

The BLIND MAN'S EYES

BY WILLIAM MACHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a caller, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of danger that 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 dining room. 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 Connerly, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train. The father of the girl, Mr. Dornie, is the person for whom the train was held. Philip D. Eaton, a young man, also boarded the train. Dornie tells his daughter and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning him.

CHAPTER III.—The two make Eaton's acquaintance. 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, Connerly notices Dornie's hand hanging outside the berth. He ascertains Dornie's full name and identity. He investigates and finds Dornie with his skull crushed. He calls a surgeon, Dr. Sinclair, on the scene.

CHAPTER VI.—Sinclair recognizes the injured man as Paul Santoline, 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 Santoline'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 Santoline 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.—Santoline recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses to reveal his identity. The conductor intervenes. Eaton agrees to accompany him to Santoline's home, where he is in the position of a semi-prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.—Eaton meets a resident of the house, Wallace Blatchford, and a young girl, Mildred Davis, with whom apparently he is acquainted, though they conceal the fact. Eaton's mission is to secure certain documents which are vital to his interests, and he being admitted to the house is a remarkable stroke of luck. The girl agrees to aid him. He becomes deeply interested in Harriet Santoline, and she in him.

(Continued from last week.)

"It either has been sent to him, or it will be sent to him very soon—here."

"Where will it be when it is here?"

"Where? Oh!" The girl's eyes went to the wall close to where Eaton stood; she seemed to measure with them a definite distance from the door and a point shoulder high, and to resist the impulse to come over and put her hand upon the spot. As Eaton followed her look, he heard a slight and muffled click as if from the study; but no sound could reach them through the study doors and what he heard came from the wall itself.

"A safe?" she whispered.

"Yes; Miss Santoline—she's in there, isn't she?—closed it just now. There are two of them hidden behind the books, one on each side of the door."

Eaton tapped gently on the wall; the wall was brick; the safe undoubtedly was backed with steel.

"The best way is from inside the room," he concluded.

She nodded. "Yes. If you—"

"Look out!"

Someone now was coming downstairs. The girl had time only to whisper swiftly, "If we don't get a chance to speak again, watch that vase." She pointed to a bronze antiquique which stood on a table near them.

"When I'm sure the agreement is in the house, I'll drop a glove-button in that—black one, if I think it'll be in the safe on the right, white on the left. Now go."

Eaton moved quietly on and into the drawing room. Avery's voice immediately afterward was heard; he was speaking to Miss Davis, whom he had found in the hallway. Eaton was certain there was no suspicion that he had talked with her there; indeed, Avery seemed to suppose that Eaton was still in the study with Harriet Santoline. It was her lapse, then, which had let him out and had given him that chance; but it was a lapse he discovered, which was not likely to favor him again. From that time, while never held strictly in restraint, he found himself always in the sight of someone.

Eaton let himself think, idly, about Harriet—how strange her life had been—that part of it at least which was spent, as he had gathered most of her waking hours of recent years had been spent, with her father. Strange, almost, as his own life! And what a wonderful girl it had made of her—clever, sweet, lovable, with more than a woman's ordinary capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice.

But, if her service to her father was not only on his personal side but if also she was intimate in his business affairs, must she not therefore have shared the cruel code which had terrorized Eaton for the last four years and kept him an exile in Asia

and which, at any hour yet, threatened to take his life? A grim set came to Eaton's lips; his mind went again to his own affairs.

CHAPTER XII

The Man From the Train.

In the supposition that he was to have less liberty, Eaton proved correct. Harriet Santoline, to whose impulses had been due his first privileges, showed toward him a more constrained attitude the following morning. She did not suggest hostility, as Avery constantly did; nor, indeed, was there any evidence of retrogression in her attitude toward him; she seemed merely to be maintaining the same position; and since this seemed difficult if they were often together, she avoided him. Eaton understood that Santoline, steadily improving but not yet able to leave his bed, had taken up his work again, propped up by pillows; one of the nurses had been dismissed; the other was only upon duty. But Eaton did not see Santoline at all; and though he learned that Miss Davis or another stenographer, whose name was West, came daily to the house, he never was in a position again to encounter any outsider either coming or going.

There was no longer room for Eaton to doubt that Harriet had the confidence of her father to almost a complete extent. Now that Santoline was ill, she worked with him daily for hours; and Eaton learned that she did the same when he was well. But Avery worked with the blind man too; he, too, was certainly in a confidential capacity. Was it not probable then that Avery, and not Harriet, was entrusted with the secrets of dangerous and ugly matters; or was it possible that this girl, worshiping her father as she did, could know and be sure that, because her father approved these matters, they were right?

A hundred times a day, as Eaton saw or spoke with the girl or thought of her presence near by, this obsessed him. A score of times during their casual talk upon meeting at meals or elsewhere, he found himself turned toward some question which would aid him in determining what must be the fact; but each time he checked himself, until one morning—it was the fifth after his arrival at Santoline's house—Harriet was taking him for his walk in the garden before the house. She had just told him, at his inquiry, that her father was very much stronger that morning, and her manner more than ever evidenced her pride in him.

