

The BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY
WILLIAM MACHARG & EDWIN BALMER.

Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a call, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of the danger. Warden threatens him if he pursues a course he considers the only honorable one. Warden leaves the house in his car and meets a man whom he takes into the machine. When the car returns home, Warden is found dead, murdered, and alone. The caller, a young man, has been at Warden's house, but leaves unobserved.

CHAPTER II.—Bob Conroy, conductor, receives orders to build train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train. The father of the girl, Mr. Dorne, is the person for whom the train was held. Philip D. Eaton, a young man, also boarded the train. Dorne tells his daughter and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning him.

CHAPTER III.—The train is stopped by snowdrifts. The train is stopped by snowdrifts.

CHAPTER IV.—Eaton receives a telegram addressed to Lawrence Hillward, which he claims. It warns him he is being followed.

CHAPTER V.—Passing through the car, Conroy notices Dorne's hat hanging outside the berth. He ascertains Dorne's hat has recently been returned. He investigates and finds Dorne with his skull crushed. He calls a surgeon, Dr. Sinclair, on the train.

CHAPTER VI.—Sinclair recognizes the injured man as Basil Santolne, who, although blind, is a peculiar power in the financial world as adviser to "big interests." His recovery is a matter of doubt.

CHAPTER VII.—Circumstances point to Eaton as Santolne's assailant.

CHAPTER VIII.—Eaton is practically placed under arrest. He refuses to make explanations as to his previous movements before boarding the train, but admits he was the man who called on Warden the night the financier was murdered.

CHAPTER IX.—Eaton pleads with Harriet Santolne to withhold judgment, telling her he is in serious danger, though innocent of the crime against her father. He feels the girl believes him.

CHAPTER X.—Santolne recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses to reveal his identity. He requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santolne home, where he is in the position of a semi-prisoner.

(Continued from last week.)

"Because you were in such a situation that, if Mr. Warden defended you, he would himself meet danger?"

"I did not say that," Eaton denied guardedly.

"What, then, was your position in regard to Mr. Warden?"

Eaton remained silent.

"You refuse to answer?" Santolne inquired.

"I refuse."

"In spite of the probability that Mr. Warden met his death because of his intention to undertake something for you?"

"I have not been able to fix that as a probability."

"Mr. Eaton, have I ever injured you personally—I don't mean directly, as man to man, for I should remember that; have I ever done anything which indirectly has worked injury on you or your affairs?"

"No," Eaton answered.

"Who sent you aboard this train?"

"Sent me? No one."

"You took the train of your own will because I was taking it?"

"I have not said I took it because you were taking it."

"That seems to be proved. You can accept it from me; it has been proved. Did you take the train in order to attack me?"

after giving a direction to a man who apparently was a chauffeur, got into the ambulance with her father. The surgeon and the nurses rode with them. They drove off. Avery entered another automobile, which swiftly disappeared. Conductor Conroy came for the last time to Eaton's door.

"Miss Santolne says you're to go with the man she's left here for you," the porter appeared with his overcoat and hat. Eaton put them on and stepped out of the car. The conductor escorted him to a limousine car. "This is the gentleman," Conroy said to the chauffeur to whom Harriet Santolne had spoken. The man opened the door of the limousine; another man, whom Eaton had not before seen, was seated in the car; Eaton stepped in. Conroy extended his hand—"Good-by, sir."

"Good-by."

The motor-car drove down a wide, winding road with tall, spreading trees on both sides. The man in the car with Eaton, whose duty plainly was only that of a guard, did not speak to Eaton nor Eaton to him. The motor passed other limousines occasionally; then, though the road was still wide and smooth and still bounded by great trees, it was lonelier; no houses appeared for half a mile; then lights glowed directly ahead; the car ran under the porte-cochere of a great stone country mansion; a servant sprang to the door of the limousine and opened it; another man seized Eaton's hand-baggage from beside the chauffeur. Eaton entered a large, beamed and paneled hallway with an immense fireplace with logs burning in it; there was a wide stairway which the servant, who had appointed himself Eaton's guide, ascended. Eaton followed him and found another great hall upstairs. The servant led him to one of the doors opening off this and into a large room, fitted for a man's occupancy, with dark furniture, cases containing books on hunting, sports and adventure, and smoking things; off this was a dressing room with the bath next; beyond was a bedroom.

