

THE EYE OF THE MIND

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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."

X.
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 my eyes are fixed on some object, sentry 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 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 reflection 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 concession, 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.

XI.
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 ec-

centric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but recoiled, 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.
"Sadie 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.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A SHATTERED FAITH LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Some Are Broken Pieces from the Ship"—Acts, Chapter XLVII, Verse 44—Saving the Wrecked on Life's Tempestuous Sea.



EVER off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which two hundred and seventy-six passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the desired port, they make the sea on the fourteen night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddles they had on those old boats, and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a mast, he cries: "All is well, God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow, with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships, and into a thousand fragments the vessel goes, and into the waves two hundred and seventy-six immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet, they put out for the beach, and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea-sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux." "Take that plank from the lifeboat." "Take anything, and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

I believe in both the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are today kept out of the kingdom of God because they cannot believe anything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul; who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may be invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than

run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say: "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great sieges of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house-owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred; I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfrage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Savior of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor-timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out he was living at Capra, a very rough and uncultivated island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave nine million people free government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Capra, returned, and when he approached it, he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rock-

ery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles, and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny scepticisms into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamt of. From a tangled Capra of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, I cannot see, but I try to see your other eye, the eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and he is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cramer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a life-boat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steamship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can we not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of his tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue!

You admit you are all broken up, one decade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half-century, perhaps three-quarters of a century gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be twelve and your day ended. Clear discouraged are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil, and then at last make God a present of a first-rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover. Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can somewhat atone for your lack of service in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deprecation something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opportunity, but through worldliness and neglect all has gone to waste save these few remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaven through his mercy; but alas, alas! that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the waving hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a blessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pieces of the ship."

The Porcupine's Quills.
The current opinion that a porcupine throws its quills at an enemy is not supported by facts, says the Portland Oregonian: The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and are very sharp—as sharp as a needle. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull being required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the quills had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working farther in with every movement of the muscles.

Theory About Quinine.
It is claimed that the tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained furnishes no quinine except in malarial regions. If the tree is planted in a malarial district it will produce quinine; if it is planted in a non-malarial district it will not produce quinine. It is, therefore, inferred that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil and stored up in the bark of this tree.