

# THE EYE AND THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)  
An unpleasant, sinister look crossed my listener's face, but his voice still remained bland and suave. "I am sorry to differ from you, Dr. Brand," he said, "but I know him better than you do. I have seen him as you have never yet seen him. Only last night he came to me in a frantic state. I expected every moment he would make a murderous attack on me."

"Perhaps he fancied he had some reasons for anger," I said.

Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of which his cousin had spoken. "If the boy has succeeded in converting you to any of his delusions, I can only say that doctors are more credulous than I fancied. But the question is not worth arguing. You decline to assist me, so I must do without you. Good-morning, Dr. Brand."

He left the room as gracefully as he had entered it. I remained in a state of doubt. It was curious that Ralph Carriston turned out to be the man whom I had met in the train; but the evidence offered by the coincidence was not enough to convict him of the crime of endeavoring to drive his cousin mad by such a far-fetched stratagem as the inveigling of Madeline Rowan. Besides, even in wishing to prove Charles Carriston mad, he had much to say on his side. Supposing him to be innocent of having abducted Madeline, Carriston's violent behavior on the preceding evening must have seemed very much like insanity. In spite of the aversion with which Ralph Carriston inspired me, I scarcely knew which side to believe.

Carriston still slept; so when I went out on my afternoon rounds I left a note, begging him to remain in the house until my return. Then I found him up, dressed, and looking much more like himself. When I entered, dinner was on the table, so not until that meal was over could we talk unrestrainedly upon the subject which was uppermost in both our minds.

Save for his regular breathing and a sort of convulsive twitching of his fingers, Carriston might have been a corpse or a statue. His face could scarcely grow paler than it had been before the attack. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable sight, a creepy sight—this motionless man, utterly regardless of all that went on around him, and seeing, or giving one the idea that he saw, something far away. I sighed as I looked at the strange spectacle, and foresaw what the end must surely be. But although I longed for him to awake, I determined on this occasion to let the trance, or fit, run its full course, that I might notice in what manner and how soon consciousness returned.

I must have waited and watched some ten minutes—minutes which seemed to me interminable. At last I saw the lips quiver, the lids flicker once or twice, and eventually close wearily over the eyes. The unnatural tension of every muscle seemed to relax, and, sighing deeply, and apparently quite exhausted, Carriston sank back into his chair with beads of perspiration forming on his white brow. The fit was over.

In a moment I was at his side and forcing a glass of wine down his throat. He looked up at me and spoke. His voice was faint, but his words were quite collected.

"I have seen her again," he said. "She is well; but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her—my poor love! my poor love!"

I waited until I thought he had sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to talk without injurious consequences. "Carriston," I said, "let me ask you one question: Are these trances or visions voluntary, or not?"

He reflected for a few moments. "I can't quite tell you," he said; "or, rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop myself from yielding to it."

"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't you will be raving mad in a month."

"I can't promise that," said Carriston quietly. "See her at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know, as well as you do, that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to anyone."

In truth, he looked utterly worn out. Very much dissatisfied with his concession, the best I could get from him, I sent him to bed, knowing that natural rest, if he could get it, would do more than anything else toward restoring a healthy tone to his mind.

"Yes," he said at last. "It must be a kind of trance. An indescribable feeling comes over me. I know that my eyes are fixed on some object—presently that object vanishes, and I see Madeline."

"How do you see her?"

"She seems to stand in a blurred circle of light as cast by a magic lantern. That is the only way that I can describe it. But her figure is clear and plain—she might be close to me. The carpet on which she stands I can see, the chair on which she sits, the table on which she leans her hand, anything she touches I can see, but no more. I have seen her talking. Once she was entreating some one; but that some one was invisible. Yet, if she touched

so far as I could see Carriston's case appeared to be one of over-wrought or unduly stimulated imagination. His I had always considered to be a mind of the most peculiar construction. In his present state of love, grief, and suspense, these hallucinations might

come in the same way in which dreams come. For a little while I sat in silence, considering how I could best combat with and dispel his remarkable delusions. Before I had arrived at any decision I was called away to see a patient. I was but a short time engaged. Then I returned to Carriston, intending to continue my inquiries.

Upon re-entering the room I found him sitting as I had left him—directly opposite to the door. His face was turned fully toward me, and I trembled as I caught sight of it. He was leaning forward; his hands on the table-cloth, his whole frame rigid, his eyes staring in one direction, yet, I knew, capable of seeing nothing that I could see. He seemed even oblivious to sound, for I entered the room and closed the door behind me without causing him to change look or position. The moment I saw the man I knew that he had been overtaken by what he called his strange fit.

