

MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.

Experiments Which Are Baffling to the Ordinary Comprehension.

The end I have ever held before my eyes, then, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this: To study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method and for this purpose to employ processes purely physical and which can always be compared with one another, so that the results obtained by me may be rigorously tested by all observers who shall use the same processes under the same conditions. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these any thing she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern) forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf upside down, as soon as her eyes rest upon it she turns it over, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before when she was hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If now I tell her that she may retire, she returns to her dormitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the photograph I have given her. Of course, her companions, not having received the suggestion, will see only a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait, and will laugh at our subject and treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; all I have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her.

The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the fact can easily be substantiated; their objectivity is as complete as could be wished in researches of this kind. Hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must needs be an integral part of the known domain of science; to that goal our efforts ought to be directed.—Dr. J. M. Charcot, in Forum.

The Negroes of Trinidad.

The negroes of the Windward Islands are disposed to be the most unconscionable set of scoundrels on earth. They would steal a ship if they could carry it off, but their inventive genius is of so low an order that it vanishes in the presence of such a huge undertaking as the successful removal of a thousand tons of booty. They are pillagers. When a vessel arrives at a Caribbean port they surround it with their fleet of boats and swarm over the decks and cabins, appropriating every thing they can lay their hands on. It requires about half the crew to watch them. They have been known to steal part of a ship's rigging in broad day-light. They stole a piece of salt pork from my hook while I was fishing for sharks at Trinidad. I believed that a shovelled monster had given me a bite and was encouraged to bait the hook again and sit up all night in the hope of catching him. The same trick was tried on the captain of a British bark who fished with a harpoon, and the result was an islander on board with a piece of steel and a frightful wound in his thigh.—Victor Smith, in Chautauquan.

—The cotton-picker recently tried near Rolling Fork, says a Mississippi paper, not only captured the cotton but gathered in limbs, stalks, real estate and all, and then scattered the mass all over the field. It took ten darters to pick up after it, and the machine was declared a failure. A good, spry descendant of Ham is the best cotton-picking machine yet introduced in this country by our enterprising Yankee friends. If they succeed in making a better one we will buy that as we did the ones introduced here prior to 1861.

—A California farmer threatens to add quinine to the products of the country. Well, as long as fever and ague is a regular crop, its antidote may as well be raised.—Boston Transcript.

—A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of ourselves; neither vanity nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it.—Madam Necker.

—Virtue is no enemy to pleasure; her proper office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

—How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties!—Macdonald.

STANLEY ON LOVE.

The Untried African Explorer Can't Talk to a Woman.

A very curious letter, in which Henry M. Stanley gives his views on love and the ladies generally, has fallen into my hands. The letter is dated from Jermyn street, London, where Stanley lived before his departure for his last trip into the heart of the Dark Continent, and it is dated August 1, 1884. He says:

"For the life of me I can not sit still a moment when anything approaching to love comes upon the tapis. I have lived with men, not women; and it is the man's intense ruggedness, plainness, directness, that I have contracted by sheer force of circumstances. Poets and women appear to me to be so soft, so very unlike (at least what I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels by talking to them that he must soften his speech and drawl, or effect a singular articulation, lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman? If my recollections serve me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I can not compare the manner of it to anything better than that of a strong man handling a baby—tenderly, gingerly. So! But my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is, I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act and be affected, and parody myself for no earthly reason, but because I think, with other men, that to speak or act otherwise would not be appreciated. It is such a false position that I do not care to put myself into it."

Stanley then goes on to qualify his strictures by saying that there is one lady, a friend of the poet to whom he writes, to whom he can speak, because "after the first few minutes of strangeness have gone, she soon lets you know that she won't do. Therefore," he adds, "please say a hearty friend wishes her daily enjoyment of her life."—Theodore Child, in Woman's Cycle.

TORTURE FOR BILL.

How Lizzy's Little Brother Makes Her Beau's Life a Burden.

When a big, gawky, overgrown rural youth of about nineteen summers, makes his first appearance in public as a beau to a bashful, sweetly modest miss of about the same age, their misery is already so great that the wretched youth would be justified in slaying the young brother of ten or twelve years, who maliciously insists on tagging around after the young couple at a Fourth of July celebration, and frequently giving utterance to such flendish expressions as these:

"Hi, there, look at our Bill!"
"Think yer derned smart, don't ye, Bill Weatherwax, beaulin' Lizzy Shockly round!"

"Hee, hee, hee! See Bill and Lizzy! Say, Bill, does your mother know yer out?"

If poor Bill has at any time in the dead and gone past offended this interesting younger brother that vindictive youth "gets even" by following steadily in Bill's wake all day propounding such mortifying questions as these:

"Hey, Bill, ye spent all that fifty cents pop give you this morning? He'll wallop you if ye do!"

"Ye goin' home in time to do up the chores, Bill? Pop said you'd had to and you'd better, sir!"

"Don't ye jist think yer some pumpkins, Bill Weatherwax? Now don't ye? How mighty smart we are!"

His fertile imagination suggests the propriety of gathering together all the small boys of his acquaintance and getting them to follow around after poor Bill and Lizzy, a giggling, jeering, flendish crowd of young vagabonds who add to Bill's anguish by saying: "Hurrah for you Bill!"

"Take good care of him, Lizzy!"
"Say, Bill, did ye shave 'fore ye started from home?"

This sort of torment goes on and is increased by the pleasing ingenuity of the small boy, until poor Bill and the blushing Lizzy are reduced to the last stage of misery and they separate, after which it is to be hoped Bill "gets even" with the small boy.—Drake's Magazine.

The Best of All Cribbs.

A mother says: "A clothes-basket makes one of the nicest possible cribs for a baby. All my children were raised in a clothes-basket and a ham-mock, with never a cradle or crib. It was a large-sized one (the basket, I mean), with handles at the ends. For the first baby it was covered with blue silesia and dotted Swiss. But when the other babies came an old cretonne for the inside and out did very well. The sides were padded with a piece of old bed-quilt, and a little mattress made for the bottom. When baby fell asleep the basket was easily carried into a quiet room, which could be made dark." The idea could not be a bad one. Such a basket would do very nicely for the babies who are just learning to sit alone. The padding would save the little heads from many a hard bump, and also keep the little ones from feeling the drafts which rush along the floor."—Detroit News.

—When a man is vile and villainous, and thinks nobody knows it, he is cherishing a big error that will some day greatly confuse him.

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12:10 p.m.	Sheridan	2:17 p.m.
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