

The Man with the Filmy Eyes.

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

CHAPTER III.

The next day Vale Haughton received a visit at the bank from Mr. Lovering. It is by no means the first; the filmy-eyed man had, soon after his arrival in town, deposited a moderate amount of money in the Linton Bank, and had withdrawn nearly the whole amount in small sums. On these occasions he had often lingered, as an idle man might well do, for a little conversation with the cashier, for his assistant clerk, or with some of the other loungers whom he happened to encounter; so that, although not precisely fancying the man or wishing for his society, Vale Haughton had gradually come to look upon him as an habitue of the portion of the bank-room outside the railing and counter, and had even at times to come inside and write a letter or sign a check at his own desk.

Today, however, Mr. Haughton was more than usually busy, for the assistant referred to had been taken suddenly ill on the previous day, after partaking of a glass of soda with Mr. Lovering who met him on his way home to dinner, and was confined to his bed; so the young cashier remained quite alone and was in consequence unusually busy.

"I wish I could help you, Mr. Haughton," remarked the visitor, as Mr. Haughton, with an impatient sigh, dismissed the last of a puzzleheaded group of small depositors, and glanced at the clock, just verging upon two, the hour for closing the bank. "It seems a pity that one man should be so hurried and worried with work, and another have such a weight of unemployed time upon his hands as I have. I really find it hard to kill the time when I cannot read any more or am tired of exercise. I tried to teach Miss Wiston a little French, as she seems anxious to learn, but—ah, poor girl, poor girl!"

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Lovering?" demanded the cashier, angrily. "What cause have you to speak of my affianced wife in that tone, sir?"

"Ah, to be sure, she is your affianced wife, is she not? How stupid of me!" exclaimed the other, much confused. "Pray excuse me."

"Explain yourself, please," repeated the cashier, stiffly; and coming out from behind the counter, he confronted Lovering, who was peering about with his filmy eyes in search of his hat and gloves.

"Oh, really, Mr. Haughton, there is nothing to explain," repeated Mr. Lovering, much distressed. "I spoke thoughtlessly, and really it is nothing—nothing at all. Excuse me; I see that it is already quite two o'clock. I will bid you good morning, and—"

He moved toward the door, but Vale Haughton bounded past him, turned the key in the lock and, placing his back to the door, stood confronting and towering above the poor, bent, puny figure of the man with the filmy eyes, who, as if mechanically, laid his hand over that of the cashier, clenched as it was upon the key, and whined, pathetically:

"Oh, let me go, Mr. Haughton—pray let me go. There is nothing

to explain; I assure you there is I assure you there is not."

"You'll find that there is though," replied Haughton, in high irritation. "And, let it be two o'clock or ten, not a step shall you stir out of this room until you have given me the full and entire meaning of your exclamation in reference to Hope Wistoon."

"You really insist upon it? You wish me to tell you exactly what I think of the physical and mental health of Miss Hope Wistoon—of your betrothed wife, Mr. Haughton."

The words were spoken very slowly, with long pauses between the sentences, and in a slow, monotonous tone, suggesting that the speaker might be purposely consuming as much time as possible before giving his companion an opportunity to reply.

But no such idea entered the mind of the cashier. Indeed, he hardly heard his companion's words, and felt no disposition to reply to them; for his whole mind, his whole attention was absorbed in watching the marvelous change which had passed over the face of the stranger. That face, but now so wan, so insignificant, so purely seemed all at once to have assumed the dignity, the majesty, the power of a god—or one of those god-like mortals whose conscious birthright it is to rule among men, and, with a word, a look, to sway all meaner mortals to their will.

But, although every feature, and even the color of the skin, shared in this marvelous change, it was the most conspicuous in the eyes. Those dull, dim organs, with their repulsive film, had changed to balls of living fire, had acquired a brilliancy and power which might have struck terror and submission into the stoutest heart; and Vale Haughton, staring helplessly into their fiery and absorbing light, felt all will, all force of opposition, all individuality melting out of his soul, as melted the waxen rings of Icarus before the power of the sun he dared to oppose.

"You wish to know my thoughts—you wish me to speak more of what I said but now—you would be in full communion with me, mind to mind," murmured the stranger, never wavering in that steady, fascinating gaze, but gently sliding his hand over that of the cashier until his long, thin fingers clasped the young man's wrist, and sent sharp, tingling arrows of sensation up the pulse that throbbled madly beneath the pressure; and the other hand as silently and softly clasped the uncovered left hand hanging by Haughton's side. "Come," continued the low, monotonous voice, whose tones thrilled and vibrated upon the young man's ear with so strange and dreamy a music that he quite forgot to attend to the words they uttered—"come and sit down here with me and we will talk together. Come—come."

And, with so gentle a force that its object never noticed it, this strange visitor drew his host gently forward, across the room, through the gate left open by the cashier in his sudden exit; and finally seating him in the leathern armchair beside the fireplace, he drew another chair close in front of him; and, still holding the hands of the young man in his own tingling grasp, he firmly closed his lips, while the pallor of mighty effort overspread

his face, and his eyes—those wonderful, luminous eyes!—fastened themselves devouringly upon the eyes of his victim, who gazed into them with the helpless fascination of the bird charmed to its death by the snake who has marked it for its prey.

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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 largest in the 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. In the interest of the Herald he 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, level ones at home and friends "thought was soon to be called hence, for 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 lark, 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.

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 two years since I discarded stick and crutch 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 without money and without price. But if 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.

"Hoping some 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.
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