

# UNDER HIS EYE

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA, JR.



OF the making of books there is no end!" Mr. Tertius Snow exclaimed, as a book-maker registered his bet on Orizaba—at Ascot in 19—. I remonstrated: "That mare is a failure at the start. I've seen her run. Her feet stammer—like—like a German paying compliments."

Mr. Tertius Snow—for answer—put forty guineas on the beast, in my name, saying, kindly, "It's your birthday, du Belsoze, and this is a present to you. The odds against Orizaba are 8 to 2."

He paid a guaranty in notes, dropping a card from his pocket in doing so. It looked like an extra large card of invitation, in its envelope. I stooped to pick it up and restore it to him, but the crowd parted us, and I stood with it in my hand—alone in the holiday throng.

Coaches and brakes pressed close upon the inner sweep, and well-dressed women wearily watched the days running from them. Lady Palmyra Eckington bowed to me in glacial greeting, her eye of ice lighting with a chill gleam as grooms unpacked luncheon. I had known her at Nice, years before. The "great" public was more conservative in its pastimes. Placing Snow's invitation in my largest pocket, I watched hucksters punch each other for "standing-room only." I know Londonese as well as I know English, therefore enjoying the comments, I heard to right and left of me.

Tents garnished the plain like polka-dots on a lady's linen. Americans stared into space, looking for Princes; a few Frenchmen glared about, alert for beauty. A Russian conversed with four diplomats in as many tongues—Snow had nodded to him, but I did not know his name.

At last I pushed my way to Sir Randers Sylvester's brake. Snow and I were his guests at Sylvester Gates, and had driven over with him for the races. I had known

Snow since his lonely, Parisian childhood. He was Irish "in paternity," but his mother and his wealth were Russian. The Silsit Salt Deposit was solely his, and the Tolsk estate would come to him at Christa Tolskin's death. His visits to London had been few and brief, but his English was admirable.

He sat now with his back to me talking eagerly with a young woman. Her charming face was new to me, but the expression on his was old as the world's first dawn. I looked at her with consequent interest. She was slight; her hair was bright brown, her teeth perfect, her eyes blue, peculiar, and intelligent. I thought the pageant of high life had tired them perhaps; they looked indifferently over the vivid concourse. She was speaking when I came within earshot. I motioned a groom not to announce me, that I might overhear what she said.

"Your English is foreign because you only hesitate occasionally," she observed casually.

"Why?" Snow demanded.

She smiled slowly. "Englishmen," she answered, "hesitate seven times in a sentence of eight words, and Englishwomen never pause from breakfast till bed, unless someone interrupts them."

Snow introduced me, and I asked Miss Gifford if she were not English. Although she said she was, I soon knew her to be Cosmopolite. She had lived everywhere and met everyone but her match. She knew Paris as well as I know it, and told Snow about recent changes in Petersburg. When he called her "Agatha" I dropped my part in their conversation, watching them in silence from afar.

The course was at length cleared, bells rang, the more fortunate crushed their way back to their seats, and the voices of bookmakers were hushed. The horses were being "handled" for the start—some making speed to nerve them for the run and some being nursed at a standstill.

I knew the English name for each incident ; the jockeys "weighed out," the entries "lined up," it was a "fair go," and the "whole field in the run." Orizaba flew to the front, her rider kept her fourth for half the race, but in a burst of speed she led everything, until she crossed the line a winner.

I screamed with her other backers and, as we drove away, Tertius paid a month's expenses into my hand, minus forty guineas ; I considered those his. Some voice from the din about us brought word that Lady Palmyra Eckington and Miss Gifford were to be our fellow-guests for the rest of the week. I rebelled—inwardly. A world without women is a world without worry—hitherto our party had been "stag."

## II

SIR RANDERS SYLVESTER filled his brake with chance guests from the race-course. They might stay a day or a week, a month or a year ; it was all one to their host. Telephoning for his T-cart, he deputed me to drive in it with Lady Palmyra and Miss Gifford. It was a matter of ten miles to Sylvester Gates.

Everyone was resting when we arrived there. A maid met the ladies and delivered me out of their hands. Drinking a little Kirschwasser, I studied some obsolete jests in a current joke-book until my boots grew suddenly painful, as boots will at the end of a holiday. Snow's room was on the same corridor as mine, and his door was opened a crack. I looked in as I passed to my own. His things were in confusion ; piles of trousers, coats, and waistcoats lay here and there, and his valet was looking through the pockets of his Raglan.

