTIC.

It is Believed That the Trance Sleeper Learned the Art of Self-Hypnotization from Some One Who Used Him as a Subject.

Hypnotized, a man whom sculptors might use as a model for a young faun, is asleep in the Hudson County Almshouse, in New Jersey. He is superb in form, twenty-three years old, or younger, and in perfect health; but he was picked up asleep on Tuesday night, in a small outbuilding of the almshouse farm, and no means that the surgeons have employed to awaken him has affected him, even slightly.

He sleeps, while the flame of a match burns the ball of his foot, while the fire of a cigar is in his nostril, while a hundred needles prick him. The surgeons hold tightly the nostrils, and the mouth of the sleeping man, long enough to suffocate any normal man. When the grip is released it has left a slight bruise, but the man's expression has not changed. It is a quiet, happy expression. A surgeon presses his thumbs with all his might on the man's closed eyes. This is a cruel test. If the man were practising a trick he would scream with pain. But he manifests not a sign of suffering. The physician removes his thumbs and lifts the man's eyelids. The eyes are brown, lustrous and expressive. The pupils are not contracted, there is not a sign of morphia or the presence of any other poison in them.

Thought He Was Shamming.

The expression of the eyes is so natural that you may easily be persuaded the man is shamming. "He is faking," said an old vagabond in the room, who slumps from twenty years of errantry. "I have seen priests in India do things like these. An English minister told me that those priests trained themselves to suffer pain. He called them 'stoles,' I think." The sleeping man is an amazing stolid, if he be one.

The almshouse physician, Dr. King, says that the man is not shamming. "I believe," he said yesterday, "that the sleeping man hears everything that we are saying and will repeat it when he comes out of his trance. I believe there is a degree of faking in the hypnotic state. But no man can, voluntarily, suppress his breathing, and this man does not resist the suppression of his."

"I have heard of cases of auto-hypnotism. I know of one from scientific reports, where a man set himself to sleep deliberately for a period determined in advance. This may be a case of auto-hypnotism. Shamming is out of all probability here. I believe that this young man is a degenerate. There may have been dementia among his antecedents. If he were there would be marks of it in his mouth, and there are none. He is not in a catalepsy, for, now his arms fall down naturally after I have raised them. I have an idea that it would be well to put him out, undressed, in the rain, which is as cold as ice." But the last sentence, in-

tended as a surprise to the patient if he were shamming, disturbed not the serenity of his expression. There were no marks on the man's clothing and no papers in his pocket, or in the bundle which was found with him, by which he might have been identified. He was a mysterious intruder into Snake Hill's colony till late last night. His grayish trousers, black sock coat, and waistcoat, and unbuttoned white shirt, indicated that he might be a mechanic, a clerk or a capitalist. Then his bundle was examined.

The sleeper's queer collection. It was a box of varnished walnut, ornamented in the interior with a flashy cigar box picture. It contained a silver watch and gold-plated chain, two gloves, one black and one tan; four bottles, half used, of violet and white blue essences; an endless collection of cigarette pictures; a woman's pocketbook, containing \$7 in bills and tied with a leather string, and a druggist's pasteboard box, ticketed and numbered. With the druggist's address and the numbers of the prescription it was easy to discover that some bygone individual was Charles Zoeller, and that his address was No. 155 New York avenue, Jersey City.

There his parents said that he was subject to periods of somnolence. But they have never verified the evidence of auto-hypnotism, which their son's case gives. They have never tried him with needles and fire; neither do they know if some passing donator, making a stage exhibition of animal magnetism, used Charles Zoeller as a weak subject, and thus taught to him the art of hypnotizing himself. The sleeper lies on a cot at the Almshouse, untroubled and insensible to torture. His pulse is normal, his tongue is normal, he is not ill and he apparently does not need to drink or eat. "Men of science have an extraordinary subject for their experiments in him," said Dr. King last night.

