A GAME OF EYES

By W. CRAWFORD SHERLOCK

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"Look across the street, Phil. Tom Brandon seems to be scared to death of that big fellow with the black hat. I wonder what's up."

"Don't bother me, Jim, I'm busy," returned Harrington, impatiently, but nevertheless he glanced through the open window in the direction Morris had indicated.

"Tom's been casting furtive glances at the big fellow as if he was trying to dodge him," continued Morris, excitedly. "Now he's stopped in front of that jewelry store and the big fellow has ranged up alongside of him."

"Brandon's as pale as a ghost," observed Harrington, now thoroughly interested. "He's started off again and the big fellow is after him. Hello, he's coming over here!"

This was true. Brandon, eagerly glancing around for some way of escape from his pursuer, had seen Harrington and was hurrying across the street. A few moments later, he entered and sank, breathless and exhausted, into the chair Morris pushed towards him.

"What's the matter, Tom?" inquired Harrington, solicitously. "You are trembling like a leaf. Who's that big fellow who was following you?"

"Haven't the slightest idea, Phil," replied Brandon, shuddering at the reference to his pursuer. "That fellow's been following me for the past two months. No matter where I go, he's always behind me. A week ago he moved into the house next door to mine and it's been ten times worse since then."

"Why don't you ask him what he means?" demanded Morris, pugnaciously. "If he don't answer straight, let him have one between the eyes. He's bigger than you, Tom, but you've been up against worse problems than that in your college days."

"I can't, Jim," returned Brandon, mournfully. "I wish I could but that fellow's got a pair of the most piercing black eyes in his head that you ever saw. They bore me through like a gimlet and send a cold chill down my backbone. It may be nerves, hypnotic influence or hereditary weakness; I don't know which but, all the same, that chap's worrying the life out of me and I can't guess why he does it."

"You're in bad shape, Tom, there's no mistake about that," declared Harrington, sympathetically. "Why don't you run down to the country and brace up a bit. Then when you come back with your old-time nerve, you can make that black-eyed beauty quit staring at you even if you have to close his eyes for him."

"I'd do it in a minute, Phil," replied Brandon, eagerly, "but I'm so tied up that, unless I sell my house, I can't go. I'd sell out cheap, especially since that fellow has moved next door."

"What will you take for the house, Brandon?" inquired Morris, thoughtfully. "Maybe I can sell it for you."

"I'd take five thousand, Jim, although I know it's worth more, just to get away from that fellow with those infernal black eyes. I was offered five thousand some time ago, but I held out for eight. The man who made me the offer wouldn't give his name or I'd go after him."

"All right, Tom," returned Morris. "I'll take the matter in hand. I have an idea that may help me to sell the house."

Jim Morris was keen-eyed and observant. When he watched Brandon's efforts to elude the vigilance of his black-eyed pursuer, Morris felt sure he had seen the man with the piercing eyes somewhere although he could not remember just where it had been or under what circumstances. To make sure of this, he stationed himself near Brandon's house the following morning and, unobserved by either, followed Brandon and his shadow downtown. Brandon, to rid himself of his tormentor, went into Harrington's office and Morris followed the man with the penetrating eyes. The latter, unaware that he was being followed in turn, walked rapidly along until he reached a large office building which he entered. Taking the elevator, Morris and the black-eyed man were rushed up to the seventh floor, where the latter entered the office of Abraham Smart, a well-known real estate broker.

"I guess I'm on the right track," muttered Morris as he followed his man into Mr. Smart's office. "I'd like to punch his head but I'll make him pay for worrying Brandon."

Mr. Smart was engaged, so the office boy informed Morris and the latter took a chair near the door that led into the inner office. The faint murmur of voices reached Morris' ears, followed by a laugh and then the black-eyed man walked out. Jim was ushered into Mr. Smart's presence and after making some inquiries about some property the broker had, withdrew, feeling satisfied that he had gained an insight into the tormenting of his friend.

The next morning, Morris was sitting in his office, busy over his mail, when the man with the piercing black eyes entered.

"You have a house on —— avenue advertised for sale," remarked the visitor, carelessly. "What is the price?"

