

HYPNOTIZED BY A DOCTOR.

Funny Antics of the "Subject" in a Medical Lecture Room.

The Man Was Completely Controlled by the Will of the Physician and Did Everything He Was Told.

"Promise, Dr. Hammond, that you won't hurt me," said a tall, nervous looking man in a medical school in this city a few days ago. He was what is known to medical men as a "hypnotic subject," and Dr. Grimes Hammond, son of the famous specialist in nervous diseases, was about to hypnotize him for the instruction of a class of sixty men.

"Why do you ask me not to hurt you?" Dr. Hammond asked, reassuringly. "What are you afraid of?"

"Because I was hypnotized before," said the subject, as he wiped his forehead and rubbed his clammy hands together, "and while I was in that state they pricked me with pins to illustrate my insensibility to feeling. When I came to myself I was sure all over. Now mind, I don't want you to hurt me."

"Don't be afraid. Just stand here and I'll be ready for you in a moment."

Dr. Hammond then summed up the definition of hypnosis as follows: "Hypnotism is the entire engrossment of the mind with whatever may be for the time the object of its attention. It is the passive receptivity of the mind, the will of the patient being in abeyance. All his mental operations are at such a time directed altogether by whatever suggestions the operator may choose to impress on his consciousness."

The subject listened attentively to these remarks, shifting from one foot to the other, and at intervals wiping his brow. Evidently he dreaded the ordeal and was summoning his courage to meet it. The lecturer's voice ceased, and for a moment there was a silence in the room as he fixed his eyes imperatively on the subject. Very slowly the man lifted his eyes to the lecturer's face, and the students leaned eagerly forward.

"Look at this. What is it?" asked Dr. Hammond, taking up a snuff-box.

"A snuff-box."

"Are you sure?" asked Dr. Hammond, looking deeply into his eyes, and passing his fingers slowly over his eyelids. The subject looked at the box and at him with an irresolute, changing expression. "You don't know, I see," said Dr. Hammond, touching him on the shoulder. At the touch the man became transformed. He looked confident and peaceful.

"He is now under my control. I can do what I please with him," said Dr. Hammond to the class. "In his present state I could use this man as an instrument in committing a crime, and after I had withdrawn my influence and given him back his will he would remember absolutely nothing about it. Don't you want to sit down?" he asked the subject.

"Yes, I feel tired," he moved to ward a chair.

"But you can't sit down. I say you can't."

"Is that so? I'd like to know how you are going to stop me."

By this time his hand was on the back of the chair. He made an effort to seat himself, then struggled frantically and at length stood up perfectly rigid.

"Why don't you sit down?"

"I can't," he answered, helplessly.

Neither could he raise his arm or lower it when the operator stated that it was impossible. A silver dollar was flung upon the floor and he made a sudden lunge for it. "You can't get that," said Dr. Hammond; "it's a thousand miles away."

"That's so," said the subject sadly; "it looks as if it were close by, but it's a thousand miles away."

When a student sent it spinning across the floor again he only looked longingly after it, without making any attempt to pick it up.

"Why don't you go and take a ride this beautiful afternoon?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"I have no horse; I'm too poor to buy one."

"No horse? Why, are you blind? What's that beside you," he asked, pointing to a chair. "Don't you see the horse? Jump on his back and go for a canter." A smile broke over the subject's face and he threw back his head.

"All right. Whoa there! Steady now!" he cried, getting astride the chair and rocking to and fro. "Now we are off. Get up! Faster! Faster!"

"But, my friend, you had better be careful; that's a balky horse. Look out! By Jingo, he will surely throw you." During these shouts the subject became very excited, and stood over the chair as if raising in the stirrups. At the words, "He will surely throw you," he flung his hands upward and rolled off the chair to the ground.

"You're terribly hurt," said the physician, bending over him. "You must feel very sore. I know you do. How's your head?"

"Broken," answered the subject, much to the amusement of the students, and for a few moments he lay perfectly still, with closed eyes. After an imaginary bandaging he was told he felt better. He fully agreed with that opinion and struggled to his feet.

"Why, you're all right again," said Dr. Hammond. "You're looking as fresh as a June rose."

"Never felt better in my life," replied the subject.

"But I have a terrible piece of news for you. Come over near me. No one must hear it."

"What is it?" whispered the subject.

"You see that man leaning against the wall near the door? Look at him well. He is the murderer of your father."

"You, you are right. Oh, I'll settle him," blurted the subject, as he stealthily fastened his distended eyes on the man pointed out to him. An expression of hate flashed over his face, and with a cry he rushed forward.