MUST BE A FAIR CHARTER.

Democrats Will Vote for Greater New York if the Creating Law is Unpartisan.

The news in the Journal yesterday to the effect that the Greater New York charter would be completely drafted before the expiration of fifteen days by the Commission, and that Senator Lexow expected the consolidation to be effected before March 1, created much gossip in political circles. These predictions, added to the fact that Senator Lexow's Senatorial Committee, ap-

pointed for the express purpose of studying the situation, has not had one meeting have caused persons to wonder whether Mr. Platt has captured the Commission. It would seem, if the Commission can prepare a charter satisfactory in every respect to Mr. Platt. It is noted, too, that Chairman De Witt, of the Draft Committee, was once Benjamin F. Tracy's law partner. Mr. Tracy is also a member of the committee, and has Mr. Platt's son for a law partner. The celebrity with which the charter has been drawn, Senator Lexow's bland approval of it, and the predictions as to the rapidity with which it will be pushed through the Legislature, lead to the conclusion that it is a "cold storage charter."

When Mr. De Witt, some weeks ago, went on his vacation he worked on the tentative propositions during "leisure moments." In three days he had 34,000 words ready, printed on calendar paper. "We are ready for consolidation at any time," said Mr. Sheehan yesterday. "The New York Democrats will be ready to vote for a Mayor of Greater New York in 1897. They do not fear the outcome. All they ask is a fair, unpartisan charter."

In the interest of good government the anti-Platt Republicans and the Democrats will ask that the charter, when drafted, be open for inspection. There is some intention, apparently, of keeping the charter in the dark as long as possible. Mr. Platt, it is hinted, fears Dr. Parkhurst and other eminent citizens may become interested, and Mr. Platt dreads vexatious controversy about his proposed legislation.

ing to Mrs. Raubitschek, worn out on account of failure to sleep, called an expressman and sought a place near a boiler factory, where there was quiet. Mrs. Raubitschek figured it out and decided to sue. Mr. Muschenheim's attorneys are Miller, Peckham & Dixon. When the suit gets before the court the neighbors, or many of them, will, it is claimed, stand by the plaintiff, while wealthy and prominent patrons of the place will testify to the next to a Sunday-school meeting, the restaurant is the most decorous and quiet place on earth. The defendant enters a general denial.

CONTESTS HER FATHER'S WILL. Mrs. Salomon Declares That Campbell Was Under His Housekeeper's Influence.

Lawyer Abe Hummel, counsel for Mrs. Estelle Leonore Salomon, the daughter of the late William Campbell, the millionaire wall-paper man, filed a notice of contest of his will in the Supreme Court, yesterday. Campbell died at his home, No. 340 West Fifty-eighth street. By his will, dated October 6, 1896, a few days before his death, he left Mrs. Salomon only \$75,000, although his property was valued at \$1,000,000. The bulk of Campbell's property was left to Lillian Ash, his housekeeper, who claims she married him a few days before his death. Objection was made to the probate of the will on the grounds that the will offered is not the last will of the dead man, but the alleged execution of it was not his voluntary act; that he was not mentally capable of making a will at the time, and that he was coerced by some person or persons to execute the document. The hearing of the contest will come up in a few days.

Mrs. Ash, who is known at her home as Mrs. Campbell, says that she can prove the validity of her marriage to Mr. Campbell.

An Infant's Dead Body Found. The dead body of a male child about three days old was found yesterday morning by Policeman Richard, of the Clymer Street Station, Williamsburg, in front of J. Donahue's boiler shop, No. 108 Wallabout street. The body was removed to the Morgue. There were no marks of violence. An autopsy will be made by Dr. Valentine to ascertain the cause of death.

