

THE MAN WITH THE GLASS EYE

By Charles Playfair.

Chapter I

In a primitive, out-of-the-world Norwegian sky station, about one hundred miles north of the snow-capped Jotunheim, my companion during three wet days was Hans Larsen, a young professor of Christiania University. We were driving by car in opposite directions north to the capital, and I north to Thronhjem.

We were the only travellers, and shut up in the lonely posthouse for three days, it was not natural that we should exchange views upon life in general, and discover that our ideas were identical on many points.

On the fourth day, when the sun shone again, we grasped each other's hand in farewell; not, however, before I had promised to call on him when I returned to the capital on my way to England.

It was six weeks before the wheels of my carriage rattled over the uneven cobbles of Christiania, and on the evening following my arrival I took train for Bygdo, a pleasant suburb overlooking the picturesque fjord, to find my friend. It was already dark when I alighted, but the chief of the rural station directed me to Larsen's house, which, he said, was a small white cottage near the water.

Buff, like most Norwegian houses, of pine logs, it stood secluded and isolated, facing the fjord. There was no light in the window, and the wooden porch was so dark that in feeling for the knocker I placed my hand upon the flap of what was evidently the letter box, producing a loud rattling and causing me to start.

I was passing my hand over the woodwork in search of the knocker when the door was suddenly thrown violently open, a hand grasped my shoulder and I was dragged into a dark passage. The door was closed quickly; then a woman's soft bare arms were thrown around my neck, hot, ferid kisses were rained upon my head and face, while a voice murmured in my ear the words in English:

"Returned at last! My love! So many months I have been waiting! Oscar! My own—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in a terrible shriek. The bare arms loosened their hold upon my neck and a body fell to the floor with a thud!

I stood motionless in horror. The awful intensity of the darkness unnerved me. Had the woman who had caressed me so affectionately been struck down?

Bending down to the body that lay at my feet, I listened eagerly. My strained ears caught only the sound of heavy breathing and an occasional gasp.

Again I bent down. My fingers came into contact with something wet and warm. No light was required to tell me it was blood!

I shouted for help, but my voice echoed weirdly through the house, and no one stirred. Just at that moment, however, there was the click of a key in the door, and some one entered.

"A light!" I cried. "Quick! This lady has fainted!"

The newcomer, uttering a cry of surprise, pushed past me, presently returning with a lamp. Upon the floor in a pool of blood lay a handsome girl with a wisp of dark brown hair straying across her blanched cheek.

"What have you done to my daughter?" gasped the woman in alarm.

"Help me to raise her. I will tell you all afterwards," I said.

hideously distorted, the face of a demon more than of a man. One eye flashed and rolled, the other was fixed in a calm, stony stare. It was of glass!

The man, who grasped me by the shoulder roughly, ground his teeth, and gave vent to a fierce growl. Then he cast me from him as if in contemptuous disgust, and disappeared in the darkness.

Chapter II

On the afternoon of the next day I returned to Bygdo. Mrs. Tremayne welcomed me warmly, and so did the invalid. As she lay with her half-falling over the pillow, her dark eyes peered up into mine, and in a weak voice she thanked me sincerely for saving her life. I assured her that I had done nothing, as the blow had been struck so suddenly and mysteriously that I had no opportunity of protecting her. But she repeated her words of thanks, and her white hands grasped mine and held them for a moment. She was undeniably beautiful.

My friend Larsen was away mountain-climbing in Telemarken. Nevertheless, I did not return to England. How frequently I called at Mrs. Tremayne's suburban retreat, or of the happy, halcyon days I spent there, during Eva's convalescence, I need say nothing. Before long we were engaged to be married. Whenever I asked her for explanation of the events that terrible night, she would shudder and simply reply:

"I was stabbed!"

Of the cause I could learn nothing. One day, accompanied by Mrs. Tremayne, we had driven to Sundvollen, a little village overlooking the Tyri Fjord. We had made the ascent of the rocky Krogklevan by mules, and spent the evening watching the sun disappearing behind the snow-crowned Gausta. It had turned chilly, and the mists were rising before we commenced to descend. Our way lay down a steep, winding saeter-track that ran through a dark forest of firs, and then we entered a narrow gorge where the birch trees met overhead and the mountain torrent splashed down noisily.