They walked on slowly. "I wish you could tell me more about yourself, Mr. Eaton."

"I wish so too," he said.

"Then why can you not?" She turned to him frankly; he gazed at her a moment and then looked away and shook his head. Did she know all of what was known even under her father's roof; and if she knew all, would she then loathe or defend it?

A motor sped near, halted and then speeded on again; Eaton, looking up, saw it was a runabout with Avery alone in it; evidently, seeing them in the road, Avery had halted to protest, then thought better of it and gone on. But other motors passed now with people who spoke to Harriet and who stopped to inquire for her father and wish him well.

"Your father does not seem to be one of the great men without honor in his own neighborhood," Eaton said.

"The papers must have been a good deal for a girl of eighteen."

"At that time, you mean? They were; but Father dared trust no one else."

"Mr. Avery handles those matters now for your father?"

"The continuation of what was going on then? Yes; he took them up at the time I was hurt and so has kept on looking after them; for there has been plenty for me to do, without that; and those things have all been more or less settled now. They have worked themselves out as things do, though they seemed almost unsolvable at the time. One thing that helped in their solution was that Father was able, that time, to urge what was just, as well as what was advisable."

"You mean that in the final settlement of them no one suffered?"

"No, one, I think—except, of course, poor Mr. Latron; and that was a private matter not connected in any direct way with the question at issue. Why do you ask all this, Mr. Eaton?"

"I was merely interested in you—in what your work has been with your father, and what it is," he answered quietly.

They had been following the edge of the road, she along a path worn in the turf, he on the edge of the road itself and nearer to the tracks of the motors. Suddenly she cried out and clutched at him. As they had stopped, she had heard the sound of a motor approaching them rapidly from behind. Except that this car seemed speeding faster than the others, she had paid no attention and had not turned. Instantaneously, as she had cried and pulled upon him, she had realized that this car was not passing; it was directly behind and almost upon him. She felt him spring to the side as quickly as he could; but her cry and pull upon him were almost too late; as he leaped, the car struck. The blow was glancing, not direct, and he was off his feet and in motion when the wheel struck; but the car hurried

him aside and rolled him over and over. As she rushed to Eaton, the two men in the rear seat of the car turned their heads and looked back, but without checking its speed or swerving, the car dashed on and disappeared down the roadway.

She bent over Eaton and took hold of him. He struggled to his feet and, dazed, tottered so that she supported him. As she realized that he was not greatly hurt, she stared with horror at the turn in the road where the car had disappeared.

"Why, he tried to run you down! He meant to! He tried to hurt you!" she cried.

"No," Eaton denied. "Oh, no, I don't think so. It must have been an accident. He was—frightened when he saw what he had done."

"It wasn't at all like an accident," she persisted. "It couldn't have been an accident there and coming up from behind the way he did! No; he meant to do it! Did you see who was in the car—who was driving?"

He turned to her quickly. "Who?" he demanded.

"One of the people who was on the train! The morning Father was hurt. Don't you remember—a little man, nervous, but very strong; a man almost like an ape?"

He shuddered and then controlled himself. "Yes, I remember a fellow the conductor tried to seat me opposite."

"This was the same man?"

Eaton shook his head. "That could hardly be; I think you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken; it was that man."

"Still, I think you must be," he again denied.

She stared, studying him. "Perhaps I was," she agreed; but she knew she had not been. "I am glad, whoever it was, he didn't injure you. You are all right, aren't you?"

"Quite," he assured. "Please don't trouble about it, Miss Santoline."

They walked back rather silently, she appreciating how passionately he had expressed herself for him, and he quiet because of this and other thoughts too.

They found Donald Avery in front of the house looking for them as they came up. Eaton succeeded in walking without limping; but he could not conceal the marks on his clothes.

"Harriet, I've just come from your father; he wants you to go to him at once," Avery directed. "Good morning, Eaton. What's happened?"

"Carelessness," Eaton deprecated. "Got rather in the way of a motor and was knocked over for it."

Harriet did not correct this to Avery. She went up to her father; she was still trembling, still sick with horror at what she had seen—an attempt to kill one walking at her side. She stopped outside her father's door to compose herself; then she went in.

The blind man was propped up on his bed with pillows into almost a sitting position; the nurse was with him.

"What did you want, Father?" Harriet asked.

He had recognized her step and had been about to speak to her; but at the sound of her voice he stopped the words on his lips and changed them into a direction for the nurse to leave the room.

He waited until the nurse had left and closed the door behind her. Harriet saw that, in his familiarity with her tones and every inflection of her voice, he had sensed already that something unusual had occurred; she repeated, however, her question as to what he wanted.

"That does not matter now, Harriet. Where have you been?"

"I have been walking with Mr. Eaton."

"What happened?"

She hesitated. "Mr. Eaton was almost run down by a motorcar."

"Ah! An accident?"

