

THE EYE OF THE MIND  
BY HUGH CONWAY  
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VI. WHEN I asked Dick Fenton to relate his experiences, I did not mean him to do so at such length. But there, as he has written it, and as writing is not a labor of love with him, let it go.



When Madeline Rowan found the bed, by the side of which she had thrown herself in an ecstasy of grief, unattended, she knew in a moment that she was the victim of a deep laid plot. Being ignorant of Carriston's true position in the world, she could conceive no reason for the elaborate scheme which had been devised to lure her so many miles from her home and make a prisoner of her.

A prisoner she was. Not only was the door locked upon her, but a slip of paper lay on the bed. It bore these words: "No harm is meant you, and in due time you will be released. Ask no questions, make no foolish attempts at escape, and you will be well treated."

Upon reading this the girl's first thought was one of thankfulness. She saw at once that the reported accident to her lover was but an invention. The probabilities were that Carriston was alive, and in his usual health. Now that she felt certain of this, she could bear anything.

From the day on which she entered that room, to that on which she rescued her, Madeline was to all intents and purposes as close a prisoner in that lonely house on the hillside as she might have been in the deepest dungeon in the world. Threats, entreaties, promises of bribes availed nothing. She was not unkindly treated—that is, suffered no absolute ill-usage. Books, materials for needle work, and other little aids to while away time were supplied. But the only living creatures she saw were the woman of the house who attended to her wants, and, on one or two occasions, the man whom Carriston asserted he had seen in his trance. She had suffered from the close confinement, but had always felt certain that sooner or later her lover would find her and effect her deliverance. Now that she knew he was alive she could not be unhappy.

I did not choose to ask her why she had felt so certain on the above points. I wish to add no more puzzles to the one which, to tell the truth, exercised, even annoyed me, more than I care to say. But I did ask her if, during her incarceration, her jailer had ever laid his hand upon her.

She told me that some short time after her arrival a stranger had gained admittance to the house. While he was there the man had entered her room, held her arm, and threatened her with violence if she made an outcry. After hearing this, I did not pursue the subject.

Carriston and Madeline were married at the earliest possible moment, and left England immediately after the ceremony. A week after their departure, by Carriston's request, I forwarded the envelope found upon our prisoner to Mr. Ralph Carriston. With it I sent a few lines stating where and under what peculiar circumstances we had become possessed of it. I never received any reply to my communication, so wild and improbable as it seems. I am bound to believe that Charles Carriston's surmise was right—that Madeline was decoyed away and concealed, not from any ill-will toward herself, but with a view to the possible baneful effect which her mysterious disappearance might work upon her lover's strange and excitable organization; and I firmly believe that, had he not in some inexplicable way been firmly convinced that she was alive and faithful to him, the plot would have been a thorough success, and Charles Carriston would have spent the rest of his days in an asylum.

Both Sir Charles—he succeeded to his title shortly after his marriage—and Lady Carriston are now dead, or I should not have ventured to relate these things concerning them. They had twelve years of happiness. If measured by time the period was but a short one, but I feel sure that in it they enjoyed more true happiness than many others find in the course of a protracted life. In word, thought and deed they were as one. She died in Rome, of fever, and her husband, without so far as I know, any particular complaint, simply followed her.

I was always honored with their sincerest friendship, and Sir Charles left me sole trustee and guardian of his three sons, so there are plenty of lives between Ralph Carriston and his desire. I am pleased to say that the boys, who are as dear to me as my own children, as yet show no evidence of possessing any gifts beyond nature.

I know that my having made this story public will cause two sets of objections to fall equally foul of me—the matter-of-fact prosaic man who will say that the abduction and subsequent imprisonment of Madeline was an absurd impossibility, and the scientific man, like myself, who cannot, dare not believe that Charles Carriston, from neither memory nor imagination, could draw a face, and describe peculiarities, by which a certain man could be identified. I am far from saying there may not be a simple natural explanation of the puzzle, but I, for one,

have failed to find it, so close this tale as I began it, by saying I am a narrator, and nothing more.

(THE END.)

A Tale of Three Lions  
BY H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER I.

