

THE EYE OF THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

So soon as our first hearty greetings were over, I proceeded to ascertain how the last year had treated Carriston. I was both delighted and astonished at the great change for the better which had taken place in his manner, no less than his appearance. He looked far more robust; he seemed happier, brighter—altogether more like ordinary humanity. Not only had he greeted me with almost boisterous glee, but during our drive through the wonderful scenery he was in the gayest spirits and full of fun and anecdote. I congratulated him heartily upon the marked improvement in his health, both mentally and physically.

"Yes, I am much better," he said. "I followed a part of your advice—gave up moping, tried constant change of scene, interested myself in many more things, I am quite a different man."

"No supernatural visitations?" I asked, anxious to learn that his cure in that direction was complete.

"His face fell. He hesitated a second before answering."

"No—not now," he said. "I fought against the strange feeling, and believe have got rid of it—at least I hope so."

I said no more on the subject. Carriston plunged into a series of vivid and mimetic descriptions of the varieties of Scotch character which he had met with during his stay. He depicted his experiences so amusingly that I laughed heartily for many a mile.

"But why the change in your name?" I asked, when he paused for a moment in his merry talk.

He blushed, and looked rather ashamed. "I scarcely like to tell you; you will think my reason so absurd."

"Never mind. I don't judge you by the ordinary standard."

"Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared if I gave my true name at the hotel at which I stayed on my way here, he might by chance see it, and look me up in these wild regions."

"Well, and what if he did?"

"I can't tell you. I hate to know I feel like it. But I have always, perhaps without cause, been afraid of him—and this place is horribly lonely."

"Now that I understood the meaning of his words I thought the boy must be joking; but the grave look on his face showed me he was never further from merriment."

"Why, Carriston," I cried, "you are positively ridiculous about your cousin. You can't think the man wants to murder you."

"I don't know what I think. I am saying things to you which I ought not to say; but every time I meet him I feel he hates me, and wishes me out of the world."

"Between wishing and doing, there is a great difference. I dare say all this is fancy on your part."

"Perhaps so. Anyway, Cecil Carr is as good a name up here as Charles Carriston, so please humor my whim and say no more about it."

As it made no difference to me by what name he chose to call himself I dropped the subject. I knew of old that some of his strange prejudices were proof against anything I could do to remove them. At last we reached our temporary abode. It was a substantial, low-built house, owned and inhabited by a thrifty middle-aged widow, who, although well-to-do so far as the simple ideas of her neighbors went, was nevertheless always willing to add to her resources by accommodating such stray tourists as wished to bury themselves for a day or two in solitude, or artists who, like ourselves, preferred to enjoy the beauties of nature undisturbed by the usual ebbing and flowing stream of sight-seers.

As Carriston asserted, the accommodation, if homely, was good enough for two single men; the fare was plentiful and our rooms were the picture of cleanliness. After a cursory inspection I felt sure that I could for a few weeks make myself very happy in these quarters.

I had not been twenty-four hours in the house before I found out one reason for the great change in the better in Charles Carriston's demeanor; knew why his step was lighter, his eye brighter, his voice gayer, and his whole bearing altered. Whether the reason was a subject for congratulation or not I could not as yet say.

The boy was in love; in love as only a passionate, romantic, imaginative nature can be; and even then only once in a lifetime. Headless, headstrong, impulsive, and entirely his own master, he had given his very heart and soul into the keeping of a woman.

IV.

HAT a man of Carriston's rare breeding and refinement, should meet his fate within the walls of a lonely farm-house, beyond the Troas, seems incredible. One would scarcely expect to find among such humble surroundings a wife suitable to a man of his stamp. And yet when I saw the woman who had won him, I neither wondered at the conquest nor did I blame him for weakness.

I made the great discovery on the morning after my arrival. Eager to taste the freshness of the morning air I rose betimes and went for a short

stroll. I returned, and whilst standing at the door of the house, was positively startled by the beauty of a girl who passed me and entered, as if she were a regular inhabitant of the place. Not a rosy Scotch lassie, such as one would expect to find indigenous to the soil; but a slim graceful girl with delicate classical features. A girl with a mass of knotted light hair, yet with the apparent anomaly, dark eyes, eye-lashes and eyebrows—a combination which, to my mind, makes a style of beauty rare, irresistible, and dangerous above all others. The features which filled the exquisite oval of her face were refined and faultless. Her complexion was pale, but its pallor in no way suggested anything save perfect health. To cut my enthusiastic description short, I may at once say it has never been my good fortune to cast my eyes on a lovelier creature than this young girl.

