

The Man with the Filmy Eyes.

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

CHAPTER IV.

"Sleep, my friend, sleep. It is my will," murmured the irresistible voice, and forgetting his anger, forgetting his trust, forgetting the world and all that it contained outside those eyes, whose flaming orbs seemed to have become his world, the young man bowed his head upon his breast and slept profoundly.

Removing his hands to the head of the sleeper, the stranger pressed them for a moment upon the temples, then made a few downward passes, throwing him into yet profounder depths of slumber; then placing one hand upon the heart and one upon the forehead of his subject, he murmured half aloud: "Sleep profoundly until the setting of the sun, then awake, forgetting all."

He remained for a moment thus, his eyes fixed upon the closed lids of the sleeper, his whose frame quivering with the power of the will whose whole face was roused to subjugate utterly and resistlessly the will, the very soul of his victim; then gently removing his hands, he threw himself upon a chair, panting and sighing, livid with fatigue and weaker than a child, while from his drooping eyes faded the power and the fire blazing there but now, and over them crept once more the dusky film beneath which their magic lay in ambush.

Two or three minutes passed thus, and then, with a long sigh, Lovering aroused himself, and, rising to his feet, muttered, with a triumphant glance toward the sleeper:

"I'm glad I'm not to have such another tussle today. The girl is well in hand already. And now for the keys, my trustworthy friend."

In the twilight of that summer evening, about an hour after sunset, the group of idlers waiting in the post office for the delivery of the evening mail were startled by a wild eyed, bareheaded, death-pale man, who rushed in among them, shouting:

"Help! Men, friends, all of you, help me, help me find the robber! Who has seen him?"

"Robber!" "Who's robbed you, Haughton?" "What is it, Vale?" exclaimed one and another, while through the crowd pushed a stern, pompous man, Hiram Bent, president of the Ironton Bank, and one of its largest stockholders, who, grasping the young man by the arm, forced him to meet his eyes, while he harshly demanded:

"What do you mean, Mr. Haughton, by this alarm? Surely the bank has not been robbed!"

"Robbed to the last cent of available funds! Utterly ruined, Mr. Bent," ejaculated Haughton, his unstrung nerves and sinews quivering like those of a timid girl beneath the other's glance.

"Ruined! Nonsense, Mr. Haughton," retorted the president, angrily, as he glanced about him at the attentive eyes and greedy ears gathering up the conversation. "Robbing the Ironton Bank of such funds as we keep at home, and ruining it, are two different things—very different indeed, as you, the cashier, ought to know. Let us go

and see what it all means, however. Mr. Wittington, Mr. Newt, Mr. Fordick and Mr. Barnabee, you are all interested in this matter; will you come over to the bank with Mr. Haughton and myself and see what is the matter?"

The directors and bondsmen thus appealed to silently separated themselves from the excited group clustering about the but half recovered cashier, and the six men immediately crossed the street, and entering the open doors of the bank, closed and locked them in the face of the following throng, who surged untiringly about the building until the late hour of the evening when the committee reappeared, and without vouchsafing a word of explanation to any one, dispersed to their own homes, with the exception of two, who, with Vale Haughton between them, took the road toward the Widow Wiston's cottage.

The cashier had told so strange and so confused a story, had seemed so bewildered and uncertain in his answers to the clear, keen questioning of the president, and the more conciliatory attempts of the others to come at the true state of the case, that already the gravest suspicions regarding his part in the robbery, had arisen in more than one mind, and although no other man would have had the cruel frankness to put his opinion in words, nearly everyone secretly endorsed the harsh summary of the president, as he said:

"Well, Mr. Haughton, it seems useless to look to you for any further explanation of his matter, and I must say that your own manner and appearance are so peculiar as to suggest that you are either intoxicated or—guilty."

"Guilty! Oh, my God, will they say that?" exclaimed the unfortunate young man, raising his clenched hands wildly to his temples and glaring about him in such a manner that kind hearted Mr. Barnabee put his hand upon his shoulder, saying:

"No, no, Haughton; we won't say that. A little upset in your nerves of course, and maybe you did take something to keep you up when you first found it out, eh, my boy?"

"Where is that man—that man with the horrible, filmy eyes—Loving?" gasped poor Haughton, clinging to the arm of his solitary friend.

"Yes, he spoke of Lovering before; though I didn't understand that he remained here after the bank closed," suggested Barnabee, looking toward his associates.

"I couldn't make out what he wished to say about this Lovering, except some nonsense about his eyes," replied the president, pettishly. "But it is easy enough to find him, I suppose. He lodges at Mrs. Wiston's, and it will be as well to take this young man down there and confront them. I will go there with you, Mr. Barnabee; and meantime, Mr. Newt, it would be as well for you to prepare a couple of warrants, as we may find it best to commit both of these gentlemen tonight. We will come up to your house before we go home and tell you how it stands."

So Vale Haughton, accompanied by his two judges, as they had become, returned a prisoner to the house where a few hours before he had been a welcome and honored guest, and was met at the door by

the widow, her face pale and agitated.

"Oh, Vale," began she at once, "where is Hope, and where have you been? Ever since tea time I have been all over town looking for you both and could find neither, and Mr. Lovering gone, too."

"Oh, Mr. Lovering has disappeared has he?" interrupted the president, sharply. "Perhaps Mr. Haughton can tell us where to look for him?"

"I think you are mistaken, Bent; upon my soul I do," interposed Barnabee, warmly. "I do not believe that Vale Haughton has turned robber and villain all in one day."

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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 biggest 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. 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 unequivocally, 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 everything that was suggested. I tried different kinds of electricity—belt, rods, shocking machines and electro-poise, with numerous kinds of medicines, both internally and externally, but all to no effect, until, about April 1st, 1893, a cousin, Mr. A. N. Aiken,

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 battle 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 Terwell, 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.

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, anæmia, 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, leucorrhœa, 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, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhœa, early decay, premature old age. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb 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.