

the hero of a remarkable experience. Almost immediately it became apparent to his friends that he had sustained a tremendous injury. His natural self throughout the day, he ceased to be so in the evening. From eight to eleven—in other words, during the hours when Clute was performing—the boy lost all control of himself. Twenty-four hours' subjection to another's will had broken his own: the experiment had been to that extent fatal. Some evenings his condition was quite normal; but this was not calculated to bring any great relief to his relatives, who realized with a pang that these were the nights when Clute, travelling from point to point, was not on the stage. The discovery, in fact, only emphasized the slavery.

This state of affairs, bound as it was to result disastrously, gave rise for the time to some amusing episodes.

As nothing outrageous had yet occurred, and as moreover there were some evenings—and these could not be known with certainty—when Philpott was wholly free from foreign influence, he was allowed to go about much as usual. One night at a concert given by the Orpheus Club, the performance had to be suspended till he was hustled from the hall. He had begun by shying stones at a row of imaginary cats that ornamented, evidently, the back yard fence. From that comparatively noiseless exercise he passed rapidly. Suddenly—at the will, no doubt, of his absent master—he himself became one of those feline horrors of the night. His caterwaulings were indescribable. As I said, the programme was interrupted. A flute-soloist, who was playing with rare delicacy, was promptly drowned out. 11.10 found our young friend at home, horribly chagrined at the notoriety he had won.

For a couple of weeks after this more amusing than serious occurrence, he kept close: but, a much larger proportion than usual of free nights falling to his lot, he at length took heart of grace and sallied out. He was destined soon to distinguish himself a second time.

At a weekly prayer-meeting in the Temple Street Methodist Church, just when the assistant pastor had nicely begun to read and expound a certain chapter in Matthew, Philpott made for the platform. To his horror his nose had all

of a sudden begun to lengthen—inches, feet, yards! He slapped, tweaked, twisted it; he put his foot on it, and ground it with his heel. Before he had been on the platform ten seconds he was in a paroxysm of rage. Suffice it to say that he was overpowered just at the moment when, mounted on a chair, he had pinned his imaginary proboscis to the board where the numbers of the hymns are displayed, and, to his mingled relief and dismay had sniggered it off with his pocket-knife.

Unfortunately the strain of this narrative must now change. It became clear to all concerned that Arthur must be confined. He was making himself a nuisance to the public and a humiliation to his family.

I should have remarked that Clute had been communicated with. He was implored to do something—anything—to rid the boy of his unhappy influence. It is but fair to say that the practitioner seemed distressed at the news. He declared that the case was absolutely unique in his experience, that he did not knowingly exert any influence at present on the young man, and that, consequently, he was powerless to relieve him. He did, however, promise to keep the family informed as to the evenings when the subject might reasonably count on being free. The notion was for a time entertained of bringing suit for damages: but, as Philpott had been an entirely consenting party, and as the Professor was vindicated by hundreds of cases in which no bad results had followed, the plan, on the advice of counsel, was dropped. The upshot was that the sufferer had to be confined, on an average, perhaps four nights a week, in a padded room. This duration, needless to say, was matter of distress both to himself in his sane moments and to his friends.

It was hinted at the beginning of this account that Clute's appearance was not prepossessing. The sequel proved that his person was a fair index to his character. It transpired about a year from the time they had been in T. that the Doctor and Mrs. Clute were not really husband and wife, and that the antecedents of the pair were of the most dubious. It also leaked out later that the lady had proven herself the more masterful personality of the two. However skilful the man had