THE EYE OF THE MIND.

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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"I fancy I shall never marry," said Carriston, looking at me with his soft, dark eyes. "You see, a boy who has waited for years expecting to die, doesn't grow up with exactly the same feelings as other people. I don't think I shall ever meet a woman I can care for enough to make my wife. No, I expect my cousin will be Sir Ralph yet."

I tried to laugh him out of his morbid ideas. "Those who live will see," I said. "Only promise to ask me to your wedding, and better still, if you live in town, appoint me your family doctor. It may prove the nucleus of that West end practice which it is the dream of every doctor to establish."

I have already alluded to the strange beauty of Carriston's dark eyes. As soon as companionship commenced between us those eyes became to me, from scientific reasons, objects of curiosity, on account of the mysterious expression which I at times detected in them. Often and often they wore a look the like to which, I imagine, is found only in the eyes of a somnambulist—a look which one feels certain is intently fixed upon something, yet upon something beyond the range of one's own vision. During the first two or three days of our newborn intimacy I found this eccentricity of Carriston's positively startling. When now and then I turned to him, and found him staring with all his might at nothing, my eyes were compelled to follow the direction in which his own were bent. It was at first impossible to divest one's-self of the belief that something should be there to justify so fixed a gaze. However, as the rapid growth of our friendly intercourse soon showed me that he was a boy of most ardent poetic temperament—perhaps even more a poet than an artist—I laid at the door of the muse these absent looks and recurring flights into vacancy.

We were at the Fairy Glen one morning, sketching, to the best of our ability, the swirling stream, the gray rocks, and the overhanging trees, the last just growing brilliant with autumnal tints. So beautiful was everything around that for a long time I worked, idled, or dreamed in contented silence. Carriston had set up his easel at some little distance from mine. At last I turned to see how his sketch was progressing. He had evidently fallen into one of his brown studies, and, apparently, a harder one than usual. His brush had fallen from his fingers, his features were immovable, and his strange dark eyes were absolutely riveted upon a large rock in front of him, at which he gazed as intently as if his hope of heaven depended upon seeing through it.

He seemed for the while oblivious to things mundane. A party of laughing, chattering tourist girls scrambled down the rugged steps, and one by one passed in front of him. Neither their presence nor the inquisitive glances they cast on his statuesque face roused him from his fit of abstraction. For a moment I wondered if the boy took opium or some other narcotic on the sly. Full of the thought I rose, crossed over to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder. As he felt my touch he came to himself, and looked up at me in a dazed, inquiring way.

"Really, Carriston," I said, laughingly, "you must reserve your dreaming fits until we are in places where tourists do not congregate, or you will be thought a madman, or a least a poet."

He made no reply. He turned away from me impatiently, even rudely; then, picking up his brush, went on with his sketch. After a while he seemed to recover from his pettishness, and we spent the remainder of the day as pleasantly as usual.

As we trudged home in the twilight, he said to me in an apologetic, almost penitent way:

"I hope I was not rude to you just now?"

"When do you mean?" I asked, having almost forgotten the trivial incident.

"When you woke me from what you called my dreaming?"

"Oh, dear no. You were not at all rude. If you had been, it was but the penalty due to my presumption. The flights of genius should be respected, not checked by a material hand."

"That is nonsense; I am not a genius, and you must forgive me for my rudeness," said Carriston simply.

After walking some distance in silence, he spoke again. "I wish when you are with me you would try and stop me from getting into that state. It does me no good."

Seeing he was in earnest, I promised to do my best, and was curious enough to ask him whither his thoughts wandered during those abstracted moments.

"I can scarcely tell you," he said. Presently he asked, speaking with hesitation, "I suppose you never feel that under certain circumstances—circumstances which you cannot explain—you might be able to see things which are invisible to others?"

"To see things. What things?"

"Things, as I said, which no one else can see. You must know there are people who possess this power."

"I know that certain people have asserted they possess what they call second-sight; but the assertion is too absurd to waste time in refuting."

"Yet," said Carriston dreamily, "I know that if I did not strive to avoid it some such power would be mine."

