

# THE EYE OF THE MIND.

BY HUGH CONWAY.  
INTERNATIONAL PESS ASSOCIATION.

## PART I.

I WISH I had the courage to begin this tale by turning to my professional visiting books and, taking at random any month out of the last twenty years, give its record as a fair sample of my ordinary work. The dismal

extract would tell you what a doctor's—I suppose I may say a successful doctor's—lot is, when his practice lies in a poor and densely populated district of London. Dreary as such a beginning might be, it would perhaps allay some of the incredulity which this tale may probably provoke, as it would plainly show how little room there is for things imaginative or romantic in work so hard as mine, or among such grim realities of poverty, pain, and grief, as those by which I have been surrounded. It would certainly make it appear extremely unlikely that I should have found time to imagine, much less to write, a romance or melodrama.

The truth is, that when a man has toiled from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, such leisure as he can enjoy is precious to him, especially when even that short respite is liable to be broken in upon at any moment.

Still, in spite of the doleful picture I have drawn of what may be called "the daily grind," I begin this tale with the account of a holiday.

In the autumn of 1864 I turned my back with light good-will upon London streets, hospitals and patients, and took my seat in the North Express. The first revolution of the wheels sent a thrill of delight through my jaded frame. A joyful sensation of freedom came over me. I had really got away at last! Moreover, I had left no address behind me, so for three blessed weeks might roam an undisputed lord of myself. Three weeks were not very many to take out of the fifty-two, but they were all I could venture to give myself; for even at that time my practice, if not so lucrative as I could wish, was a large and increasing one. Having done a twelvemonth's hard work, I felt no one in the kingdom could take his holiday with a conscience clearer than mine, so I lay back in a peculiarly contented frame of mind, and discounted the coming pleasure of my brief respite from labor.

There are many ways of passing a holiday—many places at which it may be spent; but, after all, if you wish to enjoy it thoroughly, there is but one royal rule to be followed. That is, simply to please yourself—go where you like, and mount the innocent holiday hobby which is dearest to your heart, let its name be botany, geology, etymology, conchology, venery, piscation, or what not. Then you will be happy, and return well braced up for the battle of life. I knew a city clerk with literary tastes, who invariably spent his annual fortnight among the mustiest tomes of the British Museum, and averred that his health was more benefited by so doing than if he had passed the time inhaling the freshest sea-breezes. I dare say he was right in his assertion.

Sketching has always been my favorite holiday pursuit. Poor as my drawings may be, nevertheless as I turn them over in my portfolio, they bring to me at least, vivid remembrances of many sweet and picturesque spots, happy days, and congenial companions. It is not for me to say anything of their actual merits, but anything is dear to me for their associations.

This particular year I went to North Wales, and made Bettws-y-Coed my headquarters. I stayed at the Royal Oak, that well-known little inn dear to many an artist's heart, and teeming with reminiscences of famous men who have sojourned there times without number. It was here I made the acquaintance of the man with whose life the curious events here told are connected.

On the first day after my arrival at Bettws my appreciation of my liberty was so thorough, my appetite for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature so keen and insatiable, that I went so far and saw so much, that when I returned to the Royal Oak night had fallen and the hour of dinner had long passed by. I was, when my own meal was placed on the table, the only occupant of the coffee-room. Just then a young man entered, and ordered something to eat. The waiter knowing, no doubt, something of the frank camaraderie which exists, or should exist, between the followers of the painter's craft, laid his cover at my table. The newcomer seated himself, gave me a pleasant smile and a nod, and in five minutes we were in full swing of conversation.

The moment my eyes fell upon the young man I had noticed how singularly handsome he was. Charles Carriston—for this I found afterward to be his name—was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall, but slightly built; his whole bearing and figure being remarkably elegant and graceful. He looked even more than gentlemanly—he looked distinguished. His face was pale, his features well cut, straight and regular. His forehead spoke of high intellectual qualities, and there was something of that development over the eyebrows which physiologists, I believe, consider as evidence of the possession

of the original of each comes at once before my eyes.

