

# THE EYE OF THE MIND

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## CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Nevertheless, the young people had no doubts about their coming bliss. Everything was going smoothly and pleasantly for them. Carriston had at once spoken to Madeline's aunt, and obtained the old Scotchwoman's ready consent to their union. I was rather vexed at his still keeping to his absurd whim in concealing his true name. He said he was afraid of alarming the aunt by telling her he was passing under an alias, whilst if he gave Madeline his true reason for so doing she would be miserable. Moreover, I found he had formed the romantic plan of marrying her without telling her in what an enviable position she would be placed, so far as worldly gear went. A kind of Lord of Burleigh surprise no doubt commended itself to his imaginative brain.

The last day of my holiday came. I bade a long and sad farewell to take and mountain, and, accompanied by Carriston, started for home. I did not see the parting proper between the young people—that was far too sacred a thing to be intruded upon—but even when that protracted affair was over, I waited many, many minutes whilst Carriston stood hand in hand with Madeline, comforting himself and her by reiterating, "Only six weeks—six short weeks! And then—and then!" It was the girl who at last rose herself away, and then Carriston mounted reluctantly by my side on the rough vehicle.

From Edinburgh we traveled by the night train. The greater part of the way we had the compartment to ourselves. Carriston, as a lover will, talked of nothing but coming bliss and his plans for the future. After a while I grew quite weary of the monotony of the subject, and at last dozed off, and for some little time slept. The shrill whistle which told us a tunnel was at hand aroused me. My companion was sitting opposite to me, and as I glanced across at him my attention was arrested by the same strange intense look which I had on a previous occasion at Bettwys-Coed noticed in his eyes—the same fixed stare—the same obliviousness to all that was passing. Remembering his request, I shook him, somewhat roughly, back to his senses. He regarded me for a moment vacantly, then said:

"Now I have found out what was wanting to make the power I told you of complete. I could see her if I wished."

"Of course you can see her—in your mind's eye. All lovers can do that."

"If I tried I could see her bodily—know exactly what she is doing!" He spoke with an air of complete conviction.

"Then, I hope, for the sake of modesty, you won't try. It is now nearly three o'clock. She ought to be in bed and asleep."

I spoke lightly thinking it better to try and laugh him out of his folly. He took no notice of my sorry joke.

"No," he said quietly, "I am not going to try. But I know now what was wanting. Love—such love as mine—such love as hers—makes the connecting link, and enables sight or some other sense to cross over space, and pass through every material obstacle."

"Look here, Carriston," I said seriously, "you are talking as a madman talks. I don't want to frighten you, but I am bound both as a doctor and your sincere friend to tell you that unless you cure yourself of these absurd delusions, they will grow upon you, develop fresh forms, and you will probably end your days under restraint. Ask any doctor, he will tell you the same."

"Doctors are a clever race," answered my strange young friend, "but they don't know everything."

So saying he closed his eyes and appeared to sleep.

We parted on reaching London. Many kind words and wishes passed between us, and I gave some more well-meant and, I believed, needed warnings. He was going down to see his uncle, the baronet. Then he had some matters to arrange with his lawyers, and above all had to select a residence for himself and his wife. He would no doubt be in London for a short time. If possible he would come and see me. Any way he would write and let me know the exact date of his approaching marriage. If I could manage to come to it, so much the better. If not he would try, as they passed through town, to bring his bride to pay me a flying and friendly visit.

Some six weeks afterward—late at night—while I was deep in a new and clever treatise on zymotics, a man haggard, wild, unshorn, and unkempt, rushed past my startled servant, and entered the room in which I sat. He threw himself into a chair, and I was horrified to recognize in the intruder my clever and brilliant friend, Charles Carriston!

## VI.

THE END has come sooner than I expected. These were the sad words I muttered to myself as, waving my frightened servant away, I closed the door and stood alone with the supposed maniac. He rose and wrung my hand, then without a word, sunk back into his chair and buried his face in

he was, as he said, as sane as I was. "Thank heaven you can speak to me and look at me like this," I exclaimed. "You are satisfied then?" he said. "On this point, yes. Now tell me what is wrong?"

Now that he had set my doubts at rest his agitation and excitement seemed to return. He grasped my hand convulsively.

"Madeline!" he whispered. "Madeline—my love—she is gone." "Gone!" I repeated. "Gone where?" "She is gone, I say—stolen from me by some black-hearted traitor—perhaps forever. Who can tell?"

