

TWO HYPNOTISTS MEET.

'This thing of hypnotism and mind reading,' observed the passenger with the skull cap, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar, 'gives rise to some curious phenomena. I have dabbled in it myself as an amateur. You have heard, perhaps, of men being blindfolded and driving a team of horses through a crowded street as easily as if they had their eyes open?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the passenger in the smoking jacket. 'That's a familiar experiment. The man who is blindfolded is able by personal contact to read the mind and see through the eyes of somebody sitting by him. To one familiar with the science there is nothing remarkable about that test.'

'No,' rejoined the other. 'It's a little more difficult to explain, however, when the same thing can be done

by a man driving alone, and without any contact with anybody else.'

'Have you ever seen that done?'

'I have performed it myself. On one occasion I drove alone through a thronged street for more than a mile with a bandage tied over my eyes and sealed so securely behind my head that I could not have taken it off if I had tried.'

'How did you do it, may I ask?'

'By aid of hypnotism. I hypnotized the horses and saw through their eyes.'

The man in the smoking jacket regarded him for some moments, but said nothing.

'But that was a mere trifle in comparison with a test I submitted to a few days ago,' resumed the man with a skull cap. 'I was blindfolded and drove a span of blind horses at the top of their speed a distance of eight or ten blocks down the business streets of Atlanta, Ga., alone and without the slightest accident.'

There was a long pause.

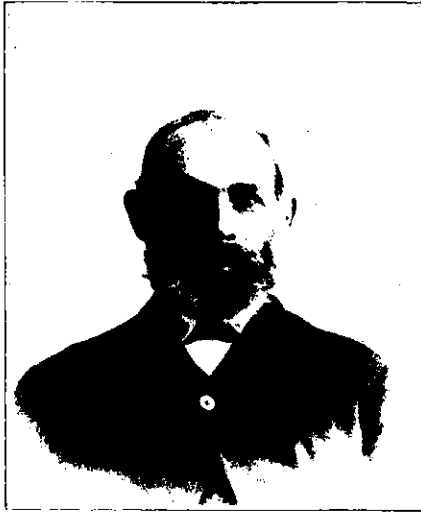
'How did you do it?' asked the other at last.

'Hypnotized everybody on the street. Saw through a thousand pairs of eyes.'

'Say,' ejaculated the passenger in the smoking jacket in tones of strong disgust, 'I have no objection to a bit of artistic romancing now and then, but I am a pro-

fessional hypnotist and mind reader, and I don't mind telling you that you are the biggest liar on the continent. I am going back to the dining car. Good day, sir!'

Two French 'students,' for a wager, of course, and with no intention whatever of covering themselves with celebrity for future penny-gaffs, are at the present moment of writing making their way from Paris to Nancy 'walking' on their hands. They expect to accomplish the soul-stirring, stomach-upsetting journey in twenty days. It would surely be more appropriate to such a jackass journey were they to walk on their ears. Nancy should take her slipper and apply it in a fit and becoming manner to them when they arrive at her house.



Hanna, photo
MR N. MCLEAN, BUILDER,
St. Paul's Church.



Arnold, photo.
MR J. C. DAWSON, VERGER,
St. Paul's Church.



Hanna, photo
MR E. MORRIS, BUILDER,
St. Paul's Church.



MR DAWSON JUN., ON HIS HUNTER HACK 'IKE,' THE WINNER OF SPECIAL PRIZES FOR HUNTERS AT AUCKLAND SHOW, 1895.