

THE OUTCOME OF A TEST

By J. H. CONNELLY

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HERE, Professor Brunot, are the conditions of the proposed test. You are not to read them until you have hypnotized your subject, you are not to utter one word to him except mentally, and you will remain in my company until the matter is decided one way or the other. If hours after he returns to normal conditions he does what I have prescribed you win my \$100.

"And if not you win mine. That is all right. I have confidence in Miller. He is the best subject I have ever had; the only one, I admit, over whom I could exercise telepathic control perfectly. I shall have your \$100, Mr. Blanchard."

"Perhaps. Put Crandall in the next room, where he can see without being seen by your subject, and get to work."

The hypnotee, a bleached, scorbute-looking young man, was called in and very readily put in the trance condition. Then the professor read Mr. Blanchard's prescribed conditions for



HE SLIPPED THE LETTER INTO THE POCKET.

the test. "They are very hard," he commented in an undertone, "but I accept them." Here is what he read:

"Make him know where my rooms are and come there at 4 o'clock today, ask for me and go away without seeing me, taking with him a letter from the center table in the parlor, go to the Grand Central depot and slip that letter into the left hand pocket of a coat on a stout man dressed in gray."

During some twenty minutes the hypnotist appeared to be exercising all his powers of concentration and will to silently impress upon his subject the long sequence of actions required, while the countenance of the hypnotee was eloquent of fixed attention, anxiety and finally exhaustion.

Precisely at 4 o'clock Dan, Mr. Blanchard's man, announced to his master that a young man giving the name of Arthur Miller wished to see him.

"Show him into the parlor and say I will see him directly," replied Mr. Blanchard, and, turning to the professor and Mr. Crandall, who were with him in the dining room, he added, "First score against me."

In ten minutes he led the way to the parlor. Arthur Miller was gone. So was the letter that had been left on the table, merely an envelope with a fictitious address.

Mr. Crandall, the stout man in gray, hastened to reach the Grand Central depot that the hypnotee, if following his impressed instructions, might find the proper depository for the fished letter. After a few minutes' conversation with the professor Mr. Blanchard, who had been somewhat distraught and absentminded, rang for Dan and asked him, "No letter for me yet?"

"Yes, sir. I left it there on the table."

"Then there were two here?"

"No, sir. The one you left for the mail I put a stamp on and posted. The other I left in its place."

"What sort of a letter was it?"

"A small one."

"Addressed in a lady's writing?"

"I didn't take particular notice, but I think so, sir."

"That infernal Miller has carried off the wrong letter!"

"No particular letter was specified. I don't see how that affects the demonstration if he took a letter left here," argued the professor.

"Confound him and blast the demon-

stration!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard excitedly. "This is a much more serious matter. The thing must be stopped before any more mischief is done."

"You must not interfere with the test."

"It is done. I give up. You've won. Come, we've got to get a hack. Miller must be caught."

"Don't get excited. You will find the letter in Crandall's pocket."

"I want it in mine. Come on. I'm taking no chances."

Mr. Arthur Miller went right along about what some impulse from his subconscious mind made him imagine was his business or duty. Not for the life of him could he have told why he had gone at a particular time to a stranger's rooms, seized there a letter and was now looking for a stout man in gray, but when he saw in the thick of a throng of people moving toward a gate with a view toward an outgoing train a stout man in a gray suit he elbowed his way through until he had slipped the letter into the pocket of the man in gray and then dropped back out of the crowd with the contented sigh of one whose duty was done.

As he stood in an open space mopping his forehead in a dazed sort of way another stout man dressed in gray touched his shoulder and said:

"You have made a mistake."

"How so? I don't know."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Glad to know it, but I don't see why I might be."

Just then Mr. Blanchard plunged in, caught him by an arm and demanded anxiously, "Where's that letter?" a query which seemed to stun the young man. "Have you got it?"

"No," said Mr. Crandall, answering for him. "But you have lost fairly. He put it in the pocket of a man who answered the description. I saw him do it. It's all right. The fellow looked like me."

"It's all wrong—the wrong letter. I must be recovered. I wouldn't have lost it for ten times the bet."

"I don't see how you'll get it. The gate has closed while we've been talking, the train is gone, and the man is 'has been' so far as we are concerned."

