

A Study —
in
Hypnotism

By Sydney Flower

A STUDY IN HYPNOTISM

BY

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PROLOGUE.

"Do you really wish me to write this story?" I asked.

"Of course I wish it. Why not?"

"But, my dear, consider. I am not accustomed to being literally truthful. Actual happenings are too unyielding for me. I must romance and embellish."

"You have plenty of material fact to draw upon," answered the lady imperiously. "Write the story, and make me very nice—much nicer than I am naturally."

I made some foolish reply, looking into her eyes as I spoke. Wonderful gray eyes, heavily lidded and sad, but they lit up then with mischief.

"Oh, that will be splendid," she continued. "I want to see just what you think of me."

"You don't want to see anything of the kind," I replied. "This is merely vanity on your part."

You know quite well that my description of you will be so absurdly flattering that—”

“Very well, then nobody will recognize me, so your story will be safe enough in that respect,” she put in quickly.

“But somebody would be sure to make a guess and hit the truth,” I said. “It would be very embarrassing for you if it should be known.”

“Not a bit.”

In my condition a man will catch at straws.

“Then if you don’t care—I mean that you imply that in the near future—” I began eagerly, taking her hands.

“I don’t mean anything of the kind,” she said with coolness, withdrawing her hand, to lay it, however, on my shoulder.

“You can’t possibly love me,” I said, in desperation, “or you wouldn’t wish me to make this story public.”

“I never said I loved you,” she replied, “but I don’t see the force of your argument.”

“Why, merely this. This story is a part of my life. I hope it will be a part, and a large part, of yours also. Let us keep it to ourselves then.”

"You are making an idyl of an everyday occurrence," she said lightly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"And think of the moral you could point."

"For whose benefit?"

"Your brother hypnotists," she smiled.

"Oh, if you're going to treat it in that vein," I said, "I don't see why I shouldn't make a joke of it too."

She clapped her hands. "Bravo!" she said. "I was sure you would be sensible in the end."

"I am your servant always," I said, "but I would rather do some other *devoir*, an it please you."

"You are a dreadful boy," she said, "always grumbling. And I ask such a little thing. Only to put me in your story. Is that so difficult?"

"Most difficult to do you justice, enchantress!" I replied, overlooking the unfairness of her attack. Never have I met an opponent who shifted her ground so swiftly.

"Then you will do this to please me?" she went on, in her coaxing voice.

"The fight is not regular," I cried. "I was stricken to the heart ere I entered the arena."

"Do you yield?" she asked.

"I am your captive. Do your worst now."

"Then hear my sentence," said she, "thou vanquished knight. This story shalt thou write, because it is my will, but if it please me not, when written, look to it! I'll have thy head, perchance."

"Hast got both head and heart already, wench," I returned, smartly.

She laughed gaily. "Here then, because you have been a good boy I shall reward you."

Closing my eyes with her hand, she leaned over the back of my chair, drew my head down, and laid her cheek on mine for an instant.

"A most unsatisfactory salute," said I.

"And therefore fit for a sovereign to bestow," she cried, as she sprang away. "Be good now, and go on with your work."

Some men would have followed her to extort that kiss. Some women would have expected pursuit. She is unlike other women. I remained seated at my desk. Experience has painfully begotten wisdom in me where this lady is concerned.

"I shall be back in an hour," she announced, from the door.

"It is too soon, your majesty," I answered. "Twice the time is necessary. I shall call you 'A Difficult Subject.'"

"It sounds unbefitting my rank," she said.

"You are the subject of a hypnotist," I replied, firmly.

"Enough," she said. "I am content—for the present. See to it that you rest not, nor smoke, while I am gone!"—and so she left me to my task.

I had hardly taken up my pen, however, when she re-entered the room.

"Have you chosen a name for me?"

"Hardly."

"I should prefer to be a Miss, if you please. Deverest is pretty. Rachel Deverest will do, I think."

"It is too much like 'Rachel Dearest,'" I objected.

"Printers' errors must be corrected in the proofs," she said, with a business-like air that sat very well upon her. "Now for yourself; I think something plain and unaffected would be best."

"Oh, by all means," I said. "I incline favorably to John Smith."

"H'm, Richard Robinson would not be out of place," she said musingly.

"Why discriminate against Jones and Brown?" I asked bitterly. "What have those excellent fellows done that they should be left out of the running?"

"They need not be left out. Surely there will be other characters in this story."

"To be sure. In speaking of Brown would you mind if, when the time arrives, he is introduced as 'plain' Brown on account of the rusticity of his garb and speech?"

"In order that Richard Robinson may shine by contrast?" she inquired, unkindly. "No, I don't think you should take an unfair advantage. You see that your sarcasm is quite lost on me. I can always checkmate you."

"Pooh, I allow myself to defer to you," I answered rudely.

"The end is the same," she said. "But we are wasting time."

"I am," I rejoined, "I glory in it!"

"Will you play 'Richard Robinson' to my 'Rachel Deverest?'"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That we have ten minutes for refreshments between the acts."

"That's very good for you," she said seriously, "but you are not among the audience, so the parallel doesn't hold. We are the actors, and therefore, oh, you silly boy, you will have the privilege of seeing me very often—behind the scenes!"

"Ah, that will be worth waiting for," I said.

"And writing for?"

"Certainly. You will be audience, critic and leading lady rolled into one. It is an enviable position."

"It is unique, at all events," she replied, "and dignified."

"I must salute your new-found dignity," I said, and rising, I took her hand and kissed it.

"You make love very prettily, boy. Who taught you?"

"It is a power inherent in man," I answered. "Spontaneously developed from the subjective mind."

"Does it improve with practice?"

"It acquires a wider range, but its quality does not improve," I returned evasively.

Her gray eyes were fixed steadily upon me.

"Who taught you?" she asked again, in a low tone.

"Some woman," I said meekly.

"Some women, say rather," she exclaimed scornfully. "Oh, if I ever love a man it will be one to whom I can look up! If I cannot look up, I—look away."

"Your highness is disturbed."

"Was there ever a time when you were not sighing to a woman?"

I reflected: "There was—once."

Curiosity got the better of her prudence. "When, pray?"

"When I had the measles."

It was worth much to see those slumberous gray eyes flash, but the drooping lids half-covered them in an instant.

"We are wasting time," she said icily.

"I await your pleasure, lady."

She smiled in spite of herself. "You are the most absurd man I know. I believe you are always acting!"

"The dramatic instinct is strong within me," I admitted; "I cannot forget that I am now 'Richard Robinson.'"

"Nor I that I am 'Rachel Deverest.' I was trying the part a moment ago."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"It was well done," I said. "The acting was without flaw."

"Thank you. I am going now."

She turned at the door and our eyes met.

"You will forget what has passed," she said.

"I will not refer to it, but am not likely to forget," I said.

She closed the door gently, and I returned to my desk.

ASTUDYIN HYPNOTISM.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRST SUCCESS.

WHETHER it was decreed that in the year of grace, 1896, one Richard Robinson, idle barrister at-law, should turn his attention to the study of hypnotism, or whether chance determined his action in the matter, it is certain that the said Richard, having an unconscionable amount of spare time on his hands, did cast aside his previous pretense of interest in his profession and did devote himself body and soul to the elucidation of the mysteries of the science aforesaid. And having shut himself up in his chambers with many books, both purchased and borrowed, bearing on the subject, he diligently perused the same, and committed, as well as he could, to memory the published researches, experiences, and theories, of Deleuze, Esdaile, Braid, Gregory, Moll, Charcot, Bernheim,

Binet and other lesser lights, winding up his course with the Psychical Research Society and Hudson. It was a confusing and conflicting *menu*, and when he emerged from confinement he suffered slightly from a stupor corresponding to indigestion of the brain. He found that Charcot of the Salpêtrière considered the induction of the hypnotic sleep to be indicative of disease in the physical condition of the subject, and to be attributable to physical manipulation only. He found that Braid negated the assumption of the existence of a magnetic fluid transferable from one human being to another, and that Esdaile, an English surgeon with a record of work in India above reproach, performed all his hospital experiments under hypnosis psychically, as he thought, induced; and finally that Moll, Bernheim and others denied the physical hypothesis entirely and gave full credit to the influence of mind upon mind so far as verbal suggestion went. Further, that these latter gentlemen, in common with Liebault, the founder of the Nancy School of Hypnotism, proclaimed the inevitable existence of suggestion in connection with all phenomena manifested, averring that hypnosis could be best studied in a

perfectly healthy man or woman, and that it was not in any way a presumption of a pathological condition, nor due to the mysterious agency known as animal magnetism. He also discovered that whereas the Nancy experimenters believed that hypnotic influence could be made the means of the perpetration of crime, yet Charcot and his assistants were more than dubious with regard to the relation existing between the two; nay, that Charcot had challenged the production of one authentic crime committed under the influence of hypnotic suggestion. Apart from the reputation enjoyed by the great French chemist for scientific investigation extending over a period of thirty years, it was a point in his favor to remember that his experiments had been conducted upon the lowest classes of society; upon those unfortunate outcasts, in short, who might be expected to most readily yield to criminal suggestion. If his results in this direction were *nil*, he might be pardoned for referring with some scorn to the "laboratory crimes" committed by those better-principled individuals who were made the subjects of experiment by Bernheim and Liegeois. It was noticeable that the latter

based their conclusion upon the untenable ground that if a hypnotized person could be induced to strike a man in the back, for example, under cover of the laboratory, and in presence of the hypnotist and his friends, therefore that person might also be induced to repeat that action, or even commit murder, at a time when the protection and influence of the hypnotist was withdrawn. It was self-evident that such a contention would not bear scrutiny, the less so in that the latter experiment was not, and could not be, put to the test. It was apparent to the barrister-at-law that each and all of these investigators could not be absolutely right in his theories, and this self-constituted judge of the results of their life-long labors, felt himself justified in withholding his verdict until he had found time to sift the matter of the evidence more thoroughly by conducting a series of experiments himself. He therefore informed his friends that he was about to turn hypnotist "for fun," and advised them to come forward fearlessly and be experimented on in the cause of scientific investigation. Their unwillingness to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them must be attributed less to their aversion to the

cause of progress than to their want of confidence in the operator, for it is a lamentable fact that he found no disciples among his acquaintance. Buoyed up, however, by the reflection that he was in pursuit of Truth and seemed in a fair way to induce that coy damsel to show her face, he relaxed not his efforts until fortune threw in his way a lady who had suffered for years from direful nervous headaches.

"Upon all nervous complaints and affections whatsoever," said Richard, "hypnotism, madam, has a powerful effect. I do not think that it will be necessary in your case to repeat the sitting. One experiment will be sufficient to induce sleep, and to remove the ailment from which you suffer. Be seated. Now if you will give me your whole attention, I shall send you quietly to sleep as you sit in this chair before me, and by the power vested in me to alleviate suffering of whatever nature, I shall send you forth at the close of the seance, caroling blithe and gay."

His fantastic address had an unfortunate and unforeseen effect upon his patient. She became hysterical, and begged to be taken away. Her lady companion endeavored to soothe her, without avail, and Richard has since confessed that

if he had not risen to the occasion he might then and there have been compelled to forever renounce hypnotism.

"Not a word!" he cried, dictatorially. "What! Is this woman actually weeping—for what, in Heaven's name, for what? Stop it, this instant! Stop it, I say."

Much frightened, the lady did as she was bid, her sudden fear for the operator's sanity conquering her dread for herself.

"Well done," said Richard, genially. "I thought I was dealing with a sensible woman and not with a weak, foolish creature, whose nerves were unstrung at the sound of a man's voice. Madam, your nerves are of iron, and I congratulate you heartily. I may tell you that your cure is assured. You see that you have nothing to be afraid of. You are in your own house; your servants are within call. Finally, I am neither murderer nor thief, but a simple gentleman who would do you some service if you will allow him. Because all rests with yourself. I cannot hypnotize you against your will, nor can any one else do so, whatever the traveling hypnotist, the pseudo-'professor,' may tell you. I hope to live long enough to expose

their so-called wonders, and to confound their trickeries. Make yourself quite comfortable in that chair. A cushion behind your head? No? Then let us begin. Fasten your eyes on mine, please, and give me your right hand. Thank you. Now, not a word. Absolute silence is best. Should you fail to be affected by the method of fascination, I shall employ verbal suggestion, and if that produces no result, I shall mesmerize you by the long pass."

Whether his intention was to suggest to her that his resources were so many that to escape sleep was, for her, impossible, or whether he really intended to employ these various methods, will not be known, because the patient succumbed to the influence of fascination after five minutes' steady gazing, during which the ticking of the clock was the only sound that broke the stillness. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a deep sigh she closed them, opened them spasmodically, and shut them again.

"Closed tight," said Richard slowly, "tight. Tighter. Tighter. Stuck fast with glue. You cannot open them. Try! You cannot open them. You cannot. Try again! It is no use. Your eyes are shut fast, and you are fast asleep.

Sleep now. Sleep deeply. That is well. Very well. You want to sleep; you are asleep; profoundly asleep; but you hear my voice; you hear me speaking to you; you can answer me; you can speak; you want to speak; you are quite comfortable; you are quite happy; are you not? Speak."

After two or three ineffectual attempts the patient in a weak voice replied, "Yes."

"Quite so," continued Richard. "You are very comfortable. You are going to be a splendid subject. I shall wake you in a little while, and after you wake, when you see me rub my hands together you will fall sound asleep again. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," she said, with more distinctness.

"When I rub my hands together you will fall asleep again. Now you have had a nice rest. You feel much refreshed. You are going to wake up when I count five. When I count five you will wake feeling much refreshed. One, wake up. Two, wake up. Three, wake up feeling well. Four, quietly waking up. Five, you are awake."

The lady's eyes opened, and she smiled pleasantly upon Richard.

"It was very curious," she said; "you seemed to turn into a white figure and then to fade away, and I went fast asleep. I must be a very weak creature."

"Madam," said Richard impressively, "the ability to make oneself passive, and so to yield to hypnotic influence, is characteristic of two classes of people, the strong willed and the weak. I do not consider you weak, by any means. You must remember that if you were of such a flighty, hysterical temperament that you were unable to fix your mind upon one object for the required length of time, I should not have been able to hypnotize you. But," he continued, beginning to rub his hands together, "you have justified my confidence in you to such an extent that you are—ah—you are in point of fact very sleepy—very sleepy, sound asleep. Do you remember that I ordered you to sleep when I rubbed my hands?"

"Yes," replied the lady, whose eyes had been previously fixed upon the operator's hands, and who was now breathing deeply with her eyes shut.

"You remember that perfectly, and having accepted my suggestion that you would sleep,

you are now literally obeying it. That is very satisfactory. In your obedience to all the suggestions I give you lies the secret of my power to cure you. I am going to take away your headaches now, so that they will never return to you. Do you hear me?"

"Of course I hear you," said the patient sharply.

"Am I speaking too loud?"

"You seem to me to be shouting."

"Then I shall whisper," said Richard loudly. "Now you can hardly hear me. The sound is very faint."

The patient inclined her head after the manner of one attempting to catch an indistinct remark.

"You can hardly hear me," continued Richard, raising his voice still higher. "You can just hear me whispering to you?"

"Speak a little louder," said the patient.

"I will," said Richard, dropping his voice to its normal tone. "Now you hear distinctly. Every word that I say to you is clear and forcible. You grasp its meaning and power instantly. Each sentence is a command which you will carry out exactly and literally. Your headaches

will not return. They cannot return. I have removed them," he said, stroking her forehead, "absolutely. They can never return. You have no headache now. You feel no pain anywhere. You are well and strong. Well and strong. Are you not?"

"Yes, I feel very well," replied the patient.

"You have no pain whatever? Answer me."

"None."

"And you never will have a return of headache, or nervous conditions of the mind which find an expression in pain again. Remember that. You will be perfectly well. Absolutely healthy. When you wake you will feel quite well, but you will not remember anything that has been said to you during your sleep. Now take your own time to wake. Wake up when you feel inclined to, and wake up smiling."

He pushed his chair back, looked at his watch, and sat down beside the patient's lady friend, who had remained an interested but quiet spectator throughout the proceedings. She was a sensible and matter-of-fact woman, rather incredulous of the benefits to be derived from hypnotic treatment, but willing to investigate if the opportunity presented itself.

"Will it disturb her if we talk?" she whispered, nodding in the direction of the sleeper.

"I don't think so," Richard replied, "although she would answer me if I spoke to her even now."

"Do you think your suggestions will take effect?"

"Certain of it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because," said Richard, inclining his mouth close to her ear, "she believes them herself. That's why. Her faith has cured her. She believes in me. But if she had believed in herself, the effect would have been the same. I shall not tell her so, but as a fact, she has cured herself."

"But you sent her to sleep!"

"Oh, no. She sent herself to sleep. Keep it dark. She is not ready to hear the truth yet. Look at her; she is waking up."

The patient stirred in her chair, and half-opened her eyes. Then she turned her head towards the couple on the sofa and smiled brightly.

"How do you feel," asked Richard, "better?"

"I feel very well," she answered.

"Has your headache gone?" inquired her friend.

"I don't feel anything the matter," replied the patient, laughing. "I do think you must have bewitched me, Mr. Robinson."

"It is a remarkable power," said the unblushing Richard. "You will never again suffer from those headaches. Do you remember my speaking to you when you were asleep?"

"No," she said, after reflection. "I can remember things becoming a blank. Why—I declare—I must have been to sleep twice."

"Total forgetfulness during hypnosis," said Richard, "a somewhat rare condition in the first experiment. Amnesia is more often the result of repeated trials. Well, I must leave you. Really you are to be congratulated, madam. You will be a valuable hypnotic subject. Sense delusions, amnesia and profound sleep present on a first attempt. I have no doubt you would have proved cataleptic also if I had put it to the test, and by suggestion, or perhaps without it, I could have induced anæsthesia, or insensibility to pain. This is very interesting."

"I hope you didn't run any pins into me!" exclaimed the lady.

"No," said Richard, with an accent of regret, "I forgot. However," taking up his hat, "we may try that some other day."

"Oh, please don't," she said. "I detest anything like that. It makes me shudder."

"Well, well," he said, as he took his leave, "we will let that go, then. Don't hesitate to send for me if you feel any return of pain at any time; but I don't think such necessity will arise. If you would like to go further into the question of hypnotic phenomena I shall be very glad to try a few harmless experiments, but that is a matter for you to decide."

"I am very grateful to you," she replied, "and if my headaches do not return, I will allow you to try your experiments some other evening when you have time to call."

"Thank you," said Richard. "I shall endeavor to steal an hour from my work and take advantage of your offer."

"Now," he said to himself, as he gained the street, "here have I found, ready to my hand, a valuable subject, an imaginative woman of fair intellect. It will be my own fault if I do not make the most of this opportunity."

INTERLOGUE.

HAVING satisfactorily disposed of Richard for the time being, I leaned back in my chair and lit a cigarette, feeling that a little relaxation was due me.

"And I suppose," said a soft voice at my ear, whose tones quickened my pulse, "that you have been idling your time as usual."

"Your supposition is erroneous, princess," I retorted, without turning my head. "Read here," and I pointed to the manuscript, which she took in her hand, while I lazily watched the varying expression on her face as she read. It is her habit to criticise my work freely, and I gathered from familiar signs that she was not well pleased with the chapter. The rapidity with which she turned over the sheets warranted the belief that she was indulging in the reprehensible habit of skipping, and I said so briefly.

"There is a good deal of Richard Robinson here," she said disparagingly, as she laid the manuscript on the desk again.

"He is an interesting character," I interrupted.

"—But very little of Rachel Deverest!"

"Her time has not arrived. The entrance of the heroine upon the scene must be carefully led up to. Don't hurry me, please."

"Who is this Richard intended to represent?" she asked, waiving the point.

I bowed. She smiled severely.

"Always when you smile like that," I said, "I become clairvoyant. I know what will follow."

"Is this a perverted Richard?" she inquired, tapping the manuscript.

"No, the real, genuine, every-day article," I retorted.

"Will he continue, then, throughout the book as he is here represented?"

"He will. As per advertisement. If not satisfactory, money refunded."

"But this is not you—it is not your character."

"No, it is something commoner, something grosser, but there is still a likeness. True, he lacks a little of my delicacy of touch, but—"

She stopped me with a gesture. "That is not

my meaning," she said. "This Richard who removes nervous headaches and other complaints by stroking the foreheads of the sufferers is no one I know. You do not talk like him, and I am glad to think that I was not aware that there was any other parallel possible between you."

"Now what on earth do you mean?" I asked, both nettled and puzzled. "What are you glad about? What are you not aware of? And what, oh, what, is the parallel?"

"Have you been in the habit of stroking women's foreheads, patting their hands, and smoothing their cheeks?" she asked.

"Oh," said I, "I begin to see light. Why, yes, I usually employ such methods if I wish to hypnotize a woman. It is considered soothing and quieting, I understand."

"I don't wish you to suppose," she said, "that I am—jealous of such things. It is not that. I do not care enough for you to be jealous. But if you ever expect to be anything more to me than you are now, you must give up hypnotizing."

"Have you any objection to my stroking a man's forehead?"

"You would like to think me jealous," she replied. "I am not. But when I read what you had written it seemed to me that you were cheapening yourself rather in the matter of carresses."

I wheeled my chair round to face her. "You hit hard," I said, reddening with annoyance.

"I am accustomed to speak my mind," she said. "To quote your own words, my habit of calling a spade a spade is praiseworthy. Must you feel irritated if the truth, as I see it, is unpalatable to you?"

"Hang it all," I said, driven into a corner, "this is supposed to be a history, not a romance. You told me to stick to facts, and because I do so, you find fault with me."

"It is more than a history," she said curtly, "it is a revelation."

"Of crime perfectly hideous to contemplate," I added.

"Would you like me to do as you have done?" she asked. "Should I not lose something of delicacy, refinement, call it what you will, if I employed these means even to benefit my friends?"

"It would depend entirely," said I, "upon

whether they were your male or female acquaintance. Surely you are unreasonable, seriously speaking."

"I am not," she said with conviction. "The down on the butterfly's wing is not more finely shaded than a woman's sensibilities. I am afraid that if I saw a man whom I was fond of so disporting himself he would become common in my eyes. He would seem to be—anybody's property, not mine at all. Every woman would feel the same shrinking, but they would be tolerant perhaps, and I could not be."

"There is just one thing that strikes me with singular force," I cried; "if this is our ten minutes' refreshment the effect of the interval is not exhilarating to the writer."

"That can be very easily remedied," she replied, moving away.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, detaining her. "Heavens, do you wish to drive me mad. Have it your own way. I don't care tuppence if I never hypnotize another woman as long as I live. And as for this infernal manuscript—it can go into the fire. I shall burn it."

"You will do no such thing," she cried, "why, I am delighted with it."

I have long ceased to be surprised at this lady's changes of front, but I needed a little time to recover my serenity at this juncture.

"You might have mentioned it a little earlier," I remarked at length.

She laughed. "The sugar-plum is given *after* the dose."

"I can still taste the medicine."

