The BLIND MAN'S EYES

WILLIAM MACHARG DWIN BALMER Illustrations by R.H.Livingstone

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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 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. Five men and a girl board the train The father of the girl, Mr. Dorne, is the person for whom the train was held 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. out what they can concerning

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 outside the berth. He ascertains Dorne's bell has recently rung. Perturbed, he investigates and finds Dorne with his akull crushed. He calls a surgeon, Dr. Sinclair, on the train.

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

(Continued from last week). As he glanced at the seat where he had left his locked traveling bag, he saw that the bag was no longer there. It stood now between the two seats on the floor, and picking it up and looking at it, he found it unfastened and with marks about the locwhich told plainly that it had been

He set it on the floor between his knees and checked over its contents. Nothing had been taken, so far as he could tell: for the bag had contained only clothing, the Chinese dictionary and the box of cigars, and these all apparently were still there. He had laid out the things on the seat across from him while checking them up, and now he began to put them back in the bag. Suddenly he noticed that one of his socks was missing: what had been eleven pairs was now only ten pairs and one odd

This disappearance of a single sock was so strange, so bizarre, so perplexing that-unless it was accidental-he could not account for it at all. No one opens a man's bag and steals one sock, and he was quite sure there had been eleven complete pairs there earlier in the day. Certainly then, it had been accidental: the bag had been opened, its contents taken out and examined, and in putting them back, one sock had been dropped unnoticed. The absence of the sock, then, meant no more than that the contents of the bag had been thoroughly investigated. By whom? By the man against whom the telegram directed to Lawrence Hillward had warned Eaton?

Ever since his receipt of the tele gram, Eaton-as he passed through the train in going to and from the diner or for other reasons-had been trying covertly to determine which, if anyone, among the passengers, was the "one" who, the telegram had warned him, was "following" him. For at first he had interpreted it to mean that one of "them" whom he had to fear must be on the train. Later he had felt certain that this could not be the case, for otherwise any one of "them" who knew him would have spoken by this time. Now his suspicions that one of "them" must be aboard the train returned.

The bag certainly had not been carried out the forward door of the car, or he would have seen it from the compartment at that end of the car where he had sat smoking. The bag, therefore, had been carried out the rear door, and the man who had opened it, if a passenger, must still be in the rear part of the train,

Eaton, refilling his cigar-case to give his action a look of casualness, got up and went toward the rear of the train. A porter was still posted at the door of the Santoine car, who warned him to be quiet in passing through. The car, he found, was entirely empty; the door to the drawing room where Santoine lay was closed.

He went on into the observation car. A few men and women passengers here were reading or talking. Glancing on past them through the glass door at the end of the car, he saw Harriet Santoine standing alone on the observation platform. The girl did not see him; her back was toward the car. As he went out onto the platform and the sound of the closing door came to her, she turned vo meet him.

She looked white and tired, and faint gray shadows underneath her eyes showed where dark circles were beginning to form.

"I am supposed to be resting," she explained quietly, accepting him as one who had the right to ask. "How is your father?"

"Just the same; there may be no change, Doctor Sinclair says, for days. It seems all so sudden and so-terrible, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton, leaning against the rail beside her and glancing at her, saw that her lashes were wet, and his eyes dropped as they caught hers. "They have been investigating the

attack?" "Yes; Donald - Mr. Avery, you know-and the conductor have been working on it all day. They have been questioning the porter."

"The porter?" "Oh, I don't mean that they think the porter had anything to do with It; but the bell rang. you know."

"The bell?" "The bell from Father's berth. I thought you knew. It rang some time before Father was found-some faw minutes before: the porter did not hear it, but the pointer was turned down. They have tested it, and i' cannot be jarred down or turned ir any way except by means of the hell.

Eaton looked away from her, then back again rather strangely.

"Is that all they have learned?" "No; they have found the weapon." "The weapon with which your fa-

ther was struck?" "Yes; the man who did it seems not to have realized that the train was stopped-or at least that it would he stopped for so long-and he threw it off the train, thinking, I suppose, we should be miles away from there by morning. But the train didn't move, and the snow didn't cover it

up, and it was found lying against the snow bank this afternoon. It corresponds, Doctor Sinclair says, with Father's injuries." "What was it?"

"It seems to have been a bar of metal-of steel, they said, I think, Mr. Eaton-wrapped in a man's black "A sock!" Eaton's voice sounded

strange to himself; he felt that the blood had left his cheeks, leaving him pale, and that the girl must notice it. "A man's sock!"

Then he saw that she had not noticed, for she had not been looking

"It could be carried in that way through the sleepers, you know, without attracting attention," she observed.

