

HER GLOWING EYES

By GRACE B. WHARTON.

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Verne Tyson roused up with a start. He rubbed his eyes, he shook himself. Then he stared across the table where his club acquaintance, Colonel Reeves so-called, should have been. No colonel. Then beyond that at the spot where last he had seen the volatile, never-to-be-forgotten Madame Hortense Vassour. Gogo. A discreet waiter, napkin on arm, approached. His well trained face expressed a mild inquiry, a strong suggestiveness of being of service.

"How long have I been here?" asked Verne abruptly.

"Three hours, sir."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the others?" demanded Verne, with a sweep of his hand.

"They looked about your siesta and seemed to think it sport to give you the surprise of waking up alone."

"So," muttered Verne, and his face showed that he did not like the situation. He arose. The waiter helped him to his hat and gloves, bowed his thanks for a careless liberal fee, and Verne walked from the cafe garden into the street.

"It wasn't the wine—I didn't touch it," he ruminated. "It was not ennui, for the colonel and his lady friend were positively brilliant this evening. It was that woman's eyes!"

Verne knew little of the colonel, less of the woman. The former lived a mysterious existence at the club. The lady was his cousin, he had said. From the first her eyes had repelled Verne, because every time they ap-



"How Long Have I Been Here."

plied they gave him an unaccountably uneasy feeling. She was pretty, witty, winning in her ways. She was intelligent, too. The conversation had drifted towards the occult, hypnotism and all that during the little refectory. Then—then—

"I want to sleep," reflected Verne, "and I remember my lady's glowing eyes the last thing. Br-r-r! It is uncanny. Perhaps she tried the art mesmerism on me. I'll go and see Lella and forget all about it."

To Lella he was affianced. Society saw an ideal love match in their prospective union. The Boyds were wealthy and Verne was the heir of his uncle, the richest man in the district. The wedding had been set for two weeks ahead.

It was fortunate that Lella had some other callers that evening, for Verne felt dull and uncompanionable. He could not shake off a certain apathetic, lethargic feeling that oppressed him. Lella noticed it, and when he left she whispered softly:

"We shall be alone tomorrow evening—come early."

But something prevented. The following morning Mr. Tresham, Verne's uncle, sent his nephew away on a business mission to a city a day's journey distant. It covered a stay of some weeks, where attention to a lagging lawsuit would require constant vigilance.

Verne wrote a hurried note to Lella explaining the situation. Mrs. Vassour passed out of his mind, but she was revived temporarily two days later, when to his surprise Verne met Colonel Reeves on the street in Truxton.

"Heard you was here on business," spoke Reeves familiarly. "Some business of importance likely to keep me here for a week or two. If you are going to make any kind of a prolonged stay, we can find pleasant mutual quarters down at the Ramblers club."

Verne thought not any too much of Reeves, but time was likely to hang heavy on his hands, the colonel was good company and some very pleasant days passed.

"My cousin, Mrs. Vassour, is still at Midvale," announced the colonel one day. "By the way, she wrote me that she met your uncle at a reception. Fine old gentleman. He was very attentive and courteous toward her."

If Verne had not known that his rich relative was a confirmed bachelor, he would have felt uneasy. As it was, when he wrote to his uncle he jocularly expressed the sentiment "beware of the vidders!" and gave his uncle a hint that Mrs. Vassour was scarcely on a level with upper crust society.

At the end of two weeks there came

some vast surprises for Verne. For several days he had not received any word from Lella. His uncle, too, was strangely silent. Then there appeared at Truxton a young lawyer whose sometimes did business for Mr. Tresham.

"You are to return home at once," said this visitor.

"But the lawsuit here?" remonstrated Verne. "I have got it in just the right shape, I am familiar with its details and can certainly be of use regarding it."

But the lawyer very gravely and seriously reiterated the unqualified direction from Mr. Tresham, so Verne returned to Midvale.

It was an inexplicable and chilling reception that awaited him. He had never seen his uncle so distant.

"Yes, I sent for you," he said sternly. "I suppose I need not tell you why," and he passed across the table between them three checks for ten thousand dollars each. They bore dates a few days apart and the cancelled stamp of the bank. They had been made out payable to self or bearer, and they had been cashed through a bank at Truxton.

"Well?" questioned Verne, looking up in a puzzled way, "what has this got to do with me?"

"Have you the audacity to ask," challenged his uncle stormily. "Listen—I know all. You forged my name to those checks. You alone can imitate my handwriting so cleverly, for on occasions I have warranted your using my signature. You alone had access to the check book in my safe, and those three checks were torn out from the back of my check book."

