

limbs, I was able to watch the doctor, busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg, and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"There is no danger," said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring protruding eyes with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!'"

"I naturally could say nothing in reply; and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing and could hear it drop into a vessel standing near the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"'Are you ready for your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing all consciousness,' and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth.

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me, when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a whispering murmur escaped my lips. Shadowy phantoms

and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I re-opened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an arm-chair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight, and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment I shuddered with horror and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressing me, said:

"Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, while my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation, and finally, your conviction that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak completed the deception.