Most of you boys will have heard of Allan Quatermain, who was one of the party who discovered King Solomon's mines some little time ago, and afterward came to live in England near his friend Sir Henry Curtis. He had gone back to the wilderness now, as these hunters almost invariably do, on one pretext or another. They cannot endure civilization for very long, its noise and racket and the omnipresence of broadclothed humanity proving more trying to their nerves than the dangers of the desert. I think that they feel lonely here, for it is a fact that is too little understood, though it has often been stated, that there is no loneliness like the loneliness of crowds, especially to those who are unaccustomed to them. "What is there in the world," old Quatermain would say, "so desolate as to stand in the streets of a great city and listen to the footsteps falling, falling multitudinous as the rain, and watch the white line of faces as they hurry past, you know not whence, you know not whither. They come and go, their eyes meet yours with a cold stare, for a moment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone forever. You will never see them again, they will never see you again; they come up out of the blackness, and presently they once more vanish into the blackness, taking their secrets with them. Yes, that is loneliness pure and undefiled; but to one who knows and loves it, the wilderness is not lonely, because the spirit of nature is ever there to keep the wanderer company. He finds companionship in the rushing winds—the sunny streams babble like Nature's children at his feet high above him, in the purple sunset, are domes and minarets and palaces, such as no mortal man hath built, in and out of whose flaming doors the glorious angels of the sun do move continually. And then there is the wild game, following its feeding grounds in great armies, with the spring-buck thrown out before them for skirmishes; then rank upon rank of long-faced blenbuck, marching and wheeling like infantry; and last the shining troops of quagga and the fierce-eyed shaggy vilderbeeste to take the place of the great cockack host that hangs upon an army's flank.

"Oh, no," he would say, "the wilderness is not lonely, for, my boy, remember that the farther you get from man, the nearer you grow to God," and though this is a saying that might well be disputed, it is one I am sure that anybody who has watched the sun rise and set on the limitless deserted plains, and seen the thunder chariots roll in majesty across the depths of unfathomable sky, will easily understand.

Well, at any rate he went back again, and now for many months I have heard nothing of him, and to be frank, I greatly doubt if anybody will ever hear of him again. I fear that the wilderness, that has for so many years been a mother to him, will now also prove his monument and the monument of those who accompanied him, for the quest upon which he and they have started is a wild one indeed.

But while he was in England for those three years or so between his return from the successful discovery of the wise king's buried treasures, and the death of his only son, I saw a great deal of old Allan Quatermain. I had known him years before in Africa, and after he came home, whenever I had nothing better to do, I used to run up to Yorkshire and stay with him, and in this way I at one time and another heard many of the incidents of his past life, and most curious some of them were. No man can pass all those years following the rough existence of an elephant hunter without meeting with many strange adventures, and one way and another old Quatermain has certainly seen his share. Well, the story that I am going to tell you in the following short pages is one of the later of these adventures; indeed, if I remember right, it happened in the year 1875. At any rate I know that it was the only one of his trips upon which he took his son Harry (who is since dead) with him, and that Harry was then fourteen. And now for the story, which I will repeat, as nearly as I can in the words in which hunter Quatermain told it to me one night in the oak-paneled vestibule of his house in Yorkshire. We were talking about gold-mining.

"Gold-mining," he broke in; "ah, yes. I once went gold-mining at Pilgrims Rest in the Transvaal, and it was after that that we had the turn up about Jim-Jim and the lions. Do you know it? Well, it is, or was, one of the queerest little places you ever saw. The town itself was pitched in a sort of stony valley, with mountains all about it, and in the middle of such scenery as one does not often get the chance of seeing.

"Well, for some months I dug away gayly at my claim, but at length the very sight of a pick or of a washing-

trough became hateful to me. A hundred times a day I cursed my own folly for having invested eight hundred pounds, which was about all that I was worth at the time, in this gold-mining. But like other better people before me, I had been bitten by the gold bug, and now had to take the consequences. I had bought a claim out of which a man had made a fortune—five or six thousand pounds at least—as I thought, very cheap; that is, I had given him five hundred pounds for it. It was all that I had made by a very rough year's elephant hunting beyond the Zambesi. I sighed deeply and prophetically when I saw my successful friend, who was a Yankee, sweep up the roll of the Standard Bank notes with the lordly air of the man who has made his fortune, and cram them into his breeches pockets. "Well," I said to him—the unhappy vender—"it is a magnificent property, and I only hope that my luck will be as good as yours has been."

He smiled; to my excited nerves it seemed that he smiled ominously, as he answered me in a peculiar Yankee drawl: "I guess, stranger, as I ain't the man to want to turn a dog's stomach against his dinner, more especial when there ain't no more going of the rounds; as far as that there claim, well, she's been a good nigger to me; but between you and me, stranger, speaking man to man now that there ain't any filthy lucre between us to obfuscate the features of the truth, I guess she's about worked out."

