

THE EYE OF THE MIND

BY HUGH CONWAY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribered you and sent you to tell me your lies. Go to him, tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of recommending hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.

"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been misled, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this? I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent, or your agent I should say; sent him here with a trumped-up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said; but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof? A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact that the wretch having twice called me a madman, I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learnt the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely-wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you were not in your senses."

"Of course he will? What do I care?"

"Only remember this. It is easier to get put into an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like me to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons—or, I believe, apothecaries will do—who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take pretty good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need for great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was inclined to think, after the affair with the spy, that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a mad-house.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort toward finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life; the passing under a false name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats; the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to anyone who knew not Madeline Rowan. Leaving out of the question what might be wrong from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline. Granting for sake of argument that Carriston's absurd conviction that she had done him wrong was true, I felt sure that she with her scarcely less sensitive nature must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her. Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this. So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma.

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, someone must have taken her away, and if so our agent's report was a coined one, and, if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity.

Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing towards clearing up the mystery, I wronged him in so saying. After his own erratic way he was at work. At such work too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man. This he took to a well-known photographer, and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precarious photographs was sent home, to my great joy he did what he should have done days ago: yielded to my wishes, and put the matter into the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for. However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this Carriston came to me. "I shall leave you to-morrow," he said.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Why do you leave?"

"I am going to travel about. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline."

"Be careful," I urged.

"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shall go just as the fit seizes me. It I can't say one day where I shall be the next, it will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place, I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in con-

tact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been entrusted to the proper persons, his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by anyone, he was to communicate at once with me. But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the slightest clew. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what after hearing this they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice, Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year had begun; but no sign, word, or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of a second hand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he felt himself capable of so doing, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events, which happened in January, 1886; events in which we two were concerned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CALL ON M'KINLEY.

NEBRASKANS MEET THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Invited by Senator Thurston, They Visit the White House and Enjoy a Cordial Interchange of Courtesies With the New Man Installed—Nebraska's Departure.

Nebraskans at the White House.

Washington special: Residents of Nebraska and their friends sojourning in Washington were given a chance to meet President McKinley today through the courtesy of Senator Thurston, who conceived the idea that as many of the sojourners here would be leaving for their homes tomorrow, it would be a gracious thing to introduce them to the president. Accordingly a telegram was sent to the white house asking if the president would receive the Nebraska delegation, and visiting friends at an hour to be named by the executive. At 3:30 o'clock a number of Nebraskans, including Church Howe, Attorney Atkinson of Lincoln, F. A. Collins, Henry T. Oxnard, General C. J. Bills of Fairbury, L. L. Lindsey of Lincoln, and W. E. Peebles of Pender, with Senator Thurston as chief of the delegation, called upon the president and were presented to him in his private room. There was a cordial interchange of courtesies and chat on current events. Senator Allen was invited to attend with the party, but he declined. Many of the Nebraskans are already leaving for their homes and by morning but few of the old campaigners will be left.

Dawes County Farmer Finds Oil.

Crawford dispatch: James English, perhaps one of the wealthiest farmers in this neighborhood, while having a well drilled on a piece of land about two miles southeast of Crawford struck oil. The well is now fifty feet deep. Rock was struck at about twenty feet, and the drillers reported indications of oil after they had drilled about twenty feet into the rock; they went down ten feet further that day and the next morning there was about ten feet of water in the hole, with over a foot of oil floating on the surface. The oil is as clear as refined oil, and a rag saturated with it burns up as brilliantly as if saturated with the best grades shipped in. English was in town yesterday and took out some apparatus for gathering a quantity of the oil, which he will send to the state university. With the apparatus at hand here it is almost impossible to measure the amount of oil floating on the water in the well, but some reliable persons say it is about one-third oil. The report of the state university is looked forward to with much interest.

A Man of Extensive Travel.

Since the death of Joseph Deunser at Fremont last week it has been ascertained that he was a man who had traveled very extensively. He was a 4'er in California. He then went to Australia and spent several years in the mining camps, and traveled about the interior of the country. On his return from Australia he stopped for a time in Tahiti and other South Sea islands and lived for awhile in Honolulu. After putting in some time at various mining camps in Arizona, New Mexico and Montana he went back to Germany, from whence he returned and settled upon a farm in Saunders county, this state.

Passes Over the Short Line.

