

THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

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MILAN. TENNESSEE.

THE TWO KEYS.

I slept and dreamed; and lo! I seemed to see
An angel clad in white come unto me.
A glorious form with face as sweet and mild
As of a mother bending o'er her child.
No tear fell from his eyes, but his perfect peace
His presence gave—but like as joys increase
Till heart and soul can bear no more, I gazed
Upon the vision for a space; then raised
My voice and said: "Why comest thou to me?"
The angel nearer drew, a glittering key
In either hand outside, then in a voice
Of wondrous power and beauty: "Take thy choice."
He said: "I am the keeper of all hearts;
On all I fix a lock designed by arts
Unknown to men. Each has its proper key;
And yet these two which now I bring to thee
Unlock them all. The name of one is Love;
The other Wealth. Love cometh from above,
Of workmanship divine. But Wealth, you know,
Is made of men and cometh from below.
Though not alike, both sometimes fit one heart."
But if, perchance, one fails, its counterpart
Is sure to fit and turn. To some men still
Are given both to open all hearts at will.
Thou mayest have but one. 'Tis thine to choose.
Which thou wilt have; but ponder, lest thou lose
The better." Here the angel paused; but I
With bated breath did instantly reply:
"Give me the key of Love!" The angel smiled
A wondrous radiant smile. "Be happy, child."
He said: "For thou has chosen what is best,
For where is love can come in all the rest."
I took the key, and with his voice still ringing
In my ear
I saw the vision slowly fade and slowly disappear.
Then tell me, dear, has Love's own magic key
The power to open thine own heart to me?
—H. M. B. Clark, in *Democrat's Monthly*.

"SUGGESTION."

Startling Experiments in Hypnotism by
Eminent French Scientists—Something
Which Threatens a Revolution in Many
Accepted Ideas—Conceivable Evil and
Actual Good Results from the New Discovery.

I cannot resist the temptation of sending your readers a translation in extension of an article I read lately, entitled "Suggestion." It is a startling revelation of the results of the patient study and experiments of eminent scientists. The writer says: I have lately had the opportunity of studying a delicate question—a question of deep interest to the medical world, threatening to revolutionize the laws, upset consecrated ideas, and overthrow accepted truths, putting the most stout-hearted minds into such a state of doubt, that one can not help asking himself the question whether the old world has ended its time and an entirely new social state risen from its collapse. Its adepts are no longer charlatans or tricksters, drawing an income from the real or feigned grimaces and prostrations of a hysterical or shrewd gossip. They are earnest and accredited men of science, decorated up to the chin, stuffed full of diplomas, and wearing blue glasses. The academies listen to their revelations, the institute receives their reports, and they publish pamphlets lined and filled with discoveries which consign to the rear rank the names of Mesmer, Potel, and Donato. If a surgeon I might name consented to lay aside his toga and cap to exhibit the experiments which he performs successfully in his lecture-room he would realize a greater profit in one month than the Corps des Ambassadeurs in a whole season.

EXPERIMENT WITH A GENDARME.

It is known that for several years past five or six professors of the faculty follow with ardor the special study of hypnotism, and show their colleagues and scholars whom they associate in their work the most startling sights. This is what takes place: The doctor seizes hold, not upon a weak, suffering, lymphatic, anemic, or scrofulous creature, but upon a solid fellow in good health, a gendarme. He puts him to sleep, without manipulations or gestures, by the sole effort of his will; and placing himself behind him in order to avoid suspicion of deceit, says to him: "Execute all my movements." And according as the operator raises an arm, sticks out his tongue, or shakes his limbs, the patient raises an arm, draws out his tongue, or shakes his limbs. This is not all; the operator says to the sleeper: "Before you awaken listen to what I am going to say to you. In a month, at nine o'clock in the morning, you shall go to the Tuileries, cross the garden on the right, pluck a white rose, and bring it to me. The day and hour indicated, the gendarme, who had not been seen again, appears with the white rose, which he presents to the doctor. "Hallo!" says the latter, feigning surprise, "Why do you offer me this rose?" "I don't know; I happened to pass by the Tuileries a moment ago. I noticed this rose. I felt an irresistible desire to pluck it. I plucked it; and, as I was walking this way, the idea of offering it to you came to me!" "Has no one advised you to do this strange act?" "Nobody." "Then you know me?" "Of course I do? You called me here a month ago and put me to sleep." "You are mistaken." "Still it seems to me that—I don't know—I don't understand it all, maybe."

