THE EYE OF THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Upon returning to his senses he told me, with great excitement, that he had again seen Madeline; moreover, this time he had seen a man with her—a man who had placed his hand upon her wrist and kept it there; and so, according to Carriston's wild reasoning, became, on account of the contact, visible to him.

He told me he had watched them for some moments, until the man tightening his grip on the girl's arm, endeavored, he thought, to lead her or induce her to follow him somewhere. At this juncture, unaware that he was gazing at a vision, he had rushed to her assistance in the frantic way I have described—then he awoke.

He also told me he had studied the man's features and general appearance most carefully with a view to future recognition. All these ridiculous statements were made as he made the former ones, with the air of relating simple, undeniable facts—one speaking the plain, unvarnished truth, and expecting full credence to be given to his words.

XII.

IT was too absurd! too sad! It was evident to me that the barrier between his hallucinations, dreams, visions, or whatever he chose to call them, and pure insanity, was now a very slight and fragile one. But before I gave his case up as hopeless I determined to make another strong appeal to his common sense. I told him of his cousin's visit to me—of his intentions and proposition. I begged him to consider what consequences his extraordinary beliefs and extravagant actions must eventually entail. He listened attentively and calmly.

"You see now," he said, "how right I was in attributing all this to Ralph Carriston—how right I was to come to you, a doctor of standing, who can vouch for my sanity."

"Vouch for your sanity! How can I when you sit here and talk such arrant nonsense, and expect me to believe it? When you jump from your chair and rush madly at some visionary foe? Sane as you may be in all else, any evidence I could give in your favor must break down in cross-examination if an inkling of these things got about. Come, Carriston, be reasonable, and prove your sanity by setting about this search for Miss Rowan in a proper way."

He made no reply, but walked up and down the room apparently in deep thought. My words seemed to have had no effect upon him. Presently he seated himself; and, as if to avoid returning to the argument, drew a book at hazard from my shelves and began to read. He opened the volume at random, but after reading a few lines seemed struck by something that met his eyes, and in a few minutes was deeply immersed in the contents of the book. I glanced at it to see what had so awakened his interest. By a curious fatality he had chosen a book the very worst for him in his present frame of mind—Gilchrist's recently published life of William Blake, that masterly memoir of a man who was on certain points as mad as Carriston himself. I was about to remonstrate, when he laid down the volume and turned to me.

"Varley, the painter," he said, "was a firm believer in Blake's visions."

"Varley was a bigger fool than Blake," I retorted. "Fancy his sitting down and watching his clever but mad friend draw spectral heads, and believing them to be genuine portraits of dead kings whose forms condescended to appear to Blake!"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Carriston. "Will you give me some paper and chalk?" he asked. Upon being furnished with these materials, he seated himself at the table and began to draw. At least a dozen times he sketched, with his usual rapidity, some object or another, and a dozen times, after a moment's consideration, threw each sketch aside with an air of disappointment and began a fresh one. At last one of his attempts seemed to come up to his requirements. "I have it now, exactly!" he cried, with joy—even triumph—in his voice. He spent some time in putting finishing touches to the successful sketch, and then he handed me the paper.

"That is the man I saw just now with Madeline," he said. "When I find him I shall find her." He spoke with all sincerity and conviction. I looked at the paper with, I am bound to say, a great amount of curiosity.

No matter from what visionary source Carriston had drawn his inspiration, his sketch was vigorous and natural enough. I have already mentioned his wonderful power of drawing portraits from memory, so was willing to grant that he might have reproduced the outline of some face which had somewhere struck him. Yet why should it have been this one? His drawing represented the three-quarter face of a man—an ordinary man—apparently between forty and fifty years of age. It was a coarse-featured, ill-favored face, with a ragged ruff of hair round the chin. It was not the face of a gentleman, nor even the face of a gently nurtured man; and the artist, by a few cunning strokes, had made it wear a crafty and sullen look. The sketch, as I write this, lies before me, so that I am not speaking from memory.

Now, there are some portraits of which, without having seen the original, we say, "What splendid likenesses these must be." It was so with Carriston's sketch. Looking at it you felt sure it was exactly like the man whom it was intended to represent. So that, with the certain amount of art knowledge, which I am at least supposed to possess, it was hard for me, after examining the drawing and recognizing the true artist's touch in every line, to bring myself to accept the fact that it was but the outcome of a diseased imagination. As, at this very moment, I glance at that drawing, I scarcely blame myself for the question that faintly frames itself in my innermost heart. "Could it be possible—could there be in certain organizations powers not yet known—not yet properly investigated?"

My thought—supposing such a thought was ever there—was not discouraged by Carriston, who, speaking as if his faith in the bodily existence of the man whose portrait lay in my hand was unassailable, said:

"I noticed that his general appearance was that of a countryman—an English peasant; so in the country I shall find my love. Moreover, it will be easy to identify the man, as the top joint is missing from the middle finger of his right hand. As it lay on Madeline's arm I noticed that."