"You are too ridiculous, Carriston," I said. "Some people see what others don't, because they have longer sight. You may, of course, imagine anything. But your eyes—handsome eyes they are, too—contain certain properties, known as humors and lenses, therefore in order to see——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carriston; "I know exactly all you are going to say. You, a man of science, ridicule everything which breaks what you are pleased to call the law of nature. Yet take all the unaccountable tales told. Nine hundred and ninety-nine you expose to scorn or throw grave doubts upon, yet the thousandth rests on evidence which can not be upset or disputed. The possibility of that one proves the possibility of all."

"Not at all; but enough for your argument," I said, amused at the boy's wild talk.

"You doctors," he continued with that delicious air of superiority so often assumed by laymen when they are in good health, "put too much to the credit of diseased imagination."

"No doubt; it's a convenient shelf on which to put a difficulty. But go on."

"The body is your province, yet you can't explain why a cataleptic patient should hear a watch tick when it is placed against his foot."

"Nor you; nor any one. But perhaps it may aid you to get rid of your rubbishing theories if I tell you that catalepsy, as you understand it, is a disease not known to us; in fact, it does not exist."

He seemed crestfallen at hearing this. "But what do you want to prove?" I asked. "What have you yourself seen?"

"Nothing, I tell you. And I pray I may never see anything."

After this he seemed inclined to shirk the subject, but I pinned him to it. I was really anxious to get at the true state of his mind. In answer to the leading questions with which I plied him, Carriston revealed an amount of superstition which seemed utterly childish and out of place beside the intellectual faculties which he undoubtedly possessed.

Yet I was not altogether amused by his talk. His wild arguments and wilder beliefs made me fancy there must be a weak spot somewhere in his brain—even made me fear lest his end might be madness. The thought made me sad; for, with the exception of the eccentricities which I have mentioned, I reckoned Carriston the pleasantest friend I had ever made. His amiable nature, his good looks, and perfect breeding had endeared the young man to me; so much so that I resolved, during the remainder of the time we should spend together, to do all I could toward taking the nonsense out of him.

My efforts were unavailing. I kept a sharp lookout upon him, and let him fall into no more mysterious reveries; but the curious idea that he possessed, or could possess, some gift above human nature, was too firmly rooted to be displaced. On all other subjects he argued fairly and was open to reason. On this one point he was immovable. When I could get him to notice my attacks at all, his answer was:

"You doctors, clever as you are with the body, know as little of psychology as you did three thousand years ago."

When the time came to fold up my easel and return to the drudgery of life, I parted from Carriston with much regret. One of those solemn, but often broken, promises to join together next year in another sketching tour passed between us. Then I went back to London, and during the subsequent months, although I saw nothing of him, I often thought of my friend of the autumn.

III.

IN THE spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth to see, for the last time, an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had for a traveling companion a well-dressed gentlemanly man of about forty years of age. We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities, such as the barter of newspapers, glided into conversation. My fellow traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, and, judging from his talk, must have moved in good society. Although I fancied his features bore traces of hard living, and dissipation, he was not unprepossessing in appearance. The greatest faults in his face were the remarkable thinness of the lips, and his eyes being a shade closer together than one cares to see. With a casual acquaintance such peculiarities are of little moment, but for my part I should not choose for a friend one who possessed them, without due trial and searching proof.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important will case which was then being tried. The reversion to a vast sum of money depended upon the testator's sanity or insanity. Like most other people, we duly discussed the matter. I suppose, from some of my remarks, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends, and insanity begins," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes. The boundary line is, in some instances, hard to define. To give, in such a dubious case, an opinion which would satisfy myself, I would want to have known the patient at the time he was considered quite sane."

"To mark the difference?"

"Exactly. And to know the bent of the character. For instance, there is a freind of mine. He was perfectly sane when last I saw him, but, for all I know, he may have made great progress the other way in the interval."

Then, without mentioning names, dates or places, I described Carriston's peculiar disposition to my intelligent listener. He heard me with rapt interest.

"You predict he will go mad?" he said.

"Certainly not. Unless something unforeseen arises he will probably live and die as sane as you or I."

"Why do you fear him, then?"

"For this reason. I think that any sudden emotion—violent grief, for instance—any unexpected and crushing blow—might at once disturb the balance of his mind. Let his life run on in an even groove, and all will be well with him."