Snow's troubled voice pounded from the dressing-room. "It's no use looking in anything but what I wore to-day. Just search till you find it."

My boots on trees, and my feet at peace in large slippers, I put all my money in the safe of my dressing-box. As I transferred it from my pocket, Snow's envelope came with it. I opened it, forgetting it was his. I found a square of folded paste-board within, its outer flap had S. S. etched upon it. The seal had not been touched until

I broke it, and I now broke an inner, smaller seal. The cards separated at their edges and a thoughtful face confronted me. It was a man's face and familiar to me as that of some public person. Above the picture a human eye was beautifully drawn. I sat down, horrified.

Any man versed in *Continental* affairs knows the initials of the Surveillance Secret. They were published with the names of its officers after the exposition of some plot of theirs in the Eighties. I tried to remember what I had heard of it. I wondered who was under its eye. I wondered that I should be chosen to observe for it, to punish for it, perhaps. I had no wish to furnish observations which might lead to death. In a frenzy of relief I realized that the envelope was Snow's. My impulse was to destroy it, that it might never come into his hands. I examined it for the postmark, but it had come by hand and was addressed in type-writing. Involuntarily, I destroyed the outer envelope. Someone knocked at my door with urgent raps. I placed the horrible thing in my portfolio, stretching myself on the lounge. I covered myself with a rug, crying, "Come in !" together with French maledictions, all in the voice of one who wakes against his will.

Snow entered. "You look done, old man," he said, kindly.

"Lady Palmyra was a hot finish to a warm day," I returned.

"Are you alone ?"

"I understand you are with me."

"Are *we* alone then ?"

"Yes, guardian-angels excepted." I wanted to gain time.

"Mine's been quite attentive to me lately," he said, shyly.

I had seen his look on the faces of many men. I knew it as a general knows the face of treachery, or a doctor the face of death. I took his hand and pressed it, saying, "Is it Miss Gifford ? She is charming. I wish you joy from a heart not quite devoid of memories."

"I knew you would," he cried, boyishly, before he told me all about it. He found many unusual things in his very commonplace story. He was excited by the fact that he had not heard of Miss Gifford before meeting her. It seemed to

him like not knowing about the Queen of England, or Abraham Lincoln. His happiness was so sincere that I vowed it should not be disturbed with secret societies. I agreed in all he said. He was an honest, handsome fellow, too emotional for an Englishman and not quite clever enough for a Russian, the most likely person imaginable to win a woman's heart.

"How old are you, Tertius?" I asked.

He yawned, trying not to look proud. "Going on twenty-four," he answered, quickly. "Oh, I've lost a letter, du Belsoze," he added; "it may be of no importance or it may mean a lot. It was handed me at the races, which gave me no chance to open it even."

"I wish it had been one of my bills," I said lightly.

A book called "Underground Russia" lay on a table at hand. I reached out for it, turning the pages while Tertius lighted his cigarette.

"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs? Do they really exist?"

The lad changed color a little, but faced me with a quiet eye.

"I think they do, and probably lots of fellows you know belong to them. There's a kind of wrong in the world that's only checked with a timely death here and there." I pretended to be very shocked.

"How in Honor's name does a man join these things?" I cried.

"Oh, he sees the aim of these societies, and it's ten to one he'll never be called on for anything but money. Then, in the best of them, marriage is tacit resignation. It's a great system and, as a Russian, I respect the pluck of it's members."

"So do I," I replied, looking him steadily in the face.

He rose and took a turn through the room. "Goodby," he said, abruptly, opening the door and leaving me. I knew he wanted to tell me more than his engagement.

I lay still, thinking of his mother. She was a wit and had a beautiful hand, which was much in demand when I was young. She had married late. As the white moon filled the garden with soft light that evening, it filled my mind with a hundred thoughts of her. Her husband was dead, and Tertius had no near male relative.

He sat alone on the terrace-steps, young and full of mettle.

"They can just do murder without him!" I exclaimed.

"What?" Sir Randers exclaimed also.

"Ah! Pardon!" I said, pretending to start. "I was dreaming, I'm afraid."

### III

I ALWAYS breakfast upstairs in England, and I had almost finished on the day after the races when someone knocked at my door. I had slept but little, jumping from the bed at intervals to destroy Snow's letter, but tamely returning to it at the reflection that the letter was not mine to destroy. I now feared a visit from some of my fellow-guests, who indulged in competitive narrations of sport and war; but Sir Randers Sylvester came briskly into my room, a telegram in one hand and a driving-whip in the other. Every Englishman has a foible, Sir Randers's is taking whips up to bed with him. He says the grooms break them driving out of the stable.

