

### The Man with the Filmy Eyes.

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

#### CHAPTER IV.

Seventeen long months had passed, and a strange scene was enacted in one of the lecture rooms of a large city of the Southwest.

The subject of the lecture was "Spiritual Phenomena," and the lecturer, John Curtis by name, proposed to illustrate his remarks and theories by some experiments upon the person of Madame Celeste, a French lady who accompanied him, and who presently appeared from a side room—a pale, large-eyed, melancholy woman with the air of abstraction and introspection so characteristic of magnetic mediums.

"Madame Celeste, ladies and gentlemen," began the lecturer, but before he could say another word a man darted forward from among the audience and leaped upon the stage, followed more leisurely by a stout fellow in the uniform of the police.

"Friends!" exclaimed the newcomer, turning to address the audience, yet never removing his eyes from the desperate and thunder-stricken face of the lecturer, whose filmy eyes were beginning to clear and to threaten; "this man—let his magnetic powers be what they may—is a villain, a kidnapper, a robber! More than a year ago he bewitched me, deprived me of my senses, and while I remained so, stole the treasure for whose safe keeping I had pledged my honor, leaving me to suspicion and dishonor. But what was this theft to the next the far more vital one he afterward committed, when, leaving me still unconscious and helpless, he beguiled my betrothed wife from her home, from her mother, from me, and led her away to become the tool, the victim of his accursed art, for this—this poor, wretched wretch was she, was—and now is—what? Speak, Hope—speak, my poor, lost love; look in my face and tell me if you are altogether hopelessly changed—if you do not welcome the release, the forgiveness I bring you?"

But Hope had fallen, swooning at his feet, happily for herself and for others, quite unconscious, and beyond the control of those wonderful, fiery eyes so steadfastly fixed upon her, and willing her to speak the words they were burning in upon her brain.

Long before she recovered, the lecturer—for among his many aliases no name seems actually his own—was securely lodged in jail to answer for the robbing of the Ironton Bank, proved upon him not only by Vale Haughton's wonderful story, but by the incautious sale of some bonds and certificates.

He was found guilty and sentenced to states prison; but had hardly served a year of his sentence when he was removed from that institution to an insane asylum, where he still remains an incurable and most dangerous madman.

Removed from the influence that had so long been her life, Hope Wiston fell into a low, nervous fever, followed by such extreme debility that her life was long despaired of; but the patient love and attendance of her devoted mother and lover conquered in the end,

and somewhat more than a year from the day of her rescue, Hope Wiston became the wife of the man whose band and whose blessing her love had been.

Mr. Barnabee gave away the bride, and presented her with a princely wedding gift, while even Mr. Bent warmly shook the bridegroom's hand and said, aside:

"The office of cashier of our bank is open again, and if you want it, it is yours;" but with a little smile of triumph, the young man replied:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bent; but I have already accepted the position of overseer and manager of Mr. Barnabee's mills, and so must decline your kind offer."

### THE TYRANICAL FATHER.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Jennie," said Mr. Stacy one evening to his daughter, "Edward Wright called at the store today; I suppose you know what for?"

"How should I know what for, papa?" returned Jennie, with a look of unconsciousness that was belied by the vivid crimson that rose from the cheeks to the temples. "I suppose it was to see about an order for some goods, or something."

"Not exactly," replied her father, smiling. "He came to see me about you; in short, to ask my permission to address you." Jennie reddened again; but the sudden flash that gleamed out from beneath the brown lashes spoke more of scorn than satisfaction.

"Of course I gave my consent," continued Mr. Stacy, after waiting vainly for his daughter to reply.

"If you hadn't, I suppose that would have been the last of it, so far as he was concerned," retorted Jennie, with a sarcastic touch that was quite lost upon her matter-of-fact father.

"Well, my dear, I don't know as there is any need of raising that question. I could have no reasonable objection to a well-principled, intelligent young man like Mr. Wright—and who is, withal, doing an excellent business. So, it now remains for you to say whether or not you will be Mrs. Edward Wright."

Jennie pursed up her ruddy lips with an air of great dignity.

"I haven't been asked yet."

"No, I suppose not. But I should not wonder if he was here tonight for that express purpose."

Then, as a glimmer of the truth entered his mind, Mr. Stacy added: "I trust that you are not so foolish, my daughter, as to take offense because he spoke to me about it first. In so doing he acted honorably, and as every man should, and it ought to raise, rather than lower, him in your esteem. Indeed, I fancied from what he said that he was quite sure of the nature of your feelings for him, else he had not spoken to me."

Jennie's indignation reached its climax. She elevated her naturally rather aspiring nose until it stood at right angles.

"Quite sure, was he? I don't know why he should, then. I never gave him any reason to feel so confident."

Mr. Stacy looked rather gravely at his daughter.

"I don't know what you've said to him; but I know that he's been here a good deal, and you've always seemed glad to see him. I hope you haven't been trifling with him, Jennie. Am I to understand that you don't intend to marry him?"

Jennie's round and rosy face assumed as lofty an expression as features could be expected to wear, not formed exactly from the heroic mold.

"Mr. Wright is an excellent young man, papa. I've nothing to say against him. But I would sooner perish than unite my fate with one whose feelings are so antagonistic to the holiest sympathies of my nature."

The concluding sentence was a quotation from her favorite novel, "Astrea; or, The Story-hearted Father," and was pronounced with no little vehemence of look and tone.

Mr. Stacy stared at his daughter for a moment without speaking. "I really do not see, my dear," he said, dryly, "any necessity for so much display of energy; if you don't like Mr. Wright well enough to marry him, all you have got to do is to tell him so."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BUCKS! BUCKS!!

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 "stare" 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 unpolitically, will venture 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 "H" 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.

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, well beyond what I was 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 it a 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, V. 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." 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 sickly, low 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, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhoea, etc., 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.

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