"Be careful," whispered Dr. Hammond, dragging him back. "Take him unawares." After an effort he became calm, and his expression changed to one of intense cunning. He knelt down in a corner, took a lead pencil from his pocket and commenced to sharpen it upon the sole of his boot as if it were a knife. The students held their breath and watched his every movement with excited eyes.

"What will he do next?" was the thought in every mind. He rose to his feet without making a sound, and drew the pencil along his finger as if testing the edge. It was evidently sharp enough to suit him for he drew back his fingers with an exclamation as if the pencil had drawn blood, and commenced sucking his thumb. Keeping close to the wall he crept up behind the supposed murderer, who had purposely turned his back. There was a moment's pause on the part of the subject, then a glare came into his eyes, the pencil flashed through the air three times and the deed was done. Absurd though it may appear, a shiver ran through the onlookers as the pencil struck.

The subject did not want to see the effect of his stabbing, but bounded to the door and would have rushed bareheaded into the street but that he was stopped by a couple of men. He struggled like a madman until Dr. Hammond's voice subdued him.

"The police are coming that way. Hide here under this table." His teeth chattered and his limbs shook as he crept into the hiding place, his wild eyes fixed upon the door. "Look at that man's face," said Dr. Hammond to the class; "guilt and terror are stamped upon it. You see a murderer haunted by the fear of detection and the remembrance of his crime."

"Poor devil," whispered one of the students, "he's almost fainting with fright. I feel as if I had just finished one of Stevenson's stories. Makes one think of 'Markheim,' doesn't it?"

"You may come out now," whispered Dr. Hammond; "the police have gone."

"Oh, are you sure?" he faltered, thrusting out his head and then drawing it back. At length he was convinced that there was nothing to fear, and he crept out, his face ghastly and beads of perspiration on his forehead. When he had recovered his composure Dr. Hammond touched him on the arm and whispered inaudibly:

"You're a poor man. I can show you a way to make plenty of money just by the stroke of a pen. Will you do it?"

"Yes; I'll do it, whatever it is," he exclaimed.

"I want you to forge a check for \$20,000. Just copy this signature and you shall have half of it."

"Give it to me. Give me a pen. There you are. Mum's the word, remember," and the check was forged.

"Col. Ingersoll will now address the class," said Dr. Hammond, and he motioned to the subject to step upon the platform. He had none of the famous atheist's eloquence, but he had a strong voice and a strong fist. He pounded on the table and yelled till he was hoarse that there was no God; that Christians walked in darkness, and that he had hell enough on earth without expecting more of it hereafter. Next he was Chauncey Depew. He lacked wit quite as much as eloquence, but he announced with a cheeky smile that he "had the walk-over in England," and he spoke of the prince as "a dear old chap—a particular friend of mine." His speech was a marvel of old conundrums and stale newspaper jokes, but he was so funny notwithstanding that the laughter of the students rang through the building. Five minutes later he was Talmage, exhorting his listeners to repent, "for the devil stood at every man's elbow and hell yawned to receive the soul that hesitated."

"Before I bring this man out of this state," said Dr. Hammond to the class, "I want to show you how, if I so will, I can influence him even after his return to self-consciousness. Listen to me," he said emphatically to the subject. "Three minutes after I withdraw my power over you you will tell me that my face is black. Do you hear? Three minutes later!"

He touched the subject on the shoulder, the man raised his head as if just awakening, and looked about him wonderingly. Half a dozen students had out their watches, and they watched them attentively while they listened to the conversation between the subject and the physician.

"You remember nothing?"

"Not a thing. But I feel very tired, and I'd like a glass of water, for my mouth is parched as if I had a fever."

"You shall have that presently. What did you remember hearing last, when you came to yourself just now?"

"Let me see. Oh, yes, I thought you had just finished your definition of hypnotism. Oh, but doctor"—and he stood up and whispered something in Dr. Hammond's ear.

"I don't hear you. Speak louder."

"Your face is black," he said apologetically, "and I thought you wouldn't like to go on lecturing with a streak across your nose." Three minutes had passed to a second.

"Oh, you're mistaken; there's nothing on my face."

"That's so," replied the subject with a smile; "it must have been a shadow."

"Now, would you like to know what you did during the last hour? You rode a horse and broke your head, you stabbed a man, you forged a check, you were Ingersoll, Depew and Talmage, and made some remarkable speeches. You did all this, and you remember?"

"Nothing," was the answer, in a comically helpless tone, as the subject scratched his head.—New York World.

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AN EVENING CALLER.

A Comedy of Culture.

Scene—The Maitland's parlor. Mabel Maitland on one end of a sofa, awaiting the entrance of some one who has just rung the bell. Mamma in adjoining parlor.