"Good-morning. I'm asking a favor of you this morning."

"You have done so many for me, that I thank Heaven for my innings," I replied.

"The French turn a thing very neatly."

He sat on the sofa, looking at me with his friendly eyes. "It's this," he began, briskly. "General Cambord is over here—in England—you know. Besides being a very clever man, he's a dear old gentleman, but he's in London awaiting his doctor's verdict. If it's favorable, he'll re-enter public life. I told him to run down here if the London papers got noisy about him, and he wires this morning that he wishes to come. Now the favor is, will you give up one room for him."

"Both," I said; "put me anywhere."

"One's all I need," he answered, "and as you've no servant with you my people will move you into the one room."

I thanked him. Presently he laughed and said: "Old Cambord only lost his wife last October, and only met Miss Gifford on April 26th at dinner at my house in London. Lady Palmyra says he goes to them almost as much as Snow and is



"Tell me!" I demanded, blandly, "is all this stuff true about these Russian Murder Clubs?"—Page 240.

—well—over head and ears. There's no fool like an old——"

"Wiseacre," I said, "I've seen that before in clever, old men."

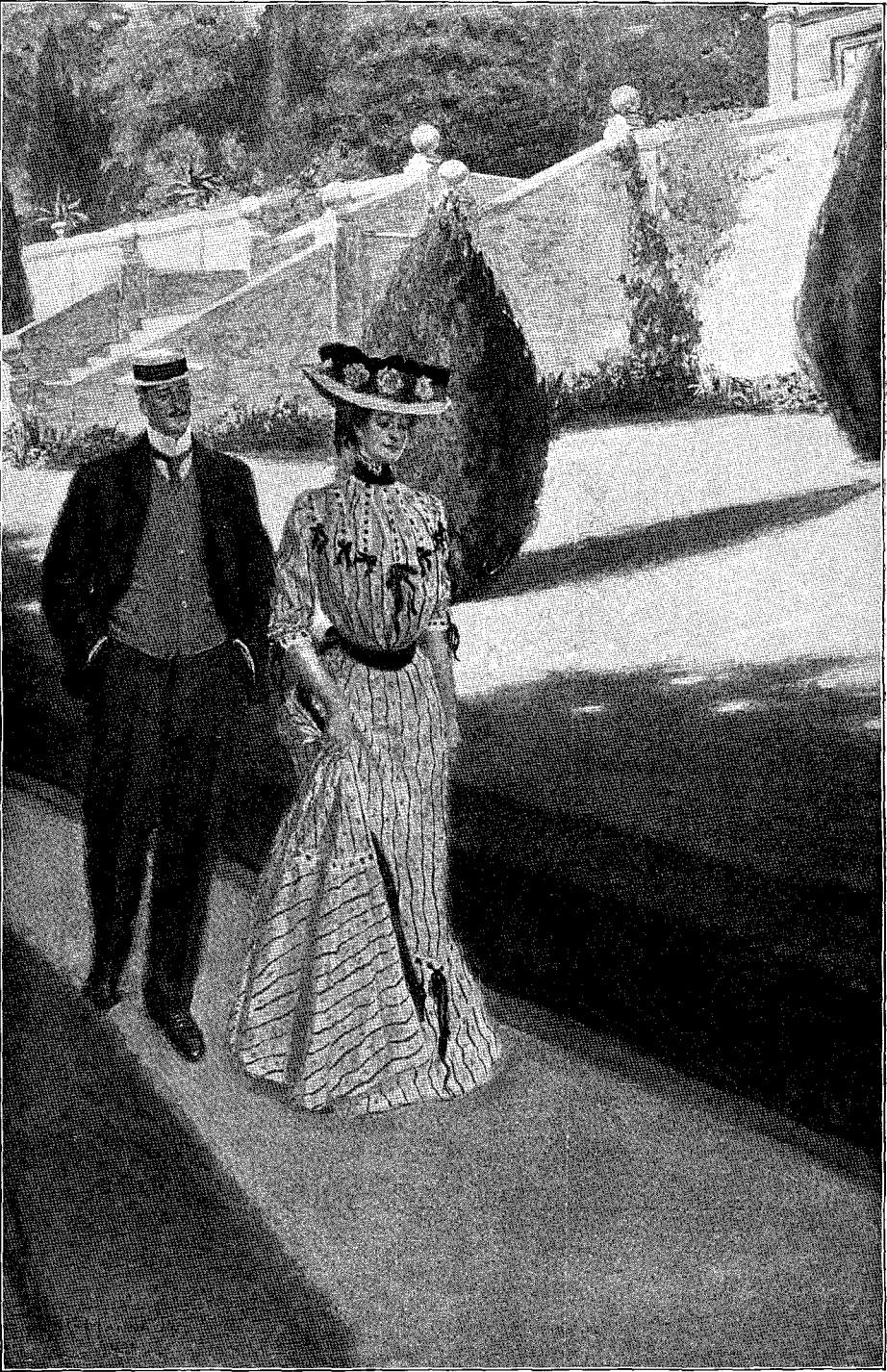
"Put off your dressing-gown and meet me in the hall in five minutes. I'll drive you about. General Cambord comes with luncheon."