With careful steps, our mules jogged along; but it was so dark we could scarcely distinguish anything. I was riding a little behind, when I suddenly felt conscious of some unknown danger. A second later I saw the figure of a man laboriously toiling upward. He paused, peering impulsively into my face. I started involuntarily and held my breath. His features were distorted by an expression of intense hatred, his teeth showed even and white in a red, hard mouth, the line between his eyebrows was deep, the cheeks sunken and hollow. Every line of the orbidding-looking countenance was steadily graven indelibly upon my memory. It was the Man with the Glass Eye!

He passed, and in a moment was lost in the darkness.

"Did you see that man?" I asked my companions when I came up to them.

"What man?" asked Eva.

"I saw no man," she replied, laughing. "You must have been mistaken."

"But I saw him plainly. He halted and stared at us as we passed," I said, feeling convinced that she, too, had noticed him.

"I saw no one," Mrs. Tremayne exclaimed, and I felt half inclined to believe that I had only seen the sinister-faced man in imagination, that the sudden feeling of insecurity I had experienced had conjured up an reminiscence of that terrible night.

Eva uttered some words in Norwegian to her mother, and then, turning to me, asked:

"What sort of man was he?"

"He was ill-dressed, pale, thin, and looked like a tramp. He had a glass eye."

"A glass eye?" she gasped, in a harsh, strained voice. "Mrs. Tremayne also uttered an exclamation of amazement. 'Are you absolutely certain?'"

"I am positive it was of glass!"

"You shall die!" he growled, darting to the opposite side of the carriage and opening the door, then returning to me. I saw his intention to throw me out upon the rails. I knew well that my strength would be nothing against his.

Grinding hideously, the man pounced on me and wrenched his blade from my grasp. His fingers met around my throat; then, with the physical agony, my superstitious dread of the man vanished, and I grappled with him, rending his shabby clothes to shreds and tearing his flesh in the paroxysms of pain.

The open door flapped backward with the oscillations of the train, and we swayed to and fro, gradually nearing it. He had his back toward it, yet my efforts seemed to have no effect, until, taking him off his guard, I suddenly exerted my whole strength, wrenched his hands from my throat, and flung him from me.

He staggered backward with an oath upon his lips, and a second later I was alone in the compartment.

Hardly realizing what I had done, I closed the door, just as an express rushed on its way to London, and a few minutes later the train drew up at Ealing, where I alighted. Need I say how anxiously I scanned the papers the following day? They contained a few lines headed, "Shocking Discovery," and I learned that the body had been found but so mutilated by a train as to be unrecognizable. A description of his dress was circulated, and stress was laid on the fact that one of his eyes was artificial. Eagerly I watched the reports of the inquest, but no one came forward to identify him, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Eva and I were married, and had taken up our abode in a pretty villa at Sandgate. Six months afterward, as we were sitting together by the open window in the summer twilight, she took my hand in hers suddenly saying, "Jack, do you remember that it is just two and a half years ago since we first met?"

"Yes, I had not forgotten," I said for strangely enough, the curious circumstances of that first meeting had recurred to me only a few hours before.

"It was remarkable that we should meet at a moment when I almost lost my life," she continued. "Yet the secret is even more strange."

"The secret? What do you mean?" I asked.

It was, indeed, an extraordinary story of love and suffering that related. It appeared that five years before, Eva was engaged to marry Oscar Larsen, brother of my friend Hans, and a rising young member of the bar. They were extremely fond of each other, but as the marriage day approached Oscar's friends were alarmed to notice that his manner and actions were eccentric and mysterious. Doctors were consulted, and they all agreed that it was lunacy. Quickly homicidal symptoms developed, and instead of marriage a bright future his friends were compelled to have him confined in an asylum in the vicinity.

Eva was broken hearted, but a year afterward he was discharged as perfectly harmless, and on his return to his brother's house a keeper was engaged for him.

He still retained his love for Eva, but it was the maddening affection of ideas, and sometimes when he could evade the vigilance of the man responsible for his well being he would visit her, but only under cover of darkness, because he entertained a dread of being recognized. To humor him, Eva arranged that he should rattle the letter box when he called, and she would, if at home, open the door to receive him.