Although her dress was of the plainest and simplest description, no one could have mistaken her for a servant; and much as I admire the bonny, healthy Scotch country lassies, I felt sure that the mountain air had never reared a being of this ethereal type. As she passed me, I raised my hat instinctively. She gracefully bent her golden head, and bade me a quiet but unembarrassed good-morning. My eyes followed her until she vanished at the end of the dark passage which led to the back of the house.

Even during the brief glimpse I enjoyed of this fair unknown, a strange idea occurred to me. There was a remarkable likeness between her delicate features and those, scarcely less delicate, of Carriston. This resemblance may have added to the interest the girl's appearance awoke in my mind. Anyway, I entered our sitting-room, and a prey to curiosity and perhaps hunger, awaited with much impatience the appearance of Carriston—and breakfast.

The former arrived first. Generally speaking, he was afoot long before I was, but this morning he had reversed the usual order of things. As soon as I saw him I cried:

"Carriston, tell me at once who is the lovely girl I met outside. An angel, with dark eyes and golden hair. Is she staying here like ourselves?"

A look of pleasure flashed into his eyes—a look which pretty well told me everything. Nevertheless, he answered as carelessly as if such lovely women were as common to the mountain side as rocks and branches:

"I expect you mean Miss Rowan; a niece of our worthy landlady. She lives with her."

"She cannot be Scotch with such a face and eyes."

"Half and half. Her father was called an Englishman; but was, I believe, of French extraction. They say the name was originally Rohan."

Carriston seemed to have made close inquiries as to Miss Rowan's parentage.

"But what brings her here?" I asked.

"She has nowhere else to go. Rowan was an artist. He married a sister of our hostess, and bore her away from her native land. Some years ago she died, leaving this one daughter. Last year the father died, penniless, they tell me, so the girl has since then lived with her only relative, her aunt."

"Well," I said, "as you seem to know all about her, you can introduce me by and by."

"With the greatest pleasure, if Miss Rowan permits," said Carriston. I was glad to hear him give the conditional promise with as much respect to the lady's wishes as if she had been a duchess.

Then, with the liberty a close friend may take, I drew toward me a portfolio, full, I presumed, of sketches of surrounding scenery. To my surprise Carriston jumped up hastily and snatched it from me. "They are too bad to look at," he said. As I struggled to regain possession, sundry strings broke, and, lo and behold! the floor was littered, not with delineations of rock, lake, and torrent, but with images of the fair young girl I had seen a few minutes before. Full face, profile, three-quarter face, five, even seven-eighth face, all were there—each study perfectly executed by Carriston's clever pencil. I threw myself into a chair and laughed aloud, whilst the young man, blushing and discomfited, quickly hid the portraits between the covers, just as a genuine Scotch lassie here in a plentiful and, to me, very welcome breakfast.

Carriston did favor me with his company during the whole of that day, but, in spite of my having come to Scotland to enjoy his society, that day, from easily guessed reasons, was the only one in which I had undisputed possession of my friend.

Of course I bantered him a great deal on the portfolio episode. He took it in good part, attempted little or no defense. Indeed, before night he had told me with all a boy's fervor how he had loved Madeline Rowan at first sight, how in the short space of time which had elapsed since that meeting he had wooed her and won her; how good and beautiful she was; how he worshipped her; how happy he felt; how, when I went south he should accompany me, and, after making a few necessary arrangements, return at once and bear his bride away.

I could only listen to him, and congratulate him. It was not my place to act the elver, and advise him either for or against the marriage. Carriston had only himself to please, and if he

made a rash step only himself to blame for the consequences. And why should I have dissuaded?—I, who in two days envied the boy's good fortune.



SAW a great deal of Madeline Rowan. How strange and out-of-place her name and face seemed amid our surroundings. If at first somewhat shy and retiring, she soon, if only for Carriston's sake, consented to look upon me as a friend, and talked to me freely and unreservedly. Then I found that her nature was as sweet as her face. Such a conquest did she make of me that, save for one chimerical reason, I should have felt quite certain that Carriston had chosen well, and would be happy in wedding the girl of his choice; heedless of her humble position in the world, and absence of befitting wealth. When once his wife, I felt sure that if he cared for her to win social success, her looks and bearing would insure it, and from the great improvement which, as I have already said, I noticed in his health and spirits, I believed that his marriage would make his life longer and happier.