I shall not forget that drive. The summer-world charmed us with a thousand colors, a hundred ecstasies of bird-music, and green-uniformed regiments of shapely

trees. I had a glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden. When youth, and love, and early summer hold the stage, Death seems asleep. I forgot my increasing baldness, I even forgot the horrible letter. I seemed but one verse of the surrounding poem.

As Sir Randers prefers a quantity of his own talk to the quality of my terseness, I was silent, although we drove far. He told me all about Snow's fortune, and said that Miss Gifford's Uncle Hugh was a





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.*

A glimpse of Snow and Miss Gifford greeting day in the garden.—Page 241.

man who convulsed nations, by advancing or withholding loans. "When he gets back to England he'll look Snow over; they can't be engaged—Tertius Snow and Agatha—until 'Uncle Hugh' says so. Personally, I think Cambord could be paramount in the Russian conservatism if he had Gifford's financial reputation to back him."

"I am *so* in favor of Russian conservatism," I cried, "I never could see the reason for any other kind of politics!"

"Cambord shares your opinion. He suffered many things at the hands of the Murder Clubs." Sir Randers drew up at the steps of his terrace. I descended to talk with the ladies while he drove away to meet General Cambord.

Miss Gifford was knitting under a tree. Snow was reading, and Lady Palmyra was making a kind of conversation called "chat." It is meant to be agreeable, but I find it hard to bear. I sought refuge in my room, resolved to destroy Snow's letter at once. Making my bow, I escaped thither.

I had not been told which of my former rooms was chosen for the new-comer. I accorded him the best one with bay-windows and a long mirror. Entering the other, I put off my coat and snatched up the portfolio, determined to destroy that letter. "I am right about this room being mine," I thought, "for all my things have been moved here." Snow's letter, thrust among a medley of innocuous invitations, was not among them now. I searched my pockets, the dressing-table, the chiffonier, under tables, chairs, rugs, the bed. I could not find it anywhere. I was in despair. The sound of wheels on the drive added to my fright; luncheon would be served while this horrible thing was at large. I remembered destroying the envelope because Snow's name was upon it. I wondered if it were possible that I had destroyed the card and forgotten my act thereafter. Steps sounded in the corridor and Sir Randers flung my door wide open.

"This, General Cambord, is your room," he said, "and your man can sleep across the hall. Why, du Belsoze, I meant you to keep the big room; you are very courteous to give it up. I know General Cambord would never let me ask for it;

let me introduce you to the General—General Cambord, M. le Comte du Belsoze—the most amusing man alive."

I looked at him in terror. His photograph was pasted to Snow's card; it was a good likeness.

"Your face is so familiar to me," I gasped.

"I try to hide it all I can," he answered, in a deep voice.

"I think the housemaid might have left you in better shape," Sir Randers said, looking at the confusion about us.

"I am accountable for it after all," Cambord observed, politely. "I must thank you as well as Sir Randers for my hospitable reception."

He brought his heels together and bent his body in a bow. I felt as though I had a good seat in some theatre. It was too exciting to seem like real life.

#### IV

"WHEN things begin to happen, it takes some time for them to stop," was what Louis Philippe said of wars. I thought of it as I sat at luncheon, studying the steadfast face of General Cambord.

"I see they shot at you yesterday, General," Lady Palmyra observed, as I took my seat.