I argued with him no more. I felt that words would be but wasted.

XIII.

A DAY or two after I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders, and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had brought us good news.

He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us, he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue, and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated, and give us his news.

Carriston gave him a careless glance, and stood at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks, have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning.

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money."

"I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard his answer with supreme indifference.

"I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective; "that is, if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the lady's property."

Thereupon he produced, from a thick lettercase, a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.

"How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament.

"I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself."

"Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but after all it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, when a young and beautiful——"

"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale."

The man gave his interrupter a spiteful glance. "Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely, I obeyed those instructions, of course, although I knew I was on a fool's errand."

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "If you know where Miss Rowan is, say so; your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

"I don't say I know exactly where to find the lady, but I can soon know if you wish me to."

"Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my excitable friend was preparing for another outburst.

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulogne."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulogne, but after that I thought I had learned all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulogne?" I asked.

"For this reason, sir. I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone, nor did she leave London alone, nor she didn't stay at Folkestone—where I found the pin—alone, nor she didn't go to Goulogne alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

Whether the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of woman. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether wed or unwed mattered little, with another man! And yet, she was but a woman. Carriston—or Carr, as she only knew him—was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have been. Still——

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and thrown on to the floor, whilst Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick—a convenient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm whilst Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet and, after collecting his hat and his pocketbook, stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing the while such of the wales on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of anyone looking heroic after such a thrashing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hardships of Telegraph Poles.

"Yes," said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now out in Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce wtih generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces; but the sand storms are the things that create the most havoc. When the wind blows strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground in the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things are so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things. Just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and as solid as a rock."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Great Tobacco Users.

Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other civilized country.

Husband—"There's one thing I can say for myself, anyway: I have risen by my own efforts." Wife—"Never in the morning, John. I notice that it takes two alarm clocks and all the members of the household to get you up then."—Boston Courier.

POPULIST MONEY.

KANSAS STATESMEN DEVELOP A NEW CURRENCY SCHEME.

The Legislature Is Considering a New Financial Scheme Introduced by State Senator Campbell—Wants a State Currency That Would Mean Ruin.

Briefly summarized, the measure provides for the issuance of paper currency to an amount equal to 1 per cent of the assessed valuation of the state. These notes are to draw interest at the rate of 1 per cent per annum, though no date is fixed for their final redemption, nor is it stipulated that they are to be redeemed at all. They are to be divided out among the several counties in amounts proportionate to the assessed valuation of each, and are to be expended by the county commissioners in payment for work upon the roads at the rate of $1.25 per day for a man and $2 per day for a man and team. It is also provided that state, county and municipal salaries shall be paid in them, and that in no case are they to go for less than par. To give them a value they are made receivable for taxes, both state and county, and it is provided that when they shall have been sent to the state treasury in payment of such dues they shall be destroyed.

Senator Campbell says he is well aware that the federal constiution forbids the making of anything legal tender except gold or silver, and he does not declare in his measure that the state currency shall possess any such quality, but to assure its circulation at par he has inserted a clause which recites that if any man shall practice a "device" which has the effect of depreciating the currency, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined and sent to jail.

Let us imagine a case which shows the futility of such an attempt to make this money "go." It is not legal tender, for Senator Campbell has expressly so declared. The man who refused outright to take it would therefore not be guilty of any "device" to depreciate its value. The man who worked on the road and was hungry for meat would perforce be compelled to sell it for some price, and the instant he commenced to talk anything less than par he would be guilty of the crime of "device" and go hence to jail.

Against Trusts.

(Washington correspondence New York Tribune.)

The fact that large and powerful trusts, combinations, syndicates and so on, to control the output and prices of various commodities, exist and flourish in free trade England, and that like combinations exist and flourish in this country to control and regulate production and prices of various articles which are not affected by the tariff or by foreign competition, is a sufficient and conclusive answer to the charge that a protective tariff necessarily encourages and fosters such combinations," said a prominent and influential member of the house of representatives who has long been a careful and thorough student of economic subjects, in conversation with a Tribune correspondent today. "But," he added, "it is undoubtedly a fact that manufacturers in certain lines of industry who are protected to a certain extent against foreign competition by the tariff and who have entered into such combinations have taken that fact into consideration and used it as a factor in their calculations. In framing the new tariff I trust that Chairman Dingley and his colleagues in the committee on ways and means will be on the alert, and not fix a single rate of duty at a figure which will promote the designs of such a combination or discourage or prevent the freest competition among American manufacturers. We certainly do not want another 'Sugar trust' tariff, or any other tariff that will deserve to have the name of any trust applied to it."

