

Dr. Cunningham saw his patient two, three and sometimes four times a day. He was, indeed, vastly interested in both the patient and the case.

Isabel McKinley was very submissive and the nurse reported to the doctor that she thought she rather looked for his visits. At the same time she would watch his countenance for any tell-tale appearance thereon, but the calm exterior of the specialist betrayed nothing. His nerves had been well schooled. To him Isabel McKinley was apparently nothing more than any patient would be under similar circumstances.

The day for the application of the suggestive treatment at length arrived.

Dr. Cunningham sent word to Mr. McKinley that on the morrow he would accomplish a cure or return his patient to her home—and he a vanquished man.

Arriving at the hospital at 8 o'clock the following morning, he ordered the nurse to prepare the patient as for an anesthetic.

Her attacks had not been so frequent during the past week and the intervals between attacks had been lengthened.

"Miss McKinley," addressing her, "I am going to put you to sleep and I do not wish you to resist the influence. I wish you to aid me all you can, in fact, I wish you to try to go to sleep yourself."

A few deft practised passes over the temples and down the finely moulded arms to the finger tips—and the patient was in the hypnotic trance.

"Run, quick, nurse, and bring me a tongue depressor!"

When the nurse ran out of the room, he stooped down close to the ear of the beautiful girl and spoke therein in firm, earnest tones: "Isabel McKinley, you are cured. You will never have any more fits. There has come into your life a man who loves you and who is worthy of your love. Love him as he loves you. Your life will be forever happy."

The nurse returned with the instrument.

"I was afraid," breathed Dr. Cunningham, "her tongue would drop back, so I wanted to be in readiness for any emergency of that sort."

Turning to the patient again: "Miss McKinley, you are cured! Awake!"

A few passes over her eyes and the patient began to come to and almost immediately sat up in the bed.

"Oh, Dr. Cunningham, I have had such a lovely sleep! I have not slept so peacefully in years."

"You must be quiet now and rest," was all he said.