"But, Carriston, surely in so short a time her love can not have been won by another. If so, all I can say is—'What!' he shouted. 'You who have seen her! You in your wildest dreams to imagine that Madeline Rowan would leave me of her own free will! No, sir, she has been stolen from me—trapped—carried away—hidden. But I his hands. A sort of nervous trembling seemed to run through his frame. Deeply distressed, I drew his hands from his face.

"Now, Carriston," I said as firmly as I could, "look up and tell me what all this means. Look up, I say, and speak to me."

He raised his eyes to mine and kept them there, whilst a ghastly smile—a phantom of humor—flickered across his white face. No doubt his native quickness told him what I suspected, so he looked me steadily in the face.

"No," he said, "not as you think. But let there be no mistake. Question me. Talk to me. Put me to any test. Satisfy yourself, once for all, that I am as sane as you are."

He spoke so rationally, his eyes met mine so unflinchingly, that I was re- jected to know that my fears were as yet ungrounded. There was grief, excitement, want of rest in his appearance, but his general manner told me will find her, or I will kill the black-hearted villain who has done this."

He rose and paced the room. His face was distorted with rage. He clinched and unclenched his long slender hands.

"My dear fellow," I said, "you are talking riddles. Sit down and tell me calmly what has happened. But, first of all, as you look utterly worn out, I will ring for my man to get you some food."

"No," he said, "I want nothing. Weary I am, for I have been to Scotland and back as fast as man can travel. I reached London a short time ago, and after seeing one man have come straight to you, my only friend, for help—it may be for protection. But I have eaten and I have drunk, knowing I must keep my health and strength."

However, I insisted upon some wine being brought. He drank a glass, and then with a strange enforced calm, told me what had taken place. His tale was this:

After we had parted company on our return from Scotland, Carriston went down to the family seat in Oxfordshire, and informed his uncle of the impending change in his life. The baronet, an extremely old man, infirm and all but childish, troubled little about the matter. Every acre of his large property was strictly entailed, so his pleasure or displeasure could make but little alteration in his nephew's prospects. Still he was the head of the family, and Carriston was in duty bound to make the important news known to him. The young man made no secret of his approaching marriage, so in a very short time every member of the family was aware that the heir and future head was about to ally himself to a nobody. Knowing nothing of Madeline Rowan's rare beauty and sweet nature, Carriston's kinsmen and kinswomen were sparing with their congratulations. Indeed, Mr. Ralph Carriston, the cousin whose name was coupled with the such absurd suspicions, went so far as to write a bitter, sarcastic letter, full of ironical felicitations. This, and Charles Carriston's haughty reply, did not make the affection between the cousins any stronger. Moreover, shortly afterward the younger man heard that inquiries were being made in the neighborhood of Madeline's home, as to her position and parentage. Feeling sure that only his cousin Ralph could have had the curiosity to institute such inquiries, he wrote and thanked him for the keen interest he was manifesting in his future welfare, but begged that hereafter Mr. Carriston would apply to him direct for any information he wanted. The two men were now no longer on speaking terms.

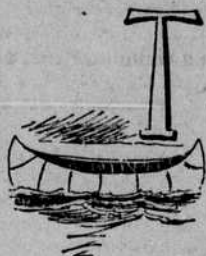
Charles Carriston, in his present frame of mind, cared little whether his relatives wished to bless or forbid the banns. He was passionately in love, and at once set about making arrangements for a speedy marriage. Although Madeline was still ignorant of the exalted position held by her lover—although she came to him absolutely penniless—he was resolved in the matter of money to treat her as generously as he would have treated the most eligible damsel in the country. There were several legal questions to be set at rest concerning certain property he wished to settle upon her. These of course caused delay. As soon as they were adjusted to his own, or, rather to his lawyer's satisfaction, he purposed going to Scotland and carrying away his beautiful bride. In the meantime he cast about for a residence.

Somewhat Bohemian in his nature

Carriston had no intention of settling down just yet to live the life of an ordinary moneyed Englishman. His intention was to take Madeline abroad for some months. He had fixed upon Cannes as a desirable place at which to winter, but having grown somewhat tired of hotel life wished to rent a furnished house. He had received from an agent to whom he had been advised to apply the refusal of a house which, from the glowing description given, seemed the one above all others he wanted. As an early decision was insisted upon, my impulsive young friend thought nothing of crossing the Channel and running down to the south of France to see, with his own eyes, that the much-lauded place was worthy of the fair being who was to be its temporary mistress.