Of course Verne indignantly protested. It was of no avail. His uncle swore that unless he went away to a distant solitude he would disown him. Verne found the Boyd home shut against him. Lella had been sent away to a relative convinced of his guilt, his uncle claimed.

A broken man, confronted by a mystery he could not fathom, Verne remained in seclusion for a week. One evening a visitor was announced. It was Mrs. Vassour.

She was pale, wretched looking. She inquired of Verne where he had last seen Reeves. He told her at Truxton. She said he had disappeared from there. She broke out into bitter vituperation of the wretch who had borrowed all her money and left her penniless.

Verne felt sorry for the adventurer. He inquired gently as to her necessities and tendered her some money. She took it, started to leave the room, and then, some wild impulse stirring her, returned to his side.

"You are a gentleman and a friend," she said, her voice quivering. "I confess all."

In amazement Verne listened to her story. A past mistress in the art hypnotic, she had placed him under the influence of her power that evening at the cafe garden. She had forced him to reveal all about his uncle and the details of his business.

While he was at Truxton she had worked her spell also. Unconsciously he had produced the check book and followed her directions. Reeves had cashed the checks at Truxton and had disappeared with the money.

"I do not know where he is," said Mrs. Vassour, "but I know his old associations, and if you promise not to prosecute me I will assist in running him down."

Which was done, and nearly the whole of the money recovered. Then, amid the amazing manifestation that the signature to the checks was his own, Mr. Tresham was more than contrite. He gave the entire amount recovered to his nephew, and Lella became a happy bride.

Invisible, But Supporting.

The most wonderful part of a plant is usually that which is not visible. The roots act not only as anchors to hold the plant firm in the ground, but as wandering mouths, picking up food and drink for their parent.

Roots travel amazing distances in search of their requirements. A timber merchant, excavating for a sewer in Gloucester, found an elm root one and a quarter inches in diameter and 63 feet long running through a bed of sawdust from the tree to the nearest water, the Gloucester and Berkeley canal.

The aggregate length of root throws out by some plants is almost incredible. A cucumber will, within its short life of about half a year, throw out from ten to fifteen miles of roots. Clover roots will go straight down to a depth of six to nine feet in search of moisture, and coltsfoot, one of the most powerful and persistent of weeds, sends its suckers down to an even greater depth.

"Toeing the Mark."

The phrase "toeing the mark" is of fairly old and somewhat obscure origin. Several different opinions are held as to how it originated, but the derivation most generally accepted is that it comes from an old fashion among military men in drilling to draw a line upon the ground and make the company "dress" by toeing this mark. The phrase thus acquired the meaning of "standing up" to something, and so became used in quarrels, when one of the parties would challenge the other to stand up to him. Even now adays in some of the country districts in Great Britain it is customary for lads when quarrelling to provoke their opponents finally to the encounter by drawing a line upon the ground and telling them to "toe the mark." The meaning of the phrase as now generally used is to come right forward and "stand up" to anything.

COSTLY MILE OF WIRE

ERECTED DURING SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR, IN 1905.

Estimated That Ten Thousand Lives Were Lost and Millions of Dollars Expended in "Condemning" the Right of Way.

"There are many individual miles of city-built telephone line that have cost well up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars," remarked an officer of the United States army who saw much of the war between Russia and Japan a few years ago, "but the mile of telephone wire that cost, beyond all comparison, more money and lives than any other line ever built was erected during the siege of Port Arthur in 1905.

"For weeks and months the Japs had been eating away at the defenses of the Russian fortress, but with small success. The hills around the town and harbor seemed to have been fashioned by nature for defense. The Japs, though they had brought up their great 12 and 14-inch siege guns, were able to make but slight impression upon the forts and none at all upon the town or the Russian fleet that lay safe within the inner harbor. The trouble was that, though the great guns—'Osaka babies' they called them, after the name of the town where they were manufactured—could easily carry from their positions into Port Arthur and the harbor, there was intervening a great range of hills from five to six hundred feet in height and crowned with the most powerful fortifications in the world to that date. Hence, the gunners could not get a sight of their targets.

"Suddenly the 'Osaka babies' commenced to open fire upon the town and harbor, and the Russians smiled, for experience had shown them how impossible it was for the shells to strike their unseen targets. But, to their astonishment, after a shell or two, one lit squarely upon the main building in Port Arthur and shortly after one plunged through the deck of a battleship and sank her like a stone.

"In a short time the town was wrecked and the fleet, with half its ships sunk or disabled, had to put out to sea.

"For, from the telephone in the hand of the Jap hidden on the summit of 293 Meter hill there ran a wire to the batteries where stood the great 'Osaka babies,' and the whole thing became as simple as a kindergarten problem. The man with the telescope observed where the shells from the 'babies' struck; he reported it to the man with the telephone, who, in turn, telephoned it to the gunners of the 'babies.' They modified their fire under these directions and placed their great shells as accurately as though they were firing point-blank at a target.