John Edwards and his family occupy the floor above Mr. Haight. Mrs. Edwards says she changed rooms with her daughter because the latter could not sleep owing to the noise, for the room is next to the garden. John Edwards, a retired steel merchant, resides at No. 165 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. He owns several houses in the neighborhood and is among the complainants. He wrote to Mr. Hollander, but received no reply, and his letter to the Board of Health, he says, was not answered for six weeks. His son, said President Wilson, of the Board of Health, and it was shortly after that when awnings were put up and the music quieted somewhat.

Dr. Perry Schoonmaker, of No. 161 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, is another complainant.

CARLISE WOULD RETIRE. Tells a Kentucky Friend That He is Weary of Public Life.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 11.—Secretary Carlisle wants to retire from politics. While he was in Kentucky last month he said to a friend, who mentioned the fact that there was talk of electing him to the Senate: "I sincerely hope they would do it. I have been in politics thirty years, and I am tired of it. I have nothing to do after the end of this."

BEER VERSUS SLEEP IN THE SMALL HOURS.

Guests of the Arena Caused Mrs. Raubitschek's Roomers to Leave.

Boarders Remained Two Days and Left; Guests Remained Till Sun Up.

The Boarding Mistress Goes to Law to Recover Damages Alleged to Have Resulted.

MUSCHENHEIM ENTERS A DENIAL.

The Case Will Come Up in the Supreme Court—Mrs. Raubitschek's Witnesses Will Be Neighbors, the Caterers, His Wealthy Patrons.

The suit of Raubitschek against Muschenheim has been reached on the calendar of the Supreme Court, and will come up for trial in a short while.

The case is one that has attracted no end of attention, excited a great amount of gossip, and engendered a lot of hard feeling in the neighborhood of Broadway and Thirty-first street. It grows out of the fact that Mrs. Catherine Raubitschek, who is the proprietress of boarding houses at No. 35 West Thirty-first street and No. 14 West Thirty-second street, declares that owing to the noise made by Mr. Muschenheim's guests at the Arena her boarders refuse to remain with her in the Thirty-first street house.

Mr. Muschenheim's place is well known as one of the fashionable resorts of the city. It is a favorite after-theatre luncheon house, and its guests would be shocked to learn that they had ever disturbed anybody. Mrs. Raubitschek, however, claims that they do, and says she will prove her claim to damages for the disturbance when the case comes to trial. The Muschenheim restaurant and hotel is but one door removed from No. 35 West Thirty-first street, and the rear rooms of No. 35 almost overlook the Summer garden of the restaurant, used in the hot weather. It is particularly to the Summer garden feature Mrs. Raubitschek objects.

The shouts of the waiters to the gentlemen in charge of the cuisine were also a source of annoyance. After a couple of days' listening to the continuous performance of clattering dishes and thumping beer stents Mrs. Raubitschek's boarders departed to get a room where they could sleep.

She protested, and when her protests failed, she sounded the sentiments of her neighbors and decided to bring suit. This she did some time ago, through her attorneys, Messrs. Granger & Gordon, for \$1,838 and costs. In her bill of complaint the plaintiff says that Mrs. M. A. Benscotter rented a room for \$10 a week and gave it up after living a short time without rest.

Mr. Simon Sechenbach rented one for \$18 per week and quit in two days, unable to rest. To cap the climax, S. L. Campion is alleged to have agreed to take a room for eight months at \$15 per week. In forty-eight hours Mr. Campion, accord-

Germany, introduced the beer garden to Harlem and built what was then thought a beautiful resort at No. 149 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. It extends back to One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. Gerson Stein was manager of the place. He leased it from Mr. Hollander; but a year ago the lease expired, and Stein organized the Harlem Casino Company. They established one of the largest resorts in Harlem at One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Seventh avenue. The concern is now in the hands of a receiver.

Just after Hollander's arrival in Harlem the West End, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, established a beer garden, and extended its place to One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. These three places are thoroughly respectable, and are patronized by the best of people. Light Hurt Their Eyes. The rivalry between the three places caused the trouble. Electric lights that made night like day were put up. Bands of string instruments followed each other in playing in quick succession, while the ter of dishes and the cry of "Ein-stein" could be heard echoing itself again and again.