Thus all was explained. On the eventful night I had unwittingly given the signal, and she had welcomed me affectionately, believing me to be her demented lover.

The man, must have previously gained access to the house from the rear, and, enraged at seeing her throw herself into my arms, he struck the murderous blow. He met me later in the fog with the intention no doubt, of taking my life. Alas, believing that I had stolen Eva's affections, he would have killed me had I not acted unhesitatingly in self-defense.

I listened to Eva's story without uttering a word.

"He lost his eye while shooting," she said in conclusion, "and the doctors substituted a glass one. It is most remarkable, too, that he disappeared mysteriously about a fortnight before our marriage, and has not since been heard of."

I agreed it was strange, for I saw no necessity to increase her pain by telling her of the tragic end of "The Man with the Glass Eye."

Trapping an Embezzler. After embezzling a large sum belonging to a New South Wales firm, a man suddenly disappeared. Detective Hickey of Sydney was sent after him and, after touching at different ports in Europe, India, America, France, Holland, Canary Islands and the West Indies, effected the arrest at Santiago, Cuba. Detective and prisoner then travelled to Europe. When they arrived at Sydney the officer had travelled 32,000 miles and occupied nine months in his mission.

More Similar Requests Wanted—A Strong Demand. It may not be generally known that over the civilized world there is a strong demand for brains that are a little above the average in quality, not intelligence, intellect, or genius, but literally that part of the human organism which is contained within the skull and is known as the brain. Scientists who devote themselves to the study of comparative anatomy have for the most part nothing better to dissect than the brains of paupers and lunatics. These, however, leave much to be desired, and it is the interest of the human family to learn that the brains of cultured and learned people should be placed at the disposal of those patient and laborious men who are engaged in the vast and important work of unravelling the secrets of the working of the mind.

But it must not be supposed that a certain number of such brains are not forthcoming. Comparatively speaking, they are few, but still more numerous than most people imagine. In the great majority of cases they are bequeathed by their respective owners. On one occasion Sir William Fowler, the famous authority on comparative anatomy, in addressing an audience of cultured men and women, spoke of the difficulties he and his fellow workers had to contend with in having little else than brains of people of low intellect to dissect, and went so far as to appeal to the audience to help science in this matter in the only possible way.

On the conclusion of his address several members of the audience, including a few ladies, promised to bequeath their brains to him, and it is said, proved as good as their word. More than one man of great eminence has regarded it as something in the nature of a duty to do this in the interest of science. Prof. Goldwin Smith, for instance, some time ago formally willed his brains to Cornell University.

Some remarkable brains have been sold, not given. An Englishman who calls himself Datas has disposed of his to an American university for \$10,000. He is a man of little education, and for many years worked as a coal miner. But he has a marvellous memory, especially for dates, and is now earning a handsome income on the music hall stage. A member of the audience may ask him the date of some occurrence, and is answered instantly. It is considered that his brain must show some very unusual development, and there was not a little bidding to secure it after death.

It stands to reason that the brain of a man of intellect offers a much richer field for observation than the brain of a pauper or some other human delfect. The brains of great men vary very much, more, in fact, than do those of nonentities. It is found that men of enviable mind have large and heavy brains, and Gladstone had to wear a very big hat with an enormous bed of gray matter and numerous convolutions, on the other hand, men whose genius is concentrated upon one line of thought are of small brain, and consequently have a small head.

Newton, Byron, and Cromwell belonged to this class, and each had a small head. Yet many people imagine that this is a sign of small mental capacity. A visitor who was shown the skull of Cromwell was so disappointed at it that the caretaker of the relic endeavored to console him by saying that this was the skull of the great Roundhead when he was a boy. Prof. Stymes-Thompson told this anecdote in a recent lecture, and he also mentioned that Newton was so small when born that he could not inside a quart pot.

Not long ago such a case occurred at the Madison Square Theater, New York. A woman, well-dressed and with engaging manners, called on a popular actress, and claiming to represent a prominent local daily, tried to interview the actress. Having given a representative of the same paper an interview only a short time before, she did not care to go over the ground again. The young woman cajoled, pleaded, and threatened, and finally wound up by asking the actress to give her an order on the boxoffice for seats that she might take her mother to see the performance. By telephoning to the editorial rooms it was found that the young woman was entirely unknown there.