"It was the beginning of the end of Port Arthur, that mile of telephone line running up the flank of 293 Meter Hill. It was but a single wire mounted on poles so small, that they were invisible a quarter of a mile distant, but it cost 10,000 men and several millions of dollars in ammunition and other war-cost to 'condemn' the right of way."

Ichthyol.

The importation of ichthyol, a peculiar asphaltic material found in Austria, which finds application after appropriate chemical treatment as a very important medicament, has been, along with many other products, cut off by the war. The raw material comes from a fossiliferous deposit near Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol. It is carefully selected and subjected to dry distillation. The distillate thus obtained is then sulphated and subsequently neutralized with ammonia. The use of this material has greatly increased in the last few years, and it has proved very beneficial. Almost immediately following the beginning of the war its price doubled, going to over 60 cents an ounce. Already, however, a firm in St. Louis has a material on the market, which has been favorably recommended as an efficient substitute, closely resembling ichthyol itself.—United States Geological Survey Bulletin.

A Profession and a Home.

That a married woman can keep up her profession and her home as well as being successfully proved by the principal of one of the largest schools for girls in New York.

She has a 12-room apartment run by a capable maid and a Japanese cook. She took up her teaching again when her daughter was two years old and has managed to prepare her daughter for college at the age of fifteen.

Anne Warner, the authoress, also has been married three years and does her writing at home by settling her housekeeping by nine in the morning and then shutting herself up in her study to write until five—the usual hours of a business man to which she considers herself entitled.

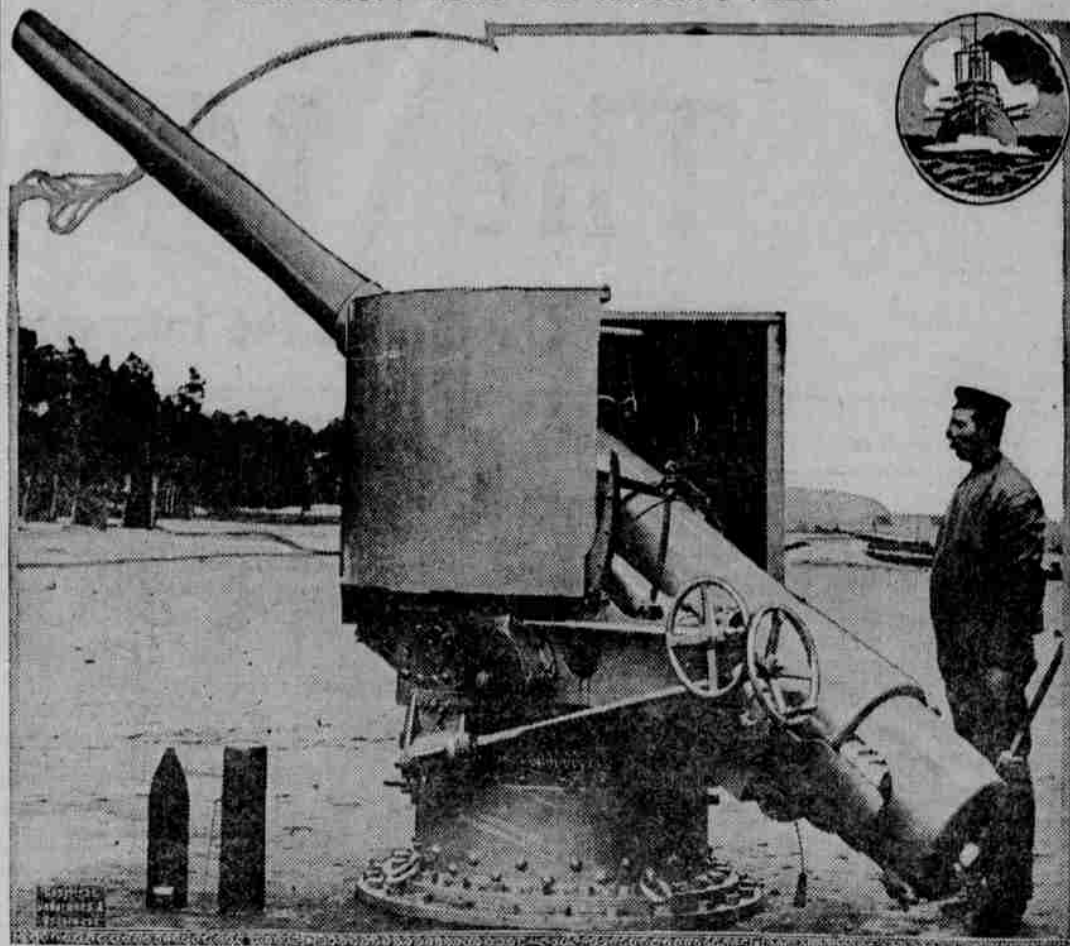
Difficult.