"These are to be your rooms, sir," the servant said. A valet appeared and unpacked Eaton's traveling bag. Eaton went to bed, but amazement would not let him sleep.

He was in Santolne's house; he knew it could be no other than Santolne's house. It was to get into Santolne's house that he had come from Asia; he had thought and planned and schemed all through the long voyage on the steamer how it was to be done. He would have been willing to cross the continent on foot to accomplish it; no labor that he could imagine would have seemed too great to him if this had been its end; and here it had been done without effort on his part, naturally, inevitably! Chance and circumstance had done it! And as he realized this, his mind was full of what he had to do in Santolne's house. For many days he had not thought about that; it had seemed impossible that he could have any opportunity to act for himself. And the return to his thoughts of possibility of carrying out his original plan brought before him thoughts of his friends—those friends who through his exile, had been faithful to him but whose identity or existence he had been obliged to deny, when questioned, to protect them as well as himself.

As he lay on his bed in the dark, he stared upward to the ceiling, wide awake, thinking of those friends whose devotion to him might be justified at last; and he went over again and tested and reviewed the plan he had formed. But it never had presumed a position for him—even if it was the position of a semi-prisoner—inside Santolne's house. And he required more information of the structure of the house than he as yet had, to correct his plan further. But he could not, without too great risk of losing everything, discover more that night; he turned over and let himself go to sleep.

CHAPTER XI

The Ally in the House.

The first gray of dawn roused Eaton, and drawing on trousers and coat over his pajamas, he seated himself by the open window to see the house by daylight. As it grew lighter, he could see it was an immense structure of smooth gray stone. Eaton was in its central part, his windows looking to the south. As he watched, one of the two nurses who had been on the train came to a window of the farthest room on the second floor of the south wing and stood looking out; that, then, must be Santolne's room; and Eaton drew back from his window as he noted this.

The sun had risen, and its beams, reflected up from the lake, danced on his ceiling. Eaton, chilled by the sharp air off the water—and knowing



The First Gray of Dawn Roused Eaton, and Drawing on Trousers and Coat Over His Pajamas, He Seated Himself by the Open Window to See the House by Daylight.

now the locality where he must be—pulled off his coat and trousers and jumped back into bed. He realized that circumstances had given him time for anything he might wish to do; for the night's stop at Minneapolis and Santolne's unexpected taking him into his own charge must have made Eaton's disappearance complete; for the present he was lost to "them" who had been "following" him, and to his friends alike. His task, then, was to let his friends know where he was without letting "them" learn it; and thinking of how this was to be done, he fell asleep again.

At nine he awoke with a start; then, recollecting everything, he jumped up and shut his windows. There was a respectful, apologetic knock at the door; evidently a servant had been waiting in the hall for some sound within the room.

"May I come in, sir?"

"Come in."

The man who had attended him the evening before entered.

"Your bath, sir; hot or cold in the morning, sir?"

"Hot," Eaton answered.

"Of course, sir; I'd forgotten you'd just come from the Orient, sir. I shall tell them to bring breakfast up, sir; or will you go down?" the man asked.

Eaton considered. The manners of servants are modeled on the feelings of their masters, and the man's deference told plainly that, although Eaton might be a prisoner, he was not to be treated openly as such.

"I think I can go down," Eaton replied. He found the hall and the rooms below bright and open but unoccupied; a servant showed him to a blue Delft breakfast room to the east. He had half finished his bacon and greens before anyone else appeared.

This was a tall, carefully dressed man of more than fifty, with handsome, well-bred features—plainly a man of position and wealth but without experience in affairs, and without power. He was dark haired and wore a mustache which, like his hair, was beginning to gray. As he appeared in the hall without hat or overcoat, Eaton understood that he lived in the house; he came directly into the breakfast room and evidently had not breakfasted.