General Manager Dickinson of the Union Pacific has just issued the following order:

"By assent of the Oregon Short Line railroad company trip passes of Union Pacific issue to points west of Granger, Wyo., and north or south of Ogden, Utah, granted prior to March 16, 1897, will be honored up to the dates of their expiration, but no annual or time passes of Union Pacific issue will be accepted by the Oregon Short Line railroad company on and after May 1, 1897."

Bartley's Bondsman.

Ex-State Treasurer J. S. Bartley and his bondsman appeared before Judge Corcoran and entered bond for the appearance of Bartley on April 19. The bondsman and the amounts in which they justified are as follows: W. A. Paxton, \$25,000; Webster Eaton, \$5,000; W. A. Hackney, \$1,000; B. R. Cowdry, \$1,000; J. R. Trickey, \$5,000; T. J. Majors, \$20,000; R. H. Townley, \$10,000; W. A. Dilworth, \$2,000.

Affairs in a Tangle.

The state board of the league of American wheelmen, comprising A. H. Pease of Fremont, D. A. Finch of Grand Island, D. C. Eldredge of York, and J. O'Brien and E. B. Henderson of Omaha, held a meeting at Omaha. The affairs of the late secretary-treasurer, W. M. McCall of Grand Island, are yet in very much of a tangle, and means were devised to straighten them out.

The Omaha Exposition.

Washington dispatch: The departments are going right ahead with their arrangements for the Omaha exposition, and the officials in charge express in the least anxiety that anything will hold up the appropriation for the government exhibit as soon as the new congress tackles the appropriation bills.

Great is Nebraska.

Nebraska is first on the list in a great many things, and now comes Omaha with another list of winners. The annual bench show at St. Louis is on, and in the list of awards that city shows up with the entire winnings of the Newfoundland class, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson of that city.

Comrades Disagree.


The G. A. R. posts of Lincoln and Grand Island are at quite a divergence in regard to the establishment of soldiers' homes in this state. The grand post of Lincoln sent a letter to the Grand Island post in which it expressed sorrow and inability to "comprehend the motive of any comrade or comrades who are seeking to abandon or in otherwise cripple or restrict soldiers' home accommodations for our aged, infirm and poor comrades." Both homes are needed and needed badly for the present wants of our comrades and will be needed worse in the near future.

A WONDERFUL SHRUB.

Cures Many Bodily Ills.

Grows on the Banks of the Ganges and Cures Many Bodily Ills.

One of the latest botanical discoveries of interest to seekers for health is called Alkavis, from the Kava-Kava shrub of India. It is being imported by the Church Kidney Cure company of New York, and is a certain cure for several bodily disorders. The Kava-Kava shrub, or, as botanists call it, "Piper Methyaticum," grows on the banks of the Ganges river, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in thirty days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis. So far the Church company, No. 422 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any form of kidney or bladder disorder, Bright's disease, rheumatism, dropsy, gravel, pain in back, female complaints or other afflictions due to improper action of the kidneys or urinary organs. We advise all sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.



A Happy Escape.

Smith—"This is my last cigar."
Jones—"That's good; I was afraid you had one for me."—Up-to-Date.

Local Applications. as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a usual medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 50c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Completely Extinguished.

The passenger in the tweed clothes got up to take a drink and when he got back he found his seat occupied by the man in the \$78 suit, who had been sitting on the wood box.

"I'd like to have my seat, please," said the tweed man.

"Your seat?" repeated \$7.88. "When did you get a reserved seat? Where are you from, anyway?"

"New York," answered the tweed, impressively.

"New York? New York? Huh! I'm from Canton, Ohio!"

And the train rolled on with the New York man sitting on the wood box.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Over the Precipice.

Hosts of invalids tumble to destruction simply because they will exercise no discretion in the matter of eating, drinking and the avoidance of exciting causes, and above all in the item of medication. They persist in dosing themselves in season and out of season with drastic and violent remedies, opiates and mineral poisons. The best, the safest, the pleasantest substitute for such local no-remedies is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, potent for malarial, rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous and bilious complaints.

Prisoners as Domestic Servants.

Hawaii is not the only place where prisoners have been known to be hired out for domestic service. It was discovered some years ago that long-term convicts in jail at New Castle, Del., were commonly sent on errands about town, and even life prisoners were slightly watched. A murderer was employed in the jailer's family and permitted to go about the streets.

A Big Grass Seed Order.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., the largest grass, clover and farm seed growers in America, recently received an order for twenty-five thousand pounds different kinds of clover, ten thousand pounds Salzer's Superior Timothy seed and ten thousand pounds of different kinds of grasses from a large Montana stock raiser. Salzer's seeds grow and produce and it pays to sow them.