Eaton controlled himself. "A sock!" he said again, reflectively. He felt suddenly a rough tap upon his shoulder, and turning, saw that Donald Avery had come out upon the platform and was standing beside him; and behind Avery he saw Con-

ductor Connery. There was no one else on the platform. "Will you tell me, Mr. Eaton-or whatever else your name may bewhat it is that you have been asking Miss Santoine?" Avery demanded

barshly. "Harry, what has this man been saying to you?" "Mr. Eaton?" Her gaze went wonderingly from Avery to Eaton and back again. "Why-why, Don! He has only been asking me what we had found out about the attack on Fa-

ther!" "And you told him?" Avery swung toward Eaton. "You dog!" he mouthed. "Harriet, he asked you that because he needed to know-he had to know! Harry, this is the man that

did it!" Eaton's fists clenched; but suddenly, recollecting, he checked himself. Harriet, not yet comprehending, stood staring at the two; then Eaton saw the blood rush to her face and dye forehead and cheek and neck as she understood.

"Not here, Mr. Avery; not here!" Conductor Connery put his hand on Eaton's arm. "Come with me, sir," he commanded.

Eaton thought anxiously for a moment. He looked to Harriet Santoine as though about to say something to her, but he did not speak; instead, he quietly followed the conductor. As they passed through the observation car into the car ahead, he heard the footsteps of Harriet Santoine and Avery close behind him.

CHAPTER VIII

Questions.

Connery pulled aside the curtain of the washroom at the end of the Santoine car-the end farthest from the drawing room weere Santoine lay. "Step in here, sir," he directed. "Sit down, if you want. We're far enough from the drawing room not to dis-

surb Mr. Santoine.' Eaton, seating himself in the corner of the leather seat built against two walls of the room, and looking up, saw that Avery had come into the room with them. The girl followed. With her entrance into the room came

to him a strange sensation which ex-

nausted his breath and stopped his

pulse for a beat. To be accused-

even to be suspected-of the crime [against Santoine was to have attention brought to him which-with his unsatisfactory account of himselfthreatened ugly complications. Yet, at this moment of realization, that dinot fill his mind. Whether his long gwelling close to death had numbed him to his own danger, however much more immediate it had become, he could not know; probably he had prepared himself so thoroughly, had innred himself so to expect arrest and imminent destruction, that now his finding himself confronted with accusers in itself failed to stir new sensation; but till this day, he had never imagined or been able to prepare himself for accusation before one tike Harriet Santoine; so, for a moment. thought solely of himself was a sub-



"Step In Here, S ;" He Directed.

current. Of his conscious feelings the terror that she would be brough to believe with the others that he have struck the blow against her fathe was the most poignant.

Avery pulled forward one of the leather chairs for her to seat hersel and took another for himself facin; Eaton.

"Why did you ring the bell in Mr Santoine's berth?" Avery directed the attack upon him suddenly. "To call help," Eaton answered.

"You had known, then, that he needed help?" "I knew it-saw it then, of course." "When?"

"When I found him. When I went forward to look for the conductor to ask him about taking a walk on the roof of the cars."

"You found him then-that way

the way he was?" "That way? Yes."

"How?" "How?" Eaton iterated.

Yes; now, Mr. Eaton, or Hillward or whatever your name is? How did you find him? The curtains were open, perhaps; you saw him as you went by, eh?"

Eaton shook his head. "No; the curtains weren't open; they were "Then why did you look in?"

"I saw his hand in the aisle." "Go on."

"When I came back it didn't look right to me; its position had not been changed at all, and it hadn't looked right to me before. So I stopped and touched it, and I found that it was

"Then you looked into the berth?" "Yes."

"And having looked in and seen Mr. Santoine injured and lying as he was, you did not call anyone, you did not bring help-you merely leaned across him and pushed the bell and went on quickly out of the car before anyone could see you?"

"Yes; but I waited on the platform of the next car to see that help did come; and the conductor passed me, and I knew that he and the porter must find Mr. Santoine, as they did." "Do you expect us to believe that

very peculiar action of yours was the act of an innocent man?" "If I had been guilty of the attack on Mr. Santoine, I'd not have stopped

or looked into the berth at all." "If you are innocent, you had, of

course, some reason for acting as you did. Will you explain what it was?" "No-I cannot explain."

With a look of triumph Avery turned to Harriet Santoine, and Eaton felt his flesh grow warm with gratitude as he saw her meet Avery's look with no appearance of being convinced.

Avery made a vexed gesture, and turned to Connery. "Tell her the rest of it," he directed.

Connery, who had remained standing back of the two chairs, moved slightly forward. "Where shall I begin?" he asked of Avery; he was looking not at the girl but at Eaton.

"At the beginning," Avery directed. "Mr. Eaton, when you came to this train, the gateman at Seattle called my attention to you," Connery began. "Old Sammy has recognized men with criminal records time and again. He's got seven rewards out of it."

Eaton felt his pulses close with a shock. "He recognized me?" he asked quietly.

