

The Eye of the Government

By RYLAND BELL

For some time after the democratic uprising of 1848, which occurred all over Europe, the governments of Germany and Austria, which had been very nearly overturned by revolution, kept a strict record of strangers passing through their domains.

In 1862 William Starkweather of Albany, N. Y., while in Berlin was followed about by a man who was undoubtedly a spy of the government. Two years later he had occasion to again visit Berlin.

He remembered his previous experience and wondered if it would be repeated. He saw nothing, however, to excite his suspicions till he was leaving the city.

The man took a seat as far away from Starkweather as possible, and instead of putting his valise in the rack overhead placed it in the seat beside him.

Starkweather reached a satchel from the rack, took out a book and began to read. He had perused several pages when, looking aside, he saw the single eye—the eye of the government he called it—looking at him.

As Starkweather looked up the man put his hand on the valise beside him, and since his expression indicated that he was ready to fight if necessary, the American thought that he was intending to open the valise and take out a brace of pistols.

Starkweather, who kept what money he had with him in his right hip pocket, involuntarily put his hand there. The man started and put his own hand to his hip, keeping that single eye of his on his fellow passenger.

Starkweather, inferring that the man supposed he had reached for a pistol, withdrew his hand in a way to avoid, so far as possible, giving that appearance. Nevertheless he dreaded lest the weapon should do so quicker than he and send a bullet crashing through his brain.

However, when the other saw his empty hand he, too, withdrew his own and without anything in it.

By this time Starkweather, being alone in a compartment with a man whom he believed had been sent by the police to watch him and shoot him down if he attempted to play any desperate game, considered it quite time to discharge his antagonist of any suspicion as to his character.

Fortunately he spoke German very well and thus addressed the one-eyed man in that language.

"Since you seem to be interested in me, I take it that you think me a revolutionist. I assure you that I have no interest in this country whatever. I am a citizen of the city of Albany, in the state of New York, in the United States of America. I beg you, therefore, to cease your attention and to go home."

"This brief speech seemed to have a contrary effect on the one-eyed man to what was expected. He gazed at Starkweather, clenching his valves in one hand, while he kept the other under his coat in the region of his hip.

When Starkweather had finished he made no reply, but looked about apparently for some means of stopping the train. Starkweather took patience with the fellow and, forgetting to speak in German, blurted out in first rate American:

"What in thunder is the matter with you?"

"What in thunder is the matter with you?" was the reply in the same language.

"You understand English?"

"Of course I do I don't understand anything else."

"Not what I said to you just now in German?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I'm William Starkweather of Albany, N. Y. U. S. A."

"Then you know me and have my secret."

"I don't know you, and I neither have nor wish to have your secret."

"I'm from Albany myself—145 G street. I live around the corner from you. I suppose you learned of my mission there and have followed me to get the securities?"

"What securities?"

"That I'm taking home for the state government."

"Starkweather burst into a laugh."

"What are you grinning at?" inquired the other.

"Do you know I've been taking you for a spy of the Prussian government who suspected me of being a revolutionist?"

"Why did you think that?"

"You looked at me when you entered the coach as if you had spotted me."

"I didn't like riding in a compartment with one other man, having \$200,000 in bonds in my valise."

"Oh, that's the explanation, is it? What's your name?"

"Phillip Van Geyne."

"Oh, you're the assistant state treasurer, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm biggared!"

Scotland's "Daft Days."

So hilarious were the old ceremonies of welcoming the new year in Scotland that Dec. 31 and Jan 1 won for themselves the designation of "the daft days." Temperance legislation has done much in recent years to moderate and refine the festivities, which still, however, assume extensive and exuberant proportions.

In 1702 there were strange as it seems, only six stages of running in all England, and of course these were the only public vehicles for travelers. Even these were a novelty, and a person named John Crosset thought they were such a dangerous innovation that he wrote a pamphlet against them.

The races of mankind are five in number—white, yellow, brown, red and black, or the Caucasian, Mongolian, Malay, Indian and negro. The interrelationships of these different broods have been the subject of study with the specialists for ages, but the disputes are as numerous as they were when the study began.

Rainbows That Can Change Sex. In many parts of the world it is the general belief that the rainbow has the power to change sex. This queer belief obtains in such widely separated districts as South Africa and Norway and China and Australia.

Made His Hair-Come Out. Habitual Customer to his barber's. Your confounded hair restorer has made my hair come off more than ever! Barber—Ah, you must have put too much on, sir. Made the 'air come right out, 'stead of only 'n'fway—Windsor Magazine.

His Philosophy. Employer—I see you've collected a lot of small accounts, but you haven't made much headway with the bigger ones. Collector—No, sir; I generally make it a rule to—h'm—follow along the line of least resistance—Chicago Tribune.

There Are Cooks and Cooks. A lady correspondent remarks cynically that many a man who would bestir himself to make a wife of his cook is equally ready to make a cook of his wife.—Boston Standard.

He who would rest must work—Italian proverb.

The Ruby Necklace

"She Paid the Price"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

On the night of Edith Palmer's birthday her husband came home early and sought his wife in her own rooms. His handsome face was aglow with love and admiration as he took the lovely form in his arms and kissed her eager, red lips.

"Darling, you are more beautiful every time I see you," he murmured. "And you grow more blind," she chided him playfully. "I have been waiting for you to come and tell me what jewels I shall wear tonight." She turned to the dressing table and threw back the lid of a jewel box and removed the trays. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds blazed in the light.

"Wear your rubies, Edith," said Dick Palmer, with a mysterious smile. "Rubies? Don't tease, Dick. Those are the only stones I really want and do not possess. Shall it be diamonds?" "Rubies tonight," insisted Dick, and from an inner pocket of his coat he drew forth a fat leather case and placed it in her hands.

"Dick Palmer, you darling!" cried Edith, and she showered kisses upon him before she opened the box. When she finally threw back the lid she was awed by the beauty of the stones her husband had selected for her birthday gift. On a bed of white velvet was coiled a magnificent necklace of flawless rubies, perfect in color and each stone the size of a very large pea.

Dick lifted the necklace and clasped it around his wife's neck; then he stooped back to admire the rich red circle of fire against the whiteness of her skin. "You dear, extravagant boy!" murmured Edith as she turned to the mirror to feast her eyes on the jewel. "I suppose you paid an enormous price for it."

"I paid a pretty stiff price, but I suppose it's worth it. I didn't buy it in Buffalo's. It isn't a brand new necklace, neither is it reconstructed from an old one. It's a genuine antique and has belonged to an Asiatic ruler."

"Where did you find it, Dick?" "In Lenquith's on Fourth avenue. I've had it a month now, and Buffalo has been cleaning it up for me. Well, I must run away and dress." Dick kissed his wife again and left the room.

Two Knaves Of Hearts

And the Result of Their Meeting

By ARNOLD HORTON

The soldier boy of 1861-65 was a very different personage from the white haired, wrinkled, tottering old man of the present day. Bob Meriden entered the Union army at eighteen and came out at twenty-two. When he was mustered into the service he was a rosy cheeked boy with a perpetual smile on his face.

Bob Meriden was as full of the romance of war as any soldier in the northern army. He had read stories of spies and their doings and was especially ambitious to do secret service work. So he told his captain that if there was any call from headquarters for volunteers to go south for information to let him know.

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