From the very first I had been much interested in the young man, and as day by day went by, and the peculiarities of his character were revealed to me, my interest grew deeper and deeper. I flatter myself that I am a keen observer and skillful analyst of personal character, and until now fancied that to write a description of its component parts was an easy matter. Yet when I am put to the proof I find it no simple task to convey in words a proper idea of Charles Carriston's mental organization.

I soon discovered that he was, I may say, afflicted by a peculiarly sensitive nature. Although strong, and apparently in good health, the very changes of the weather seemed to affect him almost to the same extent as they affect a flower. Sweet as his disposition always was, the tone of his mind, his spirits, his conversation, varied, as it were, with the atmosphere. He was full of imagination, and that imagination, always rich, was at times weird, even grotesquely weird. Not for one moment did he seem to doubt the stability of the wild theories he started, or the possibility of the poetical dreams he dreamed being realized. He had his faults of course; he was hasty and impulsive; indeed to me one of the greatest charms about the boy was that, right or wrong, each word he spoke came straight from his heart.

So far as I could judge, the whole organization of his mind was too highly strung, too finely wrought for everyday use. A note of joy, of sorrow, even of pity, vibrated through it too strongly for his comfort or well-being. As yet it had not been called upon to bear the test of love, and fortunately—I use the word advisedly—fortunately he was not, according to the usual significance of the word, a religious man, or I should have thought it not unlikely that some day he would fall a victim to that religious mania so well known to my professional brethren, and have developed hysteria or melancholia. He might even have fancied himself a messenger sent from heaven for the regeneration of mankind. From natures like Carriston's are prophets made.

In short, I may say that my exhaustive study of my new friend's character resulted in a certain amount of uneasiness as to his future—an uneasiness not entirely free from professional curiosity.

Although the smile came readily and frequently to his lips, the general bent of his disposition was sad, even despondent and morbid. And yet few young men's lives promised to be so pleasant as Charles Carriston's.

I was rallying him one day on his future rank and his responsibilities.

"You will, of course, be disgustingly rich," I said.

Carriston sighed. "Yes, if I live long enough; but I don't suppose I shall."

"Why in the world shouldn't you? You look pale and thin, but are in capital health. Twelve long miles we have walked to-day—you never turned a hair."

Carriston made no reply. He seemed in deep thought.

"Your friends ought to look after you and get you a wife," I said.

"I have no friends," he said, sadly.

"No nearer relation than a cousin a good deal older than I am, who looks upon me as one who was born to rob him of what should be his."

"But by the law of primogeniture, so sacred to the upper ten thousand, he must know you are entitled to it."

"Yes; but for years and years I was always going to die. My life was not thought worth six months' purchase. All of a sudden I got well. Ever since then I have seemed, even to myself, a kind of interloper."

"It must be unpleasant to have a man longing for one's death. All the more reason you should marry, and put other lives between him and the title."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**A Novel Plan of Building.**

A German inventor has built a house of hollow tubes, whose advantages are, he says, a constant temperature, and incidentally strength, comfort and beauty. He first put up a frame of water tubing, allowing continuous circulation to a stream of water. Around this frame he put his house in the ordinary way. The peculiarity is that all floors and ceilings are crossed and recrossed by the water pipes. The water, having passed through horizontal tubes under the floors and ceilings, passes through the vertical tubes until all have been gone through. In the summer fresh, cool water circulates under pressure through the net work of tubes, cools off the walls, and after having run its course, flows considerably warmer than when it entered. In its course it has absorbed much heat, which it carries away. During the long and severe winter the water entering through the basement is first heated to nearly 100 degrees and then forced through the ceiling. Of course much of the heat is left all over the house, and at the outlet the temperature of the water is about 40 degrees. The speed of the circulation of water can be regulated, so as to allow fixing a certain temperature, equal throughout the building.