My first impulse—a natural one—was to arouse him; but second thoughts told me that this was an opportunity for studying his disease which should not be lost—I felt that I could call it by no other name than disease—so I proceeded to make a systematic examination of his symptoms.

I leaned across the table, and, with my face about a foot from his, looked straight into his eyes. They betrayed no sign of recognition—no knowledge of my presence. I am ashamed to say I could not divest myself of the impression that they were looking through me. The pupils were greatly dilated. The lids were wide apart. I lighted a taper and held it before them, but could see no expansion of the iris. It was a case, I confess, entirely beyond my comprehension. I had no experience which might serve as a guide as to what was the best course to adopt. All I could do was to stand and watch carefully for any change.

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"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't you will be raving mad in a month."

Curiously enough, although refusing to be guided by me, he made no suggestion on his own account. He was racked by fear and suspense, yet his only idea of solving his difficulties seemed to be that of waiting. He did nothing. He simply waited, as if he expected that chance would bring what he should have been searching for high and low.

Some days passed before I could get a tardy consent that aid should be sought. Even then he would not go to the proper quarter; but he allowed me to summon to our councils a man who advertised himself as being a private detective. This man, or one of his men, came at our call and heard what was wanted of him. Carriston reluctantly gave him one of Madeline's photographs. He also told him that only by watching and spying on Ralph Carriston's every action could he hope to obtain the clew. I did not much like the course adopted, nor did I like the look of the man to whom the inquiry was intrusted; but at any rate something was being done.

A week passed without news from our agent. Carriston, in truth, did not seem to expect any. I believe he only employed the man in deference to my wishes. He moved about the house in a disconsolate fashion. I had not told him of my interview with his cousin, but had cautioned him on the rare occasions upon which he went out of doors to avoid speaking to strangers, and my servants had instructions to prevent anyone coming in and taking my guest by surprise.

For I had during those days opened a confidential inquiry on my own account. I wanted to learn something about this Mr. Ralph Carriston. So I asked a man who knew everybody to find out all about him.

He reported that Ralph Carriston was a man well known about London. He was married and had a house in Dorsetshire; but the greater part of his time was spent in town. Once he was supposed to be well off; but now it was the general opinion that every acre he owned was mortgaged, and that he was much pressed for money. "But," my informant said, "there is but one life between him and the reversion to large estates, and that life is a poor one. I believe even now there is a talk about the man who stands in his way being mad. If so, Ralph Carriston will get the management of everything."

After this news I felt it more than ever needful to keep a watchful eye on my friend. So far as I knew there had been no recurrence of the trance, and I began to hope that proper treatment would effect a complete cure, when, to my great alarm and annoyance, Carriston, whilst sitting with me, suddenly and without warning fell into the same strange state of body and mind as previously described. This time he was sitting in another part of the room. After watching him for a minute or two, and just as I was making up my mind to arouse him and scold him thoroughly for his folly, he sprung to his feet, and shouting, "Let her go! Loose her, I say!" rushed violently across the room—so violently, that I had barely time to interpose and prevent him from coming into contact with the opposite wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Judge of Ribbons.**  
In one of the large department stores up town is a pale-faced, red-headed child with a pair of heavy spectacles that impart a solemn look to her delicate face. She stands all day in front of a counter hung with gayly colored ribbons, and it is her particular duty to take ribbons out from the electric light of the shop to the street door and decide there whether or not they are exactly the same shade. The shop girls have learned that her judgment is to be relied upon, and it was the accidental discovery of her exactness in estimating colors that gained for her the novel place she occupies at present. All day she is kept running backward and forward between the ribbons and the door deciding whether ribbon is cream or white and the complicated questions as to tints and shades. She is an important personage in her way, considerably more exalted in position than the young cash girls of her own age. Her duties are really important, and out of the yards of ribbon that are daily sold over the counter every sale which depends on a question of matching is decided by her.—New York Sun.

**An Important Adjunct.**  
"Sadie is all right, but her father don't like me."  
"But you're not going to marry the father."  
"Not exactly; yet he controls the check book."—Philadelphia North American.

**Likes and Dislikes of Birds.**  
It is said that birds are nearly as sensitive in their likes and dislikes as dogs. Some people can never gain the friendship of a caged bird. A bird has to learn by experience that it is safe with a human being before it will respond to kind treatment.