A Great Oiling.

Mrs. Dingler—Humph! I always knew that Mrs. Oldgirl wanted a man, but I didn't think she wanted one as badly as that.

Dingler—As badly as what?

Mrs. Dingler—This paper says she has gone for a tramp.—Buffalo Courier.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1896.

Not the Only One.

Teacher—Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?

Bright Pupil—It was Atlas, ma'am.

Teacher—And who supported Atlas?

Bright Pupil—The book don't say, but I guess his wife supported him.—Truth.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 50c.

\$1.00 FOR 14 CENTS.

Millions now plant Salzer's seeds, but millions more should; hence offer:

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1 pkg. Round Globe Beet10c
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1 pkg. Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce15c
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1 pkg. Giant Yellow Onion15c
1 pkg. 14-Day Radish10c
3 pkgs. Brilliant Flower Seeds15c

Now all of above 10 packages, including our mammoth plant and seed catalogue, are mailed you free upon receipt of only 14 cents postage.

25 pkgs. Earliest Vegetable Seed, \$1.00
21 Brilliant Blooming Plants, \$1.00
John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. w.b.

Left a Soft Thing.

"My hair," remarked the bald-headed man, as he rubbed his bare poll in a reminiscent way, "was the most ambitious thing about me."

"Ah?" responded his companion, questioningly.

"Yes. It always came out on top."

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Do not permit your staying qualities to make a bore of you.

Every failure carries a guide book to success in its inside pocket.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
For children: teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Do not permit your kindness to stop with your friends.

The wheat loaf lays one egg and but one in a single grain of wheat.

Cure Hood's Sarsaparilla

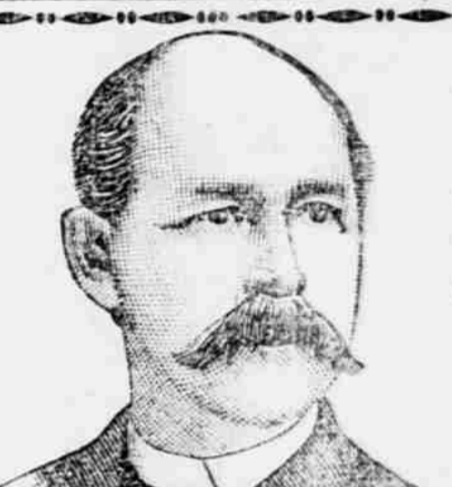
All skin humors, scrofula taints, blotches, pimples, eruptions, and debility, by thoroughly purifying and enriching the blood with

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The best—The True Blood Purifier. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 50c per bottle.

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are purely vegetable, non-poisonous, and perfectly harmless.



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It is made in all the latest styles and styles and of every variety of material. Exclusive sale and advertised in local papers on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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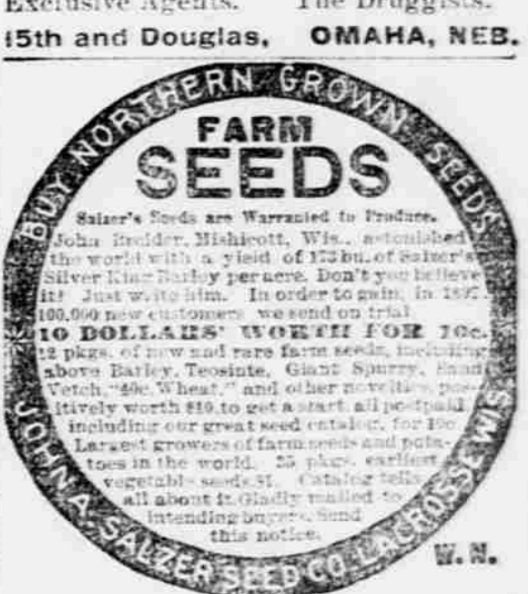
While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$2.

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Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. John Salzer, Minneapolis, Wis., established in the world with a yield of 1200 lbs. of salzer's Silver King Rusky per acre. Don't you believe it! Just write him. In order to gain in 1897, see 50,000 customers. See our list of 10 DOLLARS' WORTH for 70c. 10 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including: Short Early Tender, Giant Square, 100 lbs., Dutch, "46" Wheat, and other no-wash-potatoes. Invaluable our great seed catalog, for 1c. Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes in the world. 25 pkgs. earliest seeds for 1c. All about it quickly mailed to you. Entending agents, write now. This notice.



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