A SECOND EXPERIMENT.

You are not done with surprises, dear reader. The doctor looks fixedly at the same soldier, who immediately drops into the same magnetic sleep. "Friend," says he to the patient, "my colleague here beside me is blonde, slim and wears a mustache. By and by, when you awake, you shall take him to be M. Grey and ask him for the cross." The gendarme is drawn from his torpor by a simple breath over his eyelids. "The President of the Republic!" murmurs he, and, collecting himself, "Your Excellency," he says,

"I have served twenty years, been at ten campaigns, received three wounds, and borne an exemplary conduct. Am I deserving of the cross?" We all burst out laughing, while the gendarme, upright in military position, looks sober and expectant. "You are crazy," replied the doctor; "this gentleman is my colleague, and not M. Grey." "I beg your pardon," continues the gendarme: "I know the President well; I have been on watch at the Elysee." He has to be put to sleep again in order to dispose him of his error.

STILL ANOTHER.

Another experiment. The gendarme is again hypnotized, and the following speech addressed to him: "When you wake, seize the wooden spatula on this table. It is a dagger. Go into the garden of the hospital, and stop before the fourth lime tree of the central alley, which is the gardener of the establishment. Get into a passion and plunge the weapon into his heart. When the drama is over return to tell me about it." The gendarme awakes and hesitates; he stops to think a moment, goes toward the table, seizes precipitately upon the spatula, and gives a pretext for withdrawing. We feign not to observe his acts and gestures; but we follow him with our eyes from an open window, and see him advancing unconsciously toward the tree indicated.

He seems the victim of a painful obsession, looks right and left, makes sure he is not watched, and suddenly, with a violent movement, breaks the spatula against the trunk of the lime-tree. He returns into the operating-room in great haste, pale, trembling and beside himself. "Arrest me!" he cried. "I am a coward and a murderer! I have soiled an unspotted life by an odious and stupid crime! I have killed a man!" "Why?" "I don't know. I don't know him. He looked at me with a defiant air. I held a knife in my hand and drove it into his heart; I heard the blade scrape against his ribs! Mercy! mercy!" and he faints. He recovers his senses; they blow on his forehead; he is led before the lime-tree; they show him the pieces of the spatula and its bark hardly touched. They assure him he has been the sport of a hallucination; he is convinced at last, and breathes like a feverish patient coming out of a nightmare.

GUARANTEES OF REALITY.

O, do not smile and shake your head! I once smiled and doubted also. If Donato, whose sincerity I no longer suspect, had made me witness these experiments, I would perhaps have persisted in my former incredulity, and imagined tricks and devices. But such men of eminence in nervous therapeutics as Charcot, Luys, Bernheim, Liegeois and others who take an active part in these experiments, were my guarantee of their reality. I made sure, moreover, that the patients chosen were honest people, incapable of falsehood or deceit. Then I must bow down and believe!

I choose the story of the gendarme on purpose. It strikes me as more typical and conclusive than the observations gathered from women, whose weakness and nervous sensibility make them as impressionable and malleable as may be desired. Besides, the operators in hypnotism agree in this: that the experiments succeed better with natures accustomed to obey. It is not so easy to put to sleep a merry and playful working-girl as a six-footer brought up in the habits of discipline and prompt to obey commands.

OTHER STARTLING EXPERIMENTS.

A journal three times the size of this would not hold the accounts of other startling experiments which I witnessed. A magnetized female patient is ordered to drink a glass of water. "It is Hungary water," says the doctor. Hardly have three minutes elapsed when a colic ensues and the supposed cathartic takes effect. She is told to open next day a book hidden in the nurse's room and learn the twenty-fifth page by heart; she does not fail to obey, and recites the given page. If you question her about the cause of this strange act she replies she was urged to it by an invisible impulse.

BENEFITS IN MORBID STATES.