**These Dear Birds.**  
Minnie—That Laura Figg had the impudence to tell me that I was beginning to show my age.  
Mamie—Beginning to? Laura always did have a conservative way of considering anything.—Indianapolis Journal.

**ALTHOUGH** Carriston stated that he came to me for aid, and, it may be, protection, he manifested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him. The obstinacy of his refusal to obtain the assistance of the police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really disappeared I was, of course, compelled to believe. It might even be possible that she was kept against her will in some place of concealment. In such a case it behooved us to take proper steps to trace her. Her welfare should not depend upon the hallucinations and so-

**LL** this fantastic nonsense was spoken so simply and with such an air of conviction that once more my suspicions as to the state of his mind were aroused. In spite of the brave answers which I had given Mr. Carriston I felt that common sense was undeniably on his side.

"Tell me what you mean by your strange fit," I said, resolved to find out the nature of Carriston's fancies or hallucinations. "Is it a kind of trance you fall into?"

He seemed loath to give any information on the subject, but I pressed him for an answer.

"Yes," he said at last. "It must be a kind of trance. An indescribable feeling comes over me. I know that my eyes are fixed on some object—presently that object vanishes, and I see Madeline."

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## FARM AND GARDEN.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof.—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

**URING** the long dry spell in summer the wagon tires become loose and cause many a break-down and repair bill, besides the settling of the tires, writes Clarence J. Norton in *Kansas Farmer*. Blacksmiths charge 50 cents per wheel, or \$2 per wagon, for setting tires, and every one knows that after the dry spell is over and the wood in the wheels becomes soaked with moisture instead of air, they (the wheels) must of necessity swell, or violate a law of nature. As they cannot swell any larger in circumference on account of the tire, they turn out—or dish, as we call it—and thereby greatly weaken the wheel. A wheel with too much dish is very easily broken down, and can never be depended upon until it is entirely rebuilt, so it will be seen that to set tires is only equal to ruining the wheel. A new wagon does not need the tires set, simply because the woodwork is full of moisture and oil when the tire is set and the paint prevents all evaporation of the moisture and oil, hence, of course, the tires remain tight. Now, it will occur to many that if we keep this paint from coming off, the wood will not shrink and the tires will remain tight. This is strictly true, but how can we do it? Some will say, "Paint the wagon wheel often." Very well, this is a good plan; but how many of us do it? When a new wagon is about one year old the paint has got rubbed off and the tires can be seen to be slightly loose—that is, a well-defined crack can be seen where the iron and wood touch each other. Now, could this tire be shrunk about one-sixteenth of an inch it would be perfectly tight and go through the summer all right. But we can not get a smith to do so delicate a job. He must shrink them nearly an inch, and put them on quite hot and "tighten up the wheel." In either of these cases the wheel will swell out of shape, more or less, after wet weather comes on. Now, as the tires become loose because the oil and moisture evaporate out of the wood, why not remedy the evil by supplying the oil and moisture? We all know that if we should submerge the wheels in a pond of water they would soak up perfectly tight and as good as new, but will soon dry out and be as bad as ever. This could not happen if the wheels were thoroughly painted before they dried out, so it will be seen that to swell the wood with water and then prevent it escaping by painting the wheel takes the place of setting tires and avoids after dishing of wheel. By the same rule, if a wheel with a freshly-set tire be well painted the wood can not absorb moisture, and of course can not swell and dish out of shape. But there is a better way than all this. It is to run the felloes in hot oil. There are iron and zinc troughs made for this purpose. The zinc or galvanized iron are the cheapest, and, to my notion, the best. Take a good-sized sheet of zinc, sheet-iron or corrugated iron, say two feet by four feet, and cut a slot in the middle to sink the oil trough through, having the trough depth nearly but not quite through. Nail this metal to the edges of two six-inch damp boards and stretch the boards on the ground and pin them solid with old harrow teeth. Build a fire of old shingles under the oil trough, that is about half full of paint oil, then set up two posts with spikes driven in them to hang the wheels on. I used a tumbling rod to a horse-power, but a crowbar or post auger will do as well. Mark the top of the hub, and just as soon as the oil comes to a boil, turn the wheel until the next spoke is down in the oil. In about a minute the oil will boil again, and you must turn the wheel again. Serve the wheel this way three times, and the hot oil will drive out all the air in the pores of the wood and take possession of the pores itself. As soon as the wheel is turned a little, the oil on the felloe will be constantly seen to bubble, which is the air coming out of the pores to give place to the oil. Should the wheel in any one place be allowed to boil fifteen minutes, the wood will be ruined and will break off short just like cast-iron will, so you see there is "too much of a good thing" in running a wheel in hot oil. A small piece of shingle must be added to the fire at every spoke of the wheel. I have an old cast-iron cookstove bottom that has a low place in the center, and by putting the oil in this depression and setting the stove bottom upon its legs and building a fire under it, a good job can be done. It takes about half a gallon of oil to start with, and a half gallon more will be enough for one farm wagon, a buggy and cart and perhaps a pair of hay rake wheels. There are two don'ts, and they are: Don't boil the wood over half a minute, and don't attempt to do the job in the hay barn. Take a good, pleasant, dry day, and do the job well, and the oil will only cost you 25 cents for the half gallon used. The rim of the wheels will absorb so much oil that a real hot day will expand it so as to have it start out some. To make a perfect job, paint the wheels well after oiling them. However, without painting the job will last a year, and if repeated yearly the tires will never become loose and hence need never be reset by shrinking. It will take as long to go to the shop and wait for the re-setting of the tires as it will to oil three wagons, and the bill for re-setting will be \$2 per wagon, while the oil would only cost 25 cents.