He wrote to Madeline, and told her he was going home for a few days. He said he should be traveling the greater part of the time, so it would be no use for her writing to him until his return. He did not reveal the object of his journey. Were Madeline to know it was to choose a winter residence at Cannes, she would be filled with amazement, and the innocent deception he was still keeping up would not be carried through to the romantic end which he pictured to himself.

## VII.



THE DAY before he started for France Madeline wrote that her aunt was very unwell, but said nothing as to her malady causing any alarm. Perhaps Carriston thought less about the old Scotch widow than her relationship and kindness to Miss Rowan merited. He started on his travels without any forebodings of evil.

His journey to Cannes and back was hurried—he wasted no time on the road, but was delayed for two days at the place itself before he could make final arrangements with the owner and the present occupier of the house. Thinking he was going to start every moment he did not write to Madeline—at the rate at which he meant to return a letter posted in England would reach her almost as quickly as if posted at Cannes.

He reached his home, which for the last few weeks had been Oxford, and found two letters waiting for him. The first, dated on the day he left England, was from Madeline. It told him that her aunt's illness had suddenly taken a fatal turn—that she had died that day, almost without warning. The second letter was anonymous.

It was written apparently by a woman, and advised Mr. Carr to look sharply after his lady-love or he would find himself left in the lurch. The writer would not be surprised to hear "so the fine day that she had eloped with a certain gentleman who should be nameless. This precious epistle, probably an emanation of feminine spite, Carriston treated as it deserved—he tore it up and threw the pieces to the wind."

But the thought of Madeline being alone at that lonely house troubled him greatly. The dead woman had no sons or daughters—all the anxiety and responsibility connected with her affairs would fall on the poor girl. The next day he threw himself into the Scotch Express, and started for her far-away home.

On arriving there he found it occupied only by the rough farm servants. They seemed in a state of wonderment, and volubly questioned Carriston as to the whereabouts of Madeline. The question sent a chill of fear to his heart. He answered their questions by others, and soon learnt all they had to communicate.

Little enough it was. On the morning after the old woman's funeral Madeline had gone to Callendar, to ask the advice of an old friend of her aunt's, as to what steps should now be taken. She had neither been to his friend, nor had she returned home. She had, however, sent a message that she must go to London at once, and would write from there. That was the last heard of her—all that was known about her.

Upon hearing this news Carriston became a prey to the acutest terror—an emotion which was quite inexplicable to the honest people, his informants. The girl had gone, but she had sent word whether she had gone. True, they did not know the reason for her departure, so sudden and without luggage of any description—true, she had not written as promised, but no doubt they would hear from her tomorrow. Carriston knew better. Without revealing the extent of his fears, he flew back to Callendar. Inquiries at the railway station informed him that she had gone, or had purposed going, to London, but whether she ever reached it, or whether any trace of her could be found there, was, at least, a matter of doubt. No good could be gained by remaining in Scotland, so he traveled back at once to town, half distracted, sleepless, and racking his brains to know where to look for her.

"She has been decoyed away," he said in conclusion. "She is hidden, imprisoned somewhere. And I know, as well as if he told me, who has done this thing. I can trace Ralph Carriston's cursed hand through it all."

I glanced at him askance. This morbid suspicion of his cousin amounted almost to monomania. He had told the tale of Madeline's disappearance clearly and tersely; but when he began to account for it his theory was a wild and untenable one. However much he suspected Ralph Carriston of longing to stand in his shoes, I could see no object for the crime of which he accused him, that of decoying away Madeline Rowan.

## DAIRY AND POULTRY.

### INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



THE NAME "Poultry Yard" is given to that part of a rural estate where fowls are reared; frequently it also contains rabbit hutches. The poultry yard is a valuable resource for a farmer's family, but to derive all the profit obtainable, a certain number of principles must be followed which may be epitomized as follows: The first is to utilize for the fowls the resources of the locality or farm itself without going to any great special expense. Fowls should be fed on the least valuable substances or ailments which could not be otherwise utilized. Grain, etc., being of some commercial value, should be added in small quantity as a complement, and particularly for fattening. The poultry yard should be daily opened so that the fowls may wander about in the vicinity in search of insects and waste seed; these substances, of no value, should play an important part in their maintenance. This principle, however, should be applied, reckoning the neighborhood of crops, which fowls might injure. In

poultry yard girl has to be employed, who should be supervised during her apprenticeship.—Dictionnaire des Sciences.