Time—Evening.
Enter Allen Adair.
Mabel—Good evening, Mr. Adair; I hardly expected any callers this evening, it is so stormy.
Allen—I had no idea the weather was so bad when I started out. There is no rain, but the wind is very high.
Mabel—Mamma says it is going to rain; her—her rheumatism is her barometer.
Allen—I suppose rheumatism and kindred diseases must be effected by electrical conditions of the atmosphere.
Mabel—Probably. What wonderful progress electrical science is making now! I hear we are to have not only electric street railways, but electric trunk lines as well.

Allen—They will come next. I never hear the expression "trunk line" that I do not think of a line to carry trunks.
Mabel—The same way with me. I think of a picture of a big railway station full of trunks and people going to Montreal and Quebec. Were you ever there?
Allen—I never got further into Canada than the north bank of Niagara Falls. You have been there, I know.
Mabel—Yes, indeed; it was glorious!
Allen—I wonder if they will ever utilize that great water power?
Mabel—I believe the consent of the state must be obtained; a gentleman told papa something about it.
Allen—That may be an easy matter or a hard matter, depending on who asks for it. Wheels within wheels are to be found everywhere in politics now, and the few rule the many. It is the same way with the general government. The few declare war and the many do the fighting.

Mabel—Yes; I wonder if there will be any more trouble about Samoa?
Allen—There might be. I don't think Germany would hesitate about a war with anybody; the young emperor is anxious for laurels. Speaking of emperors, I see the emperor of China is to be married to I don't know how many wives.
Mabel—Yes; isn't it horrid! The Chinese are so strange.
Allen—The Japanese, however, are quite civilized. I understand, though, the Chinese are the older race.
Mabel—Oh, yes; they are almost the first race, are they not?
Allen—I don't know, really; I suppose no one does. What strange civilizations the prehistoric races must have had, judging from the few traces left! Everything tells of love of animal comfort, combined with elaborate preparations for offense and defense. Men seem to have been at war from the beginning.

Mabel—I notice the pictures of prehistoric animals indicate that they, too, were well provided with weapons of attack.
Allen—Yes; it was all feeding and being fed on; but, no doubt, in an earlier era, when the earth's crust was still warm, tropical vegetation rankly luxuriant and the animals few, there might then have been a peaceful existence for all that lived—all being vegetarians. Probably it was after this that they were driven to eating each other, driven by changed geological and—
Mabel (whispering)—Mamma has gone up stairs.
Allen (grabbing her)—My own, own, ownest, sweet n-n-n-n-y-y-y-u-u-u-m-m-m-m-m!—Pack.
Forgotten Sentiments.

The following extract from the diary of Miss Ruth Gilbert, aged eighteen, may possibly have a familiar ring in the ears of other young ladies of her own age and tastes:

"January 1.—Decided to look over my old papers and letters to-day, in order to burn what were not valuable. Found in my treasure box a bunch of dried violets, labeled 'June 12, A. G. H.'"

"Who could A. G. H. have been? Not Agnes Harvey, I'm sure. She's too prosaic to have given me violets, and I'm sure I shouldn't have wanted to keep them if she had."

"Then there was a knot of blue ribbon done up in silver paper, and marked 'To be burned at my death.' It seems terribly unromantic to burn it while I'm alive, especially as I haven't the least idea why I kept it. What could it have been? Perhaps it was our class badge in the preparatory year—no, that was yellow—or a bit of my dress at the first school reception—or, or—I give it up!"

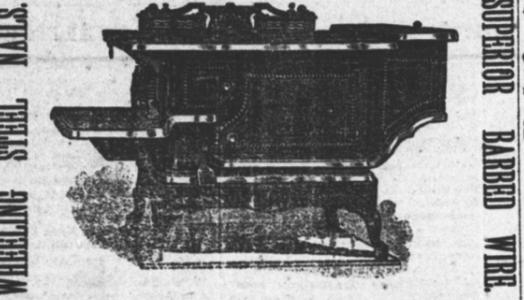
"I've been looking over old examination papers and compositions, too. One paper had the marginal note, 'Always remember what we did in the recitation room No. Four on the ninth of April.' Now, what could it have been? I don't think I'm more forgetful than most people, but some of these reminiscences are beyond me."

"My old album, too, is full of notes I can't understand. Kate Whittier has put initials in all the corners of the page she used, and though they must have meant something once, I've no idea what it could have been. Laura Deane wrote 'Remember smoked herrings.' What could we have had to do with smoked herrings?"

"To tell the truth, I don't believe it pays to be so sentimental and have so many secrets if this is all it amounts to. Who wants to save dried flowers if, in three years, she can't tell why she did it, or make a note of wonderful happenings that weren't important enough to be remembered without so much trouble? Not I, for one—though I wouldn't for anything have the other girls know I'm growing so prosaic."

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