"I am Wallace Blatchford," the stranger volunteered as Eaton looked up. He gazed the name in a manner which seemed to assume that he now must be recalled; Eaton therefore feigned recognition as he gave him his name in return.

"Basil Santolne is better this morning," Blatchford announced.

"I understood he was very comfortable last evening," Eaton said. "I have not seen either Miss Santolne or Mr. Avery, this morning."

"I saw Basil Santolne the last thing last night," the other boasted. "He was very tired; but when he was home, of course he wished me to be beside him for a time."

"Of course," Eaton replied, as the other halted. There was a humility in the boast of this man's friendship for Santolne which stirred sympathy, almost pity.

Eaton finished his breakfast but remained at the table while Blatchford, who scarcely touched his food, continued to boast, in his queer humility, of the blind man and of the blind man's friendship for him. He checked himself only when Harriet Santolne appeared in the doorway. He and Eaton at once were on their feet.

"My dear! He wants to see me now?" the tall man almost pleaded. "He wants me to be with him this morning?"

"Of course, Cousin Wallace," the girl said gently, almost with compassion.

"You will excuse me then, sir," Blatchford said hastily to Eaton and hurried off. The girl gazed after him, and when she turned the next instant to Eaton her eyes were wet.

"Good morning, Miss Santolne. You are coming to breakfast?"

"Oh, no; I've had my breakfast; I was going out to see that things outside the house have been going on well since we have been away."

"May I go with you while you do that?" Eaton tried to ask casually, important to him as was the plan of the house, it was scarcely less essential for him to know the grounds.

She hesitated.

tion troubling her. "Very well," she said at last. She was abstracted as they passed through the hall and a man brought Eaton's overcoat and hat and a maid her coat. Harriet led the way out to the terrace. The day was crisp, but the breeze had lost the chill it had had earlier in the morning; the lake was free from ice; only along the little projecting breakwaters which guarded the bluff against the washing of the waves, some ice still clung, and this was rapidly melting. A gravelled path led them around the south end of the house.

Eaton saw at a little distance a powerful, strapping man, half-concealed—though he did not seem to be hiding—behind some bushes. The man might have passed for an undergrounder; but he was not working; and once before during their walk Eaton had seen another man, powerfully built as this one, who had looked keenly at him and then away quickly. Harriet flushed slightly as she saw that Eaton observed the man; Eaton understood then that the man was a guard, one of several, probably, who had been put about the house to keep watch of him.

Had Harriet Santolne understood his interest in the grounds as preparatory to a plan to escape, and had she therefore taken him out to show him the grounds who would prevent him? He did not speak of the men, and neither did she; with her, he went on, silently, to the gardeners' cottages, where she gave directions concerning the spring work being done on the grounds. Then they went back to the house, exchanging—for the first time between them—ordinary inattitudes.

She left him in the hall, saying she was going to visit her father.

As Eaton stood, undecided where to go, a young woman crossed the main part of the hall, coming evidently from outside the house—she had on hat and jacket and was gloved; she was approaching the doors of the room he had just left, and so must pass him. He stared at sight of her and choked; then he controlled himself.

Cherry Soup.—Take one quart of fresh or a pint of canned cherries, one quart of water; cook and strain. Return to the fire; add sugar and whole cinnamon and whole cloves to taste; thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stirred smooth in a little cold water. Serve hot with croutons or with dumplings prepared of choux paste and cooked in the soup.

Philadelphia Fruit Soup.—Take one cupful each of dried apples, pears and raisins. Cover with warm water and soak for an hour, then add two cupfuls of cranberries which have been cooked until tender and pressed through a sieve. Cover with two quarts of cold water, boil for an hour, sweeten to taste, press through a sieve and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch rubbed smooth with a little cold water. Cook until the cornstarch is well-cooked; serve either cold or hot.

Velvet Soup.—Cook one-half cupful of tapioca in six cupfuls of well-seasoned veal stock. Beat the yolks of three eggs and pour in the soup; stir until smooth and creamy; season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Serve hot with croutons.

