

The Man with the Filmy Eyes.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.
From The People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER II.

"Yes, yes, I know, Mrs. Wiston," replied the landlady, sympathetically; "and I'll bear it in mind. Why, come to think of it, there's Mr. Lovering, now."

"Who's Mr. Lovering?"
"A very nice, quiet gentleman, a little out of health, I believe, who's been staying here with us for six or eight days, and Herman said he thought of spending the summer if he found a nice, quiet boarding-place. Maybe he's just your customer, Mrs. Wiston."

"Why, how queer that I should have spoken to-day! Well, you will tell him, or ask Mr. Phillips to, won't you, and send him to talk with me?"

So the widow went her way, and when Vale Haughton went that night to visit his lady-love, she and her mother demanded, in one breath, his opinion of Mr. Lovering as a boarder.

"Lovering—Lovering?" repeated he. "Yes, I have heard the name; but really the individual attached to it was so insignificant that I do not remember anything about him. A pale, weak little man, I believe—not of my account in any way, I should say."

And Vale Haughton complacently squared his broad shoulders, and threw back his handsome, massive head, and Hope, looking at him, quite forgot her interest in Mr. Lovering or any other man alive, and the evening passed like other evenings.

The next morning at breakfast, however, Mr. Haughton, remembering the questions of the two ladies, seated himself opposite to the proposed boarder, and, while discussing his coffee and buckwheat cakes, quietly "took stock" of him.

A slight, weak figure, a pale, thin face, a scanty beard, and thin, fine hair, a large nose, straight, thin lips, and eyes—

"Well, what of the eyes?" said Vale Haughton to himself, when his inventory had glibly reached this, the first point of doubt, or even interst.

Peculiar eyes, certainly—large, round, light gray in color, and oddly obscured by a sort of film, or haze, or blur like that given to the landscape by a clouded window-pane, a veil like that obscuring the eye of a sick bird, a barrier obstructing both outlook and inlook, for surely it would seem that no man could see the world clearly and certainly through such eyes, and surely, also, no man could record the workings of an intelligence expressing itself through such a medium.

"Very odd eyes—rather disagreeable; but perhaps there is the point of ill health Mrs. Wiston mentioned. He looks to be partially blind. At any rate, I need have no jealousy of his being near Hope."

And the handsome lover smiled complacently to himself.

The same day Mr. Lovering removed himself and his possessions to the Widow Wiston's cottage, and the same evening Vale found him sitting in the little parlor, talking as freely with the two ladies as if he had known them for years instead of hours.

"A very pleasant gentleman," was Hope's careless comment upon her new acquaintance, when she and her lover were alone. "Not very deep, I should say. One of the nervous, invalid sort of men who always seem like tame cats round the house more than lords of creation. He is half blind, too—didn't you notice his eyes?"

"Yes; they look filmy and dull, don't they?"

"Very. He alluded to their being poor, but did not say just what the matter was; and what the matter worse, he is very fond of reading."

"How do you know that?" asked Haughton.

"Oh, he said so; and then he brought a lot of books. His great trunk is awfully heavy, and he said it was books and papers. I fancy he is a writer."

"At any rate, you won't be tempted to flirt with him, miss, so my mind is at rest."

And Vale Haughton kissed his pretty fiancée, and the conversation took its more usual turn.

The days and weeks went on until nearly three months had passed, and a slow, vague consciousness began to creep over the mind of the young man that a change had grown up between him and his beloved—just when it commenced, or even what was its exact nature, he found himself unable to explain; but the free, cheerful companionship, the artless gaiety and childish confidence that had made Hope's society the great recreation and happiness of life to him was at an end. Sweet and loving, and dutiful as ever in her behavior toward him, there was yet an intangible difference in manner which distressed her lover more than he chose to confess, and yet of which he could scarcely complain, for he knew not how to put it in words. To say that Hope had become pensive, abstracted, given to reverie, and a sort of wrapt abstraction, from the matters of daily life, and even from her lover's presence, is to describe, as nearly as words may, the outward evidences of this change; but there was still something more, not to be put in words: a thin, almost transparent barrier—as thin and transparent as glass, and, like glass, so perfect a non-conductor that all the warmth, and perfume, and passion of love might bloom upon the one side, and all the frost and colorless chill of indifference exist upon the other, and neither be able to affect the other.

Not once, but many times, did Mr. Haughton attempt to break down this barrier, to crush it beneath his impatient feet, to melt it with his loving ardor, but all in vain; he could not even bring his betrothed to acknowledge that any such barrier existed, and though she wept piteously at his reproaches, she persisted in denying their truth, or any ability on her part to remedy the difficulty.

"It can't surely be that blarneyed fellow who lodges here—that Lovering—who is dividing us!" exclaimed Haughton one evening, after a long and stormy interview. "Surely, Hope, you are not deserting me for him, are you?"

Hope shuddered heavily, and grew even paler than was her wont.

"Oh, no, no!" murmured she.

"Love him—never!"

"So I should say," replied Vale, contemptuously. "If you were going to be false to me, I should hope for your own sake, it would not be in such a direction as that."

But when he was gone the poor girl came and threw herself into her mother's arms, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! ought I not to tell Vale what is troubling me? He is so unhappy."

"No, no, child; don't think of it," replied the mother, in a tone of great alarm. "He might be frightened away altogether; and we are so poor, dear—so dreadfully poor and helpless—and if you should not marry Vale you might never marry; and then, when I die, what would become of you? Oh, no; don't think of telling Vale. Then here is Mr. Lovering, ask him."

The filmy-eyed man came quietly into the room, and, without asking an explanation of the scene, or appearing in the least surprised or concerned, walked up to Hope as she sat weeping, and laying his hand fraternally upon her head, said, softly:

"Trust in me, Hope, and be at peace. You know that you cannot confide in Mr. Haughton at present; when the time comes I will tell you."