**Dumb Once Every Four Years.**

While talking to some friends at Whiteharve, Pa., Patrick Healey was stricken deaf and dumb. He wrote on a piece of paper: "Do not be alarmed. This will pass off in three days, I know what it is. I have had it before. It seems that Healey, when in Ireland ten years ago, was thrown from a horse. As a result of injuries received, he was deaf and dumb for three days. Every four years since he has had a similar attack, lasting in each instance three days.—New York Press.

## PLANETARY SIGNS.

GOOD AND EVIL PERIODS IN HUMAN LIFE.

Readings by Mail Becoming a Popular Feature of This Department—Further Instructions to Applicants—Free Readings.

HE astrologer again calls the attention of applicants for free readings in this column to the fact that full name and address plainly written must accompany every request. Only the initials will be published when the

readings appear. In case that the applicant does not wish us to use initials, some other means of identification can be given. Such as "Lorene" Topeka, or any other name the applicant may choose. Those who have neglected to send in full name and address with their applications should do so as soon as possible. It is often necessary to send special instructions. Those who do not know the hour or date of birth should send TWO 2 cent stamps for particulars. Their horoscopes can be made by the astrologer's system of calculation.

Our private readings by mail are becoming very popular. Applicants for private readings must enclose 25 cents in stamps. The horoscope will be read at once and forwarded to the applicant's address. Persons who do not wish to wait for newspaper reading can avail themselves of this means of getting a quick reading. Address Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

The following are the readings for this week:

**Inez M.: Avoca, Iowa.**  
According to the data the sign Libra, which Venus rules, was rising at your birth, therefore Venus is your ruling planet or significator. You are medium height or above; graceful figure; medium to dark complexion; blue eyes; chestnut hair; rather a youthful appearance in general. Your are usually cheerful, jovial, youthful and happy; fond of the fine arts, as music, painting, drawing, sketching, etc.; you take delight in going to theaters, parties, dances, and any place where a good jolly time will be had. You are quite yielding in your nature and very much dislike to see bloodshed. You love to see justice rendered to all and would make a good teacher or judge. You will have a very eventful life and be a great traveler. You are not promised an early marriage but your husband will be far more than average fortunate for you. Space is too limited for me to give you his description here.

**S. A. C.: Clarksville, Iowa.**  
According to data you are a mixture of the signs Scorpio which Mars rules and Sagittarius which Jupiter rules, therefore Mars and Jupiter are your ruling planets or significators. Saturn is co-significator because on the ascendant. You are medium height or above; medium to dark complexion, hair and eyes; full face; the hair grows very luxuriant. You are very energetic and ambitious; you naturally take the lead in anything you become interested in. You dislike a subordinate position of any kind and should always be at the head of your department. You will be subject to chronic headaches in the early part of life. You have a fine intellect and can readily learn almost anything. You also have very good command of language. You are quite secretive in your nature and do not tell everything you know. You should secure a finished education and make a salaried position your main object by which to secure your money. You will not be very fortunate in anything connected with love and marriage.

**"Lorene": Topeka Kansas.**  
You have a refined, sensitive and confiding nature and anything rough or boisterous jars on your nervous system and has a tendency to reduce your vital force. You will manifest considerable enthusiasm with very little encouragement and will appreciate and treasure up a kind word to the same extent that you will remember an injury if anyone abuses you. You will forgive but cannot forget them. Your talent runs in the direction of some of the fine arts but whenever you have made any attempts to study anything you have found it necessary to overcome obstacles in your path. You are a firm friend on every occasion. Your love affairs do not run smooth long at a time and if married, your husband has a spirited temper and will not permit anyone to interfere with his business no matter if he is right or wrong and as a rule he is not able to successfully execute what he plans.

**Nice, Pleasant Practice.**  
Policeman went to the morgue in New York the other day and fired many bullets into corpses there for the purpose of learning if powder burned the skin at a distance of three feet.—Exchange.

**STATISTICS.**

The largest state of Mexico is Chihuahua, with an area of nearly 90,000 square miles.

The Vermont Legislature has adopted a law requiring heavy wagons to have wide tires.