Now for my objection, which seems almost a laughable one. I objected on the score of the extraordinary resemblance, which, so far as a man may resemble a woman, existed between Charles Carriston and Madeline Rowan. The more I saw them together, the more I was struck by it. A stranger might well have taken them for twin brother and sister. The same delicate features, drawn in the same lines; the same soft, dark, dreamy eyes; even the same shaped heads. Comparing the two, it needed no phrenologist or physiognomist to tell you that where one excelled the other excelled; where one failed the other was wanting. Now, could I have selected a wife for my friend, I would have chosen one with habits and constitution entirely different from his own. She should have been a bright, bustling woman, with lots of energy and common sense—one who would have rattled him about and kept him going—not a lovely, dark-eyed, dreamy girl, who could for hours at a stretch make herself supremely happy if only sitting at her lover's feet and speaking no word. Yet they were a handsome couple, and never have I seen two people so utterly devoted to each other as those two seemed to be during those autumn days which I spent with them.

I soon had a clear proof of the closeness of their mental resemblance. One evening Carriston, Madeline, and I were sitting out of doors, watching the gray mist deepening in the valley at our feet. Two of the party were, of course, hand in hand, the third seated at a discreet distance—not so far away as to preclude conversation, but far enough off to be able to pretend that he saw and heard only what was intended for his eyes and ears.

How certain topics, which I would have avoided discussing with Carriston, were started, I hardly remember. Probably some strange tale had been passed down from wilder and even more solitary regions than ours—some ridiculous tale of Highland superstition, no doubt embellished and augmented by each one who repeated it to his fellows. From her awed look, I soon found that Madeline Rowan, perhaps by reason of the Scotch blood in her veins, was as firm a believer in things visionary and beyond nature, as ever Charles Carriston, in his silliest moments, could be. As soon as I could, I stopped the talk, and the next day, finding the girl for a few minutes alone, told her plainly that subjects of this kind should be kept as far as possible from her future husband's thoughts. She promised obedience, with dreamy eyes which looked as far away and full of visions as Carriston's.

"By the bye," I said, "has he ever spoken to you of seeing strange things?"

"Yes; he has hinted at it."

"And you believe him?"

"Of course I do; he told me so."

This was unanswerable. "A pretty pair they will make," I muttered, as Madeline slipped from me to welcome her lover, who was approaching. "They will see ghosts in every corner, and goblins behind ever curtain."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sir Isaac Newton's Absence of Mind.

Sir Isaac Newton, too, frequently forgot whether he had dined or not. It is reported that on one occasion his friend, Dr. Stukely, being announced, Sir Isaac asked him to be seated, and he would join him shortly. The philosopher repaired to his laboratory, and as time went on, it became evident that the visit of his friend had entirely escaped him. The doctor was left sitting in the dining-room until the dinner was served. This consisted of a roast fowl. The host not even now putting in an appearance, Dr. Stukely seated himself at the table and demolished the fowl. When Sir Isaac entered the room, and saw the remnants of the meal, he apologized and said: "Believe me, I had quite forgotten I had dined."

A Striking Likeness.

Miss Susan is an exceedingly refined young lady, who has seen some five summers. She is full of airs and of graces, reserved, self-contained and decidedly uppish. She cut her uncle dead in the street one day, and when he reproached her for her extreme hauteur, she said, with her most pronounced society manner:

"Oh, I saw you, uncle, but I thought it was auntie!"—Harper's Round Table.

Germany imports 100,000 tons of pickled herrings every year.

DISTINGUISHED LIFE.

THE LATE HENRY D. WELSH A SELF-MADE MAN.

One of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad and One of the Wealthiest Men in Pennsylvania—A Short Story of His Career.



HENRY D. WELSH, a director in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and for many years prominently identified with the business interests of Philadelphia, died recently at his residence on Chestnut Hill. Mr. Welsh, for many years one of the most active railroad men of the country, was born in Hanover, York county, Pa., in 1824. His ancestors were of the strong race of German Lutherans, who came from the Palatinate in 1737 and settled in York county. His grandfather served during the revolutionary war, holding a commission issued by John Morton as speaker of the Pennsylvania assembly, seven days after he had signed the Declaration of Independence. Henry D. Welsh attended school at Hanover academy until he was 16 years of age, subsequently finding employment in a dry goods store in York to learn the business, where he remained until 1845. At the age of 20 he moved to Philadelphia and found a position as salesman in the wholesale dry goods house of Rank, Brooke & Reppier, remaining with them until 1852, when he became a salesman for James, Kent & Santee, afterwards James, Kent, Santee & Co. Mr. Welsh was admitted as a partner in the firm in 1856, continuing with the firm until January 1, 1881, when he retired from business.