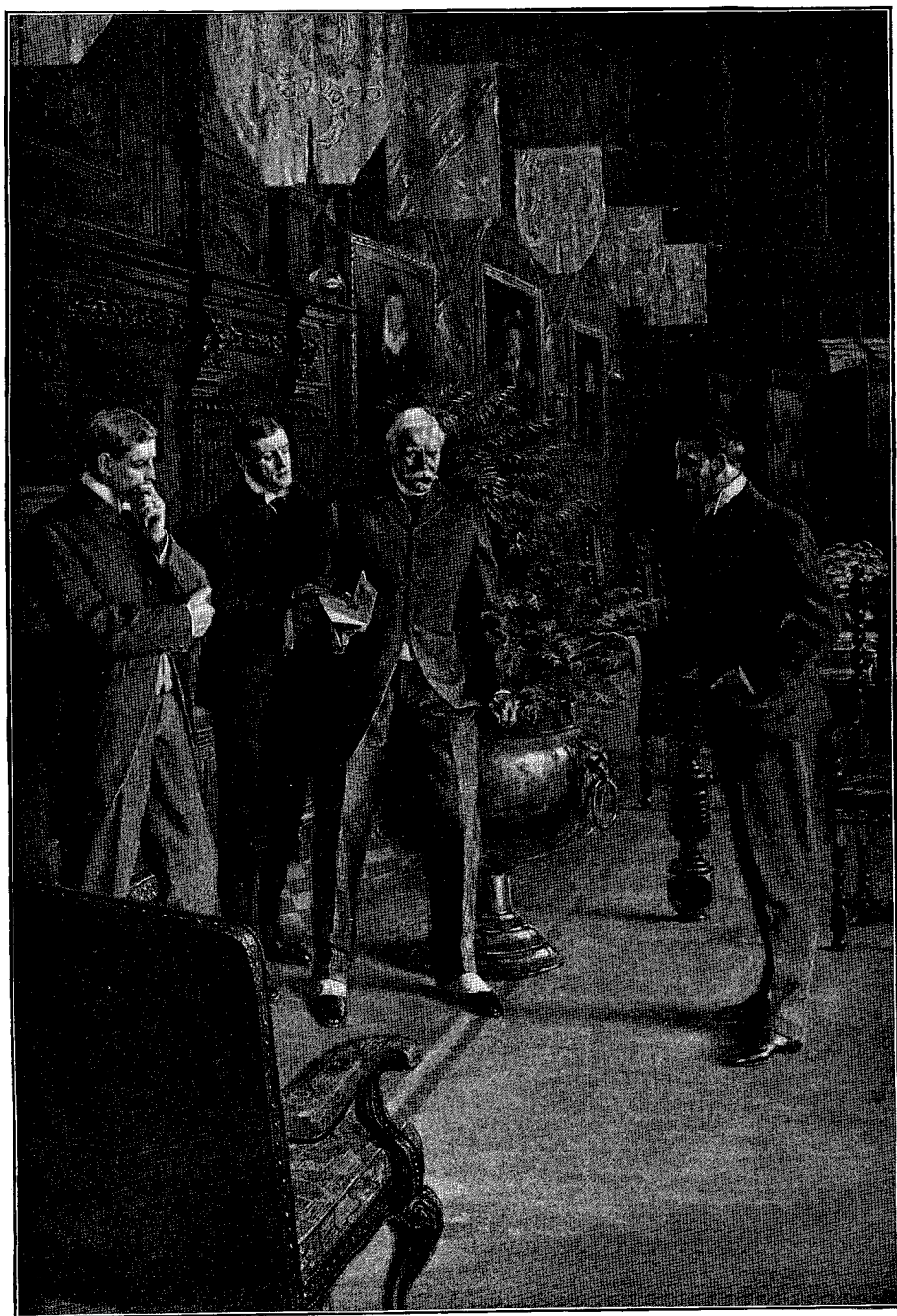
"Ah, yes, that is what I came here to forget, Madame." He bowed over his plate and his sad face looked merry for the moment. "It was good of you to notice it. You ladies have so much to read about other people's parties that I feel flattered if you see any news of me."

"Why did he shoot at you?" she inquired—it was difficult to turn her.

"He was practising for a pistol-match at Brighton, and the papers have told him I'm fair game." The General looked old in the temperate, English sunlight; his great hands were feeble. "They are always after us," he added, sadly, "but I think this fellow was alone in his murderous plan. He thinks he is aggrieved, personally, no doubt. He got away in the crowd."

"It's the members of these Murder Clubs who are so distasteful to Englishmen," Sir Randers observed; "they per-





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.*

"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.—Page 245.

sonally conduct you into Kingdom Come, by order of a man they've never seen, and, like as not, they only know their victim's face from photographs."

"They are the pretext for Siberia," Cambord said, bitterly.