This enterprise was too much for the residents. They protested. The lights hurt their eyes. The dynamo of the electric plants shook the flat houses, and made sleep impossible except through exhaustion.

Besides the beer gardens the Mount Moriah Club has added to the noise of the residents. The lights from the club windows were so bright and the noise so great that the Health Board compelled the club to put awnings over the windows, that the glare from the reflection from the lights would not disturb the sleep of the people in the flats adjoining the clubhouse. Mr. Jonathan Haight, an elderly man, old and lives in the first floor of the flat house

Football in McFadden's Flats.

No. 150 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, which he owns. The house adjoins Hollander's Garden. Mr. Haight says he enjoyed good health until the garden started, and is now compelled to take stimulants to quiet his nerves, and that his daughter has had to consult a physician in consequence of the condition of her nervous system, due to the proximity of the garden. John Edwards and his family occupy the floor above Mr. Haight. Mrs. Edwards says she changed rooms with her daughter because the latter could not sleep owing to the noise, for the room is next to the garden. John Edwards, a retired steel merchant, resides at No. 165 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. He owns several houses in the neighborhood and is among the complainants. He wrote to Mr. Hollander, but received no reply, and his letter to the Board of Health, he says, was not answered for six weeks. His son, said President Wilson, of the Board of Health, and it was shortly after that when awnings were put up and the music quieted somewhat.

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Harlem Patrons of Beer Gardens Make Slumber a Faint Memory.

Music at All Hours and Electric Lights Which Convert the Night Into Day.

Residents Petition the Health Board and Ask for Relief from Their Woes.

THE CONTINUED CRY OF "Ein Stein" About One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street Causes a Revolt Among the Neighbors of the Beer Gardens.

The patient, long suffering residents of Harlem, in the vicinity of One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue, have rebelled and are now endeavoring to have the Board of Health close the constellation of beer gardens in the neighborhood.

The claim is too much electric light, too much music on Sunday labelled sacred, and an over-accumulation of laughter by the guests of the places. This combination, according to the residents, causes loss of sleep, nervous prostration and doctors' bills, and they want it to cease. The war on the beer garden in Harlem is the result of the competition between the various proprietors. Frederick Hollander, the beer importer, who spends nine months each year in

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH Starts a Fashion that Will Make a Hit.

A SIXTH SENSE DISCOVERED. Scientists and Physicians Write About It.

The Most Horrible Torture Ever Conceived.

Footballs in McFadden's Flats.

Football in McFadden's Flats.

THE American Humorist Football Number. ED. MOTT. JAMES L. FORD. WILLISTON FISH. E. W. TOWNSEND. R. K. MUNKITTRICK. E. KEMBLE. ARCHIE GUNN.

Though the birds are southward faring, And the brodered leaves take wing, Still our Colored Supp. is wearing Jauntily the tints of spring.

WILL CROKER BECOME THE SILENT POWER? In Private Letters He Reiterates That He Is Out of Politics.

Yet Many Believe He Will Stand Behind Sheehan as an Adviser.

Every Indication That He Approves the Recent Course of Tammany Hall.

FIGHT TO BE MADE ON PURROY. The Cases of Seabold, Scannell and Timothy D. Sullivan Also to Be Attended To at the Reorganization Next Month.

According to the advices received in the city during the last few days, Richard Croker on his return to this country will refuse to take an active part in the affairs of Tammany Hall.

Mr. Croker, it seems, has in answer to these letters replied that he could venture no opinion as to the merits of the complaints, and could only suggest that the varied controversies be submitted to the

arbitrament of the organization. He could take no hand in organization wrangles because he was out of politics and intended to remain out.

This would seem to indicate that Mr. Sheehan is to remain in charge, for all agree that only Mr. Croker could unhorse Sheehan. It also indicates that Mr. Croker supports Mr. Sheehan and approves of everything he did during the late campaign.