There is pretty good reason to believe that the members of the committee on ways and means—those of the majority, at least—fully sympathize with the views above expressed, and that in framing the bill they will be guided by a determination to guard as far as possible against any provision which would give special privilege to any person or combination of persons or hinder or prevent free domestic competition.

Failures of 1896.

There were 15,088 commercial failures in the United States in 1896, with average liabilities of $14,992. This is an increase of less than 2,000 in the number of failures over 1895 and increase of less than $900 in average liabilities. The number of failures to the number of firms in business is as 12.8 to 1,000 while in 1878 it was as 15.5 to 1,000, showing a relative decrease in the number of business disasters last year as compared with 1878. And the average liability in 1878 was also larger than last year, being $22,369.

Many of the failures of 1896 come from crippling losses of previous years. Many that were able to weather the financial storms of the three previous years, could not carry themselves any longer and had to succumb. Of course there is a large element of mismanagement to account for disaster, and mismanagement was sure to show quicker in years like 1896 than in years like 1892.

The clearing away of these unsound concerns can not but be a blessing to the financial world as a whole, and the building up process which has slowly begun to exert itself, will find the very best of foundation upon which to place its feet. Surely the trying times of the past four years have burned their manifold lessons into the very hearts of the business world of the United States.

Jeff. Davis Still Their Idol.

Little Rock special: Six years ago this month the Arkansas legislature passed a bill appropriating $350 for a painting of Jefferson Davis, and instructed the sergeant-at-arms to hang it over the speaker's chair, a place formerly occupied by a portrait of George Washington. Today Jacob King, of Stone county, introduced the following resolution relative to the picture:

"Be it resolved by the house of representatives of the state of Arkansas, That Hon. Jefferson Davis' picture be removed from where it now hangs and placed to the left of the speaker's stand, where General George Washington's picture now hangs, and that General Washington's picture be placed over the speaker's stand, where Jefferson Davis' picture now hangs."

The house by an overwhelmingly majority rejected the resolution.

Mr. King says he was in the Confederate army and was with Gen. Lee at the surrender at Appomattox, and introduced the resolution at the urgent request of his constituents.

It Meant Protection.

It is simply impertinence on the part of the free traders to be blathering that the McKinley policy is to tinker the tariff, and that there was no issue before the people last summer but that of "gold." Three times in three successive years the Democratic tariff was condemned, and that tariff inflicted paralysis upon the country and was the direct cause of hard times. Now the Democrats who imposed this mischief upon the people talk about tinkering the tariff. If the congress is not balked by the silver crowd, there will be another McKinley law, named for Mr. Dingley, of Maine. That is what the whole nation knew the election of McKinley would mean—just that sort of law—one for more revenue and more protection. He said so. All his friends said so. They all were perfectly aware that a vote for McKinley was a vote for a protective tariff. There were no false pretenses—no disguises about it. There never was a more candid campaign so far as the Republicans were concerned.

It has been announced that President McKinley would wear at his inauguration a suit of American-made clothes, meaning a suit made of American wool, woven in American mills, and cut, fitted and put together by American tailors. An English paper undertakes to make fun of the idea, and has a caricature representing Mr. McKinley in a baggy, unfashionable, ill-fitting suit. This is all the funnier because the English are notorious for lack of taste in dress, and for having the worst clothes of all the great nations, so far as style and fit of garments are concerned.

ABOUT SHOPLIFTING.

In one of the big department stores of New York city the throng of eager bargain hunters is startled every now and then by the sharp ringing of a bell. Sometimes there is but one ring, again there are two, but the crowd of customers afte ra wondering pause goes on and forgets the occurrence. The ringing of the bell means that a shoplifter has been caught.

During holiday seasons or when big bargains are advertised the ringing of the bell is very frequent. One ring summons only the house detective, who knows that a new offender is suspected and must be taken to the offices and searched. Two rings summon the whole corps of house detectives, who are called to take a look at some old offender caught red handed with the goods before the patrol wagon comes to carry him or her away.

Similar scenes as these are enacted every day at the big stores in all large cities, while the tempting shops of the jewelers and silversmiths are especially haunted by light fingered customers. It is curious, but sedate and quiet Philadelphia is notorious for the number of shoplifters caught there. Philadelphians claim, however, that this is not because there are more thieves in Philadelphia, but because their watchmen and detectives have superior vigilance. It is said John Wanamaker employs more detectives to guard his wares than any other storekeeper in America, and whenever he sets up new stores he follows the same rule of employing a large force of detectives. Shoplifting and catching the shoplifters has developed of late years surprisingly and is due to the growth of the department stores.