The doctors of medicine who have devoted themselves to hypnotic investigations have chiefly in view the beneficial effects which "suggestion" may cause in certain morbid states. Successful cures have crowned their experiments and justified their efforts. Paralytics have danced, thanks to the will of the magnetizers; a starving and insane woman was made to eat; persons dumb through nervous strangulation have delivered harangues. The great Trouseau had almost foreseen these supernatural auxiliaries. He ordered a patient who could not stand on her feet to be carried before the high altar, promising her that after a short prayer she would be able to walk. The woman went back to the hospital dancing with her crutches under her arm.

HOW HE HYPNOTIZES.

I have carefully noted the ways of hypnotizers, and was on the point of describing them when I came across a document on the subject by Mr. Bernheim, Professor at the University of Nancy. The eminent savant expresses himself as follows:

"This is the way I proceed to hypnotize: I begin by telling the patient that it is possible to cure or relieve him by means of sleep, without recurring to any hurtful or extraordinary agencies—such simple sleep as any one in good health may enjoy—calm, beneficial sleep, etc. If need be, I put one or two persons to sleep before him, to show him that this sleep is not painful and is not followed by any bad effects. When I have driven away from his mind in this way the anxiety produced by the idea of magnetism, the somewhat mystic fear attached to this unknown agent, he becomes confident and ready to submit. I tell him: 'Look steadily at me and think of nothing else but sleeping; your eyelids feel heavy; your eyes are tired; your eyes twinkle and become moistened; your sight is confused; your eyes are closed.' Some subjects close their eyes and fall asleep at once. To others I repeat and lay further stress on my words; I add gestures (the nature of the gesture is unimportant). I place two right-hand fingers before the person; I ask him to look at them, or pass both hands several times up and down before his eyes; or I ask him to look straight at my eyes, and I try at the same time to concentrate all his attention on the idea of sleep. I say: 'You close your eyelids—you can not open them; your arms and limbs seem heavy, you can not feel anything now; your hands remain motionless; you can not see anything; you are asleep;' and I add, in an imperious tone of voice: 'Sleep!' This word often breaks down all resistance; he closes his eyes and falls asleep. If the subject does not close his eyes or keep them closed, I do not make him look into my eyes or at my fingers very long, for some keep their eyes open indefinitely, and, instead of feeling a desire to sleep, look rigidly before them. Shutting the eyes succeeds best; then, after two or three moments at the most, I keep the lids closed, or lower the lids slowly and gently upon the ocular globes, closing them more and more progressively, imitating what takes place when sleep comes naturally. I end by maintaining them closed while continuing the suggestion. 'Your eyelids are down; you can not open them again; your need of sleep becomes greater and greater; you can not resist any longer.' I lower my voice gradually, I repeat the injunction: 'Sleep,' and sleep seldom fails to come at the end of four or five minutes.

DEALING WITH REFRACTORY SUBJECTS.

I meet with better results with some by proceeding kindly; with others, rebellious to suggestion, it is best to be abrupt, to speak in an authoritative mood, in order to prevent the tendency to laugh or the idea of involuntary resistance which is provoked by this operation. I am often successful with persons seemingly refractory, by keeping their eyes closed a long while, ordering silence and immobility; speaking continually and repeating the same formula: 'A numbness, a torpor creeps all over you, your arms and limbs are motionless; your eyelids are warm, your nervous system is quieted; you have no longer a will of your own; your eyes remain closed; you are asleep, etc.' At the end of eight or ten minutes of this prolonged suggestion of sleep, I withdraw my fingers—his eyes remain closed; I raise his arms—they stay up. This is the cataleptic sleep. Many subjects feel the impression from the first sitting, others at the end of the second or third. After one or two hypnotizations the influence becomes rapid. It suffices to look at them, to extend one's finger before their eyes, to say 'Sleep' to have them in a few moments—instantaneously, as it were—close their eyes and experience all the sensations characteristic of sleep; others acquire the aptitude of going to sleep quickly after a few sittings. I often put to sleep seven or eight patients at once in an incredibly short time; they fall like flies, so to speak. Now and then there are some refractory ones; I insist only a few moments; a second or third sitting often produces the effect which could not be obtained on the first."

Further on the ingenious professor speaks of the hypnotic sensibility of snakes, explains the prodigies of snake-charmers, the power exhibited by the tamers of wild beasts, and instances the curious and pitiful performance of a sleeping chicken which had been ordered to follow an irregular line traced on the floor!

