

MR. CINCH.

HE TRIES THE MIND-CURE.

SHOW THE ETHICAL LAW OF GRAVITATION OPERATED TO STRENGTHEN HIS BOW-LEGS.

In the construction of Mr Cinch's nature had been generous, not to say prodigal of materials, but certainly a wide distribution of them.

To say that the shape of his legs was a source of unhappiness to Mr Cinch would be a feeble and inadequate expression of his feelings.

His disgust for them did not, indeed, confine with himself. It is entirely probable that he would have heaved himself at despising them as he did but for Mrs Cinch.

Let it not be thought that this excellent couple were wanting toward each other in those sweet graces which so beautify the marriage relation.

No matter what may have been the subject that had originally vexed her, it was the invariable experience that those legs became the focus to which her excited words were drawn, and then, indeed, she could not be separated from the subject.

This was naturally distressing to Mr Cinch. He keenly felt the injustice of the insinuation, but at the same time his mind was filled with a supreme loathing of his legs, and he was only deterred from going to a hospital and from having them straightened by the reflection that an entirely legless husband was not likely to be more satisfactory, upon the whole, than one whose legs were bowed.

It was from a domestic scene such as these sentences have indicated that Mr Cinch issued one morning recently, and passing out through his hallway into the street as fast as he could wobble, he stumbled into his waiting coupe and hurried down to business.

Mr Cinch had given very much investigated in Bob's account of this peculiar conversation. As Bob went on he had screwed around in his arm-chair, and had drawn his brow into a reflective knot.

"I don't know as I understand what that means, Bob," he observed, cautiously.

"It took me a good while to get it through me, sir," replied the manager, "but I think I see what she was driving at. She means that a man's body is just like any other matter and don't make feelings, and that it's his soul that does the feeling, and that when his soul feels he says he has a bile or the colic or the rheumatism, and begins to put on plasters and take pills, when he ought not to do anything of the kind, but ought to talk to her and get her to cure his soul. That's the way she gives it to me, anyhow. She talked here for half an hour. She said that it was all to set your feelings down to this or that place in your body. She said she could talk to me awhile about that—er, let's see, gravity, no, yes, gravi—ch, I know! about the gravitation of the soul and my feelings would get good and the bile go down."

"Oh, that's remarked Mr Cinch." "Well, I don't know, sir," replied Bob, doubtfully. "I don't know but what I think there is something in it."

"Staff! Bob, how kin there be! Do you mean that she made out 'at she could cure anything by just talking to you?"

"Not exactly, no, sir. Her p'nt is that what we call bilis or malaria or—

"Bow-legs, aebbe," put in Mr Cinch both jocularly and ruefully.

"What?" "Bow-legs, too—why not? Just as easy bow-legs as bilis."

All such things, she says, is appearance. Our souls being sick, they look through our eyes in a sorter cookey-eyed way and see something they call a bile or a pair of bow-legs.

built young man, with large, strong features, and an abundant supply of blonde hair, partially covered with a sombre brown bonnet. Her eyes were blue and blue, and her voice quite pleasant to hear.

"This way, miss," said Bob, from his high stool behind the desk. "What name, please?"

"Frances Estlin Beeks." "Beeks, miss? Yes, miss. Let's see—BA to BE, Barbara, Becks, Beach, Beeks! Frances Estlin Beeks. Eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents, if you please."

"That seems like a good deal of money," observed Miss Beeks. "Well, now, it is, miss," said Bob, "but you use a kerridge a good deal, miss, mostly every day and sometimes oftener. You've called more this month than ever. Why don't you keep a horse, miss? That 'd be the cheapest."

"I certainly would if my bills are to run up like this. However, I'm too busy now to talk about it. Let me have your pen fill I write out this check. There is that right?"

"Yes, miss, thank you. I think that sorrow would suit you nicely. He's only—"

"Well, I'll think it over. Good morning!" Miss Beeks went out and Mr Cinch, who had been regarding her over his glasses, inquired, "Who's the young woman, Bob?"

"I don't know, sir, hardly," said Bob, "but I think she's some kind of a doctor."

"She seems to be makin' pretty good bills."

"And they gets better all the time. Whatever she does, it's a good business, for she pays her bill the day after she gets it every time."

"What makes you think she doctors?" "She said so, as near as I could make out. She come in here one day last month—it was when I had that staving big bile on my elbow, you remember?"

"Well, I was settin' here huggin' that bile, and it was just thumpin'. Seemed to me 'if they was a whole bag of carpet-tacks stuck in that arm. I was so used up I couldn't walk around, and so stuck full of pain I couldn't set still. Well, 's I said, she come in and ordered a coach, and while it was being fetched around she gives me a look and says, 'What's the matter?' I says, 'I got a bile.' 'A what? says she. 'A bile, says I. 'Oh, no,' says she.

