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DUAL PERSONALITY.

RESIDUAL PHENOMENA OF THE MIND IN SANE PEOPLE.

This Feature of Complex Personality is Best Seen in the Case of a So Called Absentminded Business Man—Experience of the Sleeping Mind.

Evidence is not wanting to show that what we call personality is an extremely complex thing, the sum of subsidiary personalities which now shift and change like the figures in a kaleidoscope, and again becoming sharply defined under some abnormal condition crystallize into two or more distinct groups of elements, which alternately sleep and wake or even coexist. These complex elements may be so unstable, the groups composing them constantly breaking up and forming new combinations, that the idea of multiple personality does not naturally attach itself to them; it is only when they become stable, and especially when each exhibits a well defined consciousness that we begin to think of such a thing. But besides the abnormal and diseased conditions which cause such a separation or crystallization there are other conditions in which it appears somewhat less distinctly. To one class of these I desire to call attention very briefly—to that embracing what may be called cases of residual personality.

Residual phenomena of all kinds are particularly interesting and instructive, especially those where the few things remaining in a group after many have been removed differ widely in their collective properties from those that have been taken away, while these latter are not in any way distinguishable from those of the sum of both before the division. This is the case often with residual personality. Nothing is more common than for a group of elements in what we call a person to be differentiated in one of various ways, leaving behind a residual group differing altogether in its characteristics, though the differentiated group represents to us and is considered to be identical with the original person.

The commonest method of such differentiation is sleep. The elements of sleep are, as it were, subtracted from the normal personality, but there is usually left behind a very curious something—illogical, credulous, fantastic—whose nightly experiences the whole reunited person recalls in the morning as dreams. The next commonest case is that of the absentminded person. The major part of the person being absorbed in mental processes of some sort, the residual person lives its own separate mental life, thinks, feels and wills by itself, and perhaps carries on a train of processes which is continuous with a preceding train carried on under similar circumstances the day before.

This residual person may act very mechanically. The reunited person may fail to recollect what it acts or thoughts were and be surprised to find how it has been making use of his limbs while he—what he vainly regards as the one unalterable ego—has been absorbed in thought. But, on the other hand, it may be perfectly conscious and may carry on an entirely different train of thought of its own. Almost always, however, it is eccentric and betrays a weakness at one point or another.

For instance, a suburban resident, whom we will call A, is accustomed on landing at the New York side of the ferry to abandon the mechanical task of walking to his office entirely to his residual personality and to give up the major part of himself to thought. The two personalities act often with perfect—always with practical—separateness, the residual person being quite equal to the low task of evading vehicles, steering clear of passersby and turning the proper corners. When the office is reached and the two persons again become one, it is often a difficult task to remember any circumstances of the walk.

On one occasion, however, A left the Astor library on Lafayette place, as he supposed, intending to walk down Clinton place. To do this he must turn first to the left, then to the right and then again to the left. He turned once to the left, and after some time became dimly conscious that he had walked for a long time, and that the place for the second turn had not been reached.

Coming to himself, he found himself far down Broadway. Tracing back his course mentally, he discovered that he had been in the Mercantile library instead of the Astor. His first turn therefore had taken him down Broadway, and he of course did not reach the place for the second. Mark now the peculiarities of his residual person. It knew just where it was to turn and in what direction, and had sense enough to be uneasy when it did not come to the proper place to turn, but it had not intelligence enough to know that it was on the wrong street. Its mind was too weak to be trusted further than it was accustomed to go. This residual person, in short, was about on a par with a harmless idiot.

Again, B, a New Yorker, is walking along absorbed in a process of thought, when his residual personality sees his friend C approaching. It is not astonished, for he is near C's lodgings, but as the person supposed to be C comes nearer, it sees that he only slightly resembles C. He has on shabby clothes, and his face is entirely different. The natural conclusion would be that the person approaching was not C. The residual person, however, does not argue thus. It concludes that C has greatly changed, that he has become poor and that his appearance has altered for the worse.

Pity and surprise are plainly felt by the residual person. During these mental processes, so similar to those of a dream residual, the major person has kept on with his own train of thought. Finally, however, on the close approach of the supposed C, they unite in a flash into the normal person, the two separate consciousnesses become one, and the truth is recognized at once. No doubt these cases can be paralleled by thousands of others. It seems to me that they are as true instances of double personality as any exhibited by epileptic or hypnotic persons.—A. E. Bostwick in Science.

A HYPNOTIC IMPOSTER.

Englishman Who Could Do Many Things For Teachers of Hypnotism.