Without reply, the girl drooped her head lower and lower upon her breast; while gradually the sobs ceased, her hands sank upon her lap, and, with a long, tired sigh, she lay back in her chair, her eyes closed, and her breathing soft and regular.

"Trust in me—trust wholly in me, and all will be well," repeated Mr. Lovering, emphatically, and then, turning to the widow, added: "She had better go to bed now. She will sleep well and wake refreshed."

"Oh, Mr. Lovering!" moaned the mother, wringing her hands distractedly, "it's a dreadful thing—an awful thing! My poor child—my poor, stricken child!"

And still the man with the filmy eyes repeated, softly and confidently:

"Trust in me, dear madame—trust confidently in me, and obey my directions faithfully. All will yet be well—all will yet be well!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grades and Thoroughbred Bucks.

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A 19th CENTURY MIRACLE.

A Newspaper Man Relates a Marvellous Story.

An Interesting Chapter in His Own Life—Some, We Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tenn.

Maury County is one of the richest and best counties in Tennessee. It would be an exaggeration to say that any one man knew every other man in this county, but it may safely be said that few, if any, can come nearer to it than Mr. Joe M. Foster, whose home is at Carter's Creek, and who is now connected with the Herald.

The interest of the Herald has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "state" occasions—that is, the Herald's annual picnic reunion he is the "Master of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, few better liked, none more trusted, and what he says the Herald, unconditionally and unreservedly, will vouch for.

To see him now in perfect health and energy, one would not think that two and a half years ago he was a bed-ridden invalid, a physical wreck, whose family physician, loved ones at home and friends all thought was soon to be called hence. But such is the case, and not only he but his family and a hundred friends will testify to it.

It was a peculiar affliction he had, and his cure was marvellous, his recovery a nineteenth century miracle. And that others may enjoy the blessings of the wonderful medicine which beyond the peradventure of a doubt—under God's blessing—saving his life, Mr. Foster—not desiring publicity but with the hope of doing good—has consented to tell of his sickness and his cure.

It was in the fall of 1892 he was taken ill. He was a farmer then, and had spent the day exposed to the weather and working in the field, and for five hours was in the mud, in a stooping position. In a few days thereafter he had a peculiar feeling in his feet and hands; they became numb and felt as if asleep.

But, perhaps, it would be better to let Mr. Foster tell his own experience, and this is what he says:

"Following the numbness of my feet and hands, that numbness spread until my whole body was paralyzed. I had a dreadful constriction around my body, and as I grew worse this extended up, cutting off my breathing; it finally got within a few inches of my throat and it was with difficulty that I breathed at all. At irregular intervals I had lightning pains throughout my entire body and limbs, and for at least five months I was perfectly helpless, and a man servant was kept in my room day and night to turn me in bed and wait upon me.

"In the earlier part of my illness my feet felt as if I was walking bare-footed on a stiff carpet. Soon I could not walk at all in the dark, and could not even stand alone with my eyes shut. I rapidly grew worse, and soon my limbs refused to carry me. Finally I lost my sense of feeling or touch, and could not tell when my feet were against each other, but felt all the while as if they were being pulled apart.

"In the beginning I had called in my family physician, a very successful practitioner. He put me on a treatment, with instructions to keep very quiet. But I continued to grow worse, and in about six weeks he told me, candidly and honestly, that he had done his best, that he had also advised with some of Columbia's leading physicians, giving them my symptoms, but that he could do nothing for me and it was useless for him to try any further. He and the physicians with whom he advised pronounced my disease locomotor ataxia, and incurable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying every thing that was suggested. I tried different kinds of electricity—bait rods, shock machines and electrocure, with numberless kinds of medicines, both internally and externally, but all to no effect, until, about April 14, 1893, a cousin, Mr. A. N. Allen,

of Columbia (who is now clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of this county), recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I began using them as per directions for locomotor ataxia, and in about one week some of my friends thought I was better; but it was two weeks before the improvement was plain to all and satisfactory to myself. Then, however, I knew the pills were doing their grand and glorious work, and I kept taking them until I could hobble about on crutches.

"It was suggested to me then that nature would do the rest, and I left off the pills. In about ten days I saw that I was going down hill again; I promptly renewed the pills, and again I began to improve. A second time I tried to leave the bottle to a good constitution, but found it still too weak so I commenced on the pills again and kept taking them until I was well.

"I was in my fifty-first year when I was taken sick. It is now about six years since I did myself sick and crutched and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am enjoying splendid health, weigh more and look better than for years, and attribute my health and my recovery and life to the magic of Pink Pills for Pale People, under the blessing of God.

"I have recommended these pills to a number of people, and many I know have been cured by them. I wish in my heart that every person on earth who is suffering as I was could get them and would try them.

"To those who know me, I hope it is not necessary for me to add that I make this statement of my own free will, with no money and without bribe. But there are any who are inclined to doubt, I will refer them to Dr. J. H. Hill, J. M. Hunter, R. D. Lockridge, Joe Terrell, Anderson Nichols, S. B. and G. W. Nichols, all of Carter's Creek, Maury County, Tenn., or if they will call upon me I will give them the names of a hundred witnesses of as good men and women as the sun ever shone upon.

"Hopingsome poor sufferer may read and believe and be raised from a bed of pain, I am Very respectfully,
JOE M. FOSTER.

Care of the Herald, Columbia, Tennessee.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhoea, tardy or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, swollen glands, fever sores, rickets, hip-joint diseases, hunchback, acquired deformities, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions of living, recovery from acute diseases, receipt of all absorbent oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.