

The BLIND MAN'S EYES

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Illustrations by R.H. Livingstone

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is exposing a killer, is he 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, leaving 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 Connery, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. The man accompanying him is identified as the father of the girl, Mr. Dorne. He is asked for whom the train was held. Philip D. Eaton, a young man, also boards the train. Dorne tells his daughter and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning the man.

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, Connery notices Dorne's hand hanging out of the berth. He ascertains Dorne's name and has recently read in the paper that he had been murdered. 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 Blatchford, 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 Santoine's assailant.

CHAPTER VIII.—Eaton, practically blinded 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 Santoine 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.—Santoina recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses to reveal his identity. The financier requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santoina 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, Evelyn. Eaton, who apparently he is acquainted with, whom he conceals the fact. Eaton's mission is to secure certain documents which are vital to his interests, and his being admitted to the house is a remarkable stroke of luck. The girl, Evelyn, is told to aid him. He becomes deeply interested in Harriet Santoina, and she in him.

CHAPTER XII.—Harriet tells Eaton she and Donald Avery act as "eyes" to Santoina, reading to him the documents in which he bases his judgments. While walking with her, two men in an automobile deliberately attempt to run Eaton down. He escapes with slight injuries. The girl recognizes one of the men as having been on the train on which they came from Seattle.

CHAPTER XIII.—Santoina questions Eaton closely, but the latter is reticent. The blind man tells him he is convinced the attack made on him on the train was the result of an error, the attacker having planned to kill Eaton. Santoina tells Harriet she is to take charge of the papers connected with the "Latron" properties, which had hitherto been in Avery's charge.

CHAPTER XIV.—At the country club Eaton reveals a remarkable proficiency at polo, seemingly to Avery's gratification. Eaton induces Harriet to allow him to leave the grounds for a few minutes that night.

CHAPTER XV.—That night Eaton invades Santoina's library, seeking the papers he is determined to possess. There he finds two men, one of whom he recognizes with bewildered surprise, on the same errand. The three men engage in a pistol duel.

CHAPTER XVI.—Aroused by the shooting, Santoina descends to the library. The combatants are there, but silent. Wallace Blatchford arrives and is on the point of informing Santoina of the identity of one of the intruders when he is shot and instantly killed. The fighters escape. The safe has been rifled and important papers taken.

CHAPTER XVII.—Harriet finds Eaton, badly wounded. She helps him and accompanies him in an auto in pursuit of the invaders of the house. He satisfies her of his innocence, which she has never doubted. Avery and a heavily armed posse pursue Eaton. Battered he has wounded the man he recognized in Santoina's study. Eaton leaves Harriet and takes up the trail through the woods.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Harriet reveals her actions to her father. She is confident he has a clue to the mystery.

CHAPTER XIX.—Peculiar happenings in the stock market apparently convince Santoina of the truth of a theory he has formed.

He lay with clenched hands, shaking with rage; then by effort of his will he put these thoughts away. The nurse reminded him again of his need for food.

"I want nothing now," he said. "Have it ready when I wake up. When the doctor comes, tell him I am going to get up today and dress."

He turned and stretched himself upon his bed; so, finally, he slept.



"Have You Listed What Was Taken From the Safe, Harriet?" Santoina Asked.

to get the correspondence I saw them there and put them with the correspondence in my own safe."

Santoina lay still.

"Who besides Donald knew that you did that, daughter?" he asked.

"No one."

"Thank you."

Harriet recognized this as dismissal and went out. The blind man felt the blood beating fiercely in his temples and at his finger-tips. It amazed, astounded him to realize that Warden's murder and all that had followed it had sprung from the Latron case. He recollected that he had been vaguely conscious ever since Latron's murder of something strained, something not wholly open, in his relations with those men whose interests had been most closely allied with Latron's. It had been nothing open, nothing palpable; it was only that he had felt at times in them a knowledge of some general condition governing them which was not wholly known to himself. Whoever Blatchford had seen was someone well known to him, whose presence had been so amazing that speech had fallen Blatchford for the moment and he had feared the effect of the announcement on Santoina.