"The bitter is wholesome, boy," she said mischievously. "I hope you will always taste it—a little. Now you feel rested, don't you? You feel as if you could write the next chapter. You feel that you must write at once. Take up your pen."

"Your suggestions are not effective," I said. "I am no longer enthusiastic."

"But you must believe that you are," she said, mimicking my tones when I endeavor to impress a patient. "You must believe it. You must encourage the thought. You want to write. Here is your pen. All thought tends to take form in action. Act then."

"You are an exasperating creature," I cried. "I believe it is a rare pleasure to you to torment me."

"It is good for you sometimes, but I was quite serious in what I said."

"Well, well, I have capitulated once more."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely and without conditions."

"You need not adhere too closely to your resolve," she said, as she turned away. "You can hypnotize other women if it's necessary. Only—you need not touch them, you know."

"I would rather die," I cried recklessly. "Henceforth I am no more an operator."

"I think that would be best," she admitted. "Good bye."

"Good-bye. You are to make your entrance in this chapter."

"Let it be as dignified then as my exit now."

CHAPTER II.

THE LINE OF WORK.

RICHARD's second seance was an event in his life history. Some few weeks after the occurrences detailed in the previous chapter had happened, he received a note from his lady patient conveying the following information:

"A young friend of mine is visiting me at present whose case might be of interest to you. She has been suffering for nine years from a deafness which has affected one ear to such an extent that she can only hear through it by means of a trumpet. She has seen several specialists, and they unite in saying that nothing can be done for her. They describe it as a nervous, not an organic, disease, and on those grounds pronounce it incurable. They terrify her by saying that it may in time affect the other ear. The curious point is that in a street-car or a railway train her hearing is quite good, just as perfect, in fact, as any one's. She is quite willing to try any treatment that may be expected to be

of benefit, and if you would like to test your hypnotic power upon her, we shall be at home to-morrow evening. P. S. I have had no return of the headaches."

"Now would any one believe," said Richard to himself, as he sat down to dash off an acceptance of the invitation, "that these specialists could have been such asses as not to be able to distinguish between a mental and a physical ailment?—not to know that the treatment must fit the disease, and that psychic force only can reach the nerve centers? Of course she can be cured. I can cure her. But these specialists have, by their repeated suggestions that her case is hopeless, built up on a strong foundation her own conviction that nothing can be done for her. Her auto-suggestion must therefore be rather difficult to remove. However, I can remove it, and it shall be done to-morrow evening. The note says nothing of the appearance of this damsel. I hope she's good looking; it will make it more interesting."

On the following evening, therefore, he dressed himself with more than ordinary care, took dinner at his club, and, at nine o'clock, presented himself at the house of his lady pa-

tient, Mrs. Rawlinson. He was the only guest, his hostess informed him, an announcement which suited the purpose of his visit.

"I much prefer," he said, "that an important experiment, such as this, should be undertaken as privately as possible. The presence of a skeptic is much to be dreaded in its influence upon the mind of the subject, especially if no attempt has previously been made to hypnotize her. Your friend is not here yet?"

"Oh, Miss Deverest? Yes, she is upstairs. She will be down in a minute. I want a few minutes' conversation with you before she comes. Tell me, how are you getting on with your experiments?"

"Very well, I think," he replied. "Had dozens of patients since I saw you last. You see, it has got noised abroad that I don't charge anything for treatment, so these people have come to me as a sort of forlorn hope. They put it to themselves that if I can't do them any good, I am not likely to do them any harm, and their pockets won't suffer in any case. So on the whole I may say that business is brisk."

"What are these cases?"

"One's an old man with neuralgic pains in the

back of his head. There are two others who are victims of insomnia. They are cured, both of them, but the old man is a tough subject. I put him in a chair, and gave him a brass button to look at. Told him to keep his eyes fastened on that button, and to rivet his whole attention upon it; not to let his mind wander from it for an instant. He obeyed me like a lamb, and for ten minutes the old man looked at the button, and I looked at the old man. Then he coughed and said, 'It don't seem to work, boss.' 'There's no hurry,' I said, 'take your time. You're beginning to feel sleepy.' 'I can't say I am,' he said. 'Your eyes are beginning to feel heavy,' I went on. 'You feel the need of sleep. You want to go to sleep. There is nothing difficult about it. Let yourself go.'

"The old man shook his head. 'I don't seem somehow to feel that way,' he said. 'But you will in a little while,' I repeated. 'Keep your mind on that button, and don't argue with yourself, just go quietly to sleep now.' Well, he tried for half an hour, more or less, and then he got up and said he'd have to go home. It wasn't natural for him to sleep, he said, while any one was glaring at him; it kept him awake. I told

him to come the next day, and when he arrived I gave him the button again to look at and went out of the room, telling him that he would be asleep before I returned, and that my entrance would not rouse him. In about twenty minutes I came back and found him wide awake. He told me that the thought of my return to the room was constantly with him, and drove away sleep. I sent him away after informing him that on the morrow I should mesmerize him by psychic force. He seemed incredulous, but evidently did not know what I was talking about. This ignorance on his part was sufficient, as you will see, to create an impression. When he was again in the chair before me I asked him solemnly if he ever had seen the effect of mesmerism upon man, and he replied that he had only seen a professor of hypnotism do some curious things at a public performance. I told him that mesmerism was a powerful force seldom brought into play, but which was developed through exercise of the will; a force which I possessed myself to a remarkable degree.

“Then I darkened the room by pulling down the blinds, and advised him not to feel alarmed at any sensations he might experience during the

treatment, explaining that though they would be powerful, without doubt, he would feel no after inconvenience from them. 'Before I mesmerize a patient,' I said, 'I make a practice of strengthening the nervous system by magnetism. Give me your thumbs.' The old gentleman didn't seem to enjoy the idea of submitting to this process, but I suppose he thought he might as well keep his objections to himself for the present. So I sat down in a chair facing him, pressed my knees against his, and taking his thumbs, looked hard into his eyes. 'Be passive and quiet,' I said. 'You want to talk, to argue, to analyze your sensations. You want to say that you don't believe this or that has an effect upon you. Don't do this. Don't think of anything. Be quiet and receptive. You will feel a pricking sensation in your thumbs in a little while. That is the magnetic current passing from my body to yours. I can feel it leaving me now. According to your own attitude of mind you will feel it strongly or faintly. It depends on yourself. But if you resist, I shall compel you to receive it.' This had a little effect upon the old gentleman, and in a little while he said he felt his left thumb tickling. 'That is because

the current is entering you on the left side,' I told him, 'and it will make a circuit of our bodies in a few minutes. You will feel it extending up the left arm; feel a pain in the muscle of the arm first, then in the shoulder, then a warmth down the spine. You are taking magnetism from me now in the form of an invisible fluid. You feel it now distinctly!' Yes, he admitted that he felt all the symptoms and asked if it would do him any good. I said it had great curative force in itself, but that its best effects were noted in connection with mesmeric sleep, into which state he would pass in a short while. 'Now,' I said, 'you have had enough magnetism. Your nervous system is sufficiently braced to permit me to proceed. Lie down here,' and I made him comfortable on the sofa. 'I could have mesmerized you if you had remained in the chair,' I said, 'but the long pass which I am going to employ in your case is always effective. It induces sleep invariably, and I use it upon patients who show themselves to be unaffected by other methods.' Then I began to pass my hands very slowly from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, bending over him, and never taking my eyes from his. Each pass took

about thirty seconds. Do you find this experiment tedious in its narration?"

"I am most interested," said Mrs. Rawlinson; "pray go on. Did he sleep after all?"

"Oh yes, he slept," said Richard. "He believed, you see, that he couldn't help going to sleep, and the result followed as a matter of course. I didn't mean to tell you the truth quite so soon, however. The fact is, the only difference with respect to your case and his, lay in this, that you made yourself passive at once, and he arrived at the same state with difficulty."

"But you are destroying my faith in the marvelous," she replied. "I don't wish to believe that there is no such thing as animal magnetism. I like to think that by some mysterious influence you sent me to sleep, and removed my headaches."

"Believe it, if you wish to," said Richard, "but I thought you would prefer knowledge to faith."

"No. I like mystery. All women do, I think. You will spoil your work if you try to explain its results on natural grounds. Why did you tell me this? Now I shall not be able to get any satisfaction out of the thought that I am different

from other people. Can any one be hypnotized?"

"About ninety per cent. But you need not accept this as an explanation of the induction of hypnotic, mesmeric, or magnetic sleep," said Richard. "I am only telling you the effect of accumulated suggestion upon this old man. Simple suggestion, you see, had no effect upon him. He was not impressed by it. When he was sufficiently impressed, he slept. You can still believe, if you desire, that he yielded to my mesmeric power. I am compelled to think that the effect produced was through himself alone, and that his concentrated thought, aided by his expectation of sleep, produced sleep through a lessening of the circulation of blood in the brain, which is the most important condition of ordinary sleep."

"I shall believe in mesmerism, nevertheless," replied Mrs. Rawlinson; "it is more satisfying to the imagination."

"As you will. At all events, the old gentleman slumbered, and so deeply that he was incapable of responding to a suggestion. His whole body was relaxed, and he could not obey suggestions. I raised his arm, and suggested that it was rigid, and would remain in the posi-

tion in which I placed it; it fell to his side as soon as I removed my hand. He did not betray by so much as a nod of the head that he heard my voice, but he carried out the suggestion that he would sleep for half an hour and awake much refreshed. He was greatly pleased with himself when he awoke, and described his sensations of falling to sleep as very curious. He could feel, he said, when his eyes were shut, the effect of every pass I made over his body. At first it was like little pin pricks here and there, but afterwards a feeling of deep repose, with unwillingness and even inability to move, came over him. He heard my voice, he said, and remembered everything I said to him, but felt unable to obey. He was too lazily inclined to even raise his arm or nod his head. I told him that I had purposely avoided giving him any suggestions about his neuralgic pains until he was mesmerized again, more completely, but I said that he would find the pain much lessened even now. He agreed that it was better, and that is as far as I have gone with him. He comes to me to-morrow for his second treatment."

"And what about those two cases of insomnia you spoke of?"

"Both cured," said Richard, "by simple suggestion. Both are young men, curiously enough, unaccustomed to the use of stimulants, and not suffering from the effects of the excessive use of any drug, cocaine, morphine, or anything of that kind; just nervous exhaustion, and brain worry. One of them got no further than the drowsy state, but I suggested to him repeatedly in that condition the fact that he would sleep that night, and sleep soundly for six hours, and that he would return to me on the following morning. He came back at the time appointed and said he had had a good sleep the preceding night, but did not know how long it lasted. Put him into the drowsy state again, and suggested over and over again that he would sleep normally, and would not be troubled with insomnia again. Explained the physiological condition of sleep to him as well as I could, and told him not to come back to me any more, as it would not be necessary. He wrote me a few days ago saying that he was in good health, and sleeping splendidly. Very encouraging, isn't it?"

"Very. Do you think, then, that just a suggestion given when a person is drowsy has so much effect?"

“In many cases a drowsy condition is all that is necessary in order to produce the after-effect desired. You see, hypnosis is not really sleep. Hypnotism is not even the induction of sleep. Hypnosis is a state of exalted receptivity of the mind. It is a state in which the mind is more impressionable than in the waking condition. When the waking consciousness is lulled into passivity, when there is least opposition to suggestion, then these suggestions will produce their best effect. In some cases that passivity may be present without sleep, even without drowsiness, as in the case of persons who are said to be easily led or influenced by others. They will take suggestions up to a certain point when they are fully awake. For instance, you know that you can reason some people into a belief that a certain duty which they dislike to perform is really an occasion of enjoyment; you can make them believe, if you stick at it long enough, that they really do enjoy it without knowing it, and having led them to that conclusion you can, by iteration and positive assertion, rouse this suggested condition of enjoyment into activity. It may be that the argument or lever which is most effective in such a case is the insinuation

that the performance of that particular duty is something which is much coveted by another. It doesn't matter what lines of argument may be adopted, the fact remains that it can be done, and these persons are hypnotized while in a waking condition into believing that they like to do a thing which they had previously experienced a distaste for."

"They must be very weak persons mentally," said Mrs. Rawlinson.

"Let us call them very impressionable," said Richard. "I merely wanted to make plain the first principle of hypnosis. Now with respect to the average man or woman it is necessary before they can be made to believe something which is contrary to their previous opinion, that that previous opinion, or auto-suggestion, be lulled and quieted. The state in which the mind is most open to accept impressions from the outside is the state of sleep. Then the auto-suggestion is least active. It is never destroyed, as I shall show you some day, I hope, but it is least active. Now if you follow me here you can understand why it is that it is necessary to induce profound sleep in some persons before the desired effects of therapeutic suggestion are

arrived at, and why in others only a light sleep or even drowsiness is all that is required."

"Because in the one case the convictions are more deeply rooted than in the other," said his hostess.

"Exactly. Because the auto-suggestion is more difficult to overcome in certain people. But it also happens that in some simple cases suggestions given and accepted during profound sleep, fail in their therapeutic effect, and when this is the case the only conclusion to be drawn is that the patient is either suffering from a disease which will not yield to mental treatment, or that his excessive objectivity, that is, his inability to believe what I tell him, his absence of faith in me and in himself, causes him, unconsciously, perhaps, to employ his auto-suggestion to resist the treatment. Remember that this resistance to suggestion does not imply strength of will, or of character. It is a fact that a perfectly healthy man or woman makes the best hypnotic subject. Such persons command themselves to be passive, and they are so. They reason on the matter to the extent of knowing that they can exercise the power to submit which is inherent in them."

"So they agree to let themselves be dominated by another?"

"They are not actually dominated," said Richard. "They are in a condition of mind in which they may be guided to their own advantage. The will may be stimulated. An impulse, which in their waking condition was only an impulse, dismissed before it developed into a desire, may be strengthened by hypnotic suggestion into a determination. But when you speak of dominating you imply that the subject or patient may be compelled by this influence to perform some action contrary to his inclination or instinct when in the waking condition. Neither hypnotic nor mesmeric influence, if there is such a thing, can accomplish this. It is an old cry, and a popular one, that the hypnotized person is an automaton, a helpless, irresponsible being, the creature of the hypnotist; that his will is not only in subjection to the other, but that his state of bondage is likely to grow upon him, and that he can be reduced to the same condition by a word or gesture from his master. That this is quite an erroneous supposition I have proved for myself, and I find all modern authorities are in accord in stating that the free-will of the sub-

ject is not destroyed, either during the seance, or subsequent to it. The subject submits to be hypnotized in the first place. He cannot be affected in the least degree if he makes up his mind that he will not submit to the process. In spite of the absurd things he may consent to do upon the platform at the bidding of the hypnotist, he is a responsible agent, and he will neither endanger his own life, nor perform any action contrary to his principles."

"But these are only assertions," said my hostess, "and although I grant that your experience may warrant them, there is no proof in them for me."

"No, but I came across a piece of evidence the other day in a work on hypnotism," said Richard, "which struck me with special force in its bearing on this point. It is tolerably convincing."

"Just excuse me for a moment, she said, "I can't think what is keeping Rachel. I want to hear your story, but I am ashamed to have forgotten her all this while."

She left the room, and returned in a few minutes with the information that her friend felt so tired that she had gone to bed, but hoped that

the experiment would keep for another evening.

"She is quite unconventional," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "and it would seem to her the most natural thing in the world to obey her impulse. I hope you don't feel yourself cheated."

"I am quite comfortable, thanks," said Richard, with a smile; "nothing pleases me more than to hold forth on this subject to an appreciative listener, and I think you are interested in hypnotism, are you not?"

"Very much. It is still mysterious to me, and will always be so, I think."

"It can be quite as interesting, I assure you, even when the mystery is dissolved. However, as to this piece of evidence. You must know that hypnotic subjects undergo a long course of training in the production of phenomena, and—I speak of those employed by professional men, whether they are traveling hypnotists, or hospital surgeons demonstrating scientific facts to their classes—these subjects become valuable in proportion to their intelligence as somnambulists. A good somnambulist has a certain value in cash. Now you would infer that if the will of the subject was weakened by repeated experiments, he would become the property of the hypnotist

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who employed him. You would not suppose that a mere offer of so much more money from another, and perhaps a rival, hypnotist would have power to break the chain that binds him. Yet it is a fact that just so soon as the trained subject can better his material position he breaks with his old master and goes over to the other side. To get the full force of this you must remember that the traveling hypnotist is not likely to be too scrupulous in his arguments towards detaining this human property. All that can be done in the way of impressing and terrifying his subject, even to the exercise of force, he may be trusted to try; but the self-interest of the latter proves too powerful for the influence of the other, and a matter of a little money is enough to part them. Does it not seem to you that the compulsory obedience theory is untenable? If it does not bore you too much I will come in to-morrow evening, and we can continue this talk," said Richard, as he took his departure. "Perhaps, too, your friend will be willing to undergo the experiment then."

"I know she will be delighted, and you could not possibly bore me with this topic. Come in to-morrow, and any other evening you like. Thank you so much; good-bye."

INTERLOGUE.

"I AM very sorry," I said, turning round, "but I have not been able to work you in yet," and lest any one may consider the remark inconsequent it may be added that I had heard her footsteps in the room some five minutes previously, and that she was sitting a little distance away, doing some embroidery work, or sewing of some kind.

"How much have you written?" she asked, stooping to bite a thread.

"Look out, you'll break your teeth. I have written another chapter—a long one."

"Two chapters, and I am not 'worked in,' as you call it, yet? Perhaps I am not a necessary ingredient after all."

"On the contrary, the other characters will revolve round you."

"And you will be the spoon to stir with?"

"My metaphor is a better one," I said. "I likened you to a sun."

"I thought a haggis or a pudding more ap-

propriate. You can 'work in' anything you like then, you know."

"Spoon is too suggestive," I replied, taking a seat near her. "I am fagged to death. I can do no more to-day. Tired nature must have rest. Where's your ear-trumpet?"

Have I mentioned that this lady is only partially deaf? If not, let me explain that she is not compelled to use an ear-trumpet for ordinary purposes of conversation, and if I put my lips close to her left ear, so that her curls tickle my mouth and nose, she can hear me perfectly. As a rule I adopt the latter mode when we are alone, and reserve the ear-trumpet for public or semi-public occasions. But she sometimes insists upon my using this ear-trumpet for her own reasons. If it were not that her affliction has saddened and lined her beautiful face at an age when most women are in the full enjoyment of youth and vigor, by cutting her off from the world and forcing her back upon herself, I should take pleasure in the thought that even in this she is not as other women. I tell her that she wears that trumpet, a black snake-like instrument, with a most becoming grace, and that its use in public confers a distinction upon both of

us. Moreover I derive a jealous satisfaction in the reflection that most of her friends have not learnt how best to speak through it. If they speak too loud, the noise jars upon her auditory nerves; if too low, she misses the point of the remark; whereas I have studied, and can therefore employ, the tone which is most pleasant to her. This makes her to a certain extent dependent upon me, which is a most satisfactory state of affairs, and one which I should be sorry for many reasons to disturb. I can make her hear every syllable when she is ten feet away if I am on her right side, but I much prefer to sit on her left, and forget casually to use the trumpet. In disposition she is as indolent as I am myself, though I have impressed upon her the fact that I am at any time ready and willing to conquer my instinctive aversion to labor. That I have not yet done so I turn to account as an argument in my favor by telling her that she has not yet shown sufficient interest in my career to encourage me to effort.

"Will you put down that sewing," I asked, "and talk to me?"

"I have never been able to sew," she replied, "this is crochet-work."

"It looks very difficult; is it—ah—useful?"

"Both useful and ornamental."

"When you are a beautiful, white-haired old lady you will knit wonderful stockings, I expect."

"I knit them now," she said, "but I never wear them. I give them away to poor people who say, 'God bless you, lady,' and then I feel like a hypocrite."

"Why? Because the stockings are badly made?"

"They are beautifully made. No, because I have only given them away to get rid of them. They are large and comfortable, of course, but very ugly. I could not possibly keep them."

"You have a pretty foot," I said, laying down the ear-trumpet.

"I think poor people, in spite of their sufferings, are greatly to be envied," she remarked, absently. "Very little suffices to give them pleasure, and if they know pain, they can touch hands with happiness."

"Is happiness impossible for you?" I asked.

"It seems very difficult to reach," she replied with a pathetic little smile. "I think, sometimes, my life is ended now. And I am not thirty yet."

"Your life is just beginning," I said.

She shook her head. "I wish I were a really good woman—a religious woman. I should like to be able to believe all was for the best. If I could think even that I was expurgating some hideous offense committed in a previous existence, I could bear it better. Things would not seem so unjust."

"You've got a fit of the blues," I said cheerfully. "It will pass off. You'd better get your hat and come out for a walk."

"You don't often see me like this."

"Not often, certainly. But I like to see that you're flesh and blood sometimes."

"You have been so good to me," she said, with a grateful smile. "I wonder why you should. Why do you take all this trouble?"

"If it were a trouble, I shouldn't take it; it's a pleasure, because I love you."

"I don't think so," she said, seriously. "You are kind and thoughtful, but you don't love me. There is something wanting."

"If you are under the delusion that I am trying to be a brother to you, or anything of that sort, let me disclaim the honor at once. My aims are more selfish."

"I think you are only studying me psychologically."

"You are certainly a problem, but if you were not physically beautiful I am afraid I should have given it up long ago."

"But we have nothing in common. You are English, I am American. I like my country, you like yours. Say that we have a few tastes in harmony, that is not enough."

"We are harmoniously constituted," I said; "we are both very lazy."

"I am not," she cried.

"Pardon me, you are quite the idlest person I know. You make a business of doing nothing. That is why you refresh me so greatly."

"Why are you not ambitious?" she inquired. "If I had been born a man I would have cut my name in big letters before I had reached your age."

"I have seen my name in a newspaper," I replied. "It is enough. Now there is but one advertising space that I would fill."

"What is that?"

"Your heart."

"Oh, I can hear you quite well if you speak through the ear-trumpet," she said.

"You keep me at trumpet's-length always," I said, with some dissatisfaction. "I wish you would lose this instrument."

She laughed. "Tell me really why you like me."

"Because, first, you are an American woman, and can therefore be frank without being unwomanly."

"That seems to reflect on your English girls."

"Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my acquaintance, but the general run seemed to me to have only one object in view."

"And that was?"

"Marriage."

"A compliment to your brother man then. Are all Englishmen as unchivalrous?"

"I hope not. I love an Englishman above all other things created in man's likeness."

"Let me hear his attributes."

"He is the most polite, and the most churlish beggar alive," I said.

"Don't be so paradoxical. What else?"

"And he prefers a pipe to an indifferent cigar. It is all summed up in that."

"A curious definition," she said "It doesn't satisfy me."

"I speak of the young Englishman of good family," I added, "who emigrates. Those who stay at home, and succeed in life, are a different

race. Of those who emigrate, the majority play the fool, but they do it grandly, and in fact show your countrymen how it should be done. They go direct to smash with a whole-heartedness that is without guile."

"What do they do then?"

"The street-railways absorb them. The conductors and drivers are a very gentlemanly set of fellows, who are honestly endeavoring to live down an acquired thirst."