Several months ago the Journal printed an excerpt from a letter written by Mr. Croker to a friend in this city, in which the writer heartily endorsed the action of Sheehan in using his influence to induce Tammany Hall to endorse the Chicago ticket and platform.

Nothing since then, it is understood, has caused Mr. Croker to change his mind. The increased vote of the Democracy this year has, in Mr. Croker's judgment, vindicated Sheehan's course. The Democratic vote in this city on November 3 was about 140,000, an increase of 25,000 over last year. In a word, Mr. Croker, judging by his letters, has come to the conclusion that Tammany Hall is under excellent discipline, and should not be interfered with.

Despite Mr. Croker's intention to keep hands off, there is no question that he will, if asked, tender advice to Mr. Sheehan and aid the latter in keeping straight such turbulent leaders as Henry D. Purroy, Jacob Seabold, John J. Scannell and Timothy D. Sullivan.

It pays to buy at Vantine's.

Good-bye prices on them.

We have put the good-bye price touch on a pile of 500 Japanese Jute Rugs on the 4th floor. We must have the room for new goods now arriving.

6x9 feet, were \$5.40, now \$2.70. 8x10 feet, were 8.00, now 4.00. 9x12 feet, were 10.80, now 5.40. 10x14 feet, were 14.00, now 7.00. 12x12 feet, were 14.50, now 7.25. 12x15 feet, were 18.00, now 9.00.

ESTIMATES MADE FOR FURNISHING AND DECORATING ORIENTAL ROOMS AND COZY CORNERS. A. A. VANTINE & CO. The largest Japanese, Chinese and India House in the world. 877-879 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Wanted--An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Dept. E. L. Patent Agency, Washington, D. C. for their \$1.50 price list and new list of 1,000 inventions wanted.

At the Grand Old House, BAUMANN BROTHERS, SIXTH AVE., Bet. 16th and 17th Sts. N. Y. CITY. FORMERLY OF EAST 14TH ST. EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES. Music Cabinet, Sold usually for \$38.00; our price \$15.00. Odd Bedsteads. A big lot of them from broken suits. Will sell for one-half cost. This one... \$2.25. Varnis-Martin Crystal Cabinet. With or without under shelf; very elaborate. \$39.00. Mahogany Parlor Desk. Elaborately carved, 4 1/2 feet, commodious and highly ornamental. \$30.00. Bread Box, 22c. Library Step or Cricket, 65c. Lace Curtains. Nottingham, per 98c. Chiffon Portieres, with border and fringe, per pair \$4.50. Brass and White Enamelled Bedsteads and Chamber Furniture. A Complete DINNER AND TEA SERVICE, consisting of 117 pieces, in fancy floral decorations, gilt cover, etc. \$8.98.

JAMES R. KEANE & CO. Modern Home Furnishers, 3d Ave., cor. 77th St.

ABeauty, and Only \$4.75. This handsome iron bed, with extension foot-board, is really a beauty. It is the pleasantest kind of a surprise, for certainly no one would ever expect to buy such a splendid bed at anything like the price. Everything else in

79c. Beds & Bedding at most unexpected prices. Excelsior Mattresses, \$2.25 up. Fibre Mattresses, \$2.50 up. Hair Mattresses, \$3.50 up.

CARPET SALE AT LOW PRICES--Ingrains, 25c.; Wilton, worth \$1.25, at 75c.; Smith's Moquette, worth \$1.25, at 95c.; good 11x17, 17x21, etc., etc. Easy of Access from everywhere. Third ave. cable cars pass the door. Third ave. 117th St. station at 76th St. one block below our store. Broadway and Lexington ave. cable cars one block west.

WAIT FOR... The American Magazine and The American Humorist. (The Sunday Journal's Colored Comic Weekly.)

Things are Seldom What They Sound.