Bowling, billiards and card playing are unlawful in Michigan, according to some dead-letter statutes.

Joe Jefferson's son possesses an album of thumb prints, some of which belong to very famous people.

## THE GLASS SUBSTITUTE.

Tectorium, a Translucent, Infrangible Material for Window-Lighting.

The new invention, tectorium, is a translucent, infrangible substitute for window glass and such as is used for skylights, conservatories, verandas, storm windows, transparencies of various kinds and in street windows where it is desirable to admit the light while excluding observation from without. says the Philadelphia Times. It was invented twenty or twenty-five years ago, received medals at the Antwerp exposition of 1885 and other international exhibitions; and was the material adopted for the roof windows of the London aquarium, which have an area of 97,500 square feet. Tectorium is a sheet of tough, insoluble gum—said to be bichromated gelatin—about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, overlying on both sides a web or network of galvanized iron or steel wire, the meshes of which are one-eighth of an inch. Both surfaces of the tectorium in ordinary use are apparently covered with a varnish of boiled linseed oil and it feels and smells similar to the oiled silk that is used in surgery and for sweatbands in summer hats. It is lighter than glass of equal thickness, is tough, pliant and practically indestructible by exposure to rain, wind, hail or any shock or blow which does not pierce or break the wire web by a violent thrust. It may be bent in any desired form and fastened in position by crimping, nailing or with putty, like ordinary glass and when punctured may be repaired. Its transmittance is about the same as that of opal glass; its color, a greenish amber yellow, which fades gradually to white from exposure to the sun, so that while arresting the direct rays of sunshine it transmits a soft, modulated light which is said to be well adapted to hothouses and conservatories. It is a poor conductor of heat and cold and thus preserves a more equitable temperature than glass in rooms containing growing plants. Its surface is well adapted for painting in oil colors and is used for illuminated windows, signs and transparencies in which strength, lightness and immunity from breakage are essential, especially in arched, curved or irregular surfaces. The only objections which are urged against tectorium are that it is more or less inflammable and that in very warm weather the outside surface is somewhat softened until dust will adhere to it, but this may be removed by wiping or washing, a service that is usually performed by the rain in exposed situations.

**POLICEMAN SAVES A BOY.**

The Lad Was About to Be Crushed by a Car.

Ten thousand people cross Broadway at Fulton street six days a week, and many have narrow escapes from being run down by cable cars and trucks that jam the thoroughfare at that point, says the New York World. One of them yesterday was 10-year-old Harry Fox of 100 Washington street, who tried to cross the street with his arms full of newspapers. At the same moment cable car No. 8 came bowling along uptown. "Look out!" yelled half a dozen men in the same breath. The boy jumped just as the car bound the other way bore down on him. A cry of horror went up from the eyewitnesses. They expected to see the boy lying mangled on the track when the two cars rolled by. Instead there lay Policeman William Schreiber of the Old Slip station, at full length between the tracks, unconscious. Clashed tightly to his breast was the boy, frightened half to death, but not a hair of his head hurt. The policeman was carried into a store on the corner, where he soon revived.

"Where is the boy?" were his first words. They told him he was unhurt and full of gratitude for the policeman's brave act. Schreiber explained that just as he clasped the boy in his arms to lift him out of harm's way the handle-bar of car No. 8 hit him on the shoulder and threw him violently to the ground. Before consciousness left him, Schreiber said, he made a strenuous effort to fall so that he might lie between the tracks. His head was badly bruised and his shoulder sprained, but beyond that he declared that his injuries were too trifling to report himself ill, so he went back to duty. The crowd cheered the plucky blue-coat again and again, and many passers-by stopped long enough to shake his hand. Schreiber has been on the force fifteen years, and has an excellent record.

**A Story of Sir E. W. Richardson.**

One of the best known stories in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance tells how he had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public house. Although there were 4,000 people there the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin for advice as to taking the practice and Sir Benjamin, placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: "Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched temptations not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing."—Westminster Gazette.