"And what did you do?"

"I? Oh, I also emigrated, certainly. But I was ambitious. I bought a farm in Manitoba and worked. I did indeed. I sunk a cool thou. in that farm, and left them both behind me at the end of nine years. Then I wrote a book upon the subject of agriculture as it applied to young Englishmen. I put my hero on a good farm, and ran him through four seasons. Sent him off his head a little in the second winter, and gave him one crop hailed out, and one frozen. Then I killed him with typhoid fever in the last chapter."

"You were romancing as usual."

"No, I was sticking to facts. Mice had fallen into his well, you know, and he drank the water.

It often happens so up there. The cribbing of the well was defective."

"How very nasty! Is this book published?"

"No, but it will be some day, and it will make some stir because people will say that it is so untrue. It is a fact, however. '*Haud ignara loquor.*'"

"Then why did you stay there nine years?"

"That I might patiently increase the mortgage on my property, and also—shall I confess it?—for the unworthy reason that I hated to be beaten."

"Ah, there is something in you after all, then."

"There was—there is not now, unless you choose to rekindle the spark with your breath. And that you may do so the more effectually, permit me to lay aside the ear-trumpet."

"I am afraid a puff might extinguish it altogether. Don't pun upon the word 'puff' please, as I see you are about to do."

"I scorn it," I said. "If you come to think of it, it is very curious that both your life and mine may be said to have ended on the narrow side of thirty. Evidently we have no right to be alive."

"You may begin again," she said.

"Not alone," I answered.

"This is a long ten minutes, Mr. Robinson."

"How are your 'blues,' Miss Rachel?"

"Much better, thanks. You can always amuse me."

"Even that is something. Let's go for a walk."

CHAPTER III.

SOMNAMBULISM.

ABOUT this time a curious problem presented itself to Richard in connection with his work. Was over-confidence in hypnotism as a remedial agent a thing to be encouraged or avoided? He weighed the pro and con very carefully and decided in favor of the former state of mind. He argued that absolute confidence on the part of the operator produced, or at least encouraged, a corresponding psychic condition in the patient, and that, on the contrary, advice to a sufferer to try hypnotic suggestion as a possible remedy which could not in any case be productive of an aggravation of the disease, was not sufficiently comforting to be impressive. He had adopted the duality of mind hypothesis as the most perfect in all its bearings upon the human organism, physiologically or psychologically considered, and consequently assumed that man was possessed of two minds, the objective and the subjective. That the objective

or reasoning mind might be defined as the waking consciousness, a reasoning, inductive, and aggressive entity, while the subjective mind or soul, possessing independent powers of action, could also exert a full control over the objective mind. The objective powers were necessary but not absolute; the subjective were all-potent. Yet the subjective mind was constantly amenable to suggestion from within and from without. The objective memory was distinct from the subjective, being imperfect in its retention of impressions. The objective mind was mortal, the subjective immortal. The properties of the subjective mind were self-preservation, perpetuation of the species, perfect memory, and a knowledge of the laws which govern the harmony of sounds and colors. It was the fault of our system of education that in the civilized man the objective faculties were almost exclusively cultivated, while the subjective were permitted to rust. A man of genius was he in whom the subjective and objective powers were highly but not equally developed. If the nice balance of the two minds were disturbed to the extent of giving the subjective full sway, the man was mad. If the subjective mind were given volun-

tary control of the objective for a time, the man was a medium, a soothsayer, a hypnotic subject, a clairvoyant, or was simply asleep; if the control were involuntary, a seizure of authority, in short, he was insane, reason had lost her throne.

There were so many degrees of subjectivity, even in the waking man, that it seemed to Richard the term "Hypnotism" was not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace that vast field of medical science which was becoming known as suggestive therapeutics. Very few people realized that the value of hypnotic suggestion as a curative agency was in direct proportion to the powers, not of the intellect, but of the soul plus the intellect. The word hypnotism meant, originally, sleep, but a drowsy person might be subjective and might be healed or benefited by suggestion when sleep was out of the question. Seeing that the treatment of disease on these lines was a purely mental process, "Psychology" seemed the more appropriate designation. The employment of the word admitted the supremacy of the soul as the greatest force in man; the power of mind over matter; the potency of belief. Without belief there could no miracle be performed, but to them that believed all things

were possible. Given absolute belief either in his own power or in the power of a God, and the result expected would assuredly follow. It seemed easier for men to put absolute trust in a God, than to rest solely on the power contained in themselves. To go a step further and claim that their own souls were not only inspired by God, but were an inalienable part of this Godhead, smacked of impiety. Yet if a man believed in God he should also believe in himself, for his soul, and his soul alone, is divine and immortal; and his consciousness, which is a part of his soul or subjective mind, is likewise of necessity immortal, or so it seemed to Richard. He read Ingersoll, and found nothing in that great iconoclast to conflict with the simplicities of his own faith. Ingersoll devotes his objective reasoning to the demolishing of the errors and superstitions piled up for centuries round the acknowledged Christian creeds. He denies the likeness to the true God in the human deity enthroned by men for worship. But he overlooks the fact that the real reason why he is branded atheist is that men are ignorant, not of the truths of his teaching, but of the powers of their own souls. Instinct alone would prevent a shipwrecked

man from releasing his hold on a plank unless there were a life-buoy within his reach. Commercial instinct disapproves of surrendering something for nothing, and religion is the commerce of souls. Ingersoll attempts to lay waste a spiritual piece of property, without giving, or even offering to give, compensation to the heirs. Therefore the heirs rise against him and dub him "infidel."

"I am convinced," said Richard to his friend Mrs. Rawlinson, to whom he unfolded his views on this matter, "that psychology will be the theology of the future. All other forms of belief will be swallowed up by this Aaron's rod, for is not every creed, even at the present time, while men are yet groping blindly, founded upon psychology? It is only in the details of our belief that we differ. And hypnotism will play no small part in the revealing of the truth. Let me put it for you in the form of a parable. A certain man went forth to dig in his yard; and as he labored diligently with the spade, he unearthed a gem of great splendor, and the light of the jewel blinded him. Then he threw away his spade, and gazed long at the precious stone. And he feared to touch it because his hands

were dirty. So he cleansed himself at the brook, and returned, and took the jewel and wore it, for it was his own, and many men wondered at the light of the jewel. And they said to him, 'Where didst thou find this?' And he answered, 'In mine own garden.' Then they labored each in his own plot, some with their hands and some with spade or shovel, and they unearthed jewels like unto the one which the man had found, and they sold the jewels or hid them away in secret places. But some there were who found nothing; and others said, 'This man thinketh that he wears a jewel—lo, it is but glass!' And they would not dig. But he who had found the precious gem wore it in the presence of all men and rejoiced in its radiance, for his heart was glad."

"Your parable is not difficult to read," said Mrs. Rawlinson. "But what is the spade?"

"Hypnotism," said Richard, "a useful instrument in psychic research."

"Why did the man throw it away?"

"Because it was only an instrument. In the years to come there will be no need of hypnotism. Men will touch the truth itself when their self-knowledge permits it. At the present time

if you have a headache you use certain drugs to remove it, or you are hypnotized by some one, and he removes it by suggestion. Later on, say in five hundred years from now, if you lived and had a headache—”

“I should be rather old, should I not?”

“If you belonged to that generation, and had a headache, you would hypnotize yourself; you would pass into the subjective state, saying, ‘I will sleep for five minutes, and my headache will be gone when I wake.’ It would disappear if you knew your own power, and therefore spoke with absolute faith in yourself. You would say, ‘It will never return,’ and it never would return. Carrying this point to its logical conclusion, you would not find it necessary even to pass into the sleep state to achieve the result. If you had the faith, or the knowledge of which the faith was born, the headache would disappear at the command of your subjective power.”

“Where would this power end? I need never be ill.”

“There will be no disease upon the earth in the days to come, but it will take more than five hundred years to build the new race, and make self-knowledge universal. Is your friend, the

deaf lady, willing to be hypnotized this evening?"

"Yes. Do you think it would give her more confidence if I went under the influence first?"

"I think it would, certainly. Before you call her I want to send you to sleep for five minutes. Just look at me now. Look into my eyes. You are not afraid? You have full confidence in me, and know that hypnotism is not a thing to dread?"

"Oh yes, I am not afraid; but it is because I think I know you; not because I understand hypnotism."

"You will understand it in a little while. You are quite easy in your mind, and quiet; calm and quiet. Rest so, and let your mind become a blank. My face will fade away from you in outline, and only my eyes remain. Then you will sleep. Your eyes are closing now. They are getting very heavy. Let them close. You are resting quietly; your legs and arms feel heavy and numb; your brain is quiet, and you are going sound asleep. Sleep quietly. You are quite comfortable. How do you feel?"

"Heavenly," said the lady in a drowsy tone. "I—" she did not finish the sentence, which

ended in a deep sigh, her eyes closed, and her body relaxed.

"You are asleep. Fast asleep," said Richard. "Answer me."

"Yes."

"Your arm, your left arm, is getting stiff and rigid from the shoulder down. It is raising itself level with the shoulder."

He touched the arm, and it forthwith elevated itself at right angles to the body.

"Your arm cannot be bent; it is hard and inflexible. You cannot lower it. Try."

The subject made ineffectual efforts to lower her arm, as could be seen by the expression on her face, and the quivering of the muscles of the body.

"Now it is falling slowly to your side. Stiff from the shoulder."

The arm slowly descended.

"It is easy now, and all the muscles are relaxed. There is no stiffness in it."

The arm became supple and soft again, and the subject moved it to and fro to assure herself that it was so.

"You are fast asleep," said Richard, "but you can open your eyes and see me. Open your eyes."

The subject did so. The eyes had a dull inward look at first, but as he continued talking they assumed their normal expression, and the dilation of the pupils decreased naturally.

"You can see me distinctly. It does not tire you in any way to keep your eyes open. They are quite strong and clear. You can wink when you want to. What do I look like to you?"

"You are like a figure in white."

"No, I am black, but my hair is white. You see that my body is all black, and my skin is black. Quite black, but my hair is white. You see that?"

"Yes," she said, simply. "You are an old negro."

"Quite so. Now I pass my hands over my hair, thus, and it becomes dark again, while my face assumes its natural complexion, and Richard is his own man again. The change is very natural. You know me now."

"You change very quickly," she said.

"But you are not surprised."

"Oh no. It is nothing."

"Quite so," said Richard again. "Now you are about to get up and walk."

The subject shook her head in the negative.

"You are going to walk," he continued impressively. "You want to walk. You must walk. You cannot sit still any longer. Get up and walk across the room; keep your eyes open; look where you're going to, and bring me a book from the shelf. Any book 'will do."

The subject rose slowly, and walked heavily to the bookcase, selected a book and brought it to Richard, standing quietly in front of him.

"Bravo!" he said. "You see it is quite easy. You can walk perfectly well. You can see where you are going to. You are conscious of everything that is going on. Now you will walk upstairs and call your friend. Tell her to come down here to meet me. Don't let her see that you are asleep. Talk brightly to her. Act just as if you were wide awake. Walk lightly and easily. Don't thump about the place as if your boots weighed a ton. You walk very well, but walk lightly. It is quite easy. Go upstairs then, and call your friend. If you meet any one on the way, act and speak as if you were wide awake. Bring your friend down with you. Don't leave her until she is ready to come. Bring her with you. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"You will remember all this?"

"Of course."

"Very good. I shall sit here till you return. Then you must introduce me to your friend. It will be rather amusing altogether. Will it not?"

"Yes."

"Go then, and remember to be just like yourself. No Lady Macbeth severity, if you please. Be lively and talkative."

The lady smiled and walked slowly to the door. Half-way up the stairs, which she climbed heavily, as if each motion required some thought, she met her friend descending, and Richard heard a light voice exclaim:

"Here I am. Did you think I was never coming, Blanche?"

"I was going to your room to look for you," was the reply, given in measured tones. "I should have waited till you were ready to come with me."

"I am all ready now. What's the matter? Why do you look at me so?"

"I want you to come down with me."

"Well, let us go, Blanche. Bless me, you are not displeased, are you?"

"No. Let us go down."

"Blanche, what's the matter? Aren't you well? Come back to my room."

"No, let us go down," repeated Mrs. Rawlinson equably. "Come."

Very much mystified, and somewhat alarmed by the eccentric behavior of her friend, Miss Deverest suffered herself to be led to the sitting room, where a young man of medium height, and average appearance, was standing to receive them. She explained to him afterwards that her first view of the celebrated hypnotist was a distinct disappointment to her. She had expected at least to be petrified by a Svengali eye, whereas the young man who was presented to her only differed from the general run of mankind in that he wore his hair in a disheveled mass, and looked, after the first glance, not at her, but beyond her. His first impression differed somewhat from hers, and he was generous enough to inform her later that she "knocked him cold." He apologized for the expression and explained that nothing else seemed so well to illustrate his feeling of the moment. "A feeling," he said, "as if a bucket of ice-water had been thrown over me, followed by the application of hot

cloths to the forehead. It was very curious. I am glad I didn't betray it."

"I want to introduce you," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "to my friend Miss Deverest. Rachel, this is Mr. Robinson, the hypnotist, you know."

Having said this much in a matter of fact tone, the lady immediately sank into a chair and closed her eyes.

"Good heavens!" said Miss Deverest, "what is the matter with you, Blanche? I am sure you are ill. Why, she's asleep, or in a faint. She has fainted. Get some water, Mr. Robinson. Quick."

"Oh no, she's all right, I assure you. Don't be alarmed," said Richard, "she is merely asleep. See if you can wake her."

"Blanche, Blanche!" she cried, shaking her by the shoulder gently. "Wake up! Are you ill?"

The sleeper betrayed no sign of consciousness, and did not respond to the shaking.

"This is dreadful," said Miss Deverest. "I don't understand it at all. She cannot be asleep; she must have swooned."

"Allow me," said Richard, impressively, going towards the sleeper and touching her

forehead. "You have had a quiet sleep," he said. "You feel much rested, and quite well. When you wake up you will have forgotten everything that took place between the time when you fell asleep and the time of your waking. Wake up. Wake up quietly, feeling perfectly well. Wake up—" and he blew gently upon her eyelids.

Mrs. Rawlinson stirred, smiled a little, and opened her eyes. As she looked round, her gaze rested upon Rachel. "Oh, so you came downstairs after all," she said. "I began to think Mr. Robinson would miss you a second time. Let me introduce you."

"We already know each other," said Richard.

"Is it possible you have met before?"

"Quite possible. You introduced us yourself."

"Why, Blanche," broke in her friend in some alarm, "don't you remember coming upstairs to look for me, not five minutes ago?"

"My dear girl, I have never been out of this room, as Mr. Robinson can testify."

"But you came upstairs, and met me coming down, and spoke to me," cried Miss Deverest,

in desperation. "Oh, this is dreadful. We must call a doctor."

"What are you making all this fuss about, child?" said Mrs. Rawlinson irritably. "Good gracious, do you think me insane? I have been talking to Mr. Robinson all this evening, and I believe I went to sleep for a few minutes. Of course I did, and when I woke up you were sitting beside me. Isn't that true?" she asked, turning to Richard.

"Quite true," he replied. "You went to sleep, and Miss Deverest was sitting beside you when you waked."

Miss Deverest rose with a pale face. "I don't like this at all," she said to Richard. "I have never seen anything of this kind before, and it seems to me very dangerous. This is hypnotism, I suppose?"

"Yes, this is hypnotism."

"I don't like it at all," she repeated. "Blanche, I don't think you should put yourself in the power of any one. I am sure it is dangerous. Why, you don't even know what you have been doing. It is dreadful."

Mrs. Rawlinson flushed with annoyance, but before she could speak Richard broke in:

"You are really exciting yourself without cause, Miss Deverest. It is only because you have not seen a somnambulist before that this strikes you as something uncanny. I assure you that Mrs. Rawlinson remembers perfectly all that has happened. She is merely unconscious of the remembrance."

"I do not understand you."

"Naturally you don't, but you will in a little while. Do you remember going upstairs, Mrs. Rawlinson?"

"Certainly not," she replied.

"Well, if you will go to sleep again," said Richard, "you will remember everything that took place. Just try an experiment with yourself. Close your eyes and say to yourself, 'I am going to sleep for two minutes, and when I wake I shall remember all that happened during my first sleep this evening.' Will you try this?"

"Yes," she said. "Rachel, don't look at me like that, or I can't do it."

"Don't try, Blanche."

"Yes, I will. Don't be so silly. I mean to find out for myself what happened. Now I am going to sleep. Don't speak to me."

She closed her eyes, and lay back in her chair, while Miss Deverest turned her back upon Richard, and watched her friend intently. In about thirty seconds the subject made a curious sound, half a sigh, half an ejaculation, and her lips curved into a smile.

"She is asleep," said Richard in a whisper.

"She is not," said Miss Deverest.

"Be quiet," he commanded.

Miss Deverest said no more, but her back was suggestive of displeasure.

"But you must," said the sleeper, in a calm tone of authority. "Come. I have been sent to bring you," and she laughed softly, and relapsed into silence.

Miss Deverest, watching her friend, breathed quickly, but said no more. At the end of two minutes the subject woke laughing. "I have recovered it all," she said. "I met you on the stairs, Rachel, and you thought I was ill. You wanted me to go back with you to your room. I remember it all perfectly."

"You will make a very good somnambulist," said Richard, "with a little practice. There is nothing to be afraid of, Miss Deverest."

"I am not afraid," replied that young lady

curtly, "but I don't understand it. Why should she forget and then remember?"

"Because she was willing to forget in the first place. When she was asleep, she agreed to forget. Her subjective mind agreed to this proposal. Her subjective mind has control of her objective or waking mind. Consequently, her waking mind did not recall certain incidents which her subjective mind commanded it to forget. It is very simple. Such complete results are rare, however. Many subjects agree to forget certain suggestions that have been given them, but on returning to consciousness they recall with some effort, or with the assistance of some friend who was present, all that has taken place. In Mrs. Rawlinson's case auto-suggestion is not active, either during hypnosis or when she is awake, and this is a very important point.

"Therefore, because Mrs. Rawlinson's auto-suggestion is not as powerful as her faith, any suggestions given her will have a decided effect, both during hypnosis and after. See to what this leads us. If two people were hypnotized, both victims of the morphine habit, let us say, and if the same suggestion was

given to each that all desire for the drug would be instantly removed, the suggestion would have power, not in proportion to the depth of the hypnosis induced in each case, but in proportion to the objective development in the nature of the individual. So that while the suggestion would be so burnt into the soul of the one that he would never again feel the longing for the drug, the other on waking would be so distrustful or combative that the impression produced upon him would be ephemeral, and its force would evaporate in less than a day. In the one the faith, or the subjective development, is good; in the other, auto-suggestion is very active, and objective reason averts the force of the suggestion given during hypnosis. Both may be equally anxious to be rid of the habit; both may be easily hypnotized; but the one man is cured by faith in the operator, or in the suggestion of the operator, while the other simply cannot help disbelieving—or thinks he cannot be cured by this means. And this is why some suggestions act for weeks and months, while the same suggestion given to a man of different temperament makes little, if any, impression. Active auto-suggestion, if antagonistic or skep-

tical, wrecks the force of the influence, and throws it off."

"So that your hypnotic power can only be exercised—forgive me, Blanche—upon those who are naturally credulous?" said Miss Deverest with fine scorn, turning to Richard.

"You are quite mistaken," said he. "You judge before you have heard half the case. Hypnotism is equally effective in a person of strong will. How would you define strong will?"

"A resoluteness which cannot be swayed or turned aside."

"Quite so, but before that resoluteness can be achieved, there must be present in the individual the power of strong belief. He must be a man of great subjective development, or he could not have a firm opinion at all. Strong will is only a firm belief in oneself, and weak will is only a paralysis of belief in one's own power. You judge such men by their actions. Let us take the case of a public speaker who is temporarily unpopular. He goes unflinchingly upon his way, merely because he believes either in his own power or in the power of one greater than he. The result is the same in both cases. He may

be a politician advocating a villainous doctrine; or he may be a dignitary of the church seeking to purify his city of municipal corruption; or he may be an artisan living a simple life of unnoticed self-sacrifice. It doesn't matter in the least whom you select for an example, the motive principle must rest upon belief, which is faith, and which is also conviction. You can reach that state of belief through the reason, the intellect; you can produce faith in a man, I say, through his reasoning powers. Is he, therefore, to be pointed at as credulous? You make credulity a term of reproach, whereas it is natural to all men. Bless my life, we are all credulous. If we were not, progress would be impossible. A book is a suggestion. If I adopted your line of argument I should not believe that a book could even be written, unless I had written one myself. I should not believe that it could be printed unless I took one in my hand and examined it. But to go back to hypnotism, a strong-willed man overtaxes his brain, we will say, and breaks down. He is unable to sleep, and a state of nervous prostration comes upon him. Suppose such a man were brought to me to be hypnotized, I should in the first stages of

his treatment build up again his faith in himself. Hypnotic suggestion would be to him a mental stimulant, a tonic for the soul. A little rest for the body, a little quiet for the mind, freedom from worry, all of which he could quite well, if he only knew it, prescribe and carry out for himself, and the man is himself again. He does not know that he can assist himself, and so he comes to me or to a doctor. He leans upon us for a time, till his self-confidence is restored."

"You do not make it very clear that he is a strong-willed man in the first place," said Miss Deverest.

"Well, let us take such a man for a subject," continued Richard, "and let us suppose that he is suffering from a not very acute toothache. If I told such a man when he was wide awake that he had no pain in his tooth, he would think I was mad. But if he consents to be hypnotized to have that pain removed, he will have no difficulty in sleeping to begin with, because he uses his will-power to control his mind and centers his ideas upon sleep. So then he goes to sleep, and when he is comfortably off, I call upon his reason to support my suggestions. I tell him

that he has in himself the power to deaden sensation in any part of his body; that his will directs his brain, and his brain obeys, and that pain is merely an expression of sensation which in turn is under the control of the brain. So that he has but to command pain to cease, and it will assuredly do so, not only if the pain be imaginary, but if it be, as in his case, due to a diseased condition of a tooth. I tell him that he can subdue his auto-suggestion of pain, and that when he wakes his pain will be gone. If he shakes his head it is conclusive that his auto-suggestion is at work, and I have to explain still further that if he doubts, the effect cannot possibly follow. When he understands the force of my suggestions, and accepts them without question, he is told to awake free from pain, and he invariably does so. Here again it is his faith that has made him 'whole.'"

"But supposing the pain returns?"

"He can remove it by making himself passive, inducing a condition of tranquility of mind, which is auto-hypnosis, and repeating to himself with conviction or even with quiet determination the formula that he feels no pain, that he can control the sensations of his body, and that the

pain has disappeared. The explanation is that by this mere repetition of words uttered with some faith (absolute faith is not possible at first) that they will produce the effect, he arouses that faith in his subjective mind, and this in turn asserts its power over his objective consciousness. So that you have the curious spectacle of a man uttering something as a fact which his objective mind does not believe in. He says he feels no pain, yet he is conscious that the pain is there. Let him persevere for a little, and he will find that the faith in his subjective mind dominates the objection of his waking consciousness and absorbs it, and the pain departs."