I felt that I had heard the Councils of the Highest, consigning souls to the blackness of eternal darkness. I escaped to the billiard-room, hoping to find diversion in the morning paper. It was full of the attempt to assassinate Cambord the day before, at 8.45 A.M., in the railway station, as he was about leaving London for Tunbridge Wells. His age was given as sixty-nine, and I was about to read the appended sketch of his career when the telephone-bell rang. Dreading the intrusion of servants, I went to the instrument myself. I closed the door of the booth which contained it, from the extra caution which a man pursued by predicament is bound to take.

"Bitte!" a German said at the far end of the line.

"I cannot speak German," I said. "Please speak English or——"

I was then addressed impulsively in what I knew to be Russian, recognizing Cambord's name in a stream of strange syllables.

"You wish to see him?" I inquired in French.

As I had hoped, the voice answered in my own language. "When I failed, you were notified," it said. "But we do not know where to direct you. The report is that his marriage to Miss Gifford is arranged——"

"To whom do you believe you are speaking?" I inquired.

"Mr. Tertius Snow. You said, 'I do not speak German.'"

"I asked only to prove you. I know that was the sign," I replied, quickly, much frightened, but pleased at my own good guess.

The voice continued: "You did well not to reply to your orders; every mail is watched. Cambord left London this morning with a secret policeman dressed as his valet."

"If," I whispered over the wire with many glances behind, "if his marriage is prevented——"

"If it is not he fastens a terrible new

loan on Silsit. This banker Gifford makes it——"

"But if that marriage is prevented it is better than the extreme act, eh?"

"It is better to change a snake's nature than to kill him, but killing is quicker."

"To kill this snake is to blunder, for a stronger will take his place. I shall marry the lady myself."

"That would satisfy the Council."

"Entirely?" I demanded with anxiety.

"Entirely. She shall have the best yellow diamond in Europe and a protection greater than the armor of righteousness, if—if you succeed."

"If not——"

"Execute the extreme sentence."

"Where is she?"

"Where he is gone, you know?"

"I do," I said, dramatically. "I am here with them both. I arranged their coming. Every servant in the house is a spy in his pay. Everyone suspects me. I may be put from the door at any moment. It would be easier to kill Cambord and then myself. But nothing but financial backing can make Cambord dangerous, and I shall take away that hope from him by marrying the basis of it. I would rather take a life than a wife. It means my withdrawing from the Circles of Liberty, but I have sworn to do my best. This is my best. For, should Cambord, superannuated and poor, be displaced, a man of such power would succeed him that——"