"Eight thousand," replied Morris, curtly.

"Too much," retorted the caller, abruptly. "I'll give you five."

"The price is eight thousand, take it or leave it."

Without further words, the man with the black eyes that so troubled Bronson but did not affect Morris in the slightest, turned and left the office. Morris chuckled: "I've got him going and he'll be sorry before he's through."

On the succeeding day, the man with the piercing black eyes re-

"Speak Quick. I Haven't Got All Day to Wait on You."

turned to Morris' office to accept the price and make a deposit but to his dismay, found that the price had been raised to ten thousand.

"You said eight thousand yesterday," he blurted out, angrily, striving to use the power of his eyes upon the imperturable Morris.

"To-day I say ten thousand," retorted Jim, coolly. "Take it or leave it."

Muttering some imprecations, the would-be purchaser left but returned in an hour, willing to pay ten thousand for the property of Brandon. Again he found that real estate had taken a jump, Morris demanding twelve thousand for the property.

"What sort of a game are you playing on me?" demanded the man with the piercing eyes.

"I'm not playing a game of eyes," retorted Morris, coolly. "Listen. I know all about your little scheme to use your devilish eyes upon my friend, Brandon, to induce him to sell his house for a song. I know that you and Smart must have that house to finish an important deal that you have on hand and I know you must have it at once or your scheme falls through. Now, this is your last chance. Pay twelve thousand for the property or I'll buy it myself and block your game."

"How did you know all this?" growled the would-be purchaser. "Did Smart let you into the game?"

"You use your eyes to work your schemes and I use my head," replied Morris. "Speak quick. I haven't got all day to wait on you."

"I'll pay the twelve thousand—"

"And if you bother Brandon again I'll break your head for you," interrupted Morris.

UNGALLANT PARIS.

One young woman who unexpectedly applied for a license to drive a public cab in Paris got it because she proved herself competent. But the outcry raised by her male competitors, or something else, has caused the police prefect to put many obstacles in the way of the bevy of other women who followed her example.

They were required to pass an examination in topography, fares, care of a horse, rules of the road and other things which was so severe that most of them failed.

Two applicants, Mmes. Duffant and Charnier, passed, but with one excuse or another the issuing of the licenses has been put off.

One regulation adopted to reduce the number of applicants requires cabwomen to wear pantaloons, short jackets and boiled leather hats. Prefect Lepine explains that this rule is made "with a view to the possibility of falls."—N. Y. World.

INDEFINITE PERIOD.

"How long does a widow mourn the death of her husband?"

"I dunno; sometimes when they marry again they mourn it the balance of their lives."

The Extension of the Good Roads Movement

By LOGAN WALLER PAGE,
Head of U. S. office of Public Roads.

THE public roads of the United States, taken in the aggregate, represent an internal improvement of vital interest to every citizen and of a magnitude which almost staggers the imagination. The office of public roads has nearly completed an investigation which develops the fact that we have approximately 2,500,000 miles of public roads in the United States. The annual expenditure on these roads is only about $75,000,000 at the present time, but when you consider that four per cent. is a good return for a large investment, the amount that is annually spent on our roads would represent the interest on a valuation of $1,875,000,000.

Our investigation has further developed the fact that less than five per cent. of these 2,500,000 miles of road are improved by a surfacing of hard material, so that the task that is before the American people is such as to give ample room for the efforts of the individual citizen, the local official, the state, and the national government. It is only by the united effort of all that a progress commensurate with the requirements of the country can be made.

The American Roadmakers' association is rapidly growing to be an organization which will do much for the states.

The present movement for the betterment of our roads has had its beginning only about 15 years ago. The states had made no effort toward directing the work or aiding it by appropriations of money. The federal government had not yet taken up the investigation and educational work which it is now conducting.

New Jersey has the distinguished honor of being the first of what are known as the "state aid states." Twenty states have now adopted the same principle to some extent at least, either by providing state appropriation or state supervision, or both.