"No, he didn't; he couldn't place you," Connery granted. "He couldn't tell whether you were somebody that was 'wanted' or someone well known yes." -someone famous, maybe; but I anght to have kept my eye on you because of that, from the very start. for the last steamer you could have Now, this morning you claim a telegram meant for another man-a man | Tamba Maru. In fact, Mr. Eaton, you named Hillward, on this train, who had been on this side of the water for seems to be all right—that is, by his as many as eleven days, had you answers and his account of himself he not?"

In the little little

seems to be exactly what he claims to be.'

"Did he read the telegram to you?" Eaton asked. "It was in code. If it was meant for him, he ought to be able to read it."

"No, he didn't. Will you?" Eaton halted while he recalled the exact wording of the message. "No." Connery paused and looked to Avery and the gill. "You'll wait a minute, Mr. Avery; and you, Miss

Santoine. I won't be long." He left the washroom, and the sound of the closing of a door which came to Eaton a half-minute later told that he had gone out the front end of the car.

As the three sat waiting in the washroom, no one spoke. Eaton understood fully that the manner in which the evidence against him was being presented to him was not with any expectation that he could defend himself; Avery and Connery were obviously too certain of their conclusion for that; rather, as it was being that." given thus under Avery's direction, it was for the effect upon Harest Santoine and to convince her fully. But Eaton had understood this from the first. It was for this reason he had not attempted to deny having rung Santoine's bell, realizing that if he after Mr. Warden was brought home denied it and it afterward was proved, he would appear in a worse light than by his inability to account for or assign a reason for his act. And he had proved right in this: for the girl had not been convinced. So now he comprehended that something far more convincing and more important was to come; but what that could be, he could not guess.

The conductor appeared in the door of the washroom followed by the Englishman from Eaton's car, Henry Standish. Connery carried the sheet on which he had written the questions he had asked Eaton, and Eaton's answers.

"What name were you using. Mr Eaton, when you came from Asia to the United States?" the conductor de manded.

Eaton reflected. "My own," he said. "Philip D. Eaton." "Mr. Standish"-Connery faced the Englishman-"you came from Yokohama to Seattle on the Tamba Maru,

Mr. Eaton among the passengers?" "Do you know he was not among

the passengers?" "Yes, I do."

"How do you know?" The Englishman took a folded pa-



The Englishman Took a Folded Paper From His Pocket, Opened It and Handed It to the Conductor.

handed it to the conductor. Connery,

taking it, held it out to Eaton. "Here, Mr. Eaton," he said, "is the printed passenger list of the people aboard the Tamba Maru prepared after leaving Yokohama for distribution among the passengers. It's unquestionably correct. Will you point out your name on it?"

Eaton made no move to take the paper; and after holding it long quitted, must destroy him; but denial enough to give him full opportunity, Connery handed it back to the Eng-

"That's all, Mr. Standish," he said. Eaton sat silent as the Englishman, after staring curiously around at them with his bulging, interested eyes, left the washroom.

"Now, Mr. Eaton," Connery said, as the sound of Standish's steps became inaudible, "either you were not on the Tamba Maru or you were on it under some other name than Eaton. Which was it?"

"I never said I was on the Tamba Maru," Eaton returned steadily. "I said I came from Asia by steamer. You yourself supplied the name Tamba Maru."

"In case of questioning like that, Mr. Eaton, it makes no difference whether you said it or I supplied it in your hearing. If you didn't correct me, it was because you wanted me to get a wrong impression about you. You weren't on the Tamba Maru, were you?" "No, I was not."

"You did come from Asia, though, as your railroad ticket seemed to show?" "Yes."

"From Yokohama?"

"The last port we stopped at before sailing for Seattle was Yokohama-

Connery reflected. "You had been in Seattle, then, at least five days; come on docked five days before the "Eleven days?" Eaton repeated.

"Yes: for it was just eleven days before this train left Seattle that you came to the house of Mr. Gabriel Warden and waited there for him till he was brought home dead!"

Eaton, sitting forward a little looked up at the conductor; his glance caught Avery's an instant; he gazed then to Harriet Santoine. At the charge, she had started; but Avery had not. The identification, therefore, was Connery's, or had been agreed upon by Connery and Avery between them; suggestion of it had not come from the Santoines. And Connery had made the charge without being certain of it; he was watching the effect, Eaton now realized, to see if what he had accused was cor-

"Isn't that so?" Connery demanded. "Or do you want to deny that too and have it proved on you later?" Again for a moment Eaton sat si-

lent. "No," he decided, "I do not deny

"Then you are the man who was at Warden's the night he was mur-

evening. I was the one who came there by appointment and waited till

ed; but he could not keep from Earon sleep till late in the morning; so Ia sense that, by Eaton's admission of the fact, Connery had been disap-

"All right, Mr. Eaton!" Connery returned to his charge. "You are that man. So besides whatever else that means, you'd been in Seattle eleven days and yet you were the last person to get aboard this train, which left a full hour after its usual starting time. Who were you waiting to see get on the train before you yourself took it?"