"Well, if you don't think so, says I, 'look there, says I, and I produced the bile, which 'posed to me to be pretty good evidence."

"She looked at it and then says, as cool as you please, 'Well, what of it?' 'Don't you call that a bile?' says I, 'and if you don't think it hurts you'd better.' You see, being nearly as big as the rest of it, and her so unconcernin' I thought she was workin' a guy out."

"But she says, 'I see what you think it hurts, and maybe you think it hurts, but I know it don't. Why, what is it?' says she; 'it's nothing but a little lump of red flesh. It don't hurt. It can't hurt. How can it? Flesh don't live any more than wood or stone, and if it don't live how can it feel?' You see that she feels and, and you've made you yourself believe it's this little lump of red flesh, and you've gone and painted it and gressed it and wrapped it up and fisted with it, when there's nothing the matter with it, and everything the matter with you. That's what she said, looking me dead in the eyes."

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dim, or fat, or gouty, or palsied, or paralyzed, or rheumatic, or shrivelled or anything else just as they wanted to and all of their own opinion, as though they were a living soul with a living will and not a swivel or a mere piece of inanimate matter. Now, Mr Cinch, that's all nonsense. Don't you believe a word of it."

"Well, now," replied the old man, slowly, "I never thought of it that way, but it seems as if they could go and get bowed all of themselves. But," said he, looking down toward them dubiously, "they do 'pear to be bowed, now, don't they?"

"Maybe they do. We'll come to that presently. But first let me prove that, if they are bowed, they didn't do it. Suppose you were to have them cut off at your hips, would they go on and bow more?"

"Why, no."

"Of course not," said the Scientist, triumphantly. "That shows they didn't bow themselves. Then who did bow them? I'll tell you. You have done it, Mr Cinch, you yourself."

"Maybe I did, maybe I did. I won't deny it. But my eyes I will say that I didn't go for to do it."

"Perhaps not. But, consciously or unconsciously, your mind became—well, fit for a better work, sick. In that sick condition it began to look around for a place in your body to reflect its trouble upon. It chose your legs as the straightest part of you, prompted by your disordered mind, began to tell you that your legs were bowed."

"Well, really!" cried Mr Cinch, "how very plain you make it."

"It's plain enough to such as will see. Matter, Mr Cinch, does not act. Matter has no will. It doesn't feel, or get tired, or wear out or do any of the things attributed to it by thoughtless people. Matter is inanimate and takes form only as the mind, the soul, the Vital Force, wills that it shall. It responds to the soul. Therefore, if your legs are bowed, your mind is at fault."

"That's a very uncomfortable thing your mind says," said Mr Cinch. "It's 'most as well not to have none!"

"Better," exclaimed the Scientist, earnestly, "if it is to be out of harmony with the Mind Universal. And now we come to the real point. The thing to cure is the thing that is sick. The bowing of your legs is the reflection of your bowed mind. Straighten your mind and your legs will be as straight as your walking stick. Shut your eyes, Mr Cinch, and think only of what I say. Nothing is real except the ideal. The corporeal realm of created being corresponds precisely to the condition of the ideal. Do you see the point?"

"Sorter," replied Mr Cinch, feebly, "but I believe I could see it better if I was to open my eyes."

"No, no, no!" cried the Scientist. "It is highly necessary to keep them shut and turned inward."

"I don't believe I can close that, mum," Mr Cinch rejoined, apologetically. "My eyes is getting so old."

"Sink them far into your soul! Look there to find your bad and ugly ideals! Give me your hand, Mr Cinch. Thus, with our hands clasped, will our spiritual understandings commune. Together we will pursue our investigations into the recesses of your ethereal nature, and with the clean new broom of inspired reason, will we sweep away the dusty cobwebs of bad ideals!"

Mr Cinch heaved a huge sigh. But he shut his eyes vigorously, and received into his big hard fist the Scientist's little white one, and murmured, "All right, mum; 'win up lively."

"Well, mum, I dunno. I'm trying hard. Ah, there is a sublety there. I see it—a black mountain-club of unbelief. Faith, Mr Cinch, is the ethical law of gravitation. You already feel its influence. It draws you to the Spiritual Centre of Essence. Your soul still walks in the shadow, but toward the light. You are being drawn away from the doubt. Do you feel yourself being drawn, Mr Cinch?"

"I believe I do, mum; I really believe I do. That left leg gives a kinder twitch just as you spoke."