"This is very wonderful if it is true," said Miss Deverest.

"You can prove it for yourself," said Richard, "if you have a little patience."

"Do you think you could cure this buzzing in my ears by hypnotic suggestion, Mr. Robinson?"

"I am quite sure I could. Do you believe that I can?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Deverest positively.

"Then you'd better read up your subject before I begin," said Richard. "I am not going

to waste my time and yours unless you have at least some confidence in the treatment. Good evening."

"Well, isn't he a bear?" remarked Miss Deverest, *sotto voce* to her friend.

INTERLOGUE.

"I DID think you were rather bearish," she said, when she had finished reading the last line. "You seemed to think that we should bow down and worship on the instant."

"If I ever thought so I am still of that opinion."

"Words mean so little to one, and so much to another. You cannot make a person believe a thing by telling him to believe it."

"Nor by proving it—to a woman," I added. I was not in a good temper. It was raining, and the wind beat the drops dismally against the pane. A beastly day.

"Women and men stand pretty much on the same level in that respect," she said. "Very few of us are open to conviction, whatever we may say to the contrary. We are conservatives, all of us, at heart, and grumble at innovations even when they minister to our comfort. A new line of thought is a trouble unspeakable."

"You prefer error to truth, perhaps."

"Don't drag me into this, please. I am speaking for my sex now, and I know them better than you do. You cannot force us to adopt a thing because you tell us it is right. We are creatures of habit, and so are all human beings, men, women and children. We hate being driven."

"Sheep we are," said I, "yet a good collie can turn a thousand sheep."

"And when the collie is whistled away, will the flock care for itself?" she inquired.

"Fairly answered, princess; but there are other dogs to take his place."

"To bark and snap at our heels, yes."

"I cannot help thinking," I said, "that the sheep-dog must be unpopular with the sheep. Did you ever regard that valuable animal from the sheep's point of view?"

"Never," she replied, yawning. "What a worry existence is!"

"Ah, you feel the influence of the weather," I rejoined, complacently.

"I am suffering from an attempt at concentration of thought," she replied. "Why do you try to make people think? Don't you know that they always rebel? We will laugh with you,

cry with you, and work with you, but we ask you to excuse us from thinking except on old and well-established lines."

"Trifles," I said, "trifles and foolish things."

"You get very cross if you are kept waiting for your dinner."

"It is an expression of regret with me that others should be unpunctual."

"You get out of temper," she declared.

"I like to present myself to you in all shades of character," I answered.

"You become quite rude and disagreeable."

"A bear, in fact?"

"Yes, a bear. Churlish and cantankerous. You say unpleasant things to me.

"It is that I may hear your answer."

"You will be a horrible old man. You will grumble fearfully always. And if you ever marry—"

"Which I have long ceased to hope for," I interrupted.

"—You will beat your wife. You are turning into a schoolmaster now. Schoolmasters always are tyrants."

"I shall not beat my wife," I said; "I shall lock her up in her room. I have thought it all out."

"A coward's action," she cried. "Come here." I obeyed meekly, and she ran her fingers through my hair. "It is very thick," she said, "but when you are old you will be bald. I cannot bear a bald head."

"I rather like to see it myself," I said, "especially if it shines."

"Why don't you get angry sometimes?" she asked. "I should love to see you fly into a rage and break things."

"Don't tempt me. I cannot afford luxuries."

"But why don't you? I should respect you more if you were passionate. You ought to frighten me sometimes."

"I don't mind trying," I said, "but there are always two sides to a question, and it is just possible that you might not be frightened. Then again, if I broke the furniture I should have to pay for it."

"Oh, you can always argue," she exclaimed petulantly, tapping her foot—a favorite habit of hers, by the way. "I wish you would do something courageous, so that I could admire your bravery. I wonder if you are brave."

"I have often wondered myself," I said. "Frankly, I don't think I am."

"I should despise you if you were a coward."

"No, you would love me for my weakness. You are rather plucky yourself, and the contrast between us would refresh you. We should be positive and negative."

"But you are positive always."

"On paper, yes," I admitted, "but any one can fight with a pen."

"If a man insulted me," she asked, "would you kill him?"

"I think not. I should not like to go so far as that. No. If you were looking on I should probably hit him on the nose, and I expect my blood would boil. It has never boiled yet, but in the case you mention it would probably do so. But if you were not looking on, and I had him all to myself, I don't know, I'm sure. Possibly my self-love would so work on my imagination that I should be afraid to let him off. Yes, I expect I should hit him gently, a sort of compromise, you know, and he would knock me down. Think of the injustice of the situation."

"And what would happen then?" she asked.

"If you were within hail you would rescue me. You carry an umbrella. You would after-

wards lodge a complaint against him, I hope, and I should be called as a witness."

"Oh, base!" she cried. "And this is my knight!"

"Well, well," I said. "Physical courage is a poor thing. We share it in common with all brutes."

"I am glad I am flesh and blood, at all events," she said. "I can hate and I can love."

"Why, so can I, but love and hunger are both appetites, and a meal is as satisfying sometimes as a beautiful woman."

"And one appetite is human, but the other is divine," she amended.

"You would make a charming schoolmistress yourself," I said.

"I! Oh no, my pupils would not think so."

"You have one devoted pupil, who is learning diligently."

"A selfish pupil—you mean yourself?"

"Yea, O queen. None other."

"When will my pupil go to college?"

"Not while my teacher liveth."

"Oh!"

"What do you think about all day?" I asked.

"You never do anything."

"I am always busy," she replied, earnestly. "I have to water my flowers, and—" she paused "Well?"

"Oh, heaps of things. I am never idle. I dust the china sometimes."

"You mean you prepare yourself to dust the china. I have seen you with a curious flat cap on your head—really, it's rather becoming. Spanish effect, you know—and an apron tied round your neck; why do you wear it so? and your soft arms are bared to the elbows; that is your working costume, with an old dress thrown in, of course, but you are always sitting in a chair and swinging your foot, you are never dusting anything. Are you planning something diabolical?"

"Some ornamental usefulness in embroidery, probably," she replied, "or I may be passing in review the last chapter of your book—who knows?"

"Ah, the book! You have not lost interest in it yet?"

"Oh no, it is just beginning to excite my attention. You had better give up theorizing now and content yourself with experiments."

"I think so too!"

CHAPTER IV.

A SKEPTIC'S VIEW.

RICHARD sent over three or four books on the subject of hypnotism to Mrs. Rawlinson's on the morrow, and allowed the best part of a week to elapse before he again presented himself at her house. He was not the only visitor on this occasion; a Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia, was making himself very agreeable to Miss Deverest, and seemed to be speaking with much *em-pressement* in an undertone to that young lady, who listened with an eager attention that was unnecessarily polite, Richard thought. He watched her out of the corner of his eye while he chatted with his hostess, and when he moved forward to greet her, he was pleasantly conscious of the fact that Mr. Brown eyed him with disfavor.

"Mr. Brown is an old friend of ours," said Mrs. Rawlinson; "let me introduce you. He holds very strong opinions upon the dangers of hypnotic influence, Mr. Robinson, so you

may perhaps be able to make a convert of him. I have been trying to make him see the matter from our standpoint, but with very little success."

"Possibly Mr. Brown is unwilling to be convinced," said Richard. "What is your attitude now, Miss Deverest?"

"That of an interested spectator."

"Have you read the books I sent you?"

"Parts of them only. But they tell me very little. I want to taste and touch. It is no use explaining to me that certain things will happen if certain other things are done. I want to see them myself."

"Naturally."

"And Mr. Brown is just as anxious as I am," she added, with a mischievous glance at that gentleman, who frowned without replying.

Mrs. Rawlinson came to his rescue. "It would be unfair to think that Mr. Brown's prejudice is without foundation," she said. "It would be odd if he thought well of hypnotism after his experience of its effects."

"I am all in the dark," said Richard. "Won't you enlighten me as to this experience?"

"It is a thing I very seldom speak about,"

replied Mr. Brown, stiffly, "but I thought it my duty to warn these ladies that they were wrong to submit themselves to be made the subjects of experiments. My own experience of hypnotism has been very slight, but I have noted its effects upon a friend of mine, and they do not warrant me in regarding it favorably. In fact, I go so far as to say that it should never be practiced except by a competent medical man."

"You have a perfect right to your opinion," said Richard, "and it is shared by the majority of the public, and by the medical profession *in toto*. But the latter rather act the part of the dog in the manger; they will not practice it themselves, and are unwilling that any one else should be allowed to do so."

"Then it is very good evidence," said Mr. Brown, "if the profession disapproves of the practice, that it had better be let alone."

"I don't agree with you. Doctors are conservative to a degree. As their fathers taught them they believe. Their watchword is drugs, drugs. They have material remedies at hand to meet every symptom of disease in the human body, and if these remedies fail they are nonplussed. They are only beginning to realize

that mind is the potent factor in regulating the health of the body. I grant you that hypnotism is chiefly of service in nervous diseases, but even if its effects are limited to that class alone, what a vast field lies before it! And I am not prepared to admit that hypnotism is not of the greatest value in organic disease, either when used separately, or in conjunction with material remedies. Remember that the science is only in its infancy."

"Science!" said Mr. Brown.

"Yes, sir, science! Hypnotism is as much a science as geology, and it is perhaps fortunate for the doctors that their foremost men are willing to acknowledge this, and to investigate the phenomena. It is a blow to the prestige of the medical faculty that they have heretofore left this investigation in the hands of incompetent persons."

"Are you willing to admit that they are incompetent?" asked Mr. Brown. "I hardly expected as much."

"I am an enthusiast, if you like," said Richard, recovering his temper, "and it galls me to see hypnotism, which should be a part of every medical student's training, left to the charlatan

and the ignorant quack. A professor of hypnotism is a man who is on a par socially with fortune tellers and patent medicine vendors. He is not a respectable individual. There are other investigators, whose numbers do not run far into the thousands, who bring with them to their labors an honest desire to look into the science for its own sake; and there are still others who are actuated solely by their belief in its therapeutic possibilities. But the competent investigator, as opposed to the incompetent, is the man who has acquired in the laboratory and the hospital a familiarity with the physical structure of the body, and the forms of disease, which is withheld from the average student. I refer, of course, to the qualified doctor. Such a man, if he had also a knowledge of hypnotism at his disposal, could successfully discriminate between imaginary and organic disorders."

"A doctor can do that at any time," said Mr. Brown.

"He cannot, unfortunately for his patient," said Richard. "Here's a case in point which fell within my own range of observation, a not very extended one, I assure you. A lady who had suffered for more than a year with neural-

gia in one side of her face, and had consulted two dentists and a doctor, and tried various remedies, was advised to go to a specialist. She went, and he counseled an operation under chloroform. She was very unwilling to submit to this, and came to me to see if hypnotism would take the place of the drug, and make her insensible to pain during the operation. She was hypnotized very easily, and I gave her the suggestion that she would not feel a return of the neuralgic pains that day. She came again on the day following, and when she was sound asleep I told her decidedly that she was cured; that the pain would never return. This happened four weeks ago, and she has not been hypnotized since, nor has she had any further attacks of neuralgia."

"Is the lady living here?" asked Mr. Brown, incredulously.

"I can give you her address," said Richard, writing it on a card and handing it to him, "and you can satisfy yourself, if you care to do so, that what I have said is the simple truth. Your incredulity may be quite natural, perhaps all this sounds like a fairy tale to you—but you must forgive me if I point out that it is only be-

cause you are yourself totally ignorant of a science upon which you presume to sit in judgment."

"I do not see," said Mr. Brown, emphatically, "how this lady you speak of could imagine that she was suffering pain, when there was nothing the matter with her."

"The pain was not imaginary," said Richard, "it was real enough, but the disease which had originated the pain did not exist. She might have caught a cold at one time, and the nerves had become affected. They still remained in a deranged condition long after the cold itself had departed. Her brain believed in the existence of the pain, confidently expected it to appear, in short, and it did appear. But the point of the story is that on the authority of a specialist she was suffering from an organic disease, and was about to undergo an operation for its cure."

"But according to your theory," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "she may be yet suffering from a disease, and is only unconscious of pain because your suggestion removed it."

"Suppose that she were," said Richard, "which, however, I do not think likely, or it

would assuredly have manifested itself before this; but supposing at the time she was hypnotized that some structural disease of tissue was present. Don't you see that by removing pain, the expression of disease, hypnotism directed her thoughts into other channels, and her own system threw off the disorder itself. She cured herself unconsciously. I do not think there is a disease known to man which could not be remedied if the mind of the patient were prevented from retarding his recovery to health. 'Human skill avails nothing here,' says the doctor in diagnosing a hopeless case, 'it all rests with the man himself. His constitution may pull him through.' Good Heavens! His constitution, plus his imagination or his soul's power, will pull him through if he is properly encouraged, stimulated; awakened to the necessity for living. How many physicians try the power of continued suggestion upon a patient during the ravings of fever? Not one in ten thousand. How many try the effect of positive assertion upon a patient who is supposed to be unconscious, but whose subjective mind never sleeps? Not one in ten thousand. They would think it madness to tell a dying man who was too weak to

lift his hand, and on whom the shadows of death were gathering, that he would feel a desire to eat come upon him in half an hour. Tears and sorrowful faces by the bedside, are too strong counter suggestions for the enfeebled resistance of the wasted frame, and sympathetic relatives have killed more people than the world will ever wot of."

"I have seen some people die fighting hard for life," said Mr. Brown.

"You never saw one die, I venture to assert," said Richard, "who believed that he would live. Once rouse in a man's mind the conviction that death has no hold upon him, and he will get better. You know that in nine cases out of ten there is nothing painful to the departing one in his approaching dissolution. His state is described generally as a great peace of mind; it is a tranquillity of soul that possesses him, and he looks forward with resignation, even with longing, to the freeing of the spirit. In other words, he has given up the fight, and is drifting passively away. It would not be an easy matter to recall such a one to a desire for life, but it could be done in many cases. Drowning has been described by those who approached death

in this manner, as a heavenly feeling; it is the restoration to life that is painful. Doctor Livingstone was seized by a lion once when hunting in Africa, and he asserts that when death seemed imminent, all fear and pain left him, and he experienced only a delicious languor of the senses. There is this much of an analogy between these cases and that of the dying man, that it is only when the struggle for life ceases, when the reasoning powers are paralyzed, that the subjective mind assumes control of the being, and a passive enjoyment of circumstances that might be expected to excite terror results. If the man dying in his bed could be persuaded that his usefulness on earth was not at an end; that he could live, and must live for the sake of others; but especially that he *could* live, if he desired to, the chances are that he would recover. Doctor Livingstone was rescued from the lion, and the animal killed by a well directed shot. He woke to find himself surrounded by his companions; why then should he die? The drowning man regains consciousness in the arms of his friends, and violent pains first arouse him to the knowledge that he is no longer immersed in deep water. The expectation of death is re-

moved in his case. But the man lying in tranquil enjoyment in his bed is in no danger of having his peace so rudely disturbed. It would be inhuman to utter a sound. No one thinks of rousing him by heroic measures which savor of brutality, and in the opinion of mourners would inevitably hasten the end. So he dies."

"May I suggest that you are relying upon theory to an extraordinary extent?" remarked Mr. Brown.

"If the conclusion is logical, it doesn't seem to me to matter whether it is deduced from theory or practice," said Richard. "The result is just as certain in the one case as the other. I have seen the ravings of delirium quieted by a course of vigorous suggestion, and a healthy sleep induced; and I have seen a man who had been lying in a state of unconsciousness for two days, and who had not uttered a word or taken notice of anything that happened in his room, roused in the same manner to an interest in chicken-broth. Of course you might say that his period of stupor terminated of itself, but I think it unlikely under the circumstances. Because he seemed incapable of motion, his physician believed him to be unconscious; where-

as the man himself afterwards declared that he had a perfect knowledge of all that transpired during his illness, but did not take sufficient interest in anything to assert his consciousness. He saw himself, as it were, lying on the bed, and wondered idly whether they would bury him alive, but if they had done so, he did not think he would have objected. He was quite indifferent to the lamentations of his family, although ordinarily an affectionate man, and he described his mental state as one of absolute serenity. Probably if they had not called in a psychologist, who knew something of the attributes of the subjective mind, the man would have been buried alive, or, if his family objected to his removal to the tomb until all hope was at an end, he would have died in his bed."

"Do you suppose many people are buried alive," asked Mrs. Rawlinson.

"I don't know, but I daresay a good many are."

"Horrible! Fancy waking up in a coffin underground."

"I don't think you need worry about it. These victims of ignorance would probably not suffer from such premature burial. If they realized

for a moment the horror of the situation, their objective consciousness would be quickly submerged in the subjective, and the subjective mind, *per se*, does not know what it is to fear. Probably the trance state would immediately supervene, and the man would pass peacefully into dust."

"I read somewhere," said Miss Deverest, "that a graveyard was opened a little while ago, and the coffins removed, and that thirty per cent of the skeletons were found in unnatural positions."

"That doesn't prove that the parties who owned those skeletons were buried alive," said Richard. "The coffins were probably air-tight, and the gaseous emanations from the bodies as they resolved into dust—"

"Oh, don't!" said Mrs. Rawlinson, "never mind the details. Rachel, why do you talk of such things?"

"I like to know," said Miss Deverest. "Personally, I mean to be cremated."

"It is much cleaner," said Richard. "I hope it will be made compulsory by state ordinance, by and by. It will be so when the health of the living is considered rationally."

"It is a cold-blooded idea," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "in spite of its advantages. I should like to feel that green grass was growing over the remains of my dead friends."

"No objection to that," said Richard, "you could bury the crematory urn in your garden, if you wished to. Oh, it is a wholesome, beautiful idea to me."

"We seem to have drifted some way from hypnotic experiments," remarked Miss Deverest. "Suppose we return to Mr. Brown's objections."

"My story would prove too long, I am afraid," said that gentleman. "But if it will have any effect I don't mind condensing it. I had a friend once who was hypnotized at a public performance. He was made to perform all sorts of foolish tricks at the bidding of the hypnotist, and at the close of the entertainment he had no recollection of doing anything at all. I went with him the second night, and though he had promised me that he would not go upon the platform again, he was compelled to obey the hypnotist when the latter beckoned to him, and he tore himself loose from me when I tried to detain him. He repeated his lamentable

exhibition of the evening previous, and during the stay of this hypnotist in the city my friend was upon the platform every evening. He was, in fact, the fool and slave of a charlatan, and he has seemed to me to have deteriorated morally since that occasion."

"And on these grounds, of course, you condemn hypnotism," said Richard. "I gather one or two things from your story. You must forgive me if I speak frankly in discussing this case, because to me it is only a matter of misconception on your part. You did not know your friend's character previous to this hypnotic exhibition, but you have since found that he has deteriorated, as you put it, morally. You mean, I suppose, that he is not strictly honest. I could have told you without that admission on your part that he was a very impressionable man, easily swayed by others, and that he was not inclined to be strictly truthful. Active somnambulists are rare among persons frequently hypnotized; they are very rare among those who submit to be hypnotized for the first time in public. That your friend should have thus distinguished himself on the first night presupposes a weak character. There is no doubt in my

mind, also, that the hypnotist gave him the suggestion that he should come upon the platform on the evening following. These professors invariably do so in a low tone of voice when they are fortunate enough to meet with a good subject. It is not advisable that the audience should hear this post hypnotic suggestion, because it is rendered much more forcible in effect if there appears to be no previous understanding between them. If your friend had been honest, he would not have promised you that he would not go upon the platform again. He would not have made the promise at all, because, although he might have no recollection at the time you spoke to him of this post-hypnotic suggestion, still he would have confessed to a liking for the experiment, and he showed insincerity in pretending to you that he disliked it. Further, his resistance to your detaining hand on the second evening was conclusive that he objected to your opposition. It found no echo in his own nature, or he would have broken the spell himself. Even if a subject accepts a post-hypnotic suggestion, the impulse to carry it out at the appointed time can be thrown off without effort if there is any desire on the part of the subject to do so. I do

not doubt that your friend was given the post-hypnotic suggestion every evening that he should attend the performances, but I also believe that the professor might have saved himself the trouble; your friend would have been present in any case, not because he was drawn thither by some extraordinary power outside of himself, but because he enjoyed the fun."

"I do not at all consider your deductions conclusive," said Mr. Brown.

"Because you are looking for evidence of the existence of some uncanny influence here," retorted Richard. "You blame hypnotism for affecting your friend's character, but I think you will find that the deterioration existed prior to the experiment, and was not a consequence of it."

"H'm!" said Mr. Brown. "I shall say good evening, Mrs. Rawlinson. Good evening, Miss Deverest; I hope sincerely you will have nothing to do with hypnotism," and with a curt nod of his head to Richard, who returned an equally brief greeting, Mr. Brown took his hat and departed.

"Well," said Miss Deverest, as the door closed behind him, "how do you feel, Mr. Robinson?"

"Pretty much as usual," he replied. "How do you feel? Has your friend prejudiced you against submitting yourself to experiment?"

"Rather the reverse," she answered. "I am anxious to begin."

"I could never prevail upon a man like that," he said, "if I talked for an hour, to investigate for himself. His mind is made up, and he will see no good in the unclean thing."

"Do you want to hypnotize me, Mr. Robinson?" asked Mrs. Rawlinson.

"No. I should prefer to begin with Miss Deverest, if she is ready."

"I am all prepared," said that lady; "do your worst. I fear you not."

CHAPTER V.

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

“No one was ever yet hypnotized by fear,” said Richard. “A bird may be fascinated by a cat or a snake, but the condition brought on is really paralysis, not hypnosis. There are a few, a very few hysterio-epileptic people in the world who may be thrown into such a state by the flash of a light before the eyes, or the unexpected sound of a loud gong close to the ear; but the proportion of these unfortunates is only one in a hundred thousand. Therefore the first thing to be done is to remove all fear from the mind of the person to be hypnotized. How could I expect you to concentrate your mind on sleep if there were a tiger or wild animal loose in the room? Yet you would have just as much reason to stay awake if you were afraid of hypnotism or had no confidence in me. I want you to understand that I desire to help you, and to cure you. There is not much the matter with

you. A slight nervous deafness which has baffled the doctors will yield readily enough to hypnotic treatment. Just bear in mind that it all rests with yourself."

"Oh, why do you tell me that?" exclaimed Miss Deverest. "I can't help myself. I want to feel that it does not depend on me at all. I should have so much more confidence if I thought that you could put me to sleep whether I wanted to or not. I am sure you are wrong in explaining your theory of hypnotism at all. Why didn't you let me believe in your mysterious power?"

"You can believe in it still."

"Oh no, I can't. I am not impressed at all. You have spoiled all the magic. When I first saw Blanche under the influence I felt the most delicious creepy sensation all over me. I invested you at once with diabolic powers, and every time I looked at you and caught your eye it seemed to me that you were throwing your will upon me, and reading my very soul. Now all that has passed, and you are just an ordinary man. Why, I believe I could hypnotize you."