Some circumstance which Santoina comprehended only imperfectly as yet had forced this man to come out from behind his agents and to act even at the risk of revealing himself. It was probably he who, finding Blatchford's presence made revelation inevitable, had killed Blatchford. But these circumstances gave Santoina no clue as to who the man might be. The blind man tried vainly to guess. The only circumstance regarding the man of which Santoina now felt sure was that he was one of the many concerned in the Latron case or with the Latron properties.

"What time is it?" the blind man suddenly asked the nurse.

"It is nearly noon, Mr. Santoina."

"Will you leave me alone for a few moments?" he directed.

He listened till he heard the door close behind the nurse; then he seized the private phone beside his bed and called his broker.

"How is the market?" he inquired.

There was something approaching to a panic on the stock exchange, it appeared. Some movement, arising from causes not yet clear, had dropped the bottom out of a score of important stocks.

"How is Pacific Midlands?" Santoina asked.

"It led the decline."

Santoina felt the blood in his temples. "M. and N. Smelters?" he asked.

"Down seven points."

"S. F. and D. T."

"Eight points off."

Santoina's hand, holding the telephone, shook in its agitation; his head was hot from the blood rushing through it, his body was chilled. An idea so strange, so astounding, so incredible as it first had come to him that his feelings refused it though his reason told him it was the only possible condition which could account for all the facts, now was being made all but certain. He named stock after stock; all were down—seriously depressed or had been supported only by a desperate effort of their chief holders.

The blind man could write as well as any other by following the position of the lines with the fingers of his left hand. He wrote a short note swiftly now, folded, sealed and addressed it and handed it to the servant.

"Have that delivered by a messenger at once," he directed. "There will be no written answer, I think; only something sent back—a photograph. See that it is brought to me

at once."

He heard the servant's footsteps going rapidly away. He was shaking with anger, horror, resentment; he was almost—not quite—sure now of all that had taken place; of why Warden had been murdered, of what vague shape had moved behind and guided all that had happened since. He recalled Eaton's voice as he had heard it first on the train at Seattle; and now he was almost sure—not quite—that he could place that voice, that he knew where he had heard it before.



Then Suddenly He Came Upon the Road for Which He Was Looking.

CHAPTER XXI

The Man Hunt.

The rolling, ravine-gulled land where Harriet had left Eaton was wooded thickly with oaks, maples and ash; the glare from the burning bridge lighted the ravine for only a little way; Eaton had gained the bottom of the ravine beyond the point where this light would have made him visible and had made the best speed he could along it away from the lights and voices on the road. This speed was not very great; his stockinged feet sank to their ankles in the soft mud of the ravine; and when, realizing that he was leaving a trace, easily followed even by lantern-light, he clambered to the steep side and tried to travel along its slope, he found his progress slower still. In the darkness he crashed sometimes full against the tree-trunks; bushes which he could not see seized and held him, ripping and tearing at his clothes; invisible, fallen saplings tripped him, and he stepped into unseen holes which threw him headlong, so that twice he rolled clear to the bottom of the ravine with fierce, hot pains which nearly deprived him of his senses shooting through his wounded shoulder.

When he had made, as he thought, fully three-quarters of a mile and must be, allowing for the winding of the ravine, at least half a mile from his pursuers, he climbed to the brink of the bank and looked back. He was not, as he had thought, half a mile from the road; he was not a quarter of a mile; he could still see plainly the lights of the three motorcars upon the road and men moving in the flare of these lights. He was certain that he had recognized the figure of Avery among these men. Pursuit of him, however, appeared to have been checked for the moment; he heard neither voices nor any movement in the woods. Eaton, panting, threw himself down to recover breath and strength to think.

There was no question in Eaton's mind what his fate would be if he surrendered, to or was captured by, his pursuers. What he had seen in Santoina's study an hour before was so unbelievable, so completely undemonstrable unless he himself could prove his story that he felt that he would receive no credence. Blatchford, who had seen it in the light in the study, was dead; Santoina, who would have seen it if he had had eyes, was blind. Eaton, still almost stunned and yet wildly excited by that sight, felt only, in the mad confusion of his senses, the futility of telling what he had seen unless he were in a position to prove it. Those opposed to him would put his statement aside with the mere answer that he was lying; the most charitably inclined would think only that what he had been through had driven him insane.