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## Insect Enemies of the Grape.—THE GRAPEVINE FIDIA.

During midsummer the leaves of grapes are frequently riddled with irregular holes by the attacks of a little beetle which, when disturbed, falls to the ground with its legs folded up against its body, feigning death, or "playing possum." The beetle is about a quarter of an inch long, rather robust and of a brown color, somewhat whitened by a dense covering of yellowish-white hairs. In the nature and amount of the injury it does at this stage it resembles the rose-chaffer, for which it is sometimes mistaken. Following the injury to the foliage, the vines may be expected, to present a sickly appearance, with checking of growth and ultimate death, due to the feeding on the roots of the larvae; for, as in the case of the phylloxera, the root injury is much more serious than the injury to the foliage. Vines sometimes die after having developed half their leaves, or may survive until the fruit is nearly mature. The insect occurs very generally in the Mississippi Valley states from Dakota to Texas, and more rarely east of the Alleghanies and southward to Florida. The beetle has caused serious damage to foliage, notably in Missouri, Illinois and Ohio, having been recognized over thirty years ago in the first mentioned state as one of the worst enemies of the grape. The work of the larvae has been recognized only recently by Mr. Webster and others in northern Ohio, but it may be looked for wherever the beetle occurs.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FEB. 25—ACTS 8:1-17—DISCIPLES PERSEVERED.

**Golden Text:** "They That Were Scattered Abroad Went Everywhere Preaching the Word."—From Acts, Chapter 8, Verse 4.—The Good Samaritans.

**Lesson Objectives:** 1. To understand the meaning of the text. 2. To know the names of the disciples mentioned. 3. To know the names of the Samaritans mentioned.

**Review:** 1. Who were the disciples? 2. Who were the Samaritans?

**Text:** "And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judaea and Samaria, except the apostles. And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."—Acts 8:1-4.

**Questions:** 1. Who was Saul? 2. Who were the Samaritans? 3. Who carried Stephen to his burial?

**Answers:** 1. Saul was the persecutor of the church. 2. The Samaritans were a people living between Judaea and Syria. 3. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial.

**Scripture:** Acts 8:1-4.

**Lesson:** The persecution against the church at Jerusalem led to the scattering of the disciples throughout Judaea and Samaria. This scattering was not a disaster, but an opportunity for the gospel to be preached to a new people.

**Application:** We should be prepared to suffer persecution for the sake of the gospel. We should also be open to new opportunities for ministry.

**Prayer:** Help us to be faithful in the face of persecution. Help us to be open to new opportunities for ministry.

**Conclusion:** The scattering of the disciples was a necessary step in the growth of the church. We should rejoice in the opportunity to reach new people.

**Summary:** Saul was consenting unto his death. The church at Jerusalem was persecuted. The disciples were scattered throughout Judaea and Samaria. Stephen was buried by devout men. Great lamentation was made over him.

**Reflection:** How do we respond to persecution? How do we respond to new opportunities for ministry?

**Homework:** Read Acts 8:5-17. Write a short paper on the Samaritans.

**Review Questions:** 1. Who were the Samaritans? 2. Who carried Stephen to his burial?

**Answers:** 1. The Samaritans were a people living between Judaea and Syria. 2. Devout men carried Stephen to his burial.

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