The cases of getting tickets by forging the name of some actor or actress of prominence while they do not come under the jurisdiction of the press agents, are also of interest in the list of fakirs. The name of Olive Berkley, an ex-actress, is a fair example of the workers in that particular line. Her method was to send a messenger with a note containing a request for tickets, and these notes were always signed with some well-known and influential name. Just to vary the method, she called several times in person, always representing the maid of some well-known actress, a ruse which never failed to bring results until she came to grief "by overdoing the graft," as the association expresses it.

Origin of Ice Cream. Though the ancient Greeks and Romans used ice for table purposes to get through hot weather, they knew nothing of "ices." These were introduced into France from Italy about 1660, and known at first as "fromages glacés." Iced cheeses, although they were made of strawberries, apricots, and so forth, and contained not a drop of cream. From 1762 the use of "glaces" in the plural was sanctioned by the Academy, but not before 1825 did "une glace" force its way into recognized acceptance. "Ices" are referred to from time to time in the eighteenth century in English people's letters from abroad. "Iced creams," however, were known as early as the year when William of Orange came over, and by the middle of the eighteenth century "ice cream" figured in cookery books.

It takes six months to tan an elephant's skin.

Toad Slept Twenty Years. A remarkable case of a toad sleeping for twenty years is reported from Stone, in Staffordshire. Twenty years ago George Lewis built houses in front of which were large stone steps. The steps were removed, and imprisoned in the stonework a toad was found in a comatose state, but it soon became active when removed into the sunshine. There can be no doubt that the toad had lived twenty years in a hermetically sealed chamber, as all around, in perfect condition, was a foot thickness of stone and cement, and the toad was in the center of the cavity.

Companion to the Giraffe. The red billed weaver bird is a constant companion of the giraffe, perching itself upon the withers and flying along when its host takes to flight and immediately alighting again on its back at the first opportunity.

Pretexts of Men and Women to Secure Free Theater Seats. Every pretext under the sun is resorted to by both men and women to procure seats without payment for them, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Many cards are sent in with a request for seats, the cards representing papers which have long ceased to live. Other applicants bear cards from prominent publications, but upon being investigated, they are found to be outsiders entirely and, as a rule, absolutely unknown to the papers which they profess to represent. At the New York Hippodrome, some time ago, a respectable-looking, middle-aged woman called at the press department and explained that she was writing a book about animals, and she requested the privilege of studying the Hippodrome animals behind the scenes. To the question of why she did not choose a larger field, that of Central or Bronx Park, for her nature study, she made an evasive reply, but went on to say that in the proposed book she would make mention of the Hippodrome, and she wound up with an additional request for two seats for that evening's performance.

Another story is of a man who called with a request that he be given the privilege of the theater back of the scenes for a stated time, that he might gather studies for a picture he contemplated painting. His request also ended by asking for two seats. When the press agent wished to know upon what ground he expected seats without paying for them, he replied that the proposed painting would advertise the theater. Another and this time a rather pompous-looking man, called at the press office of a prominent theater and asked for four seats. He said that he lived in Albany, and his sole claim upon free tickets lay in the fact that he had a friend a captain on one of the steamers plying between New York and Albany. This captain friend allowed his to furnish scenic views for the books which usually lie upon the saloon tables of river and coast steamers. In several of these books the man, acting upon his own judgment, had pasted views of the plan which he wished seats for. Upon being refused by the agent the man replied, "Well, you and your theater will never make a cent out of me for I will not pay to see your show."

A good-looking young woman representing a prominent newspaper in Savannah, Ga., and bearing a letter of identification from the editor formed the habit of collecting extensive theatrical news, including interviews, etc., for her paper. For a considerable time she continued to apply for and to receive tickets on faith, but when after a year had passed and not a line appeared in the paper which she represented, she was put on the black list. A favorite scheme of women is to call upon theatrical celebrity under the guise of representing some publication and to proceed with an interview and to finally end the visit with a request for tickets, and ten chances to one they receive orders for seats in less the matter comes to the ear of the manager, or of someone who "bites to the game."

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