Eaton understood that his possibility of escape was very small, even if escape had been his only object; but Eaton's problem was not one of escape—it was to find those he pursued and make certain that they were captured at the same time he was; and, as he crouched panting on the damp earth, he was thinking only of that.

As he struggled forward, impatient at these delays, he came several times upon narrow, unguarded roads and crossed them; at other times the little wilderness which protected him changed suddenly to a well-kept lawn where some great house with its garages and outbuildings loomed ahead, and afraid to cross these open places, he was obliged to retrace his steps and find a way round. The distance from the bridge to the place where the men he was following had got out of their motor, he had thought to be about two miles; but when he had been traveling more than an hour, he had not yet reached it. Then, suddenly he came upon the road for which he was looking; somewhere to the east along it was the place he sought. He crouched as near to the road as he dared and where he could look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motorcar with armed men in it passed him, and presently reappeared, evidently patrolling the road; its lights showed him a man with a gun standing at the first bend of the road to the east. Eaton drew further back and moved parallel to the road but far enough away from it to be hidden. A quarter of a mile further he found a second man. The motorcar, evidently, was patrolling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As Eaton halted, this second car approached, and was halted, backed and turned.

Its headlights swept through the woods and revealed Eaton. The man standing in the road cried out the alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; he fired a second and third time

and cut by a boat's bow. They had taken the body away with them in the boat. To sink it somewhere weighted with heavy stones in the deep water? Eaton's search was hopeless now.

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched feverishly the shore and the lake. But there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the bluff, hiding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was it he had said to Harriet? "I will come back to you—as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the words in mockery. How would he return to her now? As he moved, a fierce, hot pain from the clotted wound in his shoulder shot him through and through with agony and the silence and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

CHAPTER XXII

Not Eaton—Overton.

Santoina awoke at five o'clock. The blind man felt strong and steady; he had food brought him; while he was eating it, his messenger returned. Santoina saw the man alone and, when he had dismissed him, he sent for his daughter.

Harriet went up to him fearfully. The blind man seemed calm and quiet; a thin, square packet lay on the bed beside him; he held it out to her without speaking.

She snatched it in dread; the shape of the packet and the manner in which it must be a photograph. "Open it," her father directed.

"What is it you want to know, Father?" she asked.

"That is the picture of Eaton?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

She tried to assure herself of the shade of the meaning in her father's tone; but she could not. She understood that her recognition of the picture had satisfied him in regard to something over which he had seen in doubt; but whether this was to work in favor of Hugh and herself—she thought of herself now inseparably with Hugh—or whether it threatened them, she could not tell.

"Father, what does this mean?" she cried to him.

"What, dear?"

"Your having the picture. Where did you get it?"

"I knew where it might be. I sent for it."

"But—but, Father—" It came to her now that her father must know

It was plain to him what had occurred; two men had got out of the car here and had lifted out and carried away a third. He knelt where he could feel the last footsteps he could detect and looked around.

The wound in his shoulder no longer bled, but the pain of it twinged him through and through; his head throbbled with the hurt there; his feet were raw and bleeding where sharp roots and branches had cut through his socks and torn the flesh; his skin was hot and dry with fever, and his head swam.

There was not yet light enough to see any distance, but Eaton, accustomed to the darkness and bending close to the ground, could discern the footmarks even on the harder soil. They led away from the road into the woods. On the rotted leaves and twigs was a dark stain; a few steps beyond there was another. Eaton picking up a leaf and fingering it, knew that they were blood. So the man was not dead when he had been lifted from the car. But he had been hurt desperately, was unable to help himself, was probably dying; if there had been any hope for him, his companions would not be carrying him in this way away from any chance of surgical attention.

Eaton followed, as the tracks led through the woods. The men had gone very slowly, carrying this heavy weight. They had stopped frequently to rest and had laid their burden down. Then suddenly he came to a place where plainly a longer halt had been made.

The ground was trampled around this spot; when the tracks went on they were changed in character. The two men were still carrying the third—a heavy man whose weight strained them and made their feet sink in deeply where they were not careful how they carried him, but went forward merely as though bearing a dead weight. Now, too, no more stains appeared on the brown leaves where they had passed; their burden no longer bled. Eaton, realizing what this meant, felt neither exultation nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently alive when taken from the car, was dying. But now he watched the tracks more closely even than before, looking for them to show him where the men had got rid of their burden.

