

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.

As soon as we were alone I turned toward my guest. "And now," I said, "we must settle what to do. There seems to me to be but one course open. You have plenty of money, so your best plan is to engage skilled police assistance. Young ladies can't be spirited away like this without leaving a trace."

To my surprise Carriston flatly objected to this course. "No," he said, "I shall not go to the police. The man who took her away has placed her where no police can find her. I must find her myself."

"Find her yourself? Why, it may be months—years—before you do that! Good heavens, Carriston! She may be murdered, or even worse—"

"I shall know if any further evil happens to her—then I shall kill Ralph Carriston."

"But you tell me you have no clew whatever to trace her by. Do talk plainly. Tell me all or nothing."

Carriston smiled, very faintly. "No clew that you, at any rate, will believe in," he said. "But I know this much, she is a prisoner somewhere. She is unhappy; but not, as yet, ill-treated. Heavens! Do you think if I did not know this I should keep my senses for an hour?"

"How can you possibly know it?"
"By that gift—that extra sense or whatever it is—which you deride. I knew it would come to me some day, but I little thought how I should welcome it. I know that in some way I shall find her by it. I tell you I have already seen her three times. I may see her again at any moment when the strange fit comes over me."

ALL 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. Ralph 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."

"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 me, 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.

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 confession, 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.

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 eccentric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but resolved, even at the risk of forfeiting Carriston's friendship, to put the whole matter in the hands of the police, unless in the course of a day or two we heard from the girl herself, or Carriston suggested some better plan.

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 sprang 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.
"Saddle 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 Girls.
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.

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.



An exchange of the Farmers' Review publishes the following:

"Prof. McFadden, a prominent Scotch veterinarian, in the discussion following a paper read by him at the Newcastle Farmers' club on the subject of tuberculosis, stated his belief that 999 human beings out of every 1,000 that became affected by tuberculosis are infected from tuberculosis human beings. The hubbub raised about the danger resulting from tuberculosis milk is largely bosh. So long as the country is filled with consumptive people expectorating tubercle germs everywhere it seems hardly worth while to spend any great sums of money to prevent the possibility of spreading the disease through dairy products. The chance of becoming affected in this way is almost infinitesimal as compared with the liability resulting from constant association with tuberculous people. Calves, fed exclusively on milk, even in herds known to be seriously affected, rarely contract the disease until they are shut up in the stable with tuberculous animals. Nearly always, apparently, the disease is contracted through the lungs and not through the stomach."

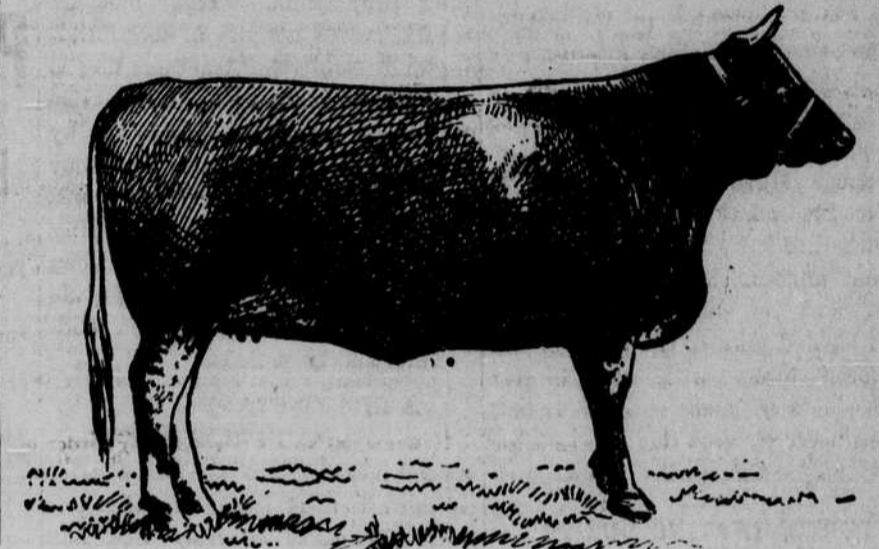
The Farmers' Review regards the above as poor logic. In the first place, if it were true that the danger is small, there would yet be no reason why it

When stock is frozen in natural outdoor temperature the cases may be filled at once when the thermometer is below zero, but if above zero only one layer should be frozen at a time. Use no packing material whatever, and be sure to protect from wind while freezing. When solid frozen the stock should be put away and kept where it will not thaw out, preferably in cold storage. When the poultry is to be frozen artificially the cases may be filled full and placed at once in the freezer. In this case it is well to construct the cases so that a slit in the sides of the box may be removed and left off until the stock is solid frozen; the quicker the freezing the better. In the freezer the cases should be separated by slats to permit free circulation of air around them. Some packers get excellent results by freezing the poultry separately and packing after frozen. Some of the very finest frozen poultry is handled in this way at near-by points, and is not packed at all until ready for market, when it is packed in straw and shipped for immediate sale before warm weather. But for large lots, sent from a distance, which have to be placed in storage again upon arrival in market, it is best to pack in cases before freezing.