### Winter Raised Chicks.

Eggs are too valuable in winter to be used for hatching purposes unless one is confident of securing good hatches and of raising the chicks, says an exchange. To use a dozen eggs from which only six chicks come and then lose three of them, means an expenditure of four eggs for one chick, and no one can afford the cost in that respect. The heaviest loss of chicks is with hens—not with incubators and brooders—and this fact should not be overlooked. It is admitted that in the spring and summer, when the hen has everything in her favor she will be more serviceable than the brooder, but in the winter, when cold winds, ice, snow and rains prevail, the hen has a difficult undertaking to care for herself instead of attempting to raise a brood, and as a rule the hens are fortunate if they raise one-half of the chicks hatched. When a hen becomes broody and makes her nest in a warm place, and when she brings off her brood have a place prepared for her, under shelter and where the sunlight can come. Be careful that the chicks are not exposed or become chilled, and aim to raise every one of them. In that case the chicks will pay, because the expense of the eggs will be reduced by reason of the larger number of chicks marketed.

### Weaning the Dairy Calf.

One of the reasons why dairying is a failure in some localities is that the calf is desired for beef making, and to give him a good start it is allowed to

### SINGLE COMB WHITE LEGHORNS.



The illustration of an ideal Single Comb White Leghorn, male, is by Sewell, the well-known poultry artist. It is an excellent illustration of the grand carriage and beauty of this variety. Some writers claim they are the original variety of the Leghorn family, and others give that honor to the Browns. But it matters little about their history. It is sufficient that we know they are the most popular of the Leghorn family, and that comes from the fact that they are larger and lay larger eggs than any of their race. They are very popular in the East on large egg farms. If given a warm house, with scratching shed combined, they will prove to be good winter lay-

ers. But it will not do to confine them much in the house without the privilege of scratching among a lot of loose litter. They are very active, and the only way to make them profitable is to keep them busy. They greatly resemble the Black Minorca in every way but color of plumage, and lay an egg very much the size of that of the Minorca. It was owing to this fact that the White Minorca never gained much favor in this country. "Our folks" want clean, yellow legs, and as the White Minorca did not have that, and as they had no other claims for superiority, the Leghorns came right to the front, and are to this day close rivals of the black variety of Minorcas.

such a case the yard must be closed at certain times. The extent of the poultry yard should be in proportion with the demand available. From this point of view the neighborhood of large towns is a reason for giving great importance to the poultry yard, because the sale is abundant and lucrative, and rearing is just as cheap as in strictly rural districts. To feed fowls cheaply it is good to place dung heaps within their reach in which seeds and insects abound. In a poultry yard are reared hens, turkeys, guinea-fowls, pheasants, peacocks, pigeons, ducks, geese, and swans; some for flesh, others for feathers or down. The establishment expenses of a poultry yard should always be as small as possible. It must be separated from the other part of the farm by a wall, wire-work or very thick hedge. A few trees are useful to give shade and at night shelter to the hens, turkeys and peacocks which do not always care to return to the house. There must be a hen house; one or two pools of water for the geese and ducks, unless there is some pond or stream in the neighborhood; tubs of pure water covered for the hens to drink, which pass their heads through openings in the lid; a grass plot for grazing and a heap of cinders or sand for them to clear themselves of vermin. The farmer can attend to the poultry yard, profitably employing part of her time, without being disturbed in other work. She can only succeed by loving the fowls and making them love her. Every morning and middle of the afternoon she must call and feed them, ascertaining whether none are lost, if all are well, if laying and hatching progress favorably, etc. She must be able to attend to them in sickness, cure them and fatten. All this involves so much labor in large poultry yards that a

suck for from three weeks to three months, says Rural Life. This will spoil a cow for the dairy, as a rule, and at any rate it takes the time out of her period of buttermaking, which will reduce the butter yield for the year below profit. If the calf sucks three months and is then weaned the cow may be expected to go dry in a few weeks, or half dry at least, and she will not pay for the feed and the trouble. To get a paying mess of milk it is absolutely necessary to milk the cow from the first. The "first" means to some dairymen when the calf is first seen. It is removed immediately and not allowed to suck even once, but the milk is drawn and fed to the calf. By this practice the cow knows no other way to have the milk drawn and does not worry for the calf, so everything goes smoothly. Other dairymen think the first time the cow should be milked is when the milk is first good for use. The first secretion is not true milk, but colostrum, and is designed to physic the calf. All agree that the calf must have this first milk, but some let him help himself and others do not. Many of the most advanced dairymen strongly advocate never letting the calf suck. Others, and the greater number, prefer to let it suck until the milk is good and this is what the writer recommends. After the milk is good for use the cow at once increases it in quantity, and good butter fat is too precious for calf food. There is no difficulty in taking off the calf then without any objections from the mother, if you use common sense and good tact. If she is inclined to worry tie the calf by her side while you milk for the first time or two, and she will be reconciled, but on no account permit it to suck after the milk becomes good for use.