After the civil war he became interested in railroad enterprises. He was



HENRY D. WELSH.

one of the organizers and one of the original directors of the American Steamship Company, and has been the president of that company since 1874. He was elected a director of the Pennsylvania railroad in 1878, which office he held to his death. Mr. Welsh was chairman of the purchasing committee and also the president of the following railroad companies: Philadelphia, Germantown and Chestnut Hill, Hanover and York, Downingtown and Lancaster, Pennsylvania and New Jersey railroad bridge, and of the Manor real estate and Trust Company, Cresson Springs Company and of the Philadelphia Board of Prison Inspectors.

Mr. Welsh was also vice-president and director of the American Surety Company of New York, director of the Pennsylvania institute for the Deaf and Dumb, trustee of the Church of the Holy Communion, Broad and Arch streets; director of the Northern Savings Fund and Safe Deposit Company, Market Street National Bank, Pennsylvania Canal Company and of about one hundred other railroad, ferry, coal, bridge and kindred companies, most of which are tributary to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Mr. Welsh was one of the incorporators of the Centennial exposition, appointed by congress in 1873, and he was especially active in its earlier financial enterprises. For several years he was a director of the Commercial Exchange and was one of the gentlemen appointed under Secretary of the Treasury Sherman in 1877 to examine into the conduct of the custom house at Philadelphia.

Into the Procession.

The Obese Lady looked down along the line.

"You have added a Tattooed Man to the attraction?"

"Yes, that—"

The museum manager gazed proudly down the platform where the party pricked in pink and purple sat.

"Is our Colored Supplement?"

Overhearing the remark, the Dog-Faced Boy snarled enviously.—New York World.

Muriarty's Monument.

An entire railroad train, for which special cars are now being built, will soon be run all the way from Barre, Vt., to New Orleans for the purpose of carrying to that city one of the most remarkable tombstones ever constructed. This monument will be 70 feet in height, weighing 375 tons and it will cost \$75,000. It is being erected by Daniel Muriarty to the memory of his wife. The base stone is the largest ever quarried in the state of Vermont.

Making Hay in Winter.

It was in that part of Calais, Maine, known as Red Beach that a man was seen last week in a field mowing hay, with mittens on and stopping every few minutes to thrash his hands to keep them warm.

GOD'S THREE AGENCIES.

Through Conscience, the Holy Spirit and the Scriptures, Says Moody.

God employs three agencies in bringing conviction to a human soul: Conscience, the holy spirit and the scriptures. Their work is usually so united that it is impossible to say that one power has been used to the exclusion of another. The holy spirit is always present when there is conviction working with man's conscience or through scripture, or with both. The woman who was brought to Christ for condemnation had few accusers when He said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." The gospel writer relates that they, "being convicted by their own conscience, went out, one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last." It is the special work of the holy spirit to convict of sin. In Christ's last address to His apostles before His crucifixion He explained how the comforter should come, and His first work would be to "reprove the world of sin." And when a few weeks later the comforter came to abide with that small body of disciples His power was manifested in Peter's sermon, which brought conviction to three thousand of his hearers. The third agency for the conviction of sin Paul brings out most clearly in his letter to the Romans, when he says: "Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin." Through this agency the holy spirit most frequently brings conviction to us. Some one passage or even a few words of scripture He usually employs in bringing conviction to those who have a knowledge of it.—Dwight L. Moody in Ladies' Home Journal.

LADIES ARE FOND OF HIM.

Irrational Conduct on the Occasion of the Prince of Wales' Visit.

"During the tour through Canada I had attributed the strange conduct of the ladies to an excess of loyalty. As soon as the prince had left a hotel they would rush into his rooms, seize all sorts of articles, from a furniture button to a soiled towel, as souvenirs, and even bottle up the water with which he had just washed his face." writes Stephen Fiske in the Ladies' Home Journal. "But in the United States the women were equally curious and sympathetic. The luggage of the royal party was carried in small leather trunks—a trunk for every suit of clothes—and whenever the train stopped the crowds would beg that some of these trunks might be handed out, and women would fondle and kiss them. I need not say that the trainmen were never too particular as to whose luggage was subjected to their adoration, and I have had the pleasure of seeing my own portmanteau kissed by mistake. Before the Prince arrived at Richmond his room at the Ballard House was entered by the ladies, and the pillowslips and white coverlet were so soiled by the pressure of hundreds of fingers that they had to be twice changed by the chambermaids. When he attended church on Sunday the whole congregation rose as he departed, and climbed upon the seats to get a better view of him."

An Accomplished Chinaman.