"I'll let you try some other time," replied Richard, smiling.

"Don't you believe in animal magnetism?" she continued. "Just say you do, to please me."

"Of what use would that admission be?"

"Why, don't you see, you might really have that power yourself without knowing it. Then I could account to myself for your theories on the ground that you did not know yourself thoroughly. Only let me believe in some power outside of myself."

"You'd better accept the fact at once that I am only directing the influence, not producing it. It is rather unflattering, of course, to be rated as an ordinary man, but honesty brings its own rewards. I shall try to live down your poor opinion of me. Now suppose you try to sleep."

"Impossible! I could not."

"You can go to sleep, I presume, when you go to bed at night."

"Of course, but that is different. No one is watching me."

"I won't watch you now," said Richard, turning away and going over to Mrs. Rawlinson.

"There is nothing difficult in it, Rachel," said that lady; "you have only to make your mind a blank."

"Make it a blank!" echoed Miss Deverest,

much exasperated "When was my mind ever a blank? I can't sleep now, I know I can't, and just because you expect me to. It's too provoking."

"You're talking nonsense," said Richard. "You can sleep just as well here as in your own room. If you have not done so before, you can begin now, and get used to it. Bless my life, one would think you had been asked to do something difficult. Just be quiet, and don't argue, and don't talk, but go to sleep. Look at the end of one of your fingers, and keep quiet. We shall not talk, so you won't be disturbed. I am not watching you. I'm going to read the paper."

Miss Deverest sighed pathetically and settled herself more comfortably in her chair.

"Well, I will try," she said.

"You might as well be comfortable," said Richard; "have this cushion at the back of your head."

He arranged the cushion for her, and resuming his seat, diligently perused the evening paper. When he looked up again he found that Miss Deverest was regarding him fixedly.

"I told you to look at your finger," he said, reprovingly.

She made a delightful little *moue*, and raised her eyebrows imploringly.

"I don't feel sleepy," she said.

"You will in a little while. There's plenty of time."

"But I'm getting more wakeful every minute."

"Oh, this is absurd," said Richard, throwing his paper aside. "You're not trying."

"I don't know how to try," she said. "Of course it's absurd. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. How can I sleep when you two sit there and watch me?"

"But we are not watching you."

"Worse still, you are pretending not to, but I know you are. I looked up just now and caught your eye. It is not honest of you to pretend you are not observing me narrowly. I think you are keeping me awake between you."

"Do be quiet, Rachel," said Mrs. Rawlinson. "I wonder that you can be so frivolous over a thing that will be of the greatest benefit to you."

"But, my dear," protested Miss Deverest, "it is entirely Mr. Robinson's fault. He should not have told me anything about hypnotism."

"You are quite right," said Richard, wearily.
"I see my mistake now."

"When it is too late."

"No, it is not too late," he replied. "If you will really bring your will-power to your assistance, it is not too late. Surely it is better to depend upon yourself than upon a stranger."

"But it is so much easier to trust in a man," she said. "All women like to be lifted out of themselves. I am only just recovering from a severe shock; my faith in you has been destroyed, and you expect me to sleep! You ask a great deal."

"Give me your hand," said Richard, getting up, and seating himself in front of her. "I'll see if I can't make you sleep. I want you to look right in my eyes, Miss Deverest. So. Now think of nothing at all. Say to yourself over and over again, 'I am going to sleep. I am going to sleep.' That's right. Let yourself go now. Keep perfectly still."

The lady maintained an unnatural gravity for fully a minute; then the corners of her mouth twitched, and she smiled.

"Keep perfectly still," said Richard, with an immovable countenance. "You are feeling

quieter now. Much quieter. You are going to slee-ee-eep."

"I never stared at any one so in my life," she said. "I think it's rude."

"Keep perfectly still," said the heroic Richard. "Your eyes are getting heavy. They are getting very heavy. Heavier and heavier. They are closing now. Let them close. They are closing."

"Do you want me to shut my eyes?" she asked.

"Yes. Close them, and don't speak."

"I wish you wouldn't frown so," she said, "it makes me think when I ought to be quite passive."

"You are doing very well," continued Richard soothingly. "Your eyes are fast shut. Shut them tighter. They are very heavy, and you can not open them. Shut tight and you can't open them."

"Do you want me to open them?" she asked.

"They are shut tight, and you cannot open them," he repeated fiercely. "Try them. You cannot open them."

Her eyes opened at once, and she smiled upon him.

"That's very good," said Richard. "Close them now. Close them tight," and he pressed his fingers upon the lids. "Your eyes are fast shut. The lids are stuck together."

"You are hurting my eyes," she cried. "Don't press so hard."

"They are closed tight," he continued, removing his hand. "Shut fast, and the lids are stuck together. You cannot open them."

"Mr Robinson," she said, with emphasis, "do you mean me to open my eyes or not?"

"You are to believe that you cannot," he said. "Believe that they are fastened tight."

"But that is absurd," she said. "See now," and she opened them at once.

"Very good," said Richard. "Now look at me. You said just now that it was absurd for you to believe that your eyes were shut. In effect, you were using your reasoning powers, or you could not have thought anything of the kind. You were not passive. You will not go to sleep until you have acquired the power to make yourself passive. With you it must be a matter of education. It may take a little time, but you can do it. Everybody can if they so determine. Your friend Mrs. Rawlinson need-

ed no such training. The power was hers from the first."

"Did she know anything about hypnotism when she first went under the influence?"

"No, I did not tell her much about it until afterwards."

"Very well, then," retorted Miss Deverest, triumphantly. "She went to sleep because she thought you compelled her to sleep, and that resistance would be useless. She believed that you were full of animal magnetism, or something of that sort."

Richard looked doubtfully at Mrs. Rawlinson, who replied with an apologetic glance,

"I am afraid that had a great deal to do with it, Mr. Robinson. I am very glad you didn't leave everything to me."

"Just what I said," remarked her friend. "You are doing a very unwise thing, Mr. Robinson; you should keep up the mystery, or you won't get the effect in nine cases out of ten."

"But, hang it all," he cried, "there isn't any mystery!"

"Then make one," said Miss Deverest, "or better still, say nothing at all, and your patients will create the mystery themselves. Then you

can tell them all about hypnotism afterwards, you know. It won't do any harm then, but first impressions are everything."

"There is lots of good sense in what you say," said Richard, "but I believe my way will prove the best in the long run. As soon as people understand hypnotism, or its first principles at any rate, they can help themselves. It won't be necessary for them to go to a hypnotist for treatment."

"That day is far off yet, I should judge," said Miss Deverest. "How is it, Blanche, that you can sleep now, even when you know that you do it yourself?"

"I suppose because I know that I can. I never doubt at all."

"Blessed state of mind!" said Miss Deverest. "When shall I attain it?"

"Just whenever you arrive at a belief in your own power," said Richard.

"Oh, words—words!" she exclaimed. "They seem to mean so little to me. I suppose, Mr. Robinson, you have been hypnotized yourself very often?"

"Why, no," he replied. "If I must confess it, I am not a good subject."

She clapped her hands. "Oh, it is very good to hear you say so. I forgive you for the harm you have done my faith. Why are you not a good subject?"

"I have not been able to concentrate my mind sufficiently upon the one thing."

"Splendid. You are deficient in will-power, are you not?"

"It would seem so. I may as well make a clean breast of it. When I first went to a professor of hypnotism I was full of blind faith in his compelling power. But this professor was a very ignorant man, and he failed to impress me. Then I went to my friend Doctor Parkyn, and he explained to me the simple steps in the production of hypnotic phenomena. I was so interested in all he told me, that I was too careful in analyzing my own sensations, and I never succeeded in getting further than the drowsy stage. It was a great disappointment, but I turned the experience to account by writing a book on the subject. It is of some use to beginners—a sort of A B C of Hypnotism."

"Really? I have never seen the book," said Miss Deverest.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Rawlinson. "What is it called?"

"Hypnotism Up to Date," answered Richard. "Don't spare my feelings. I will get you a copy. I believe there is one in the city."

"Your sarcasm is too fine for us," said Miss Deverest, laughing. "We miss the point, but I should like to read your book. Blanche, aren't you going to show us something this evening? Sleep for the gentleman, Blanche! I wish I could."

"You will, in time," said Richard. "So shall I, when I give my mind to it. I wish you would go to sleep, Mrs. Rawlinson; there are one or two experiments I should like to try with you."

"Very well," she replied. "I am going to sleep, Rachel, in thirty seconds. Don't you wish you could?"

"You needn't make it any harder than it is to bear," said Miss Deverest; "though I am half resigned now that I know Mr. Robinson is in the same boat."

"I'm sorry I told you," said Richard. "You will have an even poorer opinion of me than before."

"Hush!" she replied, warningly. "She is going to sleep."

Mrs. Rawlinson was leaning comfortably back

in her chair with her eyes closed, and while they regarded her, she uttered her customary sigh and smiled slightly.

"You are asleep," said Richard, "sound asleep. And you will sleep till I tell you to wake. Fast asleep, are you not?"

"Yes. Don't wake me."

"I am not going to. See, I have here a small bunch of violets. I brought them for you. They are very sweet, the earliest of the season," and he put a lucifer match into her hand. "Lovely, are they not? Open your eyes and look at them."

The subject did as she was bid, and her expression changed to one of dreamy admiration, as she regarded the match in her hand.

"Oh, exquisite!" she murmured, raising it to her nostrils, and drawing a deep breath of enjoyment.

"The perfume of the violet," said Richard, "is the most perfect, I always think, of all scents. And these are very fine."

"Thank you very much," she said, fastening the match in the bosom of her dress, and patting it lovingly.

"It is nothing," said Richard. "I thought

you would enjoy them. When you wake up," he said, sharply, "you will remember this part of the experiment, and describe your sensations at this moment. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"You will not forget?"

"No."

"The violets are beautiful, are they not?"

"They are very beautiful," she replied.

"Quite so. A singular thing is about to happen, Mrs. Rawlinson. It will strike you as very curious, but you will not be alarmed. Do you hear me? You will not be afraid. It will only seem curious and odd. You know who is in the room with me?"

"Yes."

"You can see Miss Deverest sitting beside me?"

"Of course."

"A strange thing is going to happen. But remember, you will not be alarmed. Miss Deverest is going to disappear. Close your eyes for a moment. Miss Deverest is going to disappear for five minutes, and you are going to wake up and talk to me. You will not see her in the room when you wake, and until five minutes

have expired her chair will be empty to you. You will be wide awake, you understand, but her chair will be empty. Then her head will come into view, and for one minute you will only see her head. Then the rest of her body will be visible, and you will tell us all about it. Do you understand?"

"Oh yes, I understand."

"I am going to wake you now. Wake up and talk to me. You feel quite well. Wake up."

The subject opened her eyes and looked at Richard. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"I feel quite well," she replied, closing her eyes again.

"Open your eyes," he said, "you are wide awake, and are going to talk to me. Miss Deverest has gone upstairs for a minute."

The subject nodded her head, but did not look towards the chair in which Miss Deverest sat. She seemed unwilling to keep her eyes open, and it was only by constant repetition of the command that she was not to close them that she was prevented from doing so.

"It has been a charming day," said Richard.

"Yes."

"Don't you think so, Miss Deverest?"

"I do indeed," replied that young lady.

The subject turned her head to catch the sound, and seemed to be listening intently, but she did not look in Miss Deverest's direction.

"What are you listening to?" asked Richard.

"I thought I heard Rachel's voice," she answered.

"I said that I thought it was a charming day," said Miss Deverest.

Again the subject turned her head, but not her eyes, towards the sound, but she did not speak.

"I expect Miss Deverest is in the next room," said Richard.

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Rawlinson replied.

"I will go and see," he said, going behind the subject's chair to the folding doors. "Ah, I thought so. Here she is, Mrs. Rawlinson. Come and speak to her."

The subject shook her head in disbelief, and remained seated.

"Don't feel inclined to move, eh? Well, stay where you are then. Or no," he added, coming back into the room, "here's a vacant chair," touching the one in which Miss Dever-

est was sitting, "you will be more comfortable here. Take this seat."

The subject fastened her eyes upon Richard's feet, and did not stir.

"Take this chair," he repeated, peremptorily. "Come."

"I would rather not move," she said, hesitating.

"Take this chair, please. I order you to do so."

"This is very comfortable," she said, closing her eyes. "I only want to be left alone."

"Stand up," said Richard. "Come. That's right. Move forward here. Now take this chair."

"Thank you, I don't like that chair," answered the subject with mild obstinacy. She was standing just in front of Miss Deverest, and so close to her that she could have touched her.

"Won't you sit down?" Richard insinuated.

"Yes," she said, going back to her own chair, and sinking into it. "I am quite tired," and she closed her eyes.

Silence reigned in the room for the space of a minute, and Richard forbore to disturb her any further. On a sudden, the subject opened her

eyes with a start, and gazed earnestly at her friend. Richard pulled out his watch; the five minutes had just expired.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Why, how curious!" said the subject, "there's Rachel's head!"

The head laughed, and nodded.

"Well, what a strange thing!" said Mrs. Rawlinson.

"There is nothing strange in it," said Richard. "It is just a human head. You do not feel alarmed."

"No, of course not. But it's very funny," and she laughed herself. "Can it speak?"

"Oh yes, I can speak," said the head. "How do I look, Blanche?"

"Well, isn't that curious!" said Mrs. Rawlinson, half to herself. "Isn't that a strange thing!"

She relapsed into silence, and continued to stare intently at her friend, who smiled back at her.

"How do you like those violets, Mrs. Rawlinson?" Richard asked.

"Very much," she said, looking at the match for an instant, and then at her friend once more.

"Is the perfume sweet?" he continued.

"It is beautiful. Oh!" she cried, half rising from her chair, while her face expressed wonder intensified. "You've come back," and she resumed her seat.

"Come back!" echoed Miss Deverest. "Where from?"

The expression of the subject's eyes changed, the concentrated look vanished, and she spoke in her old tone as she replied:

"I'm sure I don't know, Râchel. What have I been doing now?"

"Let her alone," whispered Richard, "I want to watch her for a little while."

"What are you two whispering about?" the subject inquired. Just then a thought seemed to strike her, and she looked down at the match in her waist. "Why, whatever—" she began, and then she plucked it out and threw it away. "I declare, it's too ridiculous," she cried, and both her hearers laughed at her annoyance. "What a stupid thing to make me do! Mr. Robinson, I think it was very mean of you to give me a silly match, and tell me—" She turned very red.

"Tell you what?"

"Oh, and I held it to my nose, and thought it

was lovely!" she said, laughing in spite of her annoyance. "How stupid of me! I must have looked absolutely idiotic!"

"You said the perfume was perfectly heavenly," said Richard. "Tell me, was there no double consciousness? Didn't you know that you were mistaking a match for a bunch of flowers?"

"No; the flowers were as real to me then as if I had just gathered them. Why, I remember feeling very grateful to you for your thoughtfulness. 'The first of the season,' you said."

"Ah, this is really interesting," said Richard. "You have shown us three delusions of the senses—sight, smell and touch. Hearing, taste and speech could be inhibited in your case just as easily. Do you remember the second experiment, when Miss Deverest faded away?"

"No. I remember nothing of the kind."

"Why then," said Richard, "you prove a very curious thing. I gave you a post-hypnotic suggestion. I said, 'You will wake up, and while you are awake Miss Deverest's head only will be visible to you for five minutes.' You seemed to wake up all right, but as a matter of

fact, you were still asleep, throughout this experiment, Your eyes showed it, for one thing; and for another, you still believed that the match in your waist was a bunch of violets. It was not really a post-hypnotic suggestion at all, but a continuation of the hypnotic state. From the time you first said you were awake, your attention was concentrated upon the carrying out of the suggestion I had given you with regard to your friend, and you were not dehypnotized until you asked what you had been doing. Do you remember waking up?"

"Of course I remember seeing that stupid match. I don't remember anything before that."

"All right," said Richard. "Now let's try a genuine post-hypnotic hallucination. It won't take five minutes. You don't feel tired, do you?"

"Not in the least. Am I to go to sleep again?"

"Yes. Sleep now. Sleep at once. You can be asleep before I count ten. Sleep now," and he counted slowly up to six before the hypnotic sigh told him that his subject was asleep.

"You are fast asleep," he said. "Did it seem strange to you that Miss Deverest should disappear from view just now?"

"Rather strange," the subject replied, and she laughed. "It was just her head, you know, and the head was laughing and talking."

"Yes, it was rather odd, no doubt," said Richard. "Now I want you to attend to me very carefully." The subject's face assumed an intent and serious look.

"You will wake up in two minutes," he continued, "feeling perfectly well, and you will talk to us for five minutes. You understand that you will be wide awake. Then at the end of that five minutes, you will see the figure of your friend Mr. Brown standing by the piano in the next room, and he will sing before a large audience a verse of 'Alice, Ben Bolt.' You will be wide awake, remember, throughout this, and when his song is ended you will tell us how he sung it. Now remember, you will wake up in two minutes; and you will not hear or see Mr. Brown until another five minutes have elapsed. Don't forget."

"No, I shall not forget," she answered. "Why do you speak so loud?"

"Do you hear me distinctly?"

"Yes, your voice beats in my ears. It seems to deafen me."

"Very well. I will speak lower. Sleep now, quietly."

When her two minutes had expired the subject awoke as directed, and inquired if the experiment were at an end.

"It is all over," said Richard, mendaciously. "You have done well, and I am greatly obliged to you."

"What have I been doing?"

"Well, you informed us that it was interesting to you to know that Miss Deverest's head could exist independently of her body."

"I don't understand you."

"Briefly then, you remembered as soon as you were asleep just what transpired in the previous hypnosis. I had given you the suggestion that your friend would disappear from view, and only her head remain. If you had been given the suggestion that you would remember everything when you woke, you would be able to talk over the whole experiment now. But I do not know that it is advisable to discuss everything that you do. It may tend to lessen the force of suggestions given you during hypnosis. I think you had better be left in the dark."

"So I am to miss all the fun!"

"No, I will tell you of anything important that happens."

"Well, I must give you a cup of coffee," she said, rising. "I shall be back in a minute."

When she had left the room Richard said, turning to Miss Deverest, "She has just two minutes more before her visionary friend, Mr. Brown, appears."

"Will she see him, do you think?"

"Undoubtedly. Hallucinations are not so easy to induce as delusions, but she is a remarkable subject."

"I don't quite see the difference between the two."

"Well, it's this way. If she takes a match in her hand, and believes it to be a bunch of violets, it's a delusion. But if she has nothing in her hand, and I tell her she holds a bunch of violets, it's a hallucination. If she carries out this experiment properly there will be a double hallucination—of sight and hearing."

"Oh, I see. And a post-hypnotic suggestion is one which is to be carried out after the sleep, when the subject is awake?"

"Just so. What I want to find out is whether, when the subject begins to carry out a post-hyp-

notic suggestion, she goes back into the sleep state to do it. I am pretty sure she does in the case of a hallucination, but I am not so certain of other forms of suggestion. For instance, if I told her that five minutes after she awoke she would hand me a letter from the table, I do not think she would be in a sleep state, or open to receive other suggestions, while she was doing this. Her time is up," he added, pulling out his watch, "and here she comes."

Mrs. Rawlinson appeared in the doorway, with her eyes wide open, and the pupils slightly converged; an apron was tied about her waist, and she held a spoon in one hand. Her glance was directed beyond the two present towards the folding doors, and she moved forward slowly and took a seat which commanded a view of the piano in the next room. Her eyes never wandered from the piano, and she nodded her head slowly in time to some imaginary music, while her expression betokened pleasure.

"What is it?" asked Richard in a whisper.

"Hush, he is singing 'Ben Bolt,'" she replied, in the same tone.

"He seems to be coughing a good deal," he objected.

The subject looked annoyed. "Yes, he has a cold," she said.

"It's very disagreeable to his audience," he pursued. "He shouldn't be allowed to sing in public."

"I wish he had not such a dreadful cough," she said, with a vexed air.

"Hark, they are hissing him," he said. "How very unfortunate!"

"Oh, I am so sorry for him. He can sing much better than that."

"It is all over now," said Richard. "See, he has made his bow. How did you like his voice?"

"Oh, dreadful," she said, "but I think it would be a good one if—if—" with a start—"why, what am I doing here, with this apron on? Oh, I know," she added quickly, "excuse my appearance, Mr. Robinson; I just came in to ask you if you liked the milk boiled with the coffee. I am making it myself, you know."

"Thanks, I'm not particular," he said, "anything will please me."

"You must be a very pleasant person to cook for," she rejoined. "I shan't keep you very long," and she left the room.

"Ha! just so," said Richard. "In a sugges-

tive state all the while, and remembers nothing about it. Better say nothing to her, I think, Miss Deverest, about this experiment. I don't want her to wonder too much."

"Could she have been sent to sleep for half an hour, say, just before she came to herself?" asked Miss Deverest.

"Oh yes. I haven't a doubt of it. Every symptom of somnambulism was present, and although the suggestions I gave her bore directly upon the hallucination, I am certain that if I had told her there was a snake upon her dress, she would have seen the reptile, and been much alarmed. In other words, foreign suggestions to her train of thought would have been just as readily accepted as those I plied her with."

"It seems a rather dreadful thing to me, in spite of your assurance that there is no danger in such experimenting," she said.

"There is absolutely no danger in suggesting these delusions," he said, "if they are intelligently carried out. But I always make a point of safeguarding the subject by final suggestions when the séance is over. Here comes the coffee, and I'll show you what I mean."

"Mrs. Rawlinson," he said, when his hostess had put down the tray, "before we turn our at-

tention to the refreshment of the body, will you permit me to remove all possible hypnotic influence which may be yet clinging to you?"

"But I feel perfectly well," she said. "What do you want to do?"

"Just sleep for one minute," he answered; "the coffee will not spoil in that time. Would you mind?"

"Oh no, if you wish me to," she said, sitting down.

"Sleep then. Quickly. Sleep. Sleep sound. You are asleep. Are you not?"

"Yes."

"You have had a pleasant evening. You feel no fatigue. No headache, no pain, no unpleasant effects of any kind whatever. You are strong and well. You have no nervousness, no headache. They have gone, and can never return. You will sleep soundly to-night as soon as your head touches the pillow. Wake up of your own accord, feeling perfectly well, and wake up smiling. Choose your own time, and wake up smiling."

In just a minute and a half she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Have I been asleep so soon?" she asked. "Come, let's have our supper."

CHAPTER VI.

A DECIDED CHECK.

TIME passed very pleasantly for Richard in the main. He was greatly interested in his psychological experiments, and almost every evening found him at Mrs. Rawlinson's house, expounding theories regarding hypnotic phenomena or practically testing the same with the assistance of his hostess as subject or medium. For Miss Deverest's society he had begun to experience a preference above that of all other women of his acquaintance, and he was content to accept the fact that he was head over ears in love with her, without seeking to account for his own feelings or to postulate hers. He could not fail to observe, however, that an unmistakable coolness had arisen between the two ladies, and if his attentions to Miss Deverest had occurred to him as being the cause of this antagonism he would have scouted the idea as ridiculous. But he was made painfully aware

of the significance of the situation on a certain evening when the objectionable Mr. Brown was present in person to witness his discomfiture. The latter gentleman had not abated one jot of his hostile attitude to hypnotism in general, and he expressed himself as delighted to discover that Miss Deverest had sufficient strength of will to resist the induction of the hypnotic sleep.