The subject who came to me had been a shining light in the profession, and I have reason to know that he was exceptionally gifted. He had performed crowded houses under several great artists at the Aquarium, and elsewhere in London and the provinces. He had figured at select seances of scientific hypnotists. He had been privately operated on by medical men anxiously seeking after truth. And, by his own statement, he had humbugged them all. What proof had I, then, that he was not humbugging me? Ample proof. He offered, in the first place, to do under my direction everything which he had done in public and private seances when under supposed hypnotic control. I contented myself, in the first instance, accepting this offer and giving a demonstration to a select circle, and it was solely owing to myself that this was not done.

As a preliminary, I asked him to exhibit a few of his powers for my private edification. He complied without hesitation. He first of all passed himself into the "cataleptic" state and lay on the floor rigid. Two members of my staff took him in this condition and laid him across the backs of two chairs—the back of his head resting on one and his heels on the other. He remained so for several minutes. On a pass being made over him with the hand, his body became arched upward or downward. Two fairly robust individuals next sat on his body, and the "cataleptic" supported them without signs of inconvenience. He then himself thrust a needle into his arm and through the lobe of his ear, to prove that he was insensible to pain while in the cataleptic state.

Next he showed how one side of his face could be drawn down by toothache ("suggested" by the operator), while the other side was distended in a broad grin. Again, at the "suggestion" of the operator, the grin and the toothache changed sides, and so on. He offered to swallow an ounce of cayenne pepper in a glass of water, but unfortunately I had no cayenne pepper at hand. I asked him whether he could take a winglassful of ipecacuanha, and he professed readiness to do it at once. The cayenne pepper I could partly understand. It would be a mere question of standing a certain amount of pain. But I asked him how he managed to control the effect of the ipecacuanha. "We only do it for a time," he said. "You can learn to do it with practice, like the rest of the tricks. But we always bring the stuff up after the performance."

He also expressed his readiness to drink oil. Among novel tricks which he offered to perform was that of "slowing" the pulse while under hypnotic influence. Of this he claimed to be the original inventor. I asked him whether all the "subjects" were equal imposters. "All," he said. He knew them all personally and would answer for them. He ridiculed the mere suggestion that there could be anything genuine in hypnotism, whether in Paris, London or anywhere else, but here he may have spoken beyond his knowledge.—London Truth.

A Reminiscence of Fanny Kemble.

The late Fanny Kemble is remembered by old residents of Germantown and Philadelphia as a superb horsewoman. She had a fiery temper, which matched that of her husband, Pierce Butler, and speedily brought about what is still one of the most noted divorce trials reported in the law books. In her youth she was remarkably beautiful, and in the role of Juliet she was the personification of dazzling loveliness. She was noted for her keenness of wit even in the days of her old age. Once, when an impatient street loafer stepped up to her while she was looking in the window of a bric-a-brac store and said, "Are you fond of antiquities?" Mrs. Kemble quickly unpinned her veil and turning on the man her aged face (she was then 73) asked, "Are you?" One of Mrs. Kemble's daughters is Mrs. Wistar of Germantown, well known in literature.—Harper's Weekly.

A Matter of Fact Dog.

There are prosaic men and women, and there are matter of fact dogs. For purely business purposes they are often the best.

We once owned an excellent retrieving spaniel of the simple order of mind, without a grain of humor. This dog accompanied us unasked when we wanted to shoot a bullfinch in the garden to stuff. The gun went off, and the poor bullfinch dropped.

Now, this dog had been used, when the gun was fired, to go and look for a dead or wounded rabbit. So, instead of looking under the apple tree, he disappeared into the hedge, and in a few minutes he returned with a rabbit in his mouth! So much for the value of a matter of fact dog.—London Spectator.

The First and Last Time.

On a sultry day in August an aged negro who gloried in the name of Pompey, was driving through Main street in Springfield, Mass., a poor old skeleton of a horse attached to a heavy load of wood.

By the most frantic efforts the horse had succeeded in dragging his load over an unusually high crossing when suddenly the poor animal stopped, reared in the air and fell dead on the street. Pompey stood for a moment in silent astonishment, with extended hands, pendant lip and bulging eyeballs, then exclaimed, "By gum! I nubber knowed him do dat afore!"—Cor. New York Press.

A First Thought In Church.

A little western boy less than 3 years old was taken to church for the first time. He gazed about with much interest and finally asked in a clear but awestruck voice, "Mamma, where's God?"—New York Tribune.

Love For Teachers.

"Do you love your teacher?"
"I suppose I have to."
"Why so, Tommy?"
"Because the Bible says we must love our enemies."—New York Telegram.