We have urged the passage of state aid laws in a number of specific instances, and have given fully and freely of our time and experience and acquired information in the effort to aid legislation in the various states to frame suitable road laws. We hope to succeed in partially mitigating the deplorable conditions due to incorrect methods of road construction; to induce some of the road builders to exercise judgment in the selection of the road materials; to enable legislators, by placing proper information before them, to improve existing legislation; but we con never hope to entirely drive out incorrect methods, wasteful extravagance, unsuitable laws, and inadequate organization until every state is organized, and the spirit of cooperation is the main factor in all our endeavors.

GROWN TO VAST SIZE

Canning and Other Comparatively New Industries Have Had Period of Prosperity.

The tabulation of the 1905 census of American manufactures is proceeding with diligence, the compilation of the canning and preserving, rice cleaning and polishing, and the beet sugar industries for the calendar year 1904 having been just completed.

This shows that there were 2,703 establishments, with a capital of $70,082,076, engaged in canning or preserving fruits, vegetables, fish, oysters, clams and shrimps, the production of which was valued at $108,505,471. Vegetables stood first with $45,262,148, fruits second with $627,308,826, fish $25,547,075, and oysters $63,799,412. California led in production with $24,826,128 in values, mostly canned and dried fruit. New York produced $612,910,755 of general goods, and Maryland $12,705,511, mostly canned vegetables.

Extensive irrigation and modern machinery have given a great impetus to the rice industry, and of the 999,727,650 pounds of rough rice milled in the census year 1905 only one per cent. was imported. The exports amounted to 113,282,760 pounds and the imports to 106,483,515.

In the sugar beet industry there were 51 refineries; the capital $55,923,459; wages $2,486,702, cost of material $14,486,876, and the value of products $24,393,794. This industry and $365,000 capital.

HIS BEST SUIT, TOO.

Algy (suddenly meeting his best girl's young brother)—Hello, Tommy, don't you know who I am?

Tommy—Yes, you're wot mother says is sister Jane's last hope.

WON OUT.

"So you want my daughter, do you?" said the proprietor of the newspaper to the young man who was sitting nervously on the edge of a chair in the parlor.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you spoken to her on the subject?"

"She's willing, sir, and she referred me to you."

"But how do you know you love her?"

"How do I know!" gasped the young man. "I give you my word, sir, that I haven't eaten a square meal in two months and sleep is almost out of the question for thinking of her."

"Young man, there's some style to that talk. I think you may come into the family."

A HORSE FIRE ALARM

Good Action of Ohio Farmer That Brought Substantial Reward in Saving of His Barn.

In October last an Ohio farmer who was in Zanesville to make purchases was asked to buy an old horse for five dollars. He felt pity for the beast and handed over the money and took the animal home and turned him out to take comfort the rest of his days. His neighbors laughed at him, but they laughed too soon.

In December, while the old horse was standing in a warm stable at night, he was heard whinnying and stamping, and when the farmer arose and went out it was to find that a tramp who was fast asleep in the barn had started a fire with his hot pipe. It was put out after considerable trouble, and the tramp was put out after it, and all gave the old nag the credit of saving a barn valued at $2,000.

Perhaps he didn't do it as a reward for the farmer's kindness, but for the five dollars expended the barn was saved and the investment must be looked upon as a good one. It is seldom that a good action does not bring its reward.

ATE SAHARAN GRASSHOPPERS.

"No wonder I am brown," said a globe trotter. "I am just back from the Sahara. I spent all January and February wandering with a caravan of camels over that white expanse of sun-warmed sand.

"The Sahara is like the beach at Atlantic City—a flat immensity of the whitest, cleanest sand—and the strangest thing I did in my wanderings was to eat desert grasshoppers.

"The Arabs regard these grasshoppers as a luxury, and I was tempted to try them, just as in Paris I have been tempted to try snails.

"The grasshoppers were good. You plucked off the wings, the legs and the head, and then you ate the dried body. This morsel tasted precisely like an English walnut. I ate grasshoppers several times, and when I return to the Sahara next year I am going to eat them again."

HE PASSED.

"Tom Barker," said the teacher, "stay in after school and write a composition of 50 words." Tom handed in the following and was soon on his way to the swimming pool: "Jessie was fond of kittens. She saw one on the road and called: 'Here, pussy, pussy, pussy