My companion was silent for a few moments.

"Did you mention your friend's name?" he asked.

I laughed. "Doctors never give names when they quote cases."

At the next station my companion left the train. He bade me a polite adieu, and thanked me for the pleasure my conversation had given him. After wondering what station in life he occupied I dismissed him from my mind, as one who had crossed my path for a short time and would probably never cross it again.

short time and would probably never

Although I did not see Charles Carriston I received several letters from him during the course of the year. He had not forgotten our undertaking to pass my next holiday together. Early in the autumn, just as I was beginning to long with a passionate longing for open air and blue skies, a letter came from Carriston. He was now, he said, roughing it in the Western Highlands. He reminded me of last year's promise. Could I get away from work now? Would I join him? If I did not care to visit Scotland, would I suggest some other place where he could join me? Still, the scenery by which he was now surrounded was superb, and the accommodation he had secured, if not luxurious, fairly comfortable. He thought we could do no better. A postscript to his letter asked me to address him as Cecil Carr, not Charles Carriston. He had a reason for changing his name—a foolish reason I should no doubt call it. When we met he would let me know it.

This letter at once decided me to accept his invitation. In a week's time my arrangements for leave of absence were complete, and I was speeding northward in the highest spirits, and well equipped with everything necessary for my favorite holiday pursuit. I looked forward with the greatest pleasure to again meeting Carriston. I found him at Callendar waiting for me. The coach did not follow the route we were obliged to take in order to reach the somewhat unfrequented part of the country in which our tent was pitched, so my friend had secured the services of a primitive vehicle and a strong shaggy pony to bear us the remainder of the journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A College Student as Blacksmith.

At Cornell all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students, but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron, but the professor took special care that there was nothing lacking in thoroughness of his training at the forge. Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. "You see," he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and sent it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine—and the boss raised my salary."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Rural Humorist.

"My friend," said the traveler, "have you a knife about you?"

"Naw; but you'll find a fork in the road yander."

"You're bright, ain't you?"

"Naw, I'm Brown."—Atlanta Constitution.

Strength of a Web of Spider Silk.

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about fifty per cent stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Patents.

To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated cost of which is about $2,500.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "I Shall Go to Him"—Second Book of Samuel, Chapter xii, Verse 23—The Future Life of the Just.

THERE is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted also mounts the palace stairs, and bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There, in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they cannot make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel, and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp his lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and for months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." Then he came upon a greater altitude of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said: "Ten thousand times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thousand and thousands of thousands." And he came on a still greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: "A great multitude that no man can number."

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

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What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of purple clusters of consolation. James, John, and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garments glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty, thirty years ago?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstances is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We cannot see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four ears. We want some one beside us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blest and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor.

When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, and if God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer?" If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die often."

* * *

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it? You say there can be no augmentation of it. Cannot there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the throne of God now. Years pass, and that son repents of his crimes and gives his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian, and dies and enters the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be augmented. Let them confront each other, the son and the mother. "Oh," she says to the angels of God, "rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel? When India comes, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When the Indians come to God, will they not know David Brainerd?

I see a soul entering heaven at last, with covered face at the idea that it has done so little for Christ, and feeling borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself, "I have no right to be here." A voice from a throne says, "Oh, you forgot that Sunday school class you invited to Christ! I was one of them." And another voice says, "You forget that poor man to whom you gave a loaf of bread. I was that man." And another says, "You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne, and cry, "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say, "It shall be the Harvest Home!"

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory. I speak not of persons who have been delirious in their last moment, and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments parents see their departed children and children see their departed parents. I came down to the banks of the Mohawk River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after awhile I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening of our life. We will come down to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tingeing the tops of the paddles.

Oh, have you never sat by such a deathbed? In that hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" Do you tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me, "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened, and I heard them, too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it." Why, we are to be taken up to heaven at last by ministering spirits. Who are they to be? Souls that went up from Madras, or Antioch, or Jerusalem? Oh, no! our glorified kindred are going to troop around us.

EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA

From the Old-Time Whalebone Spreader to the Bow Channel Steel.