All-the-Year Creameries.

On operating creameries a gentleman says: A man who runs a creamery for only five months in the year will find his patrons becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with the receipts from their cows. It cannot pay a man to feed cows for twelve months from which he obtains cream for only five months; and the man who runs a creamery can never afford to make a profit out of the losses of his patrons. Put that down as a solid fact. And the man who furnishes skill and helps to make the profit of his patrons larger, will get a larger share for himself. If a man, running a creamery will try and extend the manufacturing season for a few months more he will find he will get so little cream that the running expenses will run away with

SHORTHORN HEIFER QUEEN OF HEARTS.



WINNER OF FIRST PRIZES AT THE BATH AND WELLS, AND THE OXFORD SHOWS, ENGLAND, 1896.

should be ignored. We, however, fail to see that the danger is small. A tuberculous animal is, if affected in the lungs, constantly throwing off consumptive spores. These at first are moist and do not blow about, but in time they get dry and become a part of the dust, rising often from the barn floor and seeking the lungs of the animals and of the workers about the barns. The same is true of the pastures where the cows summer. The germs become dry and are blown about by every breeze. They can not only get into the lungs of the animals, but of workers in the fields, and even of the people passing along the roads. In a thousand ways people are exposed. The milk is a dangerous medium of infection where the udder is affected by tuberculosis. It was formerly supposed that consumption showed itself only in the lungs, but it is now known that it takes possession of other organs of the body, and sometimes even establishes itself in the joints. Therefore it is not apparent always that a person has become infected, even when they are far gone with the disease. The healthy people may be able to throw off these germs, but partial invalids fall an easy prey. By all means continue the war against tuberculosis, both in animals and humans.

Frozen Poultry.

Poultry frozen during the winter as a means of preserving it for later use should always be dry plucked, says a writer in New York Produce Review. Only the very choicest goods should be selected for this purpose, and extraordinary care must be taken that the stock be thoroughly cold and dry when packed. The treatment varies according to circumstances of weather, etc. Probably the best results are obtained when the stock can be frozen by natural outdoor temperature. But in seasons and localities where this is impossible the freezer may be used successfully. Cases only should be used, made of planed, well seasoned lumber. For old tom turkeys the size is 36x22x18 inches, and for young toms 36x22x15 inches; these should be of inch lumber. For chickens, ducks and geese the size is 30x20x about ten inches (or deep enough to allow for two layers) made of five-eighths inch lumber. Two layers of poultry should be packed in each case. Stow the poultry snugly and closely, striving to have as regular and handsome appearance as possible. Turkeys should be packed backs up and legs out straight. Chickens, ducks and geese should have the breasts down on the bottom layer and up on the top layer. Pack old toms separately and never mix them with young toms and hens, and never pack old fowls and young chickens together. Each should be packed separately and the kind neatly stenciled on the outside of the case.

the profit. You cannot begin to practice winter dairying in creameries until you educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk during the winter. You need to begin at the foundation, and educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk, and send it to the creamery. Then when they have abundance of pay coming in regularly all winter, they will have money to pay their current expense. It will not take all the summer to pay the accumulated grocery bills of winter; but they will be ahead in the spring and the summer will leave them more profit.

Educating a Colt.

The old saying relating to the bending of the twig applies as much here as elsewhere. If "we come into the world a bundle of susceptibilities, but soon become a bunch of iron habits," then surely the habits should be of the right nature, says an exchange. For the self-same reason that the mother recognizes the necessity for correcting the tendencies of the child in order that right habits may be formed, the colt must early be taught to know its master. It was a wise trainer who first took his colts in his lap the first day, held them until they ceased struggling, and continued the practice until the little creatures came readily, expecting to be caressed. Our domestic animals are to be made the servants of man, but for this to be possible, education is necessary. That this may be the most effective it must commence at an early age. It is but the unfolding of the latent powers inhering in the animal constitution. For safety and for service it is not only wise but necessary that all animals be early instructed in the line of work they are afterwards expected to excel in. Halter break early, teach the colts to obey the word and to come and go at command. Hitch the yearling alongside a safe, fast walking horse, and fix the habit before any weight is applied. Let it also know what the harness means in every respect, and so grow into its life work as it grows into a knowledge of what its master desires. There can be no question but this course, wisely applied, will insure safer and better horses than otherwise is possible. At the same time the danger of overtraining and overtaxing is certainly to be avoided.