Where the Money Went.

The vicar of a rural parish who had waxed eloquent on the subject of foreign missions one Sunday, was surprised on entering the village shop during the week to be greeted with marked coolness by the worthy dame who kept it. On seeking to know the cause the good woman produced a coin from a drawer, and throwing it down before the vicar, exclaimed: "I marked that holy crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers never got the money."

## THE LIVERY OF BILIOUSNESS.

Is a pronounced yellow. It is visible in the countenance and eyeballs. It is accompanied with uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, sick headache, nausea and irregularity of the bowels. The removal of each and all of these discomforts as well as their cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are admirably adapted. This pre-eminent family medicine also remedies malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, nervousness and debility. It promotes appetite and sleep.

**A Lucky Diagnosis.**

The patient's symptoms indicated cardiac troubles, and the doctor got out his stethoscope and applied it to his chest to test the action of the heart.

The patient flushed angrily, unbuttoned his vest, and took from his side pocket a \$5 bill wrapped in an old paper, then said:

"I think its carrying it a little too far when you doctors go looking through a man with an X ray to see how much money he has."

**A NOBLE WORK.**

(From Omaha Christian Advocate.)

There is no one in Omaha or vicinity who has not heard of Mr. N. J. Smith, founder of Rescue Home. He has for a number of years devoted a large share of his time to the work of relieving the suffering and aid to those in distress and helping in every way possible those in trouble. He has been in poor health for several years, but will be pleased to learn that his health is now much better and he is able to take active charge of the mission work, to which he now devotes his entire time.

On January 1st, 1897, he writes as follows: "I have been troubled for several years with a bad cough. I had lung chills and slight hemorrhage from the lungs and was threatened with consumption. My mother and two sisters having died with consumption, I expected the same fate; but I tried Dr. Kay's Lung Balm, prepared by Dr. E. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., and two weeks have entirely cured me of my cough and soreness of my lungs. That tired, sleepy and drowsy feeling is all gone and my appetite is now good. I feel well and full of life. I can work night and day and do not feel tired. Praise the Lord for the help it has given me. I write this hoping if any read it who are similarly afflicted and have been unable to get help from any other source, that they will try this excellent remedy, which I believe to be the best cough medicine of which I have any knowledge."

N. J. SMITH,  
2530 S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

**The Real Name.**

"That's a nice looking dog," remarked the kindly old gentleman, who takes an interest in everything.

"Yes, sir. He looks all right," replied the colored man who was leading him with a piece of rope.

"He looks like a pointer."

"Yes, sir. Da's what he looks like. But dat ain' what he is. He's a disappointment."—Washington Star.

**A Very Popular Calendar.**

Few people in these busy days are willing to live without a calendar to mark the passing of time. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the calendars of all kinds, colors, shapes and sizes, which flood the mails at this season. Among them all the one that best suits us is the one issued by N. W. AYER & SON, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia.

We have just received our new copy and are glad to see it. It is not difficult to see why this calendar is so great a favorite. The figures on it are large enough to be read across a room; its handsome appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best furnished office or library; while it is business-like all the way through. The publishers state that the demand for this calendar has always exceeded the supply. This led them years ago to place upon it a nominal price—25 cents, on receipt of which it is sent, post-paid and securely packed, to any address.

**NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.**

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes men and menhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

Jealousy has a thousand eyes and knows no reason.

CASSELL'S STIMULANT. Liver, Kidneys and Lungs. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c. The forte on the Neuse river, estimated at \$4,500,000, cost \$10,000,000.

Colored physicians of South Carolina have formed a state organization.

**Exper-**

iments are expensive. It is no experiment to take the medicine which thousands endorse as the best—which cures when others fail, namely

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, 25 cents.

**Comfort to California.**

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves from Omaha, via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rubber, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed urban porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as extensively furnished nor as fast as look at the rates. It is just as good as the first-class train and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For a folder giving full particulars write to J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Omaha, Neb.

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