"French fashions have stopped coming over," says a New Yorker, "and evening gowns for the winter will in consequence be less décollete. A good thing, too. I said to a woman at a dance last week:

"How beautifully your daughter is dressed. Don't you find it difficult to keep her in clothes?"

"Indeed I do!" my friend replied. "Haven't you noticed the décollete gown she's wearing tonight?"

NEW KRUPP GUNS FOR KAISER'S FLEET



This is one of the latest Krupp guns, several of which, it is said, have been mounted on the German battle ships.

SINKING OF FOUR GERMAN DESTROYERS



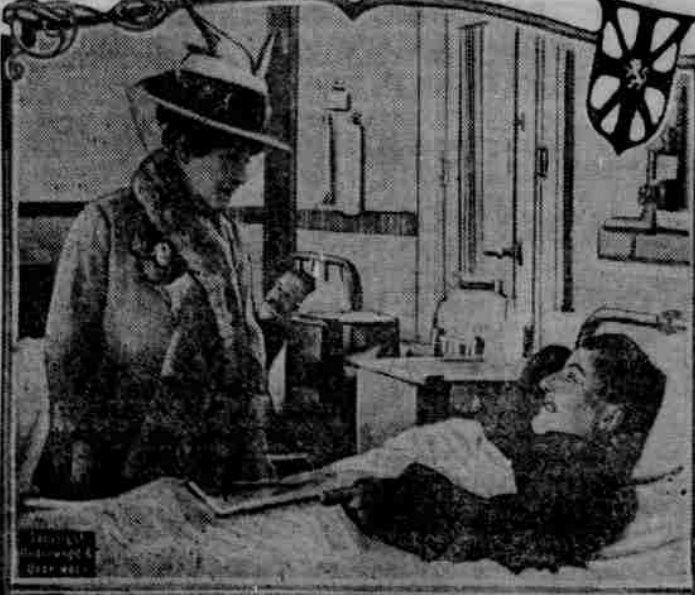
Remarkable photograph of the sinking of four German destroyers in the North sea, taken by a British officer on a boat that went to the rescue of the floating survivors.

GERMAN TOWN DESTROYED BY RUSSIANS



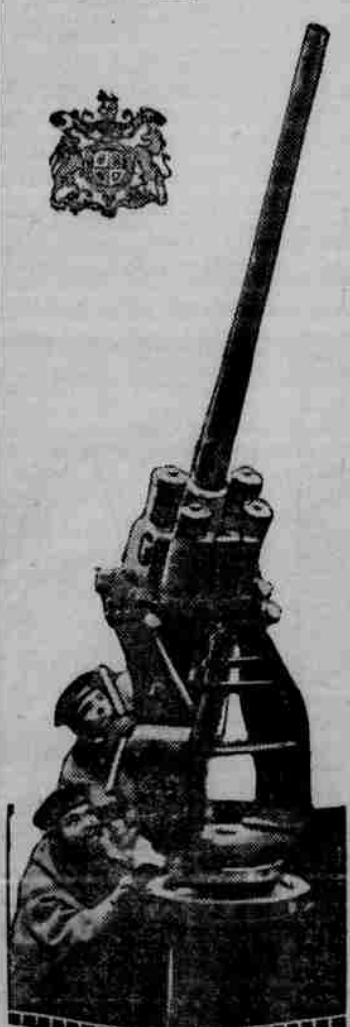
This photograph of Neldenburg, East Prussia, was made just after the Russians had left the city. Though unfortified and undefended, it was shelled for two hours and the hospital, the church and many other buildings were destroyed.

MADAME PATTI VISITS THE WOUNDED



Madame Patti, the famous singer, visiting the wounded Belgians in the Patti ward of the Swansea hospital. She sang at a concert in London in aid of the Belgian relief fund.

FIRING AT A TAUBE



British aircraft gun firing at a German Taube aeroplane from an armored train in Belgium. The first picture to be shown of this gun.

Officer Makes Coward Brave.

Paris.—Nothing better illustrates the relations between French officers and privates than the following incident related by a wounded soldier: "One day under the peppering of mitrailleuse fire," he said, "a soldier fighting in the first rank was overcome by panic and turned to the rear. The captain seized him by the arm, led him back to his post and remained beside him until he quieted. Shortly after we charged bayonet, and do you know who led? It was the very man who wanted to fly. The captain had inoculated him with his own courage."