"Of course it did! Of course it did! You are in the sea of Infinite Thought, floating, floating like a chip on the water. The will is well, and the doubt, and unbelief are trying to beat you away from the Current of Truth—but, no! It shall not be! I will stand by to fight them back, and to urge on those other waves that will bear you into the current. One is approaching now—the Wave of Harmony. It touches you gently, lifts you on its crystal bosom, and, ere it leaves to do the same duty to another floating chip, it moves you many paces nearer to the Current. And now, as you rest, another comes. Lo, it is intercepted by the discordant ripples of suspicion, and a struggle ensues! But, look! Oh, prythee look! From the white caps of conflict the wave, larger, purer than ever, emerges, and comes on apace. It is the Wave of Joy! It moves quicker than it takes you upon its sparkling crest! It whences the diamond light of happiness flashes! Merrily flash! It heaves you swiftly on! Oh! Oh! Ah! Yes! Nearer! Nearer still! One more impulse and you are there! It lifts its glittering form again. And NOW!—Oh, Mr Cinch! you are in the Current! THE CURRENT! Do you not feel its swift influence? The Current of truth! Brightly, joyously, swiftly does this Spiritual Gulf Stream bear you toward the Great Central Calm! Ah—ah!"

"The Scientist was evidently in a great state of excitement. Her voice had risen to a keen soprano key, and her eyes sparkled wildly when she had finally succeeded in getting Mr Cinch into the Current, she fell back in her chair, quite exhausted.

Neither spoke for several minutes, and then Miss Beeks said: "Open your eyes, Mr Cinch!"

The old man looked at her with evident curiosity. "You talk beautiful," he said earnestly, "and I really think I feel better."

"Don't say 'best,' Mr Cinch. Cease to rate thoughts and not sensations. I know you are better and that means, of course, that the suppositions of your former life, never real, is less apparent. You must put yourself under my treatment from this moment. The advantage gained already must not be lost. You must not go home, or to business, or out of this room until your mind is thoroughly healed. You must not get out of the Current until you are safely in the Calm Centre."

It was the fourth day after her husband's strange disappearance, and Mrs Cinch was seated in the back parlor of her desolate house, receiving spiritual consolation from an elderly clerical gentleman. "Oh, sir," she was saying, "he was such a good man, so gentle and easy to get along with. He had no bad words, no matter how much he had to bear. And I'm fearful it was a good deal."

Mr Groaner sighed with much feeling, and said she must not repine, adding in a comforting way that the world was full of sorrow.

"Yes," said Mrs Cinch, as though greatly consoled by that fact, "I know it. We all have our burdens and 'spies we need 'em."

"Indeed we do, Sister Cinch," Mr Groaner replied, "but for our burdens we should grow vain and worldly."

This disastrous result being in Mrs Cinch's case rendered less menacing through the supposed death of her partner, the good man proceeded to show her the necessity of "bearing up," and of counting all things good, and of drawing from these mournful visitations the valuable lesson that earthly affections were empty and void.

Much had been accomplished toward reconciling her to the unhappy situation when a familiar click was heard in the front door latch.

Mrs Cinch started.

The click was repeated and then the door was flung open, and a heavy footfall sounded in the hallway.

"William!" cried Mrs Cinch. "It's William, Brother Groaner! Help me up! Help me to run and meet him! William, my dear, good, sweet, bow-legged old William! O, Brother Groaner, I shall go crazy with happiness! Hear his old feet, stuck on them dear bow-legs of his, making a sound that I'd know 'mong ten thousand! Come along, Brother Groaner, come along."

They got into the hall with as much speed as possible, and there, coming toward them, was Mr Cinch, his round face lighted with a peaceful smile. He paused, and there was something in his manner and attitude that caused them to pause as well. He brought his pudgy feet closely together and straightened his figure to its loftiest possibility, as if to call attention to its perfect beauty.

"Maria, my dear," he said, in deep, low tones, "I float in the 'alm Centre of Infinite Truth."

A look of profound alarm came upon Mrs Cinch's face, and she glanced at the Rev Mr Groaner. He shook his head sadly.

Mr Cinch observed these dubious looks and he hastened to dispel them.

"I am in harmony with the Universal Mind," he said. "Look at them legs!" they looked. "Yes, William," answered Mrs Cinch, profoundly disturbed. "I see them legs, and dear, sweet, precious old legs they wasn't, I lie, and if I ever said they wasn't, I told a story and goodness knows I've suffered enough for it in the last three days and nights. I love them cunning old legs, William, better 'n all the rest of you put together, and I don't care where you're floating nor what you're in barmony with, I only just know you're back again with the same beautiful, chubby, round old legs you took away, and I'm downright crying happy and the rounder they gets the more I'll love them!"

And, unable longer to restrain herself, the good old lady rushed upon him and hugged him black and blue.

Mr Cinch was still floating in the Calm Centre of Infinite Truth, or he may not. He may still be in harmony with the Universal Mind or he may not. He hasn't mentioned lately. But this is sure truth—that wherever he floats Mrs Cinch is floating with him, and whatever else he may be in harmony with he is certainly in harmony with her. He robbles and toddles up and down just as he used to do, but never a word does he hear to the prejudice of his legs, and whether they be as crooked as a ram's horn or as straight as a rifle barrel, he can't see them and she won't—so what's he odds, anyhow? L. E. Q.

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