Mr. Blanchard said various vehement things.

"He was a commuter. I noticed that he simply showed a ticket, and that's all we know about him. And the commuters are legion strong."

"The gateman may know him."

They found the gateman, a surly, ill-conditioned old fellow, but amenable to the mollifying influence of a bank note, and with some pretended difficulty affected to remember with an effort proportioned to his pay. "Why, yes; I guess the gentleman you want is Mr. Berdan, who goes to Tarrytown."

They sent a telegram after him in care of the conductor of the train and from Spuyten Duyvil got an answer back:

"No letter in possession that doesn't belong to me. Know nothing about it."

"Heavens, Crandall!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard, drawing his friend aside. "It was from the Widow Kitley. You know enough to imagine how important it may be to me. And it's lost!"

"I don't see what's the use in getting excited about it. She can write you another."

"Will she? To a man so careless and stupid as to lose in such an idiotic way a letter that—"

"Go and tell her all about it. She has sense. It will be all right. Probably she will tell you what she has written, and that may be even more agreeable."

"I must. There's nothing else to be done."

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Mrs. Myra Kitley was an exceedingly charming young woman, a plump but not fat brunette whose widowhood had in her estimation lasted very much longer than law and society gave her credit for, even longer perhaps than she deemed reasonably her due.

Her husband, Jack, had been such a scapegrace that they had separated a good twelvemonth at least before his thirly and rascally career closed, and even his creditors had generally forgotten him by the time she learned of his demise, which occurred while she was in Europe. The steamer that brought her back to New York also brought Mr. James Blanchard, and ever since she had known herself a widow he had been doing his best to persuade her that a protracted period of even conventional mourning for such a husband as Jack was uncalled for, if not actually absurd. In her heart she agreed with him, but the fear of "what people would say" kept her in half mourning and postponed her acceptance of the standing offer of his heart and hand. Perseverance, however, rarely falleth of reward, and there came a time when the pretty widow coyly promised to give him her answer by letter. And that was the letter he had lost.

Mr. Blanchard had little doubt of its purport. He was at least as happily confident as an anxiously expectant suitor has any reasonable right to be, but to lose her sweet consent and assurance of her love in this ridiculous way was exasperating, and he did not doubt she would punish him a little for it by a coquettish revival of his doubts and fears. His worst anticipations were more than realized.

Meekly, deprecatingly, he told his tale of woe, and, though he felt how sad it was, the way in which she received it surprised and even puzzled him. She paled, blushed rosy red and

finally burst into tears. In vain he sought her to tell "what was in the letter."

"Never, never!" she protested. "Never while I live!"

"Good heavens, Myra," he cried, "it cannot be possible that you have had the cruelty to deny me! Come, tell me what your letter contained. End my anxiety."

But she took refuge in tears and the ambiguous declaration, "Fate is against me!"

Mr. Blanchard was not one of those who supinely permit fate to settle their affairs for them. If he could get from the charming widow no information one way or the other he would seek the desired knowledge elsewhere and, saying grimly to himself, "The hair of the dog is a cure for the bite," betook himself again to the hypnotist.

"Professor Brunot," he said, "I wish to make trial of another alleged power of your so-called science, and if you are willing the bet of today goes over again."

"Make your proposition."

"I believe you claim clairvoyance for the hypnotee; that he is able to read a letter that is by no possible means visible to his physical sight—a sealed letter?"

"Not of all hypnotees, by any means, but of Arthur Miller I certainly do so claim."

"Good enough. One who can do it is as good for me as a thousand. Fetch him along right off."

"Fetch it? It is impossible. I do not know where to find him at this hour. But he will be here at noon tomorrow. Come then, and you shall have the proof you desire."

"Well, I suppose that will have to go under the circumstances. I shall be here, no fear about that."

Mr. Blanchard was punctual in keeping the appointment and saw with gratification that Miller, having come a little early, had already been plunged into the hypnotic state by the professor so that no time should be lost. Ah, how earnestly he hoped clairvoyance would prove all that had been claimed for it! How gladly he would lose that hundred dollars even if the widow had written "No!" In that case he could know where he stood and would simply have to go at her again more determinedly than before.

"He is in superb condition today, fit for anything that is possible," said the professor confidently. "Put the letter in my hands."