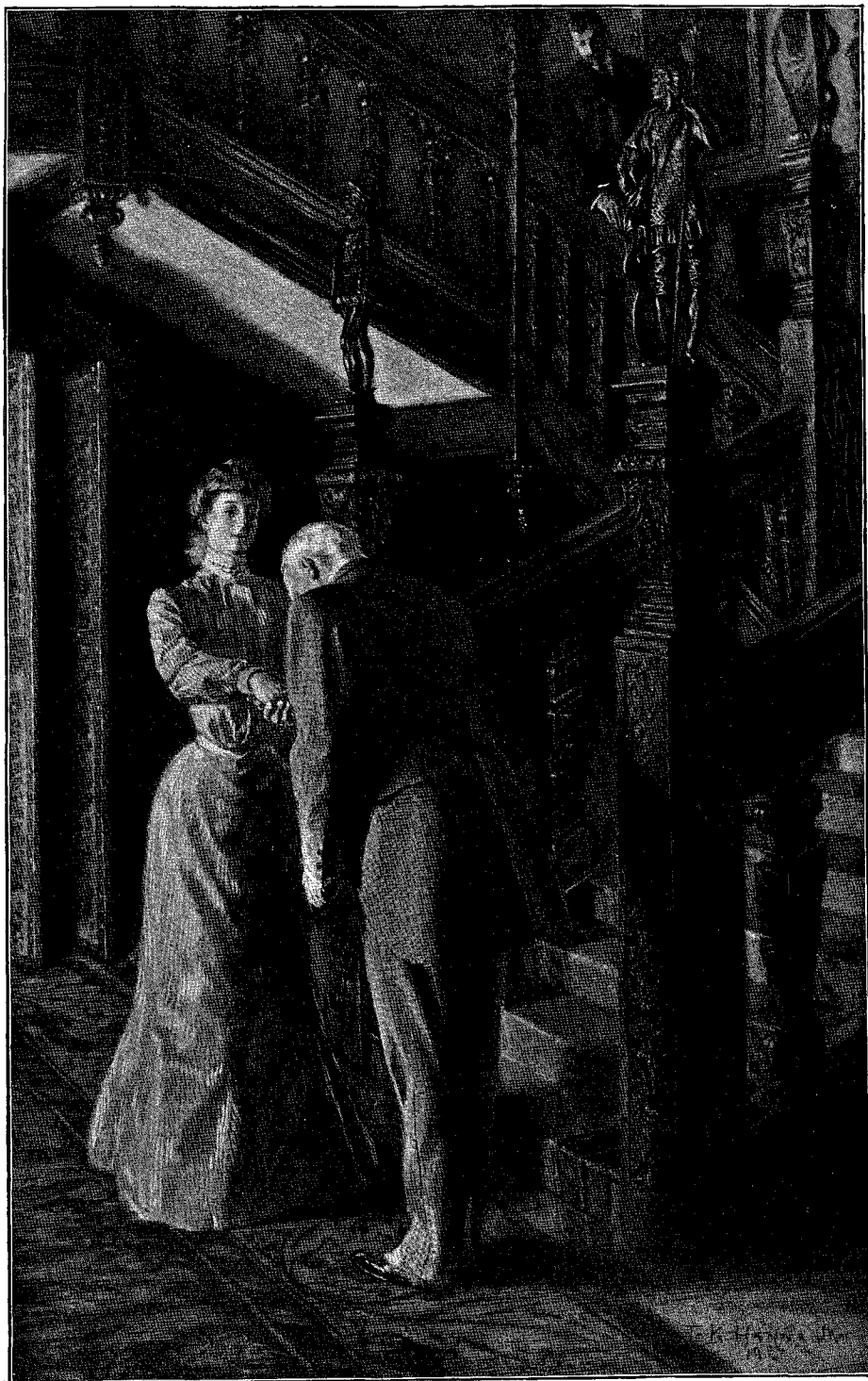
"You are perfectly right, Comrade, and the best friend to Nationalism in the world," the voice interrupted. "Telephone 3 Upper Fulham Circuit if you need me." He blessed me in Russian and rang off.

I opened the door of Sir Randers's telephone-booth a new man. I walked to his great fire-place in the main hall. The General, Sir Randers, and Cambord's whilom valet stood by the fern-filled basin under the oak mantel, each white and shaken. The General held Snow's order from the Surveillance Secret between his thumb and finger. I pointed at it helplessly, with thoughts of Siberia as my permanent address.

"It was inside the counterpane," Cambord was explaining.

In a moment it flashed across my mind that I had taken the horrid message to my





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.*

I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history.—Page 247.

bed in one of my seizures of perplexity. A careless housemaid had put on fresh sheets, perhaps; but the blankets and counterpane had been spread over together, with the card in them. Some fold had caught and kept the death-warrant.

"Did you lock your room-door now, on leaving it?" the valet asked.

"No. I never thought of it; I——"

"Then he has gotten off——"

"Do you mean the man was in the room, the man who placed this in my bed?" The General was livid; he whispered and shook.

"Of course he was. Putting the thing in your bed was an attempt on your life. Where have you been lately? Nauheim. What is Nauheim? A cure for bad heart-action. What is the inference? That you have heart disease and can be scared to death."

"You are right," I cried, enthusiastically. "General Cambord, this man is right. It is as clear as day——"

But Sir Randers ran upstairs like a mad thing. We heard him opening doors and slamming them above. The policeman-valet went leisurely to the stairs' foot calling, "Is he there?"

"Stole away," Sir Randers cried, disappointed, returning to the Council.

## V

It was decided that General Cambord leave England at once, and that Tertius Snow accompany him to Dover. I suggested Tertius. I thought some spy of the Society, seeing them together, would believe funeral arrangements progressing favorably, while leaving Cambord the chance to escape with his life. He wouldn't permit Sir Randers a thought of going, too, and I absented myself at the very moment he seemed inclined to accept me as escort. Sir Randers—as a magistrate—had notified the county force of an attempt on Cambord's life while under his roof. Devotees of the bicycle were haled from their wheels to his study on a charge of vagrancy. Before an hour had passed twenty persons were mysteriously immured there. I remember one old gentleman had the sense to ring for tea. It is this faculty of making the best of anything that distinguishes the English.

"You better go up to Snow's room and hurry him," Sir Randers called to me on his way to the examination of his prisoners. "He has agreed to go——"

Snow's man was violently stuffing a portmanteau as I entered, the sweat pouring from his forehead. But Tertius sat serenely at his desk in the far window, writing "goodby" to Miss Gifford—at least, the writing was so spaced on the page as to look like verse. He seemed in high spirits.