"But I am most anxious to go under the influence," she said. "It is only because I am unable to concentrate my thoughts that I am a bad subject."

"It is very creditable to you, I think," answered he, and Richard smiled grimly.

"You shall have the credit of being too mentally active to submit yourself," he said. "Be patient, and the rest will follow."

Mr. Brown shrugged his shoulders. "Is the power to be put to sleep a thing to be coveted?" he asked.

"It is in my case," she replied.

"Do you observe, Mrs. Rawlinson, that you are progressing gradually, yourself?" Richard said. "You are doing things now when you are hypnotized that you could not have done at all

a week ago. A somnambulist must be trained before she can develop her power properly. I don't know its limits; I suppose no one else does; but you may even become a telepathist or a clairvoyant in time."

"Do you believe I could learn to read the future?"

"I cannot say what you might do. I have had no evidence yet of telepathy in any of my experiments, and clairvoyance is a step beyond this. I am not going to tell you what I do or do not believe, for two very good reasons. First, I don't know myself; and second, I don't wish to give you any suggestion which might lead you to put a limit to your development in your own mind. I am only an investigator. We all want to discover the truth, I suppose."

"I hope you won't allow yourself to associate with familiar spirits, Mrs. Rawlinson," said Mr. Brown. "Most clairvoyants, as they are called, have one or two spiritual beings within hail, who convey the startling intelligence to their visitors that they have gone, or are about to go, upon a journey."

"I think it's very good of the spirits to take so much trouble over little things," said Miss

Deverest; "I am sure you will never be unselfish enough to 'return,' Mr. Brown."

"I have not gone yet," answered that gentleman, skeptically.

"Of course there's a lot of fraud about the business of clairvoyance, and professional mediumship in general," said Richard. "But what can you expect? Every one hankers more or less after the miraculous, and this craving in our natures is the best reason for assuming that material life, as we know it, does not satisfy mankind. It is only an unhealthy condition of mind when it becomes morbid; and if properly directed, as it will be when psychic phenomena are understood, it should be of great advantage in the development of the race."

"You won't get much profit from a clairvoyant and her spirits," said Mr. Brown.

"A clairvoyant does not always profess to be guided by spirits," answered Richard. "She may not have been taught to believe that her visions of future or past happenings are due to any supernatural powers. There is nothing in spiritualism, or spiritism, as they call it now, beyond theory. All the manifestations of spiritistic phenomena can be rationally accounted for

as evidence of the power of the subjective mind of the medium, highly cultivated, and assisted by suggestion. It will be time enough to admit the supernatural theory when we have come to the limit of natural law, and that has not been reached yet, by any means."

Mrs. Rawlinson had been engaged in an apathetic attempt to fit the tips of the fingers of one hand accurately upon the tips of the fingers of the other during this discussion, and appeared to take very little interest in anything that was said. Her listless manner struck Richard suddenly as unusual, and he rallied her about it.

"I shall have to give you a suggestion to remove that languor," he said.

"I don't think it would have any effect," she said. "I have almost made up my mind not to be hypnotized any more."

"You don't feel any ill effects, do you?"

"Oh no. But I don't think I shall go any further with these experiments."

"Why, Blanche!" protested Miss Deverest.

"Well, Rachel?"

The two ladies looked at each other, and Miss Rachel's eyes dropped.

"Why, I thought—you said—," she began, coloring.

"I have changed my mind then," said Mrs. Rawlinson, coldly, and an awkward silence ensued. It was broken by Mr. Brown.

"I am very glad," he said, "to hear you say so. You have seen the danger—"

"Oh, I don't admit that there is any danger," his hostess interrupted, "and I am very grateful to Mr. Robinson for all his trouble, and—glad that I have proved so useful—such an excellent subject, in short."

"I am afraid I have displeased you in some way," said Richard, in an embarrassed tone. "Of course it must be entirely as you wish. I am honestly sorry, though, that you have come to this determination. We were getting on so well."

"Were we?" asked the lady, indifferently. Then with a sudden change of tone, she added, and there was a light in her eye as she looked at Miss Deverest, "But you may try once more if you like, Mr. Robinson. This evening shall be devoted to a final séance."

"Perhaps you would rather not do anything this evening," said Richard; "let us wait till another time."

"No, it must be now," she persisted. "You may never have the opportunity again."

"Why, then, I shall try to make the most of it," he said. "Let yourself go to sleep then, sitting just as you are. You can sleep in ten seconds."

The subject closed her eyes and remained seemingly passive for half a minute, but there was no evidence of the smile which always denoted her hypnotization.

"You are going to sleep," he said. "You are fast asleep. Are you not?"

"No," she said. "I don't seem able to sleep."

"Of course you can," he said. "Let's go back to our first method. Give me your hand and look into my eyes. Now go to sleep. Let yourself go. You must sleep."

"It is no use," she said, having fixed her eyes steadily upon his for several minutes. "You have no power over me."

"This is most extraordinary," said Richard, and Mr. Brown chuckled.

The sound seemed to rouse Richard.

"I never said I had any power over you. I never thought it. Surely I have told you often enough that the power is in yourself. You can go to sleep if you wish to. Has any one else hypnotized you?"

"No."

"Then you haven't had a post-hypnotic suggestion that you would not go to sleep for me any more?"

"Of course not. No one has hypnotized me but you."

"I began to think that must be the explanation," he said, "but now I know that it all rests with yourself. Make yourself passive and sleep. Do try now, quietly."

"Very well. I mean to go to sleep now," she said, and closed her eyes while he held her hand. Soon the hypnotic smile, accompanied by the short sigh, told that she was asleep, and Richard put her hand down and felt greatly relieved. As her hand touched her knee, the subject awoke with a start.

"Why did you wake me?" she asked.

"I did not speak," he replied.

"Something woke me," she persisted.

"Go to sleep again," he said soothingly.

"Close your eyes again, and go to sleep."

The subject obeyed, and Richard, watching her this time from a distance, spoke gently when he was sure she slept.

"You are asleep?"

"Yes."

"Sleep soundly now. You are fast asleep. I am going to try—"

The subject awoke, as before, with a start.

"I don't like you to wake me like that," she said.

"I assure you no one touched you or woke you," he answered, much perplexed. "Weren't you asleep?"

"Yes, but you woke me up."

"Try again," he said. "Go to sleep, and sleep soundly. I shall not wake you or disturb you. You will hear me speaking to you, but you will not wake. Sleep."

The subject relaxed into a condition of passivity, and Richard allowed five minutes to elapse before he said:

"Now you are fast asleep. Fast asleep and quite comfortable. Quite easy in your mind. In a sound sleep, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You have been waking yourself up," he said; "don't do that. You will sleep until I tell you to wake; do you hear?"

"Yes."

"You will remember that?"

"Of course."

"Sleep on then. Sleep soundly. I want you to go into a profound—"

"Slumber" he was going to say, as an improvement upon the repetition of the word "sleep," but Mrs. Rawlinson prevented him by waking.

"Why did you wake me?" she asked again.

Richard walked backwards to a chair, with his eyes fastened upon her, found the chair with his hand, and sat down in a silent amazement.

"I don't understand it at all," he said at length.

"Don't understand what?" she asked.

"Why, this waking up. It's—it's—unheard of. There isn't a parallel case cited in any authority upon the subject of hypnotism!"

"You ought to be glad, then, of the chance of studying an anomaly," put in Miss Deverest.

"It must be rather awkward when the subject asserts herself in this manner," said Mr. Brown, unkindly. "If you were lecturing upon the phenomena of hypnotism, for instance, to a class! eh?"

"There is something here I don't understand," said Richard, "and can't account for. Unless,"

he added, brightening up, "the explanation is that you have been doing too much lately, and your subjective mind takes this means of protecting your health."

"Seems a little far-fetched to me!" murmured Mr. Brown.

"Perhaps you have a theory of your own," said Richard, turning to him, and glad of a chance to work off his irritation.

"Can't say I have," rejoined the other, imperturbably. "Is the séance at an end, Mrs. Rawlinson?"

"You must ask Mr. Robinson," she replied. "What is it? Haven't I done my part well to-night?"

"I must think this thing out," said Richard. "I think I will go home and wrestle with it," and he bowed himself out.

"I wish you would tell me why you acted in such a refractory manner," said Mr. Brown to his hostess, confidentially, as he took his leave. "It did me good to see it, but how did you do it? Was it my influence?"

"Was I refractory?" she asked. "I was not aware of it. Good-night."

"Well, I hope you're proud of yourself,"

said Miss Deverest when they were alone together. "Really, Blanche, I thought you had more—" She paused.

"More what?" asked Mrs. Rawlinson. "More what?" she repeated, with a stamp of her foot. "What do you mean, Rachel?"

"Well, I'm going to bed," said Miss Rachel. Mrs. Rawlinson burst into tears, and her friend instantly put her arms round her.

"There, don't cry; don't cry," she said, quietly.

But Mrs. Rawlinson was not to be soothed. "I don't want you to touch me," she said, with an attempt at dignity, turning away.

"Very well, only don't say anything foolish, Blanche; you will be sorry if you do. Good-night."

Mrs. Rawlinson returned no answer, and Miss Rachel departed to her room.

"She is old enough to know better," she said to her reflection in the glass. She put her elbows on the table, and held her face between her hands. "I can't help it, if he does," she said argumentatively; and added in self-justification, "I don't see why I shouldn't be amused!" There being no answer apparently to her re-

marks, she undressed and went to bed. She was dozing peacefully when her friend's voice roused her to consciousness.

"Rachel," said Mrs. Rawlinson, in a tearful whisper, as she bent over her, "are you awake?"

"Dear me, Blanche, are you trying to hypnotize me?"

"I came to tell you that I think I have been very foolish."

"Of course you have," said Miss Deverest. "Don't do it again, dear."

"Oh, Rachel, you are like a stone. I believe you are a heartless coquette."

Miss Deverest laughed. "Do go to bed, and be sensible, Blanche," she said, "and never let a man see that you have a heart. Fortunately men are very dense. Good-night, dear; I'm going to sleep."

Mrs. Rawlinson sighed and left her.

"I don't know," said Richard to himself, when he reached his lodgings, "what that ass Brown thinks about it, but I'm blessed if I can understand this thing at all. I have turned it over and over, and there is only one possible explanation. I shall have to admit, I suppose, that there is such a thing as an opposing and

antagonistic force, thrown out by a skeptic, and that a man like Brown can, by the mere exercise of his will, awaken a hypnotized person. But that's rubbish; I don't believe in mental suggestion, when there is no verbal suggestion accompanying it. I shall ask her about it tomorrow. But what if no explanation is forthcoming? I must get to the bottom of it somehow."

CHAPTER VII.

COUNTER SUGGESTION.

ON the following morning Richard called upon Mrs. Rawlinson, and was graciously received by that lady.

"Miss Deverest is out," she said, "do you feel very disappointed?"

"I particularly wanted to see you," he replied, "and my wish is gratified. You are looking very well to-day."

"I feel much better than I did last night."

"Were you ill?" he inquired eagerly, with less sympathy in his tone than curiosity.

"I don't think I was quite myself."

"Then perhaps that may explain it. Do you know, Mrs. Rawlinson, I have been puzzling over what happened yesterday evening—your waking up, you know—and I can make nothing of it."

"I daresay I can give you the key," she answered, "but if I do, you must let it remain a secret between us."

"Of course," he said vehemently. "I shouldn't think of breathing a word of what you may tell me to any one."

"It isn't anything very important," she said, with a faint smile. "It is only that I said to myself early in the evening that I would not let you use me any longer as a hypnotic subject."

"Then you really woke yourself up by auto-suggestion!"

"I suppose so, although I had an impression that you woke me by speaking to me."

"This is remarkable," he cried. "I am amazed at the power of simple auto-suggestion. Yet there is nothing to wonder at really. I might have known that that was the explanation;—but you seemed quite willing to sleep."

"I was willing to sleep," she said, "but I wanted to show you that I could assert myself if I chose to do so. I objected to being regarded purely as an object of scientific interest. So I would not carry out any experiments."

Richard was so wrapped up in the contemplation of the case as it affected his theory of the power of suggestion, that he failed to discern the personal pique manifested in her reply.

"Well, well," he said, "we learn by degrees.

Of course the power of auto-suggestion is greater than any other force brought to bear on the subject's mind. I should have known that, but I could not see any reason for its exercise in this case; that is what misled me."

Mrs. Rawlinson sighed. He proceeded volubly.

"This establishes my contention that a person cannot be hypnotized, much less caused to perform actions contrary to his nature, against his will. If I suggested to you, for instance, when you were hypnotized, that you should take a ride on horseback, and lifted you into the saddle by leading you to a rocking-chair, you might take your imaginary canter over the grass and believe that you were really on horseback; but if you objected to riding, or if there were any one present in the room before whom you disliked to carry out these experiments, you would refuse to accept the suggestion absolutely. I could not make you do anything which your instinct disapproved of. And this is as true in the deepest, as in the lightest stages of hypnosis. The auto-suggestion of the subject is ready to be called into play at any time; it is held merely passive; it is never destroyed.

Your subjective consciousness is always able to protect you, and the subject is never really dominated by the will of the operator. You agree to do, to see, or to believe certain things which are suggested to you, only because there is nothing in those things of which your waking consciousness would disapprove."

"Yes, I understand that," she said.

"Then why should you wish to discontinue the experiments?" he asked, bluntly.

"I don't know; I think it must have been because Mr. Brown was present," she replied, weakly.

"No doubt," said Richard, "no doubt that was the reason. I see it all now. He is the sort of man whom it is not worth while to try to convince of anything. You were perfectly right; only he has gone away now with a false impression."

"What does it matter what Mr. Brown thinks?" she cried, impatiently.

"Not a bit, not a bit; but then you seemed to care yesterday evening."

"Well, let us talk of something else," she said.

"Dear me, I'm a stupid ass," he thought;

"she's probably sweet on that muff Brown." Aloud he remarked, "By all means, but you know hypnotism is the only thing I can talk about."

"Then talk hypnotism," she said. "I like to see you very much in earnest."

"Now that's very sweet of you. I'm afraid I bore you sometimes."

"No, you never bore me, though most men do."

Richard could not but feel the force of the compliment, and being a man, he was flattered thereat.

"Then I hope you'll revoke your decision," he said, following up his advantage.

"Not to be hypnotized any more? Oh yes, you may hypnotize me now if you want to."

"Thanks. I always want to. Where is Miss Deverest? She would like to see the experiment."

"Miss Deverest is out, as I told you. Is her presence necessary?"

"Not at all," said Richard, feeling he had blundered somehow. "Will you go to sleep now?"

"Yes," she said, "but you must hold my hand."

"Certainly," he replied readily. "Now close your eyes, and go fast asleep."

With a sigh of content the lady relaxed, and in less than a minute was sleeping calmly. Richard made a motion to withdraw his hand, but her fingers closed more tightly upon his, and a slight frown ruffled her forehead.

"Now you are sleeping soundly," he said, stroking her brow with his disengaged hand, "and you are quite comfortable and happy. Your hands are quite cold, and the fingers are relaxing, relaxing, and the hand which holds mine is unclosing, and falls gently to your side. So."

He grinned at the subterfuge, and released his imprisoned hand. "Now tell me," he said, "frankly, why you woke up so repeatedly last night. You remember doing so?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it? Had I displeased you in any way?"

"Yes."

"How then?"

The subject seemed to struggle with herself, and then said, confusedly:

"I thought you did not like me any more."

He almost jumped to his feet, but thought better of it. Light was beginning to dawn upon him at last. To himself he said, "I must settle this now."

"Why should you think such a thing?" he asked, to gain time.

"You only seemed to take an interest in me when you could make use of me for Rachel's benefit," she said.

"And of course you did not like that."

"Of course not."

"I quite agree with you. But you are all wrong in your supposition. Now attend to me, and listen very carefully, because you must never forget what I am going to tell you. That is to say, your subjective mind must never forget, but your waking mind will not remember anything of this conversation. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. I take a great interest in hypnotism, and a great interest in you both as a personal friend and as a hypnotic subject. I like you extremely as a friend, and you like me as a friend. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"You have no warmer regard for me than

you have for Miss Deverest, or any other of your friends. You are too strong a woman to form useless attachments. You have no thought of marrying again, and no idea of falling in love with any one. You find plenty to occupy your mind without thinking of foolish things. You are interested in these experiments because they are scientific, and you are able with my help to advance the cause of truth in this matter of hypnotism. You love the truth for its own sake. You are ready to go on with the experiments for this reason, and for this reason alone. You care nothing for me beyond the fact that I am helping you to study these phenomena, as you are helping me. We are partners in this business, if you prefer to call it so, and beyond this you do not go a step. You have no idea of falling in love with me. You never had such an idea. You never will have. I am no more to you than any other friend, and you never thought of me otherwise. You will never forget this?"

"No."

"Remember then, when you wake up, these ideas will have taken firm root. You will not regard me other than as a friend, and I shall be

proud always to so regard you. I value your friendship very much. Remember that you are interested in hypnotism for its own sake. Read all you can on the subject, and learn to pick out truth from error. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Don't forget then. This matter is buried, forgotten, and done with. You will not recall what I have said when you wake; and during any subsequent hypnosis, you will not be able to remember in that state what I have just been saying to you. So it is hidden from your objective mind, and safely locked in your subjective, and you have given me the only key which can unlock it. This key I throw away now.

"You understand that when you wake it will be as it was in the beginning between us, when you were first hypnotized. I have spoken quite frankly, because we are talking soul to soul, and truth is best. You do not feel pained in the least."

"Oh no," she said readily. "Not the least."

"Very good," he rejoined, assuming his habitual tone. "That is all done with. You will forget the words, but the effect will always remain. Now we will not try any experiments

this morning. I'll just give you a few suggestions instead."

"Your disposition is to be happy," he said, laying his hand on her forehead, "to be happy and to see the bright side of life. You are to enjoy yourself. The petty cares of existence, the little worries, the vexations, the disappointments, will not have more than a passing influence upon you. You will find an absolute joy in doing your duty, and doing good to others. It is your nature to be unselfish, and in this you are more blessed than the most of us. Most people prate of the irksomeness of duty, but to you it will be a simple pleasure. If sorrow comes, as it must come, or this life would be no training ground for the soul, you will bear it bravely, and even find comfort in discomfort. You will draw the sting from pain, because for you there is no such feeling as despair. Your faith is built on rock, and the content of peace is yours already. A calm temper, a serenity of mind, and a steadfastness of purpose are all yours, and none can take them from you. They are as much a part of your heritage as woman as are your lofty ideals and aspirations. It is only now that you understand that

they are within your reach. You can command yourself, because your soul's power is absolute. You will live up to your aspirations and ideals, remembering always that the best that is in you is your real self; the baser and more ignoble thoughts and desires are faults of your physical being; they are not yourself; they do not belong of right to the true ego. Wake up now in your own time. But just a moment. Can I come over this evening?"

"Come at nine o'clock," she said.

"Very well. Will you carry out a post-hypnotic suggestion for me?"

"Yes."

"You will go to sleep, then, when the clock strikes nine this evening, and you will not wake till I touch you on the forehead. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"Wake up, then, when you feel inclined to, and forget all that has passed. Wake up feeling well and happy."

The subject stirred and smiled, and in a minute and a half opened her eyes and sat up straight in her chair.

"A minute and a half seems to be your time," said Richard. "Why is that?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't like being waked suddenly; it seems to give me a shock."

"Then it is better to leave you to yourself," he said. "Oh, here's Miss Deverest."

"Well, Rachel," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "you have just missed a séance."

"Have I? How do you do, Mr. Robinson? I think you might have waited for me. So you did not prove refractory this morning, Blanche?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Rawlinson, laughing, "I didn't give any trouble, did I, Mr. Robinson?"

"You were very good," said Richard. "Mrs. Rawlinson objected to the presence of Mr. Brown last night, I think," he added to Miss Deverest.

"Oh!" said that young lady.

"Is he to be here this evening?" Richard inquired.

"I don't know. He has not been asked, but he might drop in," said Mrs. Rawlinson, "but can you come yourself? Rachel and I will be out for dinner, but after that—say, at nine?"

"Thanks. I shall be very glad to come. *Au revoir* then."

When he had gone Miss Rachel looked curiously at her friend.

"Blanche, dear," she said, "I am obliged to cut my visit short. Isn't it horrid? See, I have a telegram from aunt asking me to come quickly, as she wants to see me."

"Don't go, Rachel. Can't you make an excuse? Your aunt is not ill, surely?"

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with her, or I should have heard of it. But I think I'd better go."

"Now why should you, Rachel? There's something else; tell me what it is."

"Don't fly into a temper then, Blanche, and remember you asked me to tell you."

"Yes, please tell me."

"I think then," said Miss Rachel, drawing off her gloves, "that I would rather not spoil sport. It strikes me that I am in the way."

"I don't understand you."

"You can if you want to."

"Really, I don't know what you mean."

"Blanche!" cried Miss Deverest, with a lamentable lapse into slang, "you know you are getting mashed on Mr. Robinson!"

"What an absurd thing!" cried Mrs. Rawlin-

son, with a laugh that was not forced. "Oh, Rachel, how silly of you! I am not likely to fall in love with any one, I assure you—least of all with Mr. Robinson!" and she laughed again.

Miss Rachel was much puzzled. This was not acting.

"You seemed to me to be growing very fond of Mr. Robinson," she remarked.

"I like Mr. Robinson as a friend, certainly, but I don't want him for a husband. That's a most foolish fancy of yours, and I should be very sorry if he ever heard of it. I don't want to drive him away just yet."

Miss Deverest laughed, and took her friend's hands in hers.

"Forgive me, Blanche," she said, prettily, "I must be growing very stupid."

"I'll forgive you if you never think such a thing again, and if you'll promise not to leave me."

"Oh, aunt can wait," said Miss Rachel. "But you are sure I shall not be in the way?"

"You seem to be a good deal in Mr. Robinson's way," said Mrs. Rawlinson, smiling.

"Oh, you are trying to turn the tables now," said her friend. "Let me go, Blanche."

"Are you much interested in hypnotism?" asked Mrs. Rawlinson, detaining her.

"Of course I am."

"And in the professor?"

"Not at all."

"H'm! I have my doubts as to that."

"Indeed, you are quite wrong, Blanche. He amuses me, certainly, and he's very nice, and all that—but—"

"But what?"

"Oh well, he has eyes only for his science."

"I think I have seen him using them for other ends. Just observe him this evening."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing," said Miss Rachel, with a toss of her curls.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUBJECTIVE PHENOMENA.

IT was a little after nine, when Richard knocked at Mrs. Rawlinson's front door. Miss Deverest opened it. "I knew your knock," she said, "and I wanted to let you in at once. Come this way quickly."