It was quite plain what had occurred; the wet sand below was trampled by the feet of three or four men

who Hugh was. "Who—" "I know who he is now," her father said calmly. "I will tell you when I can."

"When you can?"

"Yes," he said. "Where is Avery?" as though his mind had gone to another subject instantly.

"He has not been in, I believe, since noon."

"He is overseeing the search for Eaton?"

"Yes."

"Send for him. Tell him I wish to see him here at the house; he is to remain within the house until I have seen him."

Something in her father's tone started and perplexed her; she thought of Donald now only as the most eager and most vindictive of Eaton's pursuers. Was her father removing Donald from among those seeking Eaton? Was he sending for him because what he had just learned was something which would make more rigorous and desperate the search? The blind man's look and manner told her nothing.

"You mean Donald is to wait here until you send for him, Father?"

"That is it."

It was the blind man's tone of dismissal. He seemed to have forgotten the picture; at least, as his daughter moved toward the door, he gave no direction concerning it. She halted, looking back at him. She would not carry the picture away, secretly, like this. She was not ashamed of her love for Eaton; whatever might be said or thought of him, she trusted him; she was proud of her love for him.

"May I take the picture?" she asked steadily.

(Continued Next Week.)

Riddles

Why is a thumb like a hat? Because it is felt.

I am forever, yet was never? Eternity.

How do you swallow a door? Bolt it.

Why is a fool's mouth like a hotel door? It is always open.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

What bird is in season all the year? The weathercock.

What will turn without moving? Milk.

Why is an army like a newspaper? Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

What can cross a stream in the most brilliant sunshine and not cast a shadow? Sound.

IN MY LIBRARY

(By Daniel C. Doran)

Come sit beside me, love, and we With our companions here may roam Across the land and mystic sea, Nor ever stir a step from home.

Here we may watch the silent night Descend upon the Lombard plain, Or trace the water-fowl's far flight, Beyond the freighted ships of Spain.

Here we may tread the Kaffire heath, Or walk the Irish road in spring, Or stroll the Arden woods beneath A thousand song-birds caroling.

Here we may see dark frigates ride, Beside the mist-swept Golden Gate, Or mark the swift Pacific tide Sweep through the portals of the strait.

Here we may bask 'neath summer skies, All fleeced with soft white clouds of June, Blue as the blue of your eyes, When Andalusia rests at noon.

Here we may walk Assisi's lanes, Tread where the gentle Francis trod, And found amid his joy and pains A pathway to the throne of God.

We need not cross beyond the door, But we can bring the whole world in, And choose from out our treasure store Prince, jester, saint or mandarin.

So light the little lamp with me, And we will wander far and wide, Across the mystic land and sea, Nor ever stir a step outside.

They were rehearsing for the opera when the conductor was nearly frightened out of his boots by a terrific blast from the trombone player in the corner.

"What are you doing?" roared the conductor.

"I'm sorry, sir," came the reply, "it was a fly on my music, but," he added with just a touch of professional pride, "I played him!"

Angus—I hear your friend Donald has married a third wife.

Sandy—Ay, Donald's an expensive friend; two wreaths and three presents in 14 years—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. X: "Is Mrs. de Muir an active member of your sewing circle?"

Mrs. Y: "My goodness, no! She never has a word to say—but sits there and sews all the time."

YEAGER THEATRE SUNDAY APRIL 29

LENTS Richard Barthelmess

Come Early

FURY

W

HILE football coach at the University of Oregon Hugo Bezdek used to begin his every speech with this statement: "Oregon is a great state." "Bez" was, and is, right.

In the next five years the Northwest will market a greater amount of lumber than ever before in a like period. Already some Oregon mills are running three eight-hour shifts. A great many are running two shifts. Deserted mills are reopening all over the state. New mills are being erected. One great Portland mill, now running 24 hours a day, has orders booked for 18 months. Such is the story of one great Oregon industry.

In line with this report of prosperity The Columbian Press, Inc., can report business in the printing field as good. The March, 1923, business of The Columbian Press, Inc., was 215 per cent greater than the February business and 188.40 per cent greater than the January, 1923, business.

We state these facts because they indicate to us that "Oregon is a great state," and Portland's alright.

The Columbian Press, Inc.

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