

## The Man with the Filmy Eyes.

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

### CHAPTER IV.

"Well, there we differ, Mr. Barnabee," muttered the other, aside; "I believe either that these two were accomplices, or that Haughton is the thief, and wishes to clear himself by shifting the accusation on the shoulders of a man who is no longer here to defend himself. Who is going to believe that cock-and-bull story of Haughton's going to sleep, leaving a stranger roaming about the bank?"

"Chloroform, maybe," ventured Barnabee.

"Chloroform leaves its scent in a closed room like that, and no man not a fool can be chloroformed and not know it in broad daylight and wide awake," retorted the president, coldly.

And then both turned to interrogate the widow, whose story, divested of digression and lamentation, was simply that early in the afternoon Mr. Lovering had hastened into the house, told her that he had just received a letter summoning him immediately to Philadelphia on important business. He said that he should be away about a week, and should carry only a large valise with him, leaving the heavy trunk in Mrs. Wiston's charge. He then ran upstairs, and presently called Hope, saying that he had some books for her to read while he was gone, and a few words of advice to offer upon her studies and her health.

Mrs. Wiston went herself to prepare a cup of tea, as Mr. Lovering had requested, for him to take before leaving, and while she was in the kitchen Hope left the house to do a little shopping for Mr. Lovering, as he explained when he came down to drink his tea and leave the house.

Since that moment she had seen neither of them, and after dark had gone out to look for Haughton, and inquire if he knew anything of Hope's whereabouts.

In answer to further, close and severe questioning on the part of the young man, now rapidly recovering his self-command and usual powers of mind, the widow finally confessed that the relations between her lodger and her daughter had been peculiar and intimate.

Soon after his arrival at the cottage, Hope had begun to complain of pains in the head, accompanied with loss of memory and a feeling of perplexed helplessness very distressing.

Mr. Lovering, discovering this trouble, had looked very grave, and after considerable urging to give his opinion, had said that, being professionally educated as a physician, he understood these and the other symptoms detailed to him as indicative of a brain trouble, likely to end, at some distant day, in idiosyncrasy or insanity. He professed himself able to relieve the trouble, however, partly by medicine and partly by a form of personal influence, established by the laying on of hands and magnetic passes, and offered to undertake the case if the patient and her mother would promise to keep his ministrations secret, especially from Vale Haughton; the motive for such secrecy being not only to protect him from

the jealous suspicions of the lover, and the dubious reputation of a magnetizer and spiritualist, but to prevent the agitations to the patient likely to arise from her lover's constant oversight and inquiries.

The idea was so artfully insinuated that Haughton might very likely be tempted to break his engagement should he discover his betrothed to be in danger of mental aberration, and that on every account it was best that he should, for the present, remain in ignorance.

Having obtained this promise, the mesmerist began his work, and soon acquired an influence and power whose fatal effects the wretched lover had perceived, while the cause remained in mystery.

A touch, sometimes merely a fixed look from Mr. Lovering sufficed to rouse her to intense and active life, but wanting this she seemed beyond the reach of all influence all love; and her poor mother had of late been withheld from confidence in Haughton more from fear of his insisting upon Lovering's departure and Hope's consequent death than by her promise of secrecy.

This long story finished, the three men expressed each his characteristic view of it.

"The upshot of the matter is, Mrs. Wiston," said Bent, contemptuously, "that your daughter has fallen in love with the scamp, and ran away with him."

"Not an ordinary scamp," interposed Barnabee, eagerly. "He probably has never approached Miss Wiston as a lover, or ever will. He is a professional mesmerizer, probably, and coming here to recruit his exhausted energies has found a satisfactory medium in her, and has, by his infernal art, lured her away with him to serve as 'the subject' in his exhibitions, and perhaps to point out deposits of treasure which he will make his own, as he has the plunder of our bank."

"Bosh!" remarked the president.

"Be he mesmerist or sorcerer, or what he may," said Vale Haughton, in a low and savage tone, "he is the destroyer of my life, and my bitterest enemy, and shall yet become the victim of my vengeance, so help me God!"

Five days from that night the late cashier of the Ironton Bank, declared innocent of the robbery there committed, resigned the position from which Mr. Bent, and a certain number of the directors, wished to dismiss him, while others as warmly wished to retain him, and set forth upon the quest to which he had decided to dedicate his entire life if necessary, as well as his entire means.

"And if your own funds fail you, my dear boy," said hearty Mr. Barnabee, "you have every cent I own in the world at your command, remember that."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

Will sell Grades from \$3.50 to \$6 per head. Thoroughbreds \$6 to \$10.

## 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 "scare" 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 he owed the providence 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 then advised pronounced my disease locomotor ataxia, and incurable.

"He told my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying very hard, but was unsuccessful. I tried different kinds of electricity—bait, rods, shocks, galvanic and electrostatic, with numerous other methods, but all internally and externally, but all to no effect, until, about

Jan. 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 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, D. 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.