She led him to the drawing-room without further parley, and pointed to the figure of Mrs. Rawlinson sitting motionless in her chair, with her eyes closed.

"Surely you are not alarmed?" Richard said.

"Yes, I am. Any one would be," said Miss Deverest rapidly. "She was talking to me quite rationally a few minutes ago, and suddenly she sighed and went to sleep. I could not wake her. Please try yourself."

"There is no hurry," said Richard. "She is only carrying out a post-hypnotic suggestion, which was given her this morning. I assure

you she is all right. If you will permit me I will go and take off my coat. Did you speak to her?"

"Yes, and she could not answer."

"You mean she would not. You were not *en rapport* with her. She will answer me. Mrs. Rawlinson," he said, "are you asleep?"

"Yes."

"I want you to speak to Miss Deverest while I take off my coat downstairs."

"Very well."

"Blanche, can you hear me?" Miss Deverest asked, anxiously.

"Of course. Don't shout so, Rachel."

"Well, but you frightened me, Blanche. Why didn't you speak to me before Mr. Robinson came in?"

"I did not hear you."

"But I called you and shook you."

"I did not feel anything."

"Please don't do it again. Why did you go to sleep?"

"Because I wanted to."

"Did you hear Mr. Robinson come in?"

"Oh yes."

"Did you hear me speaking to him at the door?"

"No."

"Did you hear him speaking to me when he came into this room?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Told you not to be alarmed, or something like that."

"Well, why couldn't you hear me too, Blanche?"

"I don't know."

Just then Richard returned and Miss Deverest repeated her question to him. "Why couldn't she hear me speaking to you?" she asked.

"She did hear you," said Richard, "but she did not heed."

"That is rather too fine a distinction. Explain, please."

"She heard you speaking, and if her subjective mind were told to repeat what you had said, she could remember everything, and repeat it," he said. "She merely did not wish to pay attention to you. She was *en rapport* with me only. But the sense of the words you uttered is recorded in her subjective memory, though she may not be aware of the fact. That is to say, their meaning has not reached her subjec-

tive consciousness up to this time. Now observe. Mrs. Rawlinson," he said, "you can remember what Miss Deverest said to you. You remember her words?"

The subject smiled. "Oh yes, she asked a lot of questions when you were gone."

"But before that," said Miss Deverest, "when you first went to sleep, Blanche."

"I remember," said the subject, "you shook me, and said, 'Blanche, dear, do wake up. Supposing anybody should come?'"

"Was that it, Miss Deverest?" Richard asked.

"Oh yes, that was part of it," she answered, with a comical air of resignation. "These objective and subjective moods and memories are getting too much for me."

The subject smiled. "Poor Rachel," she said, with humorous enjoyment.

"Oh, it's all very well, but you two are going too fast for me. You are leaving me a long way behind. Why can't I do these things?"

"Why can't she, Mrs. Rawlinson? You tell her why, and perhaps she'll believe you."

"Because you are too objective, Rachel," said the subject.

"And what does that mean?"

"Because you won't begin at the beginning, and learn to obey."

"I'm sure I try to go to sleep."

"You are not really passive. You wonder what is going to happen next."

"Well, can I ever learn?"

"You can, if you determine to."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Deverest, distressfully, "I am sure I try. It is all your fault, Mr. Robinson. You wouldn't let me believe in the mystery, and now it's impossible. I can't go to sleep."

"It is just because you say you can't," said the subject "that it becomes a thing impossible. It is only hard because you make it so for yourself. You have so little faith."

"Teach me how to get more then," said Miss Deverest.

"You can teach yourself. Begin at the beginning. Say 'I can,' 'I will,' instead of 'I can't,' and believe that what you say will happen."

"But if it doesn't happen, Blanche, and it never does," cried Miss Rachel, in desperation, "what then?"

"Try again," said the subject. "And go on trying."

"You have got the very best advice on the subject, Miss Deverest, that money could buy," said Richard. "The teaching of an expert could not be sounder than this, or more complete."

"It is all very well," said Miss Rachel, a little ruffled, "for her to talk like this, but she is quite safe on high ground, and I am sinking in the slough of despond. Besides," she added, triumphantly, "you can't go to sleep yourself, Mr. Robinson. You told me so."

"You haven't forgotten, I see. No, I can't sleep yet, but I shall in a little while."

"When will that time arrive?"

"When I can meet a man who is intellectually my superior, who has studied psychology thoroughly, who is morally a good man, and who has both time and patience to devote to my case. Then I shall yield me with content and faith."

"Do you despair of finding such a one?"

"I can find all the qualifications separately in fifty men of my acquaintance, but they do not combine them, unfortunately. Still, I do not despair."

"But this is not according to your teaching," she said. "Doesn't it all rest with yourself?"

"It does; but I, like you, am too objective. Further, I have been directing others, playing the schoolmaster, you know, and it is not easy for the master to become a pupil. The tendency of the mind of an editor, a schoolmaster, or a pulpit preacher, is to distribute knowledge to others, rather than to receive it. Hence these particular callings create more bigots and intolerant thinkers than any others. But we are forgetting Mrs. Rawlinson."

"Have you been listening all this while, Blanche?" asked Miss Deverest.

The subject smiled, but made no reply.

"Probably not," said Richard, "Do you want to talk?" he asked, "or would you rather sleep?"

"I want to be awaked, and to talk," she said.

"Wake up then," he said.

"You know I can't."

"Why not?"

"You know I can't wake," she repeated, "until you touch me on the forehead."

"By Jove! I'd forgotten," he said, "you were right to remind me," and he touched her brow. The subject immediately opened her eyes.

"Did you feel any shock on regaining consciousness?" he asked,

"None whatever. Did you wake me suddenly?"

"Very suddenly. But you were expecting it, and therefore it was no shock to your nervous system. Hereafter if I give you a suggestion that you will wake without feeling any inconvenience, you will do so, but as a rule it is best to give you your own time."

"What did she mean by saying that she couldn't wake?" asked Miss Deverest.

"She agreed this morning to sleep till I waked her by touching her forehead."

"And could not she have been awakened by any other means?"

"Oh, certainly, but it was easier for her to stick to the original agreement."

"Could she have waked of her own accord if anything had prevented you from coming to-night?"

"Certainly she could, and would have done so as soon as there was any necessity for it. She said she could not wake, but just as soon as any danger threatened her person, she would break that belief, and wake."

"Would the entrance of visitors rouse her?"

"It would just depend upon how she regarded

those visitors in her waking moments. If they were averse to any display of hypnotic powers she would probably rouse herself, but if she knew them to be sympathetic she might not feel inclined to do so."

"Then if she remained asleep, could they have spoken to her, and made her answer?"

"Oh yes, if they had spoken to her intelligently."

"You pay me a very poor compliment, Mr. Robinson," said Miss Deverest.

"Pardon me. What I mean is this. To break a *rappport* existing between an operator and a subject it is only necessary for the person who desires to be answered to speak in a low, firm voice, repeating constantly some simple phrase, such as 'Are you asleep?' The subject will answer in a little while, and can then be drawn into conversation. Rough measures will produce little effect, but may end in awakening the sleeper with a violent shock, and this is always to be avoided."

"I have been reading 'The Romance of Two Worlds,'" said Miss Deverest, "this afternoon. It seems to me a curious book."

"It is certainly ingenious," said Richard,

"but the author's knowledge of hypnotism is marvelously inaccurate; and the electric ring theory is unconvincing."

"Does it touch upon hypnotic phenomena at all? I have not noticed that."

"No, you will find it in the introduction. Have you the copy with you?"

"It is here," said Miss Deverest, going to a small table, and returning with the book, which she handed to Richard.

"The author has said some things with peculiar force concerning spiritism as it is commonly understood in circles," said Richard, with a laugh, as he turned over the pages. "Ah, here is the passage which concerns us. Listen:—

" 'Hypnotism, which is merely animal magnetism called by a new name, and which is nothing but the physical attraction of strong bodies brought to bear on weakly, diseased, or passive ones, has nothing whatever in common with what I may designate spiritual electric force. The professor of hypnotism is able on certain occasions to instil a thought into the mind of his patient, and force him (or her—it is generally a feeble woman who is the subject practiced upon) to act upon it; pain may be

soothed, and long trances may ensue, but this power is only temporary. The trance of hypnotism is a stupor—in it the patient sees nothing worth remembering, even if he could remember, which he never does. This is a positive sign that hypnotism pertains to the material side of existence, and has nothing to do with the spiritual.’

“There! that is all that concerns me directly. The author is a splendid creature. Some one has described Marie Corelli as the dictionary in hysterics. There is more wit than truth in the remark. She is splendid in her scorn of the false and the base, for she writes as if she believed what she writes; splendid even in her ignorance. Let us begin at the beginning.

“‘Hypnotism is animal magnetism called by a new name,’ she asserts. It is nothing of the kind. For one hypnotist who believes in animal magnetism, or Mesmer’s theory of fluidic emanations, there are fifty who discredit it utterly after patient research and experiment. Braid said that hypnotism was a physical process due to fatigue of the eyes through continued staring at a bright object. The Nancy School attribute it to the effect of suggestion wholly. Charcot

of the Salpêtrière said it was a pathological condition. So he and the author of this book are in accord. Unfortunately for their theory, however, the Nancy School experiments with all classes of subjects, male and female, the healthy and the diseased, which Charcot never did; and the Nancy School declare that the man is as easily influenced as the woman, and that the healthy man makes the best subject. Further, 'the physical attraction of strong bodies brought to bear on weak and sickly ones' is evident nonsense. A hypnotist may be weak and sickly himself, but if he understands the laws of his science, his bodily condition will not affect the force of his teaching; because he only directs the power in each case; he does not create it. 'Hypnotism has nothing in common with spiritual electric force.' Perhaps not; hypnotism in itself is not a force at all; it is only the agent whereby a force is directed. And the force that I refer to is the real 'spiritual electric force' of Marie Corelli, *i. e.*, the power of the divine in man. 'Pain may be soothed, and long trances may ensue, but this power is only temporary.' On the contrary, it is permanent, if the subject is properly treated. As to the long trances that

may ensue, they have nothing to do with hypnotic phenomena; there is no long trance in connection with suggestive therapeutics; it is a pathological condition, or else is assumed by mediums who believe themselves to be spiritually controlled. 'The trance of hypnotism is a stupor.' The trance of insensibility may be—I never saw an instance and therefore cannot judge—but this lady evidently considers that there is only one hypnotic state, and that is the trance state. Much she knows about it. Fancy trying to fit all the wonderful varieties of subjective consciousness into the word 'trance-state'! A stupor, forsooth! Why, every sense is on the alert during hypnosis; the man is far more awake than in his normal condition. Hypnosis is an exalted condition of mental receptivity, and she dismisses it gravely as 'a stupor in which the patient sees nothing worth remembering, even if he could remember, which he never does.' By heaven, she waxes grander in absurdity as she proceeds. Never does remember, indeed! When he has both his objective and subjective memory at command! 'This is a positive sign that hypnotism pertains to the material side of existence, and has nothing to do with the spir-

itual'! But the positive sign does not exist, because the memory of the subjective mind is in truth perfect. But let us argue further and suppose she had said briefly, 'Hypnotism is material, not spiritual.' If I thought she divided the human being into three constituent parts, body, soul, and spirit, there would be no room for argument, because I hold that the soul and spirit are one, not distinct, and we should stand on different ground. But what I know as the soul, she also defines as soul or spirit,—the psychic force; and a little knowledge of her subject would have shown her that hypnotic phenomena can only be psychic in their origin. I do not like a creed which fixes a broad gulf between the two parts of man's nature, because I believe that science can prove that the two are constantly working, the one upon the other, and according to the training that each receives, will the man's nature develop. The shell of the nut is only good to protect the kernel, and the worm of ignorance can consume the life of the soul."

Richard paused in his remarks to brush his hand across his brow.

"Look at the sparks coming out of his forehead," cried Mrs. Rawlinson suddenly.

"Where, Blanche? I don't see anything!" said Miss Deverest.

"I can see them," she said, in a subdued voice, as if talking to herself. "Little blue sparks, like electric light, only faint."

Richard raised his hand and repeated the action. "Do you see them now?"

"Yes."

"Then you are asleep?"

"Yes."

"Why did you go to sleep?"

"I don't know."

"Look here," he said, peremptorily, "this is not to happen again. You are not to go to sleep without some good reason. Your subjective mind is assuming too great a control. I shall give you some vigorous suggestions about this before I wake you. But since you are asleep, let us look into this matter, it seems curious. Have you a strong magnet here, Miss Deverest?"

"I know there is one upstairs," she said; "I will fetch it," and she left the room.

"I want you to describe exactly what you see," said Richard, to his subject. "Don't exaggerate anything in the slightest, and re-

member that I would rather have no results than one false impression. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"I am going to turn the lights down," he said, suiting the action to the word. "You will see better in semi-darkness, and don't tire your eyes. Wink when you want to, and keep them closed till Miss Deverest comes back."

When the latter returned with the magnet, he asked her to stand a little way in front of the subject, and directed the magnet a few inches from the top of her head.

"What do you see?"

"White lights; not white, blue-white."

"What now?" pointing the magnet to her left side.

"Oh, very bright; white lights."

"Coming from the magnet?"

"No, coming to the magnet."

"Do they reach the magnet?"

"No, they flash out from the body two or three inches."

"What do you see now?" he asked, turning Miss Deverest round, and pointing to her right side.

"Orange. No, pink. From pink to orange."

"What now?" pointing to her left hand.

"White, blue-white."

"What now?"—her right hand.

"Orange — red — yellow — they seem to change."

"What do you see now?" he asked, pointing the magnet to his own side.

"Dark blue," she said. "Very strong. Three or four inches."

"What now?"—the other side.

"Light blue."

"What now?"—his head.

"White—blue-white."

"What now?"—back of the right hand.

"Just a little—dark blue."

"What now?"—the fingers.

"Dark blue. Lots of it, going right into the magnet."

"What now?"—the other hand and fingers.

"Sapphire. Very bright."

"H'm! that's rather curious. Just let me try you again, Miss Deverest. What now?" he asked, using his fingers instead of the magnet, which he secreted stealthily up his sleeve.

"Very faint. It seems to be in the magnet. It is not coming from her at all."

"What now?" he said, touching Miss Rachel's forehead.

"Just a spark. Light blue."

"What now?" and he held the magnet a few inches from her forehead.

"Oh, bright lights. Very bright. Coming from her forehead."

"Very curious," said Richard. "There seems to be some virtue in the magnet. Let's try yourself," and he held it near her hand. "Do you see anything?"

"No."

"See anything now?" and he pointed to her side.

"No."

"Well, that will do. Thank you. Now close your eyes again," and he turned up the lights.

"You went to sleep just now involuntarily," he said, impressively. "That is a thing I do not wish you to do. Remember, there is no danger in it, whatever, but it shows that you are becoming just a shade too subjective. I am going to remedy that. You will not be able to sleep unless I wish you to do so, and tell you so, and you are willing yourself. Do you understand? If I want you to sleep, well and good. Now

for yourself. You will only be able to go to sleep when there is some good reason why you should do so; if you are in pain, for example, or if you want to sleep at night, or if you want a nap when you are by yourself. But you will never be able to sleep without giving yourself the suggestion first of all that you want to go to sleep. Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Remember then. There must be no more dropping off to sleep without knowing the wherefore. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Don't forget that. You have great power in yourself, and it is being rapidly developed. See that you keep it under the control of the reason as long as you belong to this world. Remember that you are never to lose that control. Do you know what a mad person is?"

"Yes."

"He is one in whom subjectivity has completely the upper hand. Remember my suggestions then. You must never allow that control to pass from you. I do not mean that there is any danger of your going mad, even if you went to sleep fifty times a day, involuntarily.

But there is no use in allowing the reins to slip from your grasp at any time. Always have a reason for going into this state. Remember this suggestion."

I shall not forget," she answered.

"Wake up in a minute and a half," he said, "feeling quite well and cheerful. Not fatigued a bit, and remember all about those lights. I want you to tell us about them."

"Very well."

"What did you mean by implying that madness might grow out of this state?" asked Miss Deverest, in some alarm.

"Only that, if improperly directed, madness or insanity might, without doubt, be induced. It would never happen in her case, because she knows that this power is in herself. But if she believed herself to be inspired by some ethereal being, a spirit, if you will, she would be at the mercy of her fancy, or as the spiritists call it, 'her control,' and her imagination, uncontrolled by her reason, would be capable of anything."

"But she would always have her conscience, or instinct, to rely upon?"

"No, because she has given up her mind to the control of something which she believes to

be higher than herself, and therefore she accepts without question ideas which, if they came from one of her friends, she would dismiss as fantastic or wrong. But if she thinks that she is controlled by a spirit, she would deem it irreverent to doubt or argue with the voice of her spiritual guide, and whatever he tells her to do she will do, conscience and instinct notwithstanding. Of course there is no spiritual guide, and the voice she hears is born of her own subjective consciousness, so it is a case of the blind leading the blind."

"Is not the subjective mind perfect?"

"In itself, certainly. But objective fancies and delusions crowd upon it, and without the controlling power of reason it is like a huge ship without her rudder, tossed and buffeted by the waves. See, she is awake."

"How do you feel, Blanche?" inquired her friend.

"Very well, thanks. I always feel well now. I shall always bless hypnotism, anyhow, for procuring me plenty of sleep."

"It does seem to me," said Miss Rachel, "that we ought to be very careful how we experiment with this force in our natures."

"I grant you that care and knowledge are both necessary," said Richard, "but I think we ought to seek for ourselves. If you tell me that it's dangerous, I say that if you walk into a river, and cannot swim, you would probably be drowned; yet bathing is a healthy pastime, and swimming is only worth while in deep waters. You would not refuse to drink a glass of water because three glasses would make you very unwell; or to ride in an electric car because a friend of yours had been run down when he was looking another way. But tell us about those lights, Mrs. Rawlinson. What do you remember?"

"Oh, they were very curious. I never saw anything quite like them. They seemed a sort of electric blue, and they shifted about."

"I believe you could see them now," said Richard, "if you will allow me to turn down the gas."

"Oh yes, try again, Blanche, now you're awake."

"I don't see anything," said Mrs. Rawlinson when the room was in darkness once more, and Richard had fruitlessly directed the magnet to Miss Deverest and to himself.

"It must be owing, then, to a sharpened sense of sight during the hypnotic state. I expect the lights are due to the electricity developed in the human body. They probably vary according to the dryness of the clothing, the degree of health, the bodily activity, and so forth. I should not take them as evidence of magnetic force without exhaustive research, and that we are hardly able to give. I shall try one or two of my other subjects, who have reached the somnambulic stage, however, and see what they can do. I have had a very pleasant evening, and am much obliged. Good-night."

"Well, Rachel?" said Mrs. Rawlinson inquiringly.

"He is a pleasant companion, isn't he?" said Miss Rachel with an unconcerned air. "Oh, but I am not in love with him a bit. He's too dogmatic."

Mrs. Rawlinson laughed.

CHAPTER IX.

DIVINE HEALING.

"MR. ROBINSON, do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?"

"Most certainly, although I don't pray myself."

"Then you believe in the existence of a protecting power, a loving God?"

"Yes, I believe in the existence of such a Being, but He is to me a harmonious God; He does not break natural laws for the benefit of one or another of His creatures who cry to Him. To do so, and not to remove all suffering, and right all oppression in the world, would be injustice, even as we imperfect creatures define justice and injustice. But God has given to every human being the power to help himself, and Jesus Christ pointed out the way by which this power could be developed to its fullest and best."

"How?" asked Miss Deverest.

"By prayer and faith."

"I have always believed in prayer," she continued, "and I have prayed—oh, how I have prayed!—that this deafness in my ear might leave me. Don't laugh at me."

"I am not laughing at you—far from it."

"Then before I got up from my knees I used to listen, you know, but the buzzing in my ear was just the same as ever."

"All the specialists you have consulted tell you that there is no organic trouble—no disease of the structure?"

"Yes, they all say it is purely nervous—a paralysis of the nerve."

"Then it can only be cured by faith on your own part. Patience; you must educate yourself up to this state."

"Oh, it is so easy to talk!" she cried. "It seems to me so unjust that I should suffer this."

"There is no injustice other than that which men create for themselves. But this is poor comfort for you."

"Very. I think I should like to go to the Home of Divine Healing. Will you come with me?"

"Of course."

"Do you think it will do me any good?"

"I am sure it will—if you believe it will yourself."

"Oh, there it is again. Don't tell me it all rests with myself."

"No, I won't. Because you may be so impressed by what you see at this Home that faith will be easy to you. When shall we go?"

"This morning, if you don't mind."

"Very good. I am ready."

The Home of Divine Healing was situated in a pleasant suburb of the city, and the founder of the Home, by name Doctor Joubert, had enjoyed for many years a notoriety both enviable and unenviable. He was regarded by his followers, and those whom he had healed of various infirmities, as a good man, and a prophet inspired of God. He was reviled by the press and by the majority of men as a charlatan; and he had been frequently arrested by the police for his refusal to call in medical skill to the bedside of the diseased.

A short walk brought our friends to the Tabernacle, where the doctor was addressing a large audience, as his daily custom was. The walls of the Tabernacle were ornamented with crutch-

es, trusses, steel boots, pipes, flasks of spirits, ear-trumpets, and many curious instruments of unfamiliar appearance. The audience was composed chiefly of the poor and needy, and upon most of them disease in one form or another had set its mark. Many were lying on couches and invalid chairs, and taken all in all the scene presented a dreadful contrast to the reality of bustling life without the building.

Miss Deverest shuddered. "Oh, I never thought I should ever come for help to such a gathering," she whispered.

"Patience!" said Richard. "Look at all these instruments on the wall—taken from the enemy! They will give you strength."

They found a seat at the back of the hall and sat down, a cripple on one side, and a sweet, spiritual-looking girl on the other. Richard noticed that her spine was twisted.

"I can't hear what he's saying," said Miss Rachel. "We are too far away."

"I'll tell you anything of import," said Richard.

"Christ is all," the doctor was saying. "He is the fount of Divine Healing. All the sin and misery in this world comes straight from the

devil. The devil's always looking out for a chance to hurt us, to damage us in some way. Why, only the other day, a poor woman whom I had healed, through Christ, of rheumatism had gone home cured, and blessing and praising God, when the devil tripped her up and threw her down her cellar steps, and she broke her leg. But she is here again, my friends, and her trust in God is so great, that I am glad to tell you that she is making a rapid recovery. Much more rapid than if she had been attended by a doctor of drugs and poisons!"

The reverend gentleman spoke with bitterness, and his audience murmured in appreciation.

"What is he saying?" asked Miss Rachel.

"He says that Christ is All, and the Fount of Healing," said Richard. "It is a true doctrine."

"Now look here," continued the doctor, energetically, coming to the front of the platform. "You people all attend to me. Here I am, and there," and he pointed upward, "is Christ. Now Christ is all-powerful, isn't He?"

"Yes," they all cried.

"And He can heal you if he wants to. Can't He?"