Forty years or so ago umbrellas were made with stretchers or bows of whalebone. These bows were rather bulky in themselves, and they were apt to get a little permanent bend from long use so that they bulged when the umbrella was rolled up; making the big, baggy umbrella, familiar to middle-aged and older people, and occasionally still seen, though on the stage oftener than in real life. With the introduction of petroleum oil into general use as an illuminating oil, and the consequent very general abandonment of the use of whale oil came the decline of the whaling industry. Fewer and fewer vessels went after whales, because there was less and less demand for the oil. Of course, the supply of whalebone decreased with the supply of oil, but the price did not, nor did the demand. There are still some uses for which whalebone is considered most desirable, and with constant demand and decreasing supply the price of whalebone steadily advanced, as it has continued to do. Whalebone soon became too costly to permit of its further use for umbrella stretchers. At first a slender, round, tempered steel rod. With these slenderer bows the umbrella could be more snugly rolled and the old baggy umbrella began to disappear, and the modern tight roller to take its place. Then came umbrella bows of light steel rolled in V shape, and then, in the quest for a still tighter roller, umbrella handles were made of metal. The first tubing handles were made of brass. Steel would have been cheaper, but there had been discovered no satisfactory method of brazing steel tubes such as are used in umbrella handles. There is such a method now, however, and umbrella handles of steel tubing are now made in great numbers. And nowadays many spreaders are made of steel, rolled channel-shaped. In cross section this spreader is shaped something like a capital letter E without a tongue, and the ribs of the umbrella—the steel rods that run from the sliding ferrule, or runner, as it is called, on the handle of the umbrella, by means of which the umbrella is spread—are so attached and adjusted to the spreaders that they shut into the channels when the umbrella is closed.

ITS LATTER-DAY DEGENERACY.

The Umbrella Is No Longer a Portly, Respectable Instrument.

The real old family umbrella has gone out. Call that slim, stuck-up, affected, attenuated thing a family umbrella? Go away, says a writer in London Queen. I remember the genuine family umbrella; it was kept in readiness behind every front door; it was a large, portly, heavy instrument. As an emblem of respectability it was highly esteemed in middle-class society; it was serviceable as a tent in rainy weather; it could be used as a weapon of offense and defense on occasion. I have seen a picture of an elderly gentleman keeping off a footpad by means of this lethal umbrella. He made as if he would spear or prod the villain. Why, one prod would alone make a hole of six inches diameter in that murderous carcass. The nurse used to carry it, with difficulty managing the baby and the umbrella; it went out to tea with the young ladies; the maid who "fetched" them home took the umbrella with her. It succeeded the lantern and the club formerly carried by the 'prentice when he escorted his mistress to the card party after dark. I remember it, I say. There were three brothers who came to the same school where I was but a tiny little boy. They lived at some distance and had to pass on their way to school through a stratum of inferior respectability. Every morning brought to these three brothers the delight and excitement of battle with the boys belonging to that inferior respectability. To the eldest brother, who carried the really important weapon, the umbrella was exactly what his battle-ax was to the Lion Heart. So he raised it; so he wielded it; so he swung it; so he laid his enemies low to right and left of him, before him and behind him; while the other two, relying on the books tightly strapped, brought them to bear, with shrewd knocks and thwacks and poundings, on heads and shoulders and ribs.

'Twas a famous family umbrella—green, too, if I remember aright.

Life in the Georgia Mountains.

From the Ellijau Mountain Sentinel.—Mr. Henry Shepard was in town Monday, and showed us the head of a squirrel which his little boy killed that was quite a curiosity. It had only one ear, and its lower teeth had grown upward into its upper jaw and the upper teeth grown downward through its tongue into the lower jaw. It is a mystery how it lived, as it was impossible for it to have opened its mouth.

Cripple Creek's Output.

The total output of the Cripple Creek district from 1892 to 1895, inclusive, was $13,700,000. It is expected that this year's output will reach $10,000,000, making a total of $23,700,000. It is claimed that of this year's output $3,500,000 will be net profit to the owners.

Market for Railroad Ties.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply crossties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which the contractors get on an average 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000.

The Apparel Question.

Little girl: "Do children keep on growing after they get to heaven, mamma?"

Mamma: "Yes, I suppose so."

"Then where do they get their clothes?"—New York World.