"Come here," he whispered—looking carefully behind him.

I took the chair at his side: "I'm going to tell you something awfully private," he said, blushing to his hair. "D'you remember my saying I'd lost a letter? Well, when I heard old Cambord was over here I thought perhaps it—that letter—was an order to kill him—or something?"

"Why?"

"Pretty nearly every one in Silsit wants him out of the way. He has a scheme to raise a national loan on our Salt Deposit. A Russian gave me that letter—a fellow who belongs to a Nationalist Club—met me at the races and put it in my hand."

"Oh, nonsense, Tertius," I cried, laughing unnaturally.

"Say 'Nonsense' if you choose, but if you knew the comfort it is to have some other man—er——"

"Well, keep him under your eye and see that no one harms him. It's only as far as Dover——"

I had said "under your eye" without malice, but Tertius grew dead-white and looked at me blankly. I had seen more sudden pallor in an afternoon than anyone else—outside an earthquake.

"Old Cambord was a sort of rival of yours," I said—for the sake of saying something.

"He was a very close second," the lad declared, honestly. I said, "*Bon Voyage*," and left him.

Miss Gifford was saying "good-by" to the General at the foot of the stairs. Some of Sir Randers's many guests were returning from an excursion. I stood at the stairhead and watched a farewell that was a chapter in history, related *sotto voce*. The great Cambord kissed Miss Gifford's hand.

"I had hoped for another happiness for



*Drawn by T. K. Hanna, Jr.*

A yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers.—Page 249.



you," he said gently, "one that comprised my own."

Snow came down the stairs in his raglan. She went with him to the empty billiard-room, and I saw him kiss her on its threshold.

General Cambord, looking over his shoulder, saw me behind him.

"So Snow is the happy man!" he said, gamely; "he's an attractive fellow. I knew his mother ages ago. Miss Gifford didn't mention any names."

Sir Randers was explaining that General Cambord had only come down for the day, I heard the kodaks snapping—for such is the noise of fame. But we surrounded the old gentleman as he entered his carriage. Snow sat beside him, the policeman took a seat on the box, the door closed, the horses started, and presently the brougham vanished through the gates.

"Gloria in excelsis, Domine," I exclaimed, as I moved toward the telephone. I called up the editorial chambers of the *Piccadilly Personage*.

"Is this the person to whom news is reported?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"A marriage is arranged between Miss Agatha Gifford and Mr. Tertius Snow. What issue will that appear in?"

A voice of gladness, answered, "To-morrow's; what's your price?"

"It's gratis," I cried, indignantly, ringing off.

Miss Gifford often wonders how her engagement was made public, and I have taught her to suspect the servants, but it is well she did not find me appropriating Snow's telegrams, among which I found one from Petersburg. I read it and then it fluttered into the fire; the day was chilly. The telegram was short.

"You saved the situation," it read; "*the Silsit Loan is abandoned.*"

I have since learned that General Cambord never asked for it.

## VI

TERTIUS SNOW and Agatha Gifford were married in September, in Wiltshire. The day was perfect, the choir out of tune, and none of the bridesmaids handsome. When they returned from church, a package was placed in Agatha Snow's hand—a little package, sent by Parcel-Post. She opened it and found a yellow, heart-shaped diamond, set between two daggers. With a curious chill moving up my spine, I asked who sent it. "There is no name," they cried, searching among the wrappers.

"General Cambord," I suggested.

"He sent these." Tertius touched a diamond chain about his wife's neck. I had seen Madame Cambord wear it long ago, and wondered if the gift were a compliment or an economy. The mystery of that diamond is often mooted in the Snow household. I always inquire about it whenever I see them.

# THE POINT OF VIEW

"THE only specialists about whom, I think, the thoughtful critic of education need give himself any serious concern," said President Wilson, of Princeton, in his inaugural address, "are the specialists who have never had any general education in which to give their special studies wide rootage and nourishment." This is not the view simply of the scholar and man of letters, for Dr. Wilson was able to quote in its behalf eminent "practical" authority. "It was

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but the other day," he said, "that the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education endorsed the opinion of their president, Mr. Eddy, that the crying need of the engineering profession was men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture."

This testimony by no means stands alone. In discussing, in his last annual report, the retention of Greek as a required study President Hadley, of Yale, quotes "a leading employer of railroad labor" as saying to him:

Specialism and  
College Train-  
ing.