"Yes, yes."

"And He does want to. He always wants to. Now if I stretch out my hand and touch the hand of Christ, He can pass His healing power through me to you. Can't He?"

"Yes, yes."

"Very well, that's what He does. Now let me see. What evidences of His divine power have we got this morning?"

An assistant brought forward three or four crutches, a small preserve bottle containing a white substance, and a child's waistcoat of steel.

"Ha, very good!" said the doctor. "The pair of crutches belonged to—who is the owner, is he here?"

"Yes, sir. They were mine. I was cured of lameness by God's blessing," said a voice in the audience.

"Do any of you know this man?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, yes," came from a dozen places in the hall.

"Very well—no fake about that cure, is there?" said the doctor, with a laugh. "You'll find, all you people, that there's no fake about Jesus Christ."

"Now what poor child was shut up in this

devil's jacket?" he continued, holding up the waistcoat.

"It was my son, sir," said a woman. "He is well now, and is getting strong."

"Very good," said the doctor, holding up the bottle, "and here's a tapeworm. Is the owner of this reptile present?"

"Yes, sir," said a weak voice. All eyes were turned in the direction of the previous owner of the property exhibited, but it was significant of the gathering that there was no sign of laughter in the faces bent upon her. The doctor himself was quite serious and business-like as he put the bottle down and said:

"That's all to-day. Not a bad showing either, for one day, is it, my friends? The devil makes people lame, and the devil makes little children weak in the back, and the devil puts tapeworms, serpents like himself, inside people's bodies. 'But the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' Now, let me see. There has been no offering made to God to-day, so take one up now"—to his assistant—"and you people remember that this healing is free; it doesn't cost you anything; but to carry on God's work, and to pay rent to the owner of this Tabernacle,

we must have money. So give as you can afford it. Open your purse strings and give gladly. And don't give in a grudging spirit, because God sees all you do, and can read your hearts, and I shouldn't be surprised if He measured His healing as you do your offerings."

"Oh!" said Richard with a groan of disgust, and a feeling of contempt for this man who professed to know the Christ personally, yet was so far behind the spirit of His teaching, swept over him. But he was careful to disguise his opinion from Miss Deverest. If she were to receive any good from this trial, it would only be through her faith in the power of this man Joubert. Therefore he turned to her, and whispered:

"They are at great expense here, and he cures people for nothing, so a collection is being taken up. He is a powerful speaker."

"He is a very dignified looking man," she said. "I wish I could hear him."

"I'm very glad you can't," said Richard to himself.

After the offertory, which was liberally given to by nearly all those present, the doctor announced:

"I am going to the Healing Room now. Come, all you sufferers."

"You must go in there," said Richard.

"Oh, I cannot," she said, with a gasp. "I could not think of my own faith if I were in that room among all these. It would spoil it all for me. I could not."

"Come, be brave. He cannot see you separately; he has too much to do."

"If I could see him by myself for just five minutes."

"No, you had better go in with the rest."

"But I cannot think of my own little trouble in presence of all this great suffering."

"Then do not think of it, but go in, and listen to what he says. Will you?"

"Yes, I will try. But I feel a great horror and shrinking. Oh, look!" and she touched his arm.

A wild-eyed man with disheveled dress passed by them, followed by a girl who laughed quietly to herself continually. There was no reason in her laughter, and when she reached the seat where our friends were sitting she leaned over and pointed at the insane man in front. Then she ran after him and touched

him on the back, but he took no notice. And the girl looked back at Rachel and beckoned her to join the fun. It was rather ghastly.

Richard found one of the attendants, and as a special favor Miss Deverest was admitted among the second batch. He waited for her at the entrance, and ten, fifteen minutes passed before she joined him. She did not speak for some time, and he forbore to ask her any questions. They were nearing home before she broke the silence.

"When I went in there," she said, "I felt I was only a spectator. It did not seem to me that I wanted anything for myself. And it all looked so pitiful, and yet such a mockery. He was so big and business-like, and they—oh, the poor creatures!—they turned their eyes on him with such anxiety, and I looked to see some sign of pity or love in his face for them, and found none. They were ranged in two rows, one on each side of the room, and he stopped before each one and asked what was the matter, and when they told him he put his hands on the place or on their heads, and said, briskly, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' and passed on to the next.

When he came to me I told him I was deaf in one ear, and I suppose the expression on my face must have struck him, for he said, 'Have you repented?' And I said, 'Yes,' though I did not know just what he referred to. 'Except ye repent,' he said, 'ye cannot be healed. In the name of the Father, BE,' and then he went on to the next case. Of course, I suppose he has to hurry, there are so many waiting to see him; but it seemed to me that the whole atmosphere was against me."

"Did you see any one healed?"

"No, although there was one young woman there who told me she was being cured of cancer. She said she had been getting better every day, and she talked freely of 'the blessing' she had received. Her face shone with joy and hope, and she looked so different from the rest. I think that must be the hardest trial for those who receive no benefit themselves, to have to sit by and hear others tell of 'blessings' received. It must be an additional pang."

"I suppose most happy people are selfish," said Richard. "So you were not benefited, eh? Well, I didn't think you would be by Doctor Joubert. Did you notice that his audience was

composed almost entirely of the poor and uneducated?"

"Yes."

"His teaching is all right so far as they are concerned, but it is not complete enough for you. He has got hold of a half-truth, and he believes it to be sufficient for all men. So it might be if it came through a more refined medium than this man. The trouble is that many come to him who could be healed by material medicines, and all, all whom he cures, could be equally well healed, and in a much shorter time, by the employment of hypnotic suggestion. The mere fact that they are healed by his means—and I do not doubt that he makes many remarkable cures—is evidence that they are impressionable beings; that his suggestions take root in their minds, and that they believe. But how much more quickly they could be made to receive the suggestions if they were rendered absolutely passive by the induction of the hypnotic state! and how many—how very many—sufferers there must be whom hypnotism could reach, but who leave Doctor Joubert without receiving the slightest benefit! He said in his address in the hall that the devil tripped an old woman up

and threw her down the cellar stairs. Seems a little undignified and unchivalrous on the part of Satan, doesn't it?"

Miss Deverest laughed. "Oh, I don't feel as if I could ever shake off the remembrance of that scene," she said. "It is too awful to smile at."

"Well, you must distract your mind a little. You cannot help these poor people much by grieving over them."

"But you might?" she said.

"How?"

"By spreading a knowledge of hypnotism among all classes."

"Why, look you!" said Richard, "you listen to me because you are my friend. But you hardly believe the truth of what I tell you. How do you suppose, then, that these people, with not half your intelligence, could grasp its importance? They will not heed until they are forced to, and even then you could not compel them to come and be hypnotized. You might as well expect them to come and be killed!"

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "it is all a dreadful muddle. Thank you very much for coming with me. It must have been an awful morning for you, and I never thought of that. Good-bye."

CHAPTER X.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

RICHARD was called away from the city for a few days to attend to some business in which he had an interest, and during this period Miss Deverest attended the meetings of a body of Christian Scientists in the neighborhood. A devout and estimable lady, a friend of Mrs. Rawlinson, accompanied her to the gatherings, and averred that she herself was a firm believer in the doctrine they taught, and had been a witness of many remarkable happenings. Miss Deverest found, to her comfort, that she was among women and men of her own class, who could speak intelligently of the power at work in their midst. "Our faith is founded upon the Bible," they told her. "Belief is our shibboleth, but if you don't believe, it doesn't matter; we can heal you in any case. Your cure will come to you by the power of the Divine Spirit, which we shall invoke by our prayers, and our

faith will beget faith in you, and you will be well."

When Richard returned, she told him of these things.

"Are you any better?" he asked.

"No, but I shall be, they tell me, if I come to them often enough. Do you believe in Christian Science?"

"In the doctrine, or in the cures?"

"In both."

"I believe in their cures, certainly. Why should I not? But for their doctrine; it is right, and it is wrong. I believe in one part of it, and not in another. For instance, they told you that mind was absolute, all-powerful?"

"Yes."

"That is true enough. But they asserted also that matter had no existence?"

"Yes, they said mind was everything. They told me I was not really deaf in my ear, because matter had no existence, and I really had no body; I only thought I had. 'But,' I said, 'it is just as bad for me whether I only think so, or whether it really does exist. I know that the body is there!' 'No,' they said, 'you do not know it. You only think it! Your mind tells

you so. Now your mind must tell you that you have no body, and that disease cannot really exist, because your body does not exist.' 'But,' I said, 'it is no use, if I have a toothache, telling me that I have not a tooth. I know I have; I can feel the pain.' 'No,' they said, 'you only think you feel the pain. Make yourself passive, and leave the rest with us.' When they told me to be passive, I thought of you at once; it seemed so like your hypnotic methods. Then one of them—there were six persons in the room—kneeled down and prayed for me, and I knelt with them, while one on each side rested a hand on my shoulders. When the prayer was finished they all came to me and told me earnestly, one by one, that I was not deaf, that my deafness had gone, that it did not exist, and never had existed, and that I was cured. I told them all that I could still hear the buzzing in my ear, and an old man, with a most pleasant and kindly face, said, 'No, my child, you have only made yourself believe it. Now you must unmake that belief, and it will disappear, and your hearing be restored. You must have faith.' 'Oh,' I said, 'tell me how I am to get that faith.' And then the old gentleman—I liked

to look at him, he seemed so calm and strong—closed his eyes, and said, ‘Thou great power of good, show this poor child wherein she erreth. Show her the truth. Teach her that mind is all, and that matter has no existence save in our own imperfect consciousness.’ Then he laid his hand upon my head, and said, ‘Child, you are not deaf. You have no difficulty in hearing now. You are well. You are cured.’ And all the rest said loudly, ‘You are well. You are cured.’ Do you know, for a second I almost thought I was!”

“You would have been if you could have thoroughly believed what they told you,” said Richard.

“Oh, it seems so hard,” she said. “Why couldn’t I?”

“Chiefly, I suppose, because your reason objected to the foundation of their belief. You could not grasp the idea that your body was just a myth, a phantom conjured up by your brain, nay, not your brain, for that too, they say, is imaginary, but your mind. The doctrine of the Christian Scientists, as based upon the unreality of matter, is a manifest absurdity, yet you perceive, such is the power of belief, that

even this absurdity is not apparent to the follower of the creed. The remarkable part of the matter to me is not that Christian Science exists, and makes many converts, and works many seeming miracles, but that people generally fail to realize the great truth that is contained in these results; namely, that faith worketh marvels. It is only another evidence of the power of the subjective mind of man not only to heal the body, but to dominate the skepticism of the reasoning or objective mind. If you could have been really passive, you would have been cured; just as you would have gone to sleep for me a week ago if you had not objectively resisted the influence."

"Are the miracles of Christian Science permanent in their effects?" she asked.

"Some of them are; some of them, unhappily, are not. You see, it requires a good deal of faith to live always up to a belief that is rotten at its core. Reason has a way, unfortunately, of asserting itself at odd times, especially with persons of fair education. When the patient, cured by the science, relapses into a condition of doubt, he has not even the belief in the merciful healing of Christ to fall back upon, a be-

lief which is the foundation of the teaching of our business-like friend, Doctor Joubert. No, the one healed by this science has been persuaded, and has persuaded himself, that he has been cured by the power (save the mark!) of his intellect alone. He has believed that his reason rescued him, but his reason tells him now that the disease has returned, and this latter force, assisted by his sensations of pain, is commonly too much for his faith in Christian Science. So he goes back for strength to the meetings, and if he can recover his lost ground, well; but if not, he is worse than before. Pity that these people could not be properly fortified by hypnotic suggestion, which strengthens and develops the mind, and demands no impossible belief at the outset."

"But there are some permanent cures, you say?"

"Oh yes, a great many. Not a cure, though, which could not have been better effected by hypnotism, because, if these persons expect the benefit to continue, they must themselves continue to believe in an absurdity, viz., the unreality of matter. But you see that the effect of belief is all-powerful, even when founded on

foolishness. It is only another evidence of the power of the soul."

"You say that hypnotic suggestion develops the reason. I wish you would explain just how you could cure me without crushing my reasoning powers."

"Certainly. Now we will suppose that you have been hypnotized a couple of times. Perhaps you will not reach the stage of active somnambulism. You may be merely a lucid sleeper, incapable of doing more than listen to what is said to you. I should not tell you that your deafness did not exist; that it was only an imaginary ailment; but I should insist upon it that you had control yourself of all the functions of the body, and that your deafness was purely a nervous disease. You would agree to that, perhaps. Then I should tell you that your hearing would be gradually restored. You might shake your head in protest. That would mean that your auto-suggestion was not sufficiently quiescent. I should repeat to you over and over again that your hearing would be restored, and I should demand that you assist me by saying that you believed it would. If you could speak I should make you repeat the phrase after me;

if you could only nod your head, you would do so. That would be your lesson for the day. You might remember, when you woke up, everything I had said to you. It would not matter if you did. I should have inserted the thin end of the wedge. The next day your auto-suggestion would be less active, because you would be more ready to assist me; you would understand more clearly that I required your coöperation, and though the suggestion given the previous day might have had no appreciable effect on your hearing, yet it would not be without its influence on your subjective mind. Very good; now the next day I should impress upon you that you would be cured in a few days. If you refused to believe this, I should repeat it to you, emphasizing each word, and make you agree to accept the statement. Once your subjective mind had fully accepted it, I should explain to you that by constant reiteration of the statement to yourself when you woke you would so impress your objective mind that you would find yourself, your waking self, accepting it as a possibility. 'Why should I not be cured? This is only a nervous disease, and I have power over myself,' would be the result of the faith im-

planted in the subjective mind. Now when that faith is made perfect by continued suggestion, it will of itself beget hope, and afterwards faith, in the objective mind, and though this would not be necessary in such a patient as Mrs. Rawlinson, in whom the subjective faith alone is needed to work a cure, still it must be done in your case, because your objective mind is very active. Given a few more days, and your condition of mind would be one of belief, both objective and subjective, and of expectancy. You would know that you would be cured, and you would have the assistance of your reason, because you would know that you were curing yourself. Result—absolute cure, with no possibility of a relapse.”

“Oh, why can I not do this?” she asked.

“Because you have no hope at present,” said Richard. “You must create hope for yourself. I can only explain how you are to do this. I cannot do it for you. It must be roused by you into an activity in your own mind. Is it not worth trying?”

“Yes, if I could but believe that it would do me good!”

Richard sighed. “I talk and talk to you,” he said, reproachfully, “and you follow me, as

I fondly think, step by step, and still I make no impression on you whatever. Don't you wish to be helped?"

"Oh yes. But it seems so much more natural to pay some one money, don't you know, and let him try experiments, and make examinations."

"Anything rather than help yourself. There was a man called Naaman once who was very wroth because he was told to do a simple thing. Yet it was well for Naaman in the end that he turned a deaf ear to the voice of proud reason, and obeyed like a child. I am not a religious man, as you know, yet I cannot help finding an interest in the Scriptures which I never experienced in the days when I knew nothing of the gospel of hypnotism."

"You should go into the Church," she said, half-laughing, half-serious.

"Into which of all the churches? There are none broad and wide enough to preach my gospel at present. I do not know of any church that teaches Christ as I see Him, and to be perfectly honest with you, I should not be quite sincere if I said that I was trying to live a better life than I am. I do not like self-denial, though I perceive it is the only true source of happiness and right living."

"I rather like to hear you say this, but I know it is wrong," said Miss Deverest.

"There is a great bond of sympathy between us," said Richard, bracing himself for an effort. "I have felt it always, and now—Miss Deverest, there is one way by which you could be cured. I see it clearly before me."

"What is that way?" she asked nervously. Her instinct told her what was coming, but there seemed no chance of avoiding the disclosure.

Richard coughed, and his voice was husky. "If there were some one always near you who could devote himself to cultivating your subjective faith; who had your ear at all times—"

"Which of my ears, Mr. Robinson?"

"In short," he continued, "if you will marry me, I will give up my whole life to you."

"But I don't want your whole life," she objected.

"Don't say that," he urged, passionately. "I love you very dearly. I don't care whether you are cured or not. I want—"

"Dear me, that sounds very selfish. *I* care," she said.

"That's not what I mean at all," said the unhappy Richard. "I mean that—that—oh, well

—I always had an idea that you might some day go deaf in both ears, you know—yes, I know it sounds beastly to say it—but I thought that might happen, and I rather looked forward to having you wholly dependent on my love. You would be such a sweet burden!”

He spoke very earnestly, but Miss Rachel laughed.

“You are very kind,” she said, “but I don’t mean to go deaf in both ears, just to fall in with your plans for my future. And then you tried to bribe me into marrying you, Mr. Robinson! For shame!”

“Did I?”

“Yes, you told me you could cure me, you know. And then in the next breath you said you hoped I might become a useless burden—”

“A sweet burden!” he corrected.

“A burden, anyhow. Dear me, you’re very unselfish, you must admit.”

“I admit nothing, except that I love you. Will you marry me?”

“I must think it over,” said Miss Rachel, demurely. “I am not sure that I like you particularly, and a false step would be fatal.”

Richard groaned. “You are made of ice,” he said.

"Oh no, I'm not. You'll find me very human, I assure you," said the lady, rising.

Richard took this as a hint that the interview was at an end, and rose also.

"Will you give me leave to hope?" he asked tenderly, taking her hand.

"Certainly—"

"Ah, thanks."

"—I was going to say, hope is the creation in yourself of a certain state of mind, caused by the constant reiteration by the objective—oh, Mr. Robinson, what was that you said?"

"I didn't say anything," said Richard, with ill-humor, "but I don't think it fair in you to treat it as a joke."

"It is my way, however," she replied. "Be warned, and don't tempt fortune. You'd better reconsider your avowal."

"Never," he said brightly, "the die is cast. You hold my fate in your hand."

"Well, good-bye," she said, "and please keep quiet, and give me time. I don't think I even like you."

"Good-bye," said Richard, humbly. "I will endeavor to learn."

"You must, indeed," she said, and the doot closed behind him.

EPILOGUE.

"It gives one a very curious feeling," she said, "this reading over the things one has previously said. It is like listening to one's own voice from a phonograph."

"A phonograph could not more exactly reproduce your words than my devoted memory," I answered.

It was a summer morning, and we were sitting on the verandah. The smell of flowers, the twittering of birds, and the humming of innumerable bees, all conduced to that feeling of drowsy contentment which is the happiness of the senses, and may be enjoyed by all whose digestions are not hopelessly out of repair. Moreover, I had completed my task, and an approving conscience was good enough to furnish me with peace of mind unusual.

"Do you mind if I smoke a cigarette?" I asked.

"Oh no, I like the smell of tobacco, now and then," my companion graciously responded.

Thus encouraged, I produced my case, and offered it to her. She declined.

"You know I never smoke," she said; "it is

mannish, and I should not think of making myself a copy, or an echo."

"I presume, though, if you had never seen any one else use tobacco, you might yourself have originated the habit."

"Possibly, but it would have made me ill, so I should have discontinued it. Why do you trouble yourself with supposing so many idle things?"

"The great art of being agreeable is to suppose for other people. It saves them the fatigue of mental tramping."

"I am not in need of a professional beater myself; I can find game when I desire to. Let us talk about your book."

"Willingly. I can imagine no subject more profitable."

"You are either a most conceited man," she said, regarding me with an amused smile, "or else you are so fond of laughing at everything that it has become a fixed habit. I don't think I approve."

"In that case it shall be quickly altered. Go, habit, go!"

"I like you to be serious without being gloomy."

"It is difficult to achieve a nice balance between the two."

"But, really, boy, it is not well to laugh always."

Now when she speaks in that tone to me my heart grows warm, and a gentle electric thrill permeates my being. It is a lovely sensation, and I wish—

"The levity is assumed," I said. "It is a valuable cloak, covering rags or good broad-cloth equally well."

"Its constant use may convey a false impression of the wearer."

"Not to you, I hope. Now tell me, do you like the book?"

"Fairly, but I am not altogether satisfied with it. I never read before of a deaf heroine."

"Nor I," I replied, "hence the fascination. It is quite original."

"I do not think I like the reference to my ear-trumpet. It requires some charity to overlook this instrument and forget its existence."

"Who wants to forget it? I don't. I merely ignore it when you permit me to do so. And you will allow me to say, sweetheart, that you do not treat me fairly in this matter. It is most fitting that others, especially other men, should be compelled to make use of it when addressing you, but I have surely some right to come close to you. There should be no such barrier

between us. There are some things, for instance, which I can only say to you when your soft curls tickle my lips."

She laughed. "It is a hateful thing for all that. I wish I could do without it."

"So you shall," I replied. "I look into the future and I see—"

"Never mind. I can imagine the rest."

"Can you?" I asked, throwing away my cigarette. "Have you pictured such a scene as I have in my mind now—the scene or vision that is always with me?"

"Always?"

"It never leaves me. When will you make it a reality, sweet?"

"I must hear it first," she said, motioning me back. I had got up from my chair without being aware of the fact.

"If you will let me breathe it into your ear," I said, standing my ground, "you shall hear it now. If not—"

"You can tell me through the ear-trumpet."

"No. Excuse the slang—it is not good enough;" and I knelt beside her. An infernal mosquito settled on my leg, and I let it sting.

"I see," said I, putting my mouth close to her pink ear, "two people, a man and a woman, walking hand in hand in a garden. And the

man's heart is light within him, for he loves the woman better than he loves himself, and he is rather a vain man by nature. But in this man's soul is a great reverence for the woman beside him, and all she does is right in his eyes, because to him she is a thing apart from other women. And he knows that he has always sought her, that his spirit has longed for her while he was yet a boy, and that she only has been, is, and will be, the dear love of his soul. And there is in the woman a power to move the man to do great things, to live nobly, and to seek after the best; and the man knows that he would not have chosen the better way if it had not been that he might win favor in the eyes of the woman. For he is a dreamer by disposition, and he would have drifted with the tide. But the woman rescued him, and he belongs to her. He is what she has made him."

She was listening with lips half parted and her eyes downcast.

"And what does the woman feel?" she asked.

"You must tell me that, sweet," I whispered.

"The woman," she said, with hesitation, "is not certain of herself. She knows the man loves her, and she is proud and happy in that knowledge. She knows her power over him, and is glad to think that he allows himself to be guided

by her, he who is to all others a masterful man. But she is not a child, this woman. She has lived and suffered, and she can choose between good and evil."

"Also she is not afraid to call evil evil, and good good," I added. "Go on."

"The woman likes this man so well," she proceeded, "that she would rather live alone for the rest of her days, possessing his friendship, yes, and his love, than marry him, and perhaps lose both. For she looks forward too, with pain, bitter pain at her heart, to the time when she will be a useless weight, a grief to herself, and a burden to others—deaf—deaf!" She broke off with a cry.

"Hush!" I said, "you don't know what you are saying. I see only one thing. The woman loves the man."

She looked into my eyes for the first time, and I read her soul in the look and was satisfied.

"Why, your eyes are wet, boy!" she said, wonderingly.

"A damned mosquito has been biting me," I replied, idiotically, and then we both laughed.

THE END.