Shoplifters mostly steal trifles, things they have no use for, but which they take simply because they are handy, nobody is looking, and they cannot resist the temptation. A young woman was caught one day who wore a stout rubber band for a dress belt, with pockets hanging to the belt, and in them were no less than thirty stolen articles from the store in which she was caught and twelve from other stores. Some of these things were the merest trash—children's toys, spools of thread and bits of ribbon. The theft of a ten-cent thimble was detected and landed her in prison. Many of the things stolen would never be missed by the store if they were not returned by the detectives. A large department store has estimated that $6,000 or $7,000 worth of its goods go to thieves every year.

He who loses hope, may then part with anything—Congreve.

Foul Brood.

Probably there is no one thing in beekeeping that has had more care and study given it by apiarists than foul brood, and probably no study which has given as little satisfaction, for we are but little nearer a solution of the true cause of the disease than we were when Quinby wrote about it in the early sixties, says Gleanings. When a colony has this disease a few of the larvae die soon after the bees seal them over. The capping to the cell soon has a sunken appearance, quite often with a pin hole in the center, though not always so, as some claim. Upon opening the cell the larva is found stretched at full length in the cell, having a brown appearance, while all healthy larvae or pupas are white. If touched, this dead brood is of a salvy, soapy nature, and gives off an offensive smell. From the first few cells the disease spreads rapidly till the combs become a putrefying mass, generally during the first season, and nearly always during the second, the stench at this stage often being smelled a rod or two from the hive. A few of the larvae mature into bees and the population of the hive decreases till they become a prey to robbers, when the honey is taken off by these robbers only to carry the seeds of the malady to the robbers' hive, for the disease is spread through the honey as well as from anything coming in contact with it. The cure is to drive out all the bees from the affected hive and keep them shut up in an empty box until they are nearly starved, so that they shall have digested all of the diseased honey. They can now be hived in a new hive containing comb or comb foundation without carrying the disease with them. If they are to be hived in an empty hive this starvation process has been proved unnecessary, as the diseased honey is all used up in comb building before any larvae are hatched to which it can be fed. Great care should be taken that no bees get all the contents of the old hive before the combs are rendered into wax and the honey and hive scalded. Other cures have been recommended, but most of them are ineffectual, except in the hands of an expert.

Followed Diversified Farming.

A successful Ohio farmer writes the Practical Farmer as follows: "We own a farm of seventy acres. About ten years ago we decided to make a specialty of swine growing. We invested in thoroughbred stock and built up a good-sized herd. Having everything in first-class condition as regards cleanliness, shelter, etc., we hoped to be exempt from cholera. But when the time came for us to realize upon our investment, the cholera swooped down upon us and knocked herd and calculations clear out. We have since followed diversified farming with good success, until this year, when our wheat proved a failure. We raise corn, wheat and clover in regular rotation; keep hogs, sheep and cattle. Two years ago we set out a patch of strawberries and raspberries, from which we sold this season $95 worth, which helped to fill up the hole left vacant by the wheat failure; besides consuming and canning twenty bushels of large, luscious fruit, such as friend Terry talks about. It must be a tough season if we have nothing to sell at a good price. How many farmers depend on one or two crops as a source of income and deny themselves the many luxuries that the farm will produce, if only an effort is made in that direction. In addition to having berries for eight or ten weeks in succession a good patch of melons should be grown by every farmer who enjoys a good thing."

Avoid Too Much Grain Raising.—During the past few dry seasons the farmers have plowed up the low pasture land and there are many 160-acre farms in this section that do not have more pasture than will suffice for two or three cows and the calves are sent to the butcher's block as early as possible, as there is no room to keep them during the summer months. This move has been detrimental in many ways. First, it has caused a large increase in the surplus grain used, it has cut down the home consumption of grain, still further glutting the markets, and it has put many farms in bad shape for a wet season, when much of this ground will not grow even grass. To use a homely expression, "It is best not to carry all your eggs in one basket." The time has gone by when grain raising will, one year with another, prove successful; just as old-fashioned business methods have given way to newer and more modern means, so must the farmer watch for and guard against waste and unprofitable crops. There is no royal road to riches, but care and judgment will help to keep the wolf from the door and lay by a nest egg for old age and misfortune.—Manson Journal (Ia.)

Canned Beef.—Germany has prohibited American canned meats, and American packers are as mad as wet hens about it. Perhaps the German inspectors have learned to discriminate between canned beef and canned horse. We are of the opinion that nothing would do as much to extend out foreign trade in food products as honest goods. Our own people—at least all of them who are up to that sort of stuff—have long ago prohibited American canned meats from their tables. The last can of "beef tongue" opened by this writer contained, besides the tongue, a wad of hog hair as large as a small apple.—Ex.

French Excluding American Pork.—At a mass meeting held at Lyons, France, of the organized Farmers' Unions, the dealers in salt meats adopted a resolution in favor of the exclusion of American pork products, in view of the fall in the price of swine. We wonder what excuse the French "dealer" will advance when the price of hogs gces up?