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE EXPERIMENTS.

How many grave and ludicrous, terrible and trivial deductions can be drawn from these experiments. I see the Code destroyed in the future, and the jury led astray by the effects of hypnotism. How can we condemn an assassin who invokes in his defense the formal demand of a hypnotizer? What criminal will not think himself heretofore the irresponsible tool of a superior will? What murderer will not shake the convictions of the Judges by alleging a mysterious encounter with a phantom which put a club or revolver in his hand? But by the side of the conceivable evil we find an actual good of the highest importance—the utilization of the hypnotic state in the relief and cure of bodily ailments and mental aberrations. We know not yet to what far-reaching effects this new discovery may open the way.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Home Journal*.

—An unknown and very handsome woman died in the Chambers street hospital, New York, recently, just as she said: "My husband is —."—*N. Y. Times*.

Youths' Department.

ONLY A CHICKEN.

A RECUITATION FOR EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.

First Little Girl.
A wonderful story I will tell:
A chicken crept from a broken shell,
And, standing on its tiny feet,
It peeped and peeped for a dumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Second Little Girl.
But out of a dark hole popped the head
Of an old gray rat; with a cautious tread
He stole along where the grass was thick,
And quickly pounced on the peeping chick
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Third Little Girl.
Then out of a door-way leaped a cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Fourth Little Girl.
Around the corner fiercely flew
A savage dog, of a yellow hue,
That fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Fifth Little Girl.
But a naughty boy with a wicked sling
Of a crooked stick and a rubber string,
Looked over the fence with a mean intent,
And a smooth, round pebble swiftly sent,
That struck the dog of a yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Sixth Little Girl.
Next came a man on the double quick
Who beat the boy with a blackthorn stick,
For hurting his dog of yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Seventh Little Girl.
The tumult caught the watchful eye
Of a tall policeman passing by,
Who, walking up with a pompous tread,
Arrested and nearly broke the head
Of the man who came on the double quick
To beat the boy with a blackthorn stick,
For hurting his dog of yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

Eighth Little Girl.
In a court of justice sternly sat
The porly judge, in a white cravat,
Who said the severest words of law,
To put the man in the county jail,
Who came in sight on the double quick
To beat the boy with a blackthorn stick,
For hurting his dog of yellow hue,
That round the corner fiercely flew,
And fixed his teeth in the tabby cat,
That put her paw on the old gray rat,
And crept along with a cautious tread,
And a cruel look, where the grass was thick,
To quickly pounce on the peeping chick,
That, standing on its tiny feet,
Was crying for a crumb to eat—
On a beautiful summer morning.

All To Her.
The greatest evil often springs
From the ill effects of the smallest things;
And all this trouble on many fell
Through a little crock from a broken shell,
—On a beautiful summer morning.
—*Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter Ocean*.

"FATHER KNEW BEST, IT SEEMS."

"Oh, dear!" said Emma, and she looked disgusted.

"I think as much," said Laura, and she pouted. It was all because in a lovely wood they had come miles to find there was a great picnic party, filling the boats on the little river, filling the swings, using the croquet grounds, using all the nice cozy sitting places under spreading trees, using the tables and benches; swarming everywhere. Now, the fact was that Emma and Laura wanted that grove for their picnic, and the people who were to attend it were mother and father, and baby Joe, and their two selves.

It was quite an event to the Lawrence family; for father rarely had a day to spare.

"Never mind," said the mother, trying to smile away the frown on her daughters' faces. "Our party is so small, we can find a pleasant place elsewhere."

But the girls didn't believe it, and they spoiled two miles of that ride in fretting. They found a lovely old tree, and smaller ones near it, and a stream of clear water trickling down from somewhere.

"Oh, oh!" they both said. "Father, do, please, stop here! Mamma, only see what a lovely place!"

But the father had been looking at the sky some minutes, and he shook his head.

"It wouldn't be safe girls. There is a heavy storm coming this way, I think. We must drive on and reach a place of shelter. It wouldn't be good for little Joe to get a wetting."