"I gasped; the fellow's effrontery took the breath out of me. Only five months before he had been swearing by all his gods, and they appeared to be numerous and mixed, that there were half a dozen fortunes left in the claim and that he was only giving it up because he was down-right weary of shoveling the gold out.

"Don't look so vexed, stranger," went on the tormentor, "perhaps there is some shine in the old girl yet; anyway, you are a downright good fellow, you are, therefore you will, I guess, have a real A1, plate-glass opportunity of working on the feelings of Dame Fortune. Anyway, it will bring the muscle up upon your arm if the stuff is uncommon still, and what is more, you will in the course of a year earn a sight more than two thousand dollars in value of experience."

"And he went, just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"Well, I set to work on the old claim with my boy Harry and a half a dozen Kafirs to help me, which, seeing that I had put nearly all my worldly wealth into it, was the least I could do. And we worked, my word, we did work—early and late we went at it—but never a bit of gold did we see; no, not even a nugget large enough to make a scarf pin out of. The American gentleman had mopped up the whole lot and left us the sweepings.

"For three months this game went on till at last I had paid away all or very near all that was left of our little capital in wages and food for the Kafirs and ourselves. When I tell you that Boer meal was sometimes as high as four pounds a bag, you will understand that it did not take long to run through our banking account."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT OUR FAIR DID.

Taught the People the Lesson of Enthusiasm and Appreciation.

It is a but a couple of years since the vision of the White City of Chicago ended in flame and smoke or vanished before the rains of winter, and yet already the dream is materializing, the phoenix has risen from the ashes by Lake Michigan to fly from city to city, wherein the plaster and stucco of the Columbian palaces are becoming enduring stone, says Scribner's. The great educational institutions have opened the way, not only with plan, but also with realization, with colleges in New York, and the beautiful library of Boston, and with the huge and magnificent pile which has arisen beside the national capitol. But although some of these buildings were projected and designed before the World's Fair grew into being, the latter has taught to the people that shall visit them the lesson of enthusiasm and appreciation; above all, of that enthusiasm which results in a common direction, of that interappreciation which results in harmony. Harmony was the great lesson of the Columbian city; the architects joined hands, and in the court of honor each of the great buildings assumed greater beauty and significance from the fellowship of the charming palaces that surrounded it.

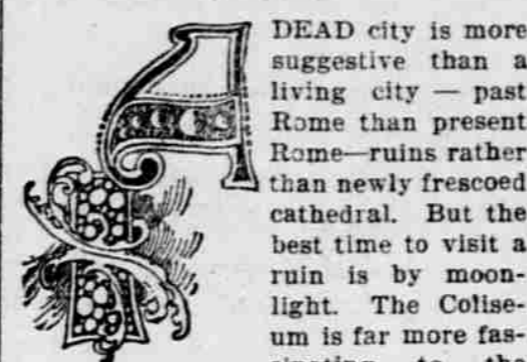
Trains Without Rails.

Experiments which are described as satisfactory have recently been made in the suburbs of Paris with a train, drawn by a steam locomotive, running not on rails but on an ordinary road. The train used at present consists of only two cars, one of which contains the locomotive machinery, together with seats for fourteen passengers, while the other has twenty-four seats. The engine is of sixteen horsepower, and the average speed is about seven miles an hour. The train is able to turn in a circle only twenty-three feet in diameter. Another train has been constructed for the conveyance of freight. It is hoped by the inventors that trains of this kind will be extensively employed in and near cities.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RUIN AND RESTORATION, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Then Went I Up in the Night by the Brook and Viewed the Wall, and Turned Back and Entered by the Gate of the Valley"—Nem. 2:15.



DEAD city is more suggestive than a living city—past Rome than present Rome—ruins rather than newly frescoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moonlight. The Coliseum is far more fascinating to the traveler after sundown than before.

You may stand by daylight amid the monastic ruins of Melrose Abbey, and study shafted oriel, and rosetted stone and mullion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel":

Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aight, Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. Nehemiah on horseback, by moonlight looking upon the ruins. While he rides, there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people.

These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of body-guard. I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to dead halt at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named.

Heavy-hearted Nehemiah! Riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced Temple, now amid the scars of the city that had gone down under battering-ram and conflagration. The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horse-back rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, in and out, until the midnight ride is completed, and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous body-guard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says: "Come now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the glorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out: "Let us rise up now and build the city."

Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were infuriated and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the workmen went right on, standing on the wall, trowel in one hand, sword in the other, until the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder; but all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of praying, courageous, homesick, close-mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Seize the bridle of that horse and stop Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fall on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He let us know he was an exile in a far distant land; he was a servant, a cup-bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him, "What is the matter with you? You are not sick. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you?" Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusalem was broken down; how that his father's tomb had been desecrated; how that the Temple had been dishonored and defaced; how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Well," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" "Well," said the cup-bearer Nehemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the Temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey. And besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, riding around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in

all ages has been the type of the Church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the Church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred, unless it be your own fireside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is nothing that makes you so irate as to have it talked against. If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by sickness, you longed for the Church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the Temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psalm of the expired Sabbaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah, the Church of God is to you. Sceptics and infidels may scoff at the Church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody-goody people, but all the impressions they have ever made on your mind against the Church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defence. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said: "If I forgot thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." You understand in your own experience the pathos, the home-sickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight moonlight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to moan and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cup-bearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place. So it was. The hall of that palace was two hundred feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high; and the intense blue of the sky, and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that fine architecture will not put down home-sickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then when you see him going among these desolated streets, and by these dismantled towers, and by the torn-up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened, and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to rebuild. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that penniless, expatriated Nehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the ruins. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months, namely, fifty-two days, Jerusalem was rebuilt. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

My friends, the whole temptation is with you when you have trouble, to do just the opposite to the behavior of Nehemiah, and that is to give up. You say: "I have lost my child and can never smile again." You say, "I have lost my property, and I never can repair my fortunes." You say, "I have fallen into sin, and I never can start again for a new life." If Satan can make you form that resolution, and make you keep it, he has ruined you. Trouble is not sent to crush you, but to arouse you, to animate you, to propel you. The blacksmith does not thrust the iron into the forge, and then blow away with the bellows, and then bring the hot iron out on the anvil and beat with stroke after stroke to ruin the iron, but to prepare it for a better use. Oh that the Lord God of Nehemiah would rouse up all broken-hearted people to rebuild. Whipped, betrayed, ship-wrecked, imprisoned, Paul went right on. The Italian martyr Algerius sits in his dungeon writing a letter, and he dates it, "From the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison." That is what I call triumphant sadness. I knew a mother who buried her babe on Friday and on Sabbath appeared in the house of God and said: "Give me a class; give me a Sabbath school class. I have no child now left me, and I would like to have a class of little children. Give me real poor children. Give me a class off the back street." That, I say, is beautiful. That is triumphant sadness. At three o'clock every Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a beautiful parlor in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statued—there were from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. Those destitute children received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Philadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The father and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they hung over the coffin resound in my ears today. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knelt down to pray, the outcry in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. If you should go any afternoon into Laurel Hill, you

would find a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it, and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there was not an hour in twenty years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of fresh flowers around Walter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons mothered ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street! That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to hard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says, "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed!

Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text, and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nehemiah rode might cut to pieces all your discouragements, and hardships, and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up, when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles hushed? Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you borne down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darkness of a tenement house, and some one coming in, the little girl looked up, while holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made more light for poor folks." My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bereavements of life? Is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves, in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves, and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that of such is the kingdom of heaven, and I think the Savior is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer, the old sexton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not; but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously—sinned until you have been cast out by the Church, sinned until you have been cast out by society, do not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell— Fell like a snowflake, from heaven to hell— Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street— Fell, to be scoffed at, spit on and beat; Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up. One like unto the Son of God comes to you today, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh! there is no reason why anyone in this house, by reason of any trouble or sin, should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was an exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken-hearted? Nehemiah was broken-hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sacrilegious grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a long shadow at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiscence, but the courage and hope, the enthusiasm of a man who knows that Jerusalem will be rebuilt. I pick you up today, out of your sins and out of your sorrow, and I put you against the warm heart of Christ. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Proved a Treasure.

For some time Harry Brown of Iowa has been carrying in his pocket a trade dollar which some one passed upon him. The other day he tossed it onto a counter, revealing the picture of a man. With infinite pains some one had made the dollar into a locket, and so skillfully was the work performed that when closed no sign of a hinge could be seen.

A Good Christian.

A good Christian is one who has the spirit of Jesus in him, and manifests that spirit in his actions and belief. He may believe this or that with regard to the origin and rank of the various parts of the Bible. So long as he takes the gold out of the mine and works it up into character, he is the true disciple of the book.—Rev. E. A. Horton.

At Last.

Jack—"Hurrah, Mamie! We can get married now. Union stock is going up like lightning." Mamie—"Oh, Jack! Have you some?" Jack—"No; but your father has."—New York World.