REPROOF IN LOVE.

Because we are shut out from light,
Each of the other's look and smile;
Because the arms' and lips' delight
Are past and dead a weary while;

Because the dawn that joy has brought
Brings now but certainty of pain,
Nothing for you and me has brought
The right to live our lives in vain.

Take not away the only lure
That leads me on my lonely way—
To know you noble, sweet and pure,
Great in least service day by day.
—Wives and Daughters.

How a Saber Cut Feels.

"I hardly know how it feels to be shot, but I will realize how it feels to be cut," said Mr. O. D. Reeves of Indianapolis at the Lindell. "I enlisted in a cavalry regiment when I was 16 and put in four years for Uncle Sam. Do you see this scar? That was done at Nashville," and he held up his left hand, which was almost encircled by a deep scar. "The boys were ordered to charge, and I had emptied my pistols and had just drawn my saber when I saw bearing down upon me one of the largest men I ever saw."

"Our horses were both going at full speed, and he was headed directly for me. He launched his blow first, and I instinctively threw up my hand and lowered my head. The saber struck my hand, which fell helplessly by my side. The man flew past me, and I turned my horse to one side and rode far enough away to examine my wound. No blood escaped, neither did I feel any pain until the wound was dressed a half hour later. The reaction set in, and the strongest opiates were used for days to give me relief from pain."—St. Louis Republic.

The Thumb.

Thumbs have been appreciated ever since the world began. The ancients used to call the thumb the other hand. Barbarous kings used to swear and make compacts by their thumbs. In Rome it was a sign of favor to wring and kiss the thumb, and of disfavor or disgrace to lift them up or turn them outward. A man who was hurt in his thumbs was excused from serving in the Roman wars. Some of the scoundrelly citizens used to cut off their thumbs, so as to remain home and get rich. Teachers used to punish their pupils by biting their thumbs.

The thumb is a great and influential member. I can look at the thumb of a young woman and describe her figure. I can tell whether she is thin and bony, or plump and round; whether her joints are large and ill shapen, or small and perfectly proportioned. By examining a man's thumb I can tell what ought to be his vocation.—New York Tribune.

Its Song Is Like the Filing of a Saw.

Of the Acadian owl, one of the rarest of New England birds, Audubon says: "This little owl is known in Massachusetts by the name of the 'saw whet,' the sound of its love notes bearing a great resemblance to the noise produced by filing the teeth of a large saw. These notes, when coming, as they frequently do, from the interior of a deep forest, produce a very peculiar effect on the traveler, who, not being aware of their real nature, expects as he advances on his route to meet with shelter under a sawmill at no great distance. Until I shot the bird in the act I had myself been more than once deceived in this manner."

The Restless Man.

Of all tiresome things a restless man is the worst. A restless woman cannot begin to come up to a restless man. She gets physically tired out after awhile and must sit down. But a man—he can go on and on forever.

In cafes, railroad trains, theaters—in fact, wherever men do congregate—there also is the restless man, driving every one distracted with his ceaseless tramping. He goes up, and he goes down, but he is never weary.—New York Herald.

His Regard For Himself.

The comfortable, well clad citizen was going along Woodward avenue home the other evening when a big, burly tramp stopped him and asked for a dime. The citizen looked him over and asked: "Do you have no more regard for yourself than to beg on the streets?" "That's just it, boss," was the reply. "It's because I have regard for myself that I do. There's too many dogs in the back yards."—Detroit Free Press.

In Politics It Is "Pull."

From the Hopeful Young Man to the Pastor—As I stand in the broad avenue of life I find so many closed doors I know not which one to open. How can I tell which will lead me to success?

From the Practical Pa. or to the Young Man—There's only one, and you'll find it labeled "Push."—Exchange.

Saving and Spending.

"I saved up \$3.08 last year," said Wallis proudly.
"And I suppose you spent it on presents for your papa and mamma?" asked the visitor.
"Yes," said Wallis. "That is, all but \$3 of it."—Harper's Bazar.

The man who, after studying a hundred women, thought he knew the sex thoroughly, admitted, on intimate acquaintance with the one hundred and first, that he was densely ignorant of the nature of any one of them.

The living alumni of the University of Michigan are said to number twice as many as the living alumni of any other educational institution in this country. Harvard is reported to be next, with Yale a good third.

It is said that when dressed in the European gowns a Japanese wife precedes her husband in entering a room, while in the eastern dress she must follow him.

Richter was fond of pets and at one time kept a great spider in a paper box, carefully feeding and tending the creature for many months.

The Japanese say, "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

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