Farm mortgages are increasing.

## NEW YORK MAY BE IGNORED.

### ONLY A MINOR CABINET PLACE, IF ANY.

### WILL GET COLD SHOULDER.

Factional Differences Put the Empire State in an Almost Unexampled Flight—Platt and Quay Said to Be Scheming—They Are to Hold a Conference in Florida This Month.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Gossip concerning the next cabinet and the possibility of a division of the Republican senators into administration and anti-administration groups fill up the legislative gaps here. The most interesting phase of the situation is that New York seems likely to get the cold shoulder. A cabinet with no representative from the Empire state will be an anomaly, and a marked contrast to the consideration which has been shown to the state by President Cleveland. Even if New York shall be remembered it can now only receive one of the minor portfolios. General Stewart L. Woodford's name is mentioned for the position of attorney general, but there is nothing so far to indicate that he is to be selected. It is said by the friends of Mr. McKinley here that the factional fight in New York has been so bitter as to make it practically impossible for him to select a Republican from that state.

While Mr. McKinley holds New York in the balance, Senator Platt of New York has gone to Florida to spend a month, a considerable portion of which time will be passed in the company of Senator Quay. The latter's state, Pennsylvania, is also to be ignored, although New York and Pennsylvania rolled up the highest Republican majorities of the last election. Platt has no love for McKinley and Quay is in thorough sympathy with Platt. The conferences which will be held in Florida will be of interest, and their result will be seen in the developments of the Senate during the extra session.

### MILLIONAIRE A CAPTIVE.

Mr. Richardson of New Hampshire at the Mercy of an Unscrupulous Fair.

MONTREAL, Feb. 6.—Some time ago a couple who announced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Stanton of New York came here with a slight, dark man about 50 years old, who was never allowed to leave the fashionable house where they lived, or to see any one who by chance should call. This man was said to be a Mr. Richardson, an American millionaire from New Hampshire. It is also said that he was kept under the influence of a powerful drug and in this semi-rational condition his captors forced him to write checks for large sums of money.

An agent of the millionaire came here about two weeks ago to find him. The police say this agent saw the Stantons, but they had their victim hidden, and told the agent they knew nothing about him. The trio disappeared a few hours before the detectives finally decided to search the house.

The detectives are divided in their opinion as to where the mysterious trio have gone. The police say Stanton's real name is Fraser, and that he is an ex-Methodist preacher, formerly known in New York conference.

### ASKS FOR MERCY.

Santa Fe Alarmed at Pending Legislation in Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 6.—E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe, made a formal appeal to the Legislature yesterday against the railroad bills pending in both houses. The appeal is in the form of a carefully prepared pamphlet, entitled, "Memorial of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company to the Legislature of the State of Kansas." In it President Ripley endeavors to point out the injustice of the reforms proposed. He asserts that none of the Kansas lines are paying investments, and that existing rates are already lower, in comparison, than those of neighboring and more thickly settled states. He insists that the passage of the proposed bills would be equivalent to confiscation, and expresses the hope that no appeal to the courts will be necessary in order to protect the company's corporate rights.

### KENNY NOW A SENATOR.

The Delaware Silver Democrat Takes the Oath of Office.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Richard R. Kenny, the silver Democrat from Delaware, was sworn in as senator in the Senate to-day. This marked the close of a contest over the vacant Delaware seat.

The committee on elections had met prior to the Senate's action and, by a vote of 6 to 1, decided against Mr. DuPont's claim on the ground that the Senate had once finally passed on it and no new evidence had been discovered.

British Army to Be Increased.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The Marquis of Lansdowne, the secretary of state for war, replying in the House of Lords to Viscount de Veseli, announced that the government proposed to increase the army by 7,385 men.

A Snowball Causes a Suicide.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 6.—Yesterday afternoon a 13-year-old boy threw a snow ball at a friend in a cutter, but the missile struck the horse, causing a runaway, which caused three others and considerable damage. Some of those aggrieved told the boy's father that he would have to pay and he shot himself dead. He was Peter Joseph Dreis, one of the oldest druggists in the state and a well known Democrat.

John William Ohms, an aged St. Louis miser, was found dead in his room with \$10,000 in money and bonds concealed in an old iron pot.