Lo Feng Luh, the new Chinese minister to England, is very popular in London, where as a youth he resided for a number of years while a student at King's college. He is an accomplished linguist and speaks English with an accuracy and a fluency quite rare among the men of the Mongol race. He is likewise a keen student of western politics and civilization, in both of which he takes a deep interest. For eighteen years Lo Feng Luh has been the first secretary of Li Hung Chang, and enjoys that minister's confidence fully. He has occupied other important posts in the service of his government, notably when he was assistant governor of Peh-Chill. He accompanied Li on his foreign tour, and won special favor in England because of his thorough understanding of the language and his familiarity with the ways of the English people. In the conversations at Hawarden between the Chinese minister and Mr. Gladstone Lo Feng Luh acted as interpreter for the two "grand old men," and was rewarded for his intelligent service by the warm thanks of Mr. Gladstone. His unfailing tact and courtesy toward all with whom he came in contact during his stay in England made a most favorable impression, and he will without doubt be received in London as the minister of the Chinese emperor with good feeling and personal regard manifested on all sides.

Light Punishment.

Christian Christiansen has been sentenced at Clarke, S. D., to life imprisonment for hanging his wife. It was supposed that she had committed suicide, as she was found hanging to a tree, but it was proved that he had hanged her to the tree from his wagon and then driven out from under her.—Exchange.

Wonder She Didn't Forget Herself.

A St. Albans girl lost her pocketbook and advertised a reward for it. The pocketbook was returned to the office of the St. Albans Messenger. The young woman called, paid for the advertisement and reward and walked calmly out, leaving the pocketbook and her muff.

Bridge Five Miles Long.

The Lagong bridge, built over an arm of the China sea, is five miles long, with 200 arches of stone, 10 feet high and 70 feet broad, each pillar supporting a marble lion 21 feet in length. The cost of the bridge is unknown.

PROF. F. J. CHILD.

Kindly Chivalry of a Great Man to a Little Child.

Twenty years ago the writer, with her 3-year-old child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter, says the Atlantic Contributors' Club. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried not only the train but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on and we were still 200 miles from Washington when the church clock struck 8 in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea and I cried with the rest: "Oh, if I could only get a glass of milk for my little girl!" "Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the cars; "we sha'n't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He'll get left," sneered the brakeman. "The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard, a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self-possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and, with his arm round her, she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling face. At Baltimore the stranger disappeared and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said: "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?" "I haven't the faintest idea," Prof. Francis J. Child.

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now—perhaps far-away echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Prof. Child made summer in her heart. But the tall thick depot tumbler still stands on the shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.

LIGHT WAS KEPT BURNING.

Plucky Boy Who Was Alone in the Tower for Three Weeks.

This is one of the wildest and bleakest of light stations of that savage region, and, according to a story told there it was once the scene of a remarkably plucky adherence to duty on the part of a 15-year-old boy, says Scribner's. He was the son of the keeper, and on this occasion was left alone in the tower while his father went ashore for provisions in their only boat. Before the latter could return a violent storm arose and for the next three weeks there was no time in which the keeper's boat could have lived for a moment in wild seas that raged about the lonely rock. Still the light was kept burning by that 15-year-old boy, who had little to eat and but scant time to sleep. Night after night, for three weeks, its steady gleam shone through the blackness of the pitiless storm and gladdened the father's straining eyes. When the ordeal was ended the boy was so weak from exhaustion as to be barely able to speak. At the same time there was no prouder father, nor happier young lightkeeper on the Maine coast than that who met on the storm-swept Ledge of Saddleback that day.

Good Times Come Again.

A grand—a glorious victory! The gent in the loud-checked suit breathed hard and rolled his eyes enthusiastically.

The man with the pale face and the studious-looking whiskers bent toward him interestedly.

"You refer—"

The gent grasped the other's hand. "I refer, sir, to the triumph of gold in the late election. Yes."

His manner was exceptionally hearty. The studious whiskers bent toward him once more.

"I presume, sir, that you are one of Gotham's prosperous business men. Doubtless you are some well-known merchant, whose name, were I to hear it, would sound familiar to my ears."

The gent in the loud check suit coughed.

"No, you ain't never heard of me. I'm selling twice as many gold bricks as I used to, but my name ain't in the directory."—New York Journal.

Tricks of Paris Cab Drivers.

In Paris there are very many pneumatic-tired carriages, and in selecting a public vehicle a prospective passenger will generally pick out one of those thus equipped. In order to deceive riders who do not examine too closely many of the drivers of wagons having ordinary iron tires fix little bells on their horses, which is a custom compulsory on the part of all rubber-tired wheelers.