Brown Onion Soup.—Peel a dozen brown onions and fry until brown in butter. Add two teaspoonfuls of sugar. When brown add four cupfuls of beef stock, bring to the boiling point and serve very hot.

Scotch Purse.—Put into a kettle one pound of mutton with the broken bones. Cover with three quarts of water and bring to the boiling point. Skim and simmer for one hour. Add six potatoes, two onions, one carrot cut fine, and simmer two hours longer. Season with salt, pepper and butter; simmer 30 minutes, strain through a coarse sieve, reheat and serve with croutons.

"Stay where you are, Edith," he whispered. "If we hear anyone coming, we are just passing each other in the hall."

"I understand; of course, Hugh! But you—you're here! In his house!"

"Even lower, Edith; remember I'm Eaton—Philip Eaton."

"Of course; I know; and I'm Miss Davis here—Mildred Davis."

"They let you come in and out like this—as you want, with no one watching you?"

"No, no; I do stenography for Mr. Avery sometimes, as I wrote you. That is all. When he works here, I do his typing; and some even for Mr. Santolne himself. But I am not confidential yet; they send for me when they want me."

"Then they sent for you today?"

"No; but they have just got back, and I thought I would come to see if anything was wanted. But never mind about me; you—how did you get here? What are you doing here?"

Eaton drew further back into the alcove as some one passed through the hall above. The footsteps ceased overhead; Eaton, assured no one was coming down the stairs, spoke swiftly to tell her as much as he might in their moment. "He—Santolne—wasn't taken ill on the train, Edith; he was attacked."

"Attacked!" Her lips barely moved. "He was almost killed; but they concealed it, Edith—pretended he was only ill. I was on the train—you know, of course; I got your wire—and they suspected me of the attack."

"You? But they didn't find out about you, Hugh?"

"No; they are investigating. Santolne would not let them make anything public. He brought me here while he is trying to find out about me. So I'm here, Edith—here! Is it here too?"

Again steps sounded in the hall above. The girl swiftly busied herself with gloves and hat; Eaton stood stark in suspense. The servant above—it was a servant they had heard before, he recognized now—merely crossed from one room to another overhead. Now the girl's lips moved again.

"It?" She formed the question noiselessly.

"The draft of the new agreement."

(Continued Next Week.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

Life is not first lived and then understood; it is properly lived and then understood; when well understood, life begins a new career of achievement and worth.—Rev. George Gordon.

CHAPTER ON SOUPS

For the beginning of a dinner or a luncheon or even a supper dish on a cool, crisp night, there is nothing that quite touches the spot as a good seasoned soup. If one objects to meat soups, there are the vegetable soups; if neither suits, there is still fruit.

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How to Bear Little Worries
In the first place, expect them. Make them the subject of our morning prayers, and say to ourselves: Here is my daily cross, do I accept willingly? Surely! for it is God who sends it. After all—these little troubles, looked at calmly, what are they? Ah, if there were never any worse!

Secondly, we must be prepared for them. You know, if you wish to break the force of a blow falling on you, you naturally bend the body; so let us act with regard to our souls.

Accustom yourself, wrote a pious author, to stoop with sweet condescension, not only to exigencies—that is your duty, but to the simple wishes of those who surround you—the accidents which may intervene; you will find yourself seldom, if ever, crushed.

To bend is better than to bear; to bear is often a little hard; to bend implies a certain external sweetness that yields all constraint, sacrificing the wishes, even in holy things, when they tend to cause disagreements in the family circle.

Submission often implies an entire resignation to all that God permits. The soul that endures feels the weight of its trouble. The soul that yields scarcely perceives it.—Selected.

Spanish-American University
Madrid.—(By N. C. W. C.)—The Spanish press has commented favorably upon the plans for the foundation of a Spanish-American university. These plans have now received the approval of the government, the king and the various American associations of Spain. Seville, Valladolid and Saragossa are anxious to be the home of the new university.

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