Then you should have heard Emma and Laura, they grew so wise! They were sure it wasn't going to rain a drop to-day; and when their arguments failed to convince their father, and when he further said that they must try to reach the village, and eat their lunch at a hotel, then the misery of these unhappy girls was great. "The idea," they said, "of waiting all the summer to have a picnic, and then eat their dinner out of a basket in a miserable little country hotel! They were not going to do it." Then I regret to tell you that they sulked and refused to do more than to glance slyly at certain pretty sights which mother pointed out on the way. Arrived at the hotel they wanted no

dinner, not they; and they tossed their heads and looked inured.

They would go for a walk; and it was by their father's command that they took an umbrella. However, it was just a dash of rain lasting long enough to wet the girls.

"If we had been under the big tree where we wanted to stop," they said, "there couldn't a drop have touched us."

Much more of this kind they said; and when the horse was rested, they started homeward; father, sorry for his daughters' disappointment, remarked that, if the woods were not too wet, they would stop awhile.

"Too wet!" said Emma. "Why it hasn't rained twenty drops."

"No, indeed," said Laura. But as they rode along, the way grew muddier and muddier, and it was evident that in this direction the shower had been heavy.

As last they came again to the great old tree; but what do you think had happened? Why, the lightning had been there, and torn the branches, and uprooted part of the heavy trunk, and ruined the beautiful tree.

"Oh, my!" said the mother. "That would have been certain death to any one under its branches," said the father; while the girls looked at each other, and said not a word.

That evening, while they were making ready for the night, Emma said: "Father knew best, it seems."

"Yes, indeed!" said Laura. What a pity that they spoiled much of their day by not remembering that before!—*Punsy*.

Why We Call the Cat "Puss."

Did you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago, the people of Egypt worshipped the cat. They thought the cat was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes a bright little crescent, or half moon, as we say. Did you ever notice pussy's eyes, to see how they change? So these people made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they give to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pusey cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. But few know that it was given to her thousands of years ago.—*Harper's Young People*.

Suppression of the Guillotine.

The members of the French Senate have received from M. Charton copies of his proposition in reference to the suppression of the guillotine. M. Charton demands the abrogation of the twelfth article of the penal code, which orders that "every person condemned to death shall have his head cut off;" and in place of "the mutilation of the convict's body," "the employment—so long as it may be thought impossible to abolish punishment by death—of a physical or chemical agency sufficiently powerful to destroy life instantaneously." In spite of M. Charton's proposal, the guillotine may be expected to continue its sanguinary reign for some years longer; and now that centennial celebrations are so much in fashion it is not improbable that in 1892 the hundredth year of its existence will be commemorated. It was the invention, as every one knows, of Dr. Guillotin; who, in the memoir on the subject which he presented to the National Assembly, recommending its adoption, declared that he had borrowed the idea from a machine of the same kind formerly employed in England. It was doubtless the decapitating machine known as "the maiden," used at one time in Scotland, of which Dr. Guillotin was thinking. He, in any case, improved in various ways upon his model, which, by his own account, was a very rough contrivance indeed. A story (adapted from that of Phalaris and the brazen bull) at one time got abroad to the effect that Dr. Guillotin was one of the first to perish by the portentous invention which he had introduced for the same humane motives as those which animate M. Charton in proposing to replace guillotining by some still more rapid process. Dr. Guillotin died, however, a natural death before the formidable instrument named after him had come into use.—*St. James' Gazette*.

The Jute Industry.

The cultivation of jute in the southern states must ere long become an important industry. The climate is favorable, and the low, moist soils in all the Gulf States, and such as are not adapted to cotton, would make the finest jute plantations in the world. Jute fiber is now in great demand in all civilized countries, and although many millions of bales are annually exported from India, a much larger quantity would be used if it could be obtained at a moderate price. We ought at least to raise all that is required by our manufacturers, and we believe that it could be produced with more profit to the producer than is now derived from cotton culture. The cultivation of such fiber-yielding plants as jute and ramie must eventually become important industries in this country although, farmers and land owners generally do not appear to be anxious to try these staples, the great value of which is unquestioned in all the markets of the world.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Beautiful effects may be produced upon velvet by using liquid dyes for painting instead of the tube paints commonly employed. The work is much smoother and the plastered effect that the oil colors give is thus avoided.—*Exchange*.