She hesitated again. "Mr. Eaton said it was an accident," she answered.

"But you?"

"It did not look like an accident, Father. It—it showed intention."

"You mean it was an attack?"

"Yes; it was an attack. The man in the car meant to run Mr. Eaton down; he meant to kill him or to hurt him terribly. Mr. Eaton was hurt. I called to him and pulled him—he jumped away in time."

"To kill him, Harriet? How do you know?"

She caught herself. "I—I don't know, Father. He certainly meant to injure Mr. Eaton. When I said kill him, I was telling only what I thought."

"That is better. I think so too."

"That he meant to kill Mr. Eaton?"

"Yes."

She watched her father's face; often when relating things to him, she was aware from his expression that she was telling him only something he already had figured out and expected or even knew; she felt that now.

"Father, did you expect Mr. Eaton to be attacked?"

"Expect? Not that exactly; it was possible; I suspected something like this might occur."

"And you did not warn him?"

The blind man's hands sought each other on the coverlet and clasped together. "It was not necessary to warn him, Harriet; Mr. Eaton already knew. Who was in the car?"

"Three men."

"Had you seen any of them before?"

"Yes, one—the man who drove."

"Where?"

"On the train."

The color on Santoline's face grew brighter. "Describe him, dear."

He waited while she called together her recollections of the man.

"I can't describe him very fully, Father," she said. "He was one of the people who had berths in the forward sleeping car. I can recall seeing him only when I passed through the car—I recall him only twice in that car and once in the diner."

"That is interesting," said Santoline.

"What, Father?"

"That in five days upon the train you saw the man only three times."

(Continued Next Week.)

NEW CANA MARRIAGE PICTURE CONDEMNED

New York—(By N. C. W. C.)—Abraham Baylinton, secretary of the Society of Independent Artists, will have to appear in the Jefferson Market court to answer charges that a painting entitled "The Marriage at Cana of Galilee," in which William J. Bryan, Andrew J. Volstead and William H. Anderson are prominent figures, is sacrilegious, and that its display constitutes a violation of the penal statutes pertaining to improper pictures.

Critics have identified one figure, which is shown clutching the Master by the shoulder, as Volstead. Bryan is shown overturning a jug of wine and Anderson stands at the doorway looking on approvingly.

The picture, the work of J. Francis Kaufman, has been on exhibition for the past two weeks. Charges that its exhibition was a violation of the penal code were made by detectives who viewed the painting and who declared that it was sacrilegious.

"Whatever may be anyone's religious convictions, there can be no doubt that the painting is objectionable and should come down," declared Magistrate Oberwager.

Baylinton, summoned into court, disclaimed responsibility for the picture, saying the society was obliged to hang every picture for which the usual hanging fee of \$10 had been paid.

Kaufman, the artist, said he had thousands of reproductions of the picture stored away, which he had been endeavoring to dispose of for \$1 and that failing to dispose of these, he would have to go back to France.

Nature's Cosmetics

Many years ago an old New England lady wrote out the following list of toilet articles and advised all women to acquire and use them:

First. Self knowledge, a mirror showing the form in the most perfect light.

Second. Innocence, white paint, beautiful but easily soiled and requiring continual care to preserve its lustre.

Third. Modesty, a rouge giving a delightful bloom to the cheeks.

Fourth. Contentment, an infallible smoother of wrinkles.

Fifth. Truth, a sallow rendering the lips soft and delicious.

Sixth. Gentleness, a cordial imparting sweetness to the character.

Seventh. Good humor, a universal beautifier.—Boston Transcript.

She was a dear old lady with a rosy face framed in silver hair and eyes that were all kindness.

She was being shown round the prison and endeavored as she passed to say a few kind words to the unfortunate prisoners.

"Remember, my good man," she chirruped to one veteran, "that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage!"

"Well," said the old sinner, "they have got me hypnotized then—that's all, ma'am!"—Exchange.

Signs of the Times

Everybody's Magazine. On milliner's shop in Buffalo: "I. Boxall."

In Philadelphia: "Dr. Philip Cynge Physick."

In Tampa, Fla.: "Limpus & Limpus, chiropractors."

In Burlington, N. J.: "Tryon & Tryon suits, \$19.75."

On church bulletin board, Birmingham, N. Y.: "Sermon, 'Tis Folly to Suppose. You are invited.'"

In Baltimore: "Fairweather & Rain."

In New York World: "Mitchell, the Tailor. Trousers ready to wear out."

In Hartford Times: "Two ex-soldiers commit suicide daily."

In Mobile, Ala.: "Ripps & Ripps, gentlemen's clothiers."

In Battle Creek, Mich.: "Miss Iva Sweet."

In Larchmont, N. Y.: "Lock & Kay."

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"Every One Who Knows Father Likes and Admires Him!" She Rejoiced.

to her after one of these had halted and gone on.

"Everyone who knows Father likes and admires him!" she rejoiced.

"I don't mean exactly that," Eaton went on. "They must trust him too, in an extraordinary way. His asso-