Poultry Raising Requires Patience.—The farmer's wife has more patience and fidelity in her make-up, and for some reason also seems to have more knack. Because of these traits, the art of poultry raising is more readily acquired by her; and why should not more women pursue it as a source of revenue?—Ex.

MUSIC A LA GOLF.

Gives a Freshness and Variety to Criticism.

In these days, when golf is crowding in popularly every other form of outdoor sport, it is also—in England, at least—giving a freshness and variety to musical criticism which will be appreciated by the lay mind that is not educated up to a knowledge of the technical terms usually employed in describing musical events, says an exchange. Here is a report taken from a recent London paper, of a classical concert at St. James' hall: "An enormous crowd assembled last Monday night to witness the foursome competition over the St. James hall links. Punctually at 8 o'clock Dr. Joachim drove off from the tee, Signor Piatti responding with a lovely low shot, which left Mr. Gibson within easy reach of the green with his brassie. Mr. Ries fumbled the second subject and Dr. Joachim was badly bunkered, but using his slick on the G string in masterly style laid his ball dead, and the first movement was halved amid great enthusiasm. Staring one up at the scherzo, Signor Piatti began the second movement, and outdrove Dr. Joachim by at least twenty bars. Mr. Gibson approached cleverly, and in the trio there was nothing to choose between the opponents, the coda (con sordini) resulting in another half. Mr. Gibson and Signor Piatti were now drowsy, but the latter, being obliged to play pawky round a dangerous pizzicato passage, lost a good deal of ground, as Dr. Joachim's drive and Mr. Ries' second were both long and straight."

SOME LATE NEW THINGS.

An adjustable handle for carrying traveling bags is arranged so that it can be fastened to either side of the bag by riveting a pair of brackets in to which the ends of the handle lock to each side of the bag, thus allowing the bag to be carried either flat or edgewise, as desired.

Pneumatic car-fenders have recently been patented, consisting of a number of elastic tubes set in metal frames shaped like ordinary fenders.

A new folding table has a drawer set in the under portion of the table top in such a manner that it cannot be removed when the legs are folded up, the legs covering the front of the drawer.

A recent improvement in monkey wrenches consists of a lever lying parallel with the handle to tighten the grip of the jaws. To operate it the lever is raised and the jaws screwed as tight as possible by means of the usual thumbscrew, when the lever is forced downward, thus closing the jaws more tightly together.

To remove coats and hats out of the way and yet place them where they can be reached easily when wanted a new device consists of a bracket or rack to hold a number of coats and hats attached to a rod running up to the ceiling of the room in such a manner that it can be raised or lowered to the desired height and fastened either by a thumbscrew or spring catch.

A recently patented coin separator and distributor has a long, flat metal feed chute into which the coins are dropped at one end, the other end being lower, so that the coins will roll down to the coin-holders, each holder having an opening into the chute through which the coin drops, the size of the coin determining which tube it belongs in.

The heating of flat and sad irons by electricity has just been patented, the device having the inside next to the bottom hollowed out and several coils of wire placed therein, connected with an electric circuit by means of wires running to an electric lamp socket, the passage of the current through the coils heating the bottom of the iron.

A handy little coin package is made of metal and is fitted with a sliding section around the barrel portion, which can be closed and fastened with a loop when the package is full.

How Little Things Do Harm.

Oftentimes it is little faults, little carelessness in conduct, little blemishes in character, the "no harms" that make fairly good people almost useless, so far as their influence goes. There was a great light house out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects. Here is the lesson, says Dr. Miller: The lamp may be burning brightly in your soul or in mine; but little faults—pride, ugly temper, selfishness, half-heartedness, bad habits of tongue, carelessness about paying debts or keeping promises, a hundred other things—may so cloud our lives as to obscure the image of God in our souls. Perhaps some soul has been lost because your lamp does not shine out with a clear light. We counsel you young people to be good, beautiful in character, faithful in all duties—careful not in the smallest way to dim the luster of God's grace within.

In Italy there are more theaters in proportion to the population than in any other country.