"What letter?"

"The sealed one which you wish to have him read."

"Go to the deuce! If I had it I don't think I could open and read it for myself."

"But how is he to read a letter when there isn't any?"

"But there is—the one that was lost yesterday through his blunder."

"Oh, that! You ask what is not possible. How can he be put in rapport with a letter that is—nobody knows where?"

And, even if he could, how would you, if you do not know what is in that letter, be able to determine whether he reads correctly, even if he should profess to do so?"

Mr. Blanchard jammed his hat upon his head and rushed out. He cursed the hour in which hypnotism was invented and that in which he had ever heard of it.

On the street he met a man named Pelletreau, whom he always called "a greasy foreigner," not because he had any knowledge that Pelletreau was greasy, but for the hate he bore for the fellow's unctuous smiles when they two were fellow voyagers with Mrs. Kitley on her return from Europe. And now it seemed to him Pelletreau was coming from the direction of her house and wearing a greater grin of self-sufficiency than ever before. Blanchard's soul grew green with jealousy, and he set out at once in hot haste to call the widow to account.

But while he is on his way there let us see what really had become of that letter. Mr. Berdan, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring brow, pulled it from his pocket, and it fell unnoticed on the platform. After having been walked upon by many persons an elderly commuter picked it up, a kind, considerate gentleman who had sense enough to know it should be returned to the mail and for that purpose put it in his pocket along with a letter his wife had given to him for mailing that morning. He would attend to them both the next morning, he said to himself. And so he did, except that he did not happen to think of them until the second day afterward.

But while we have been picking up this stray thread of fact Mr. Blanchard has reached the widow's. She was still in the mood of the day before, tearfully obstinate in her refusal to give him any satisfaction until she realized that she had an unreasonably jealous man to deal with, one whom it would be well to placate if she did not wish to break with him altogether. Then she assured him very earnestly that she had not seen M. Pelletreau for at least a month and had no thought of wishing ever to see him again. Then, having gone so far, she gave way altogether and admitted that her answer had been "Yes."

When the transports of his rapturous joy had been somewhat calmed he said to her, "But, why, my darling, did you not tell me so yesterday?"

"Because," she replied, "you asked me what was in the letter, and I didn't feel as if I could tell you then."

"You could not tell me you had given me reason to be the happiest of men?"

"Oh, there was something else! You know what a wretch Jack was; how he spent all his money and all mine he could get hold of. Well, he did more. He pawned some very valuable jewels of mine, which I said nothing about for fear of scandal, and only three days ago I got them back from the man who advanced money on them to him, and they looked so horrid I didn't want anything to do with them, and so I sent them to you to take care of for me."

"I don't understand, my dear. You sent me the jewels in a letter?"

"Oh, no, no, dear; not the jewels—the pawn tickets."

"Ah, then I fear they are lost by this time. No matter, I'll replace them."

But they were not lost, thanks to the good commuter, who finally remembered those letters, so the outcome of the bet was happy after all.

HOYT'S

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



WHAT IS WRONG WITH PICTURE?

There are three things wrong with the above picture. Every person bringing into our store before we close Saturday evening, February 6, the correct solution of the above puzzle will be given a reduction of 10 per cent on the first bill of goods purchased of us, regardless of amount.

Finding one of the three things wrong will give you a reduction of 6 per cent; finding two will give you 8 per cent, and 10 per cent for all three.

Everything in Handkerchiefs

A dainty lace affair that gives the finishing touch to a lady's costume, and here just a little nobler for the price. Or a man's bandanna, big, serviceable, and cheaper than you can buy it elsewhere; and all the many grades between, in variety of style and cost to suit any taste and fit any pocketbook.



HOYT'S

The "MONEY BACK" Store. If you are not satisfied with your purchase your money will be cheerfully refunded. We want to keep your trade, and are bound to please you. Right goods, right prices and right treatment are the right policy, and that's HOYT'S.

Hillsboro.

Who Fills Your Prescription?

If we fill your prescription over-ripe it is filled with the best quality of drugs and full-weight without over charge for honest service. We pay no one to send you to us and therefore, it PAYS YOU to bring your prescription here. A goodly number of people are already aware of this and a trial will convince you.

Bailey's Pharmacy.