Eaton wet his lips. To what was Connery working up? The probability, now rapidly becoming certainty. him as the man who had waited at vinced by Avery. Warden's-which fact anyone at any time might have charged-Connery knew something else which the conductor could not have been expected to know-this dismayed Eaton the more by its indefiniteness. And he saw, as his gaze shifted to Avery, that didn't you? Do you remember this Avery knew this thing also.

"What do you mean by that ques-

tion?" he asked. "I mean that-however innocent or guilty may be the chance of your being at Mr. Warden's the night he was killed-you'll have a hard time proving that you did not wait and watch and take this train because Basil Santoine had taken it; and that you were not following him. Do you deny it?"

Eaton was silent. Connery, bringing the paper in his hand nearer to the window again, glanced down once more at the statement Eaton had made. "I asked you who you knew in Chicago," he said. "and you answered 'No one.' That

was your reply, was it not?" "Yes."

"You know no one in Chicago?" "No one." Eaton repeated. "And certainly no one there knows you well enough to follow your movements in relation to Mr. Santoine. That's a necessary assumption from the fact that you know no one

at all there." The conductor pulled a telegram from his pocket and handed it to Avery, who, evidently having already seen it, passed it on to Harriet Santoine. She took it, staring at it mechanically and vacantly; then suddenly she shivered, and the yellow paper which she had read slipped from her hand and fluttered to the floor. Connery stooped and picked it up and handed it toward Eaton.

"This is yours," he said. Eaton had sensed already what the nature of the message must be, though as the conductor held it out to him he could read only his name at the top of the sheet and did not know yet what the actual wording was below. Acceptance of it must mean arrest, indictment for the crime against Basil Santoine; and that, whether or not he later was acof the message now would be hope-

less. "It is yours, isn't it?" Connery

urged. "Yes; it's mine," Eaton admitted; and to make his acceptance definite, he took the paper from Connery. As he looked dully down at it, he read: "He is on your train under the

name of Dorne." The message was not signed.

Connery touched him on the shoulder. "Come with me, Mr. Eaton." Eaton got up slowly and mechanically and followed the conductor. At the door he halted and looked back; Harriet Santoine was not looking; her face was covered with her hands; Eaton hesitated; then he went on. Connery threw open the door of the compartment next to the washroom and corresponding to the drawing room at the other end of the car, but

"You'll do well enough in here." He closed the door upon Eaton and locked it. As Eaton stood staring at the floor, he could hear through the metal partition of the washroom the nervous, almost hysterical weeping of known that he was the man who had had the appointment with Gabriel Warden and had disappeared; and in so far as the train officials could act, he was accused and confined for the attack upon Basil Santoine. But besides being overwhelmed with the horror of this position, the manner in which he had been accused had

as he heard the sounds on the other side of the partition, where Avery was now trying to silence Harriet Santoine and lead her away.

CHAPTER IX

The Blind Man's Eyes. At noon Connery came to his door, and behind Connery, Eaton saw Harriet Santoine and Avery. Eaton jumped up, and as he saw the girl's pale face, the color left his own.

"Miss Santoine has asked to speak to you," Connery announced; and he admitted Harriet Santoine and Avery, and himself remaining outside in the aisle, closed the door upon them.

"How is your father?" Eaton asked the girl.

"He seems just the same; at least, I can't see any change, Mr. Eaton." "Can Doctor Sinclair see any differ-

ence?" Eaton asked. "Doctor Sinclair will not commit himself except to say that so far as he can tell, the indications are favorable. He seems to think-" The girl choked; but when she went on, her blue eyes were very bright and her "Yes," said Euton, "I was there that lips did not tremble. "Doctor Sinclair seems to think, Mr. Eaton, that Father was found just in time, and that whatever chance he has for recovery came from you. Sometimes Father "So you admit that?" Connery gloat. had insomnia and wouldn't get to and Mr. Avery too-would have left him undisturbed until noon. Doctor Sinclair says that if he had been left

> chance at all for life." "He has a chance, then, now?" "Yes; but we don't know how much. I-I wanted you to know, Mr. Eaton. that I recognize—that the chance Father may have came through you, and that I am trying to think of you as the one who gave him the chance."

> as long as that, he would have had no

The warm blood flooded Eaton's face, and he bowed his head. She, then, was not wholly hostile to him: that in addition to the recognition of she had not been completely con-

Her eyes rested upon Eaton steadily; and while he had been appealing to her, a flush had come to her cheeks and faded away and come again and again with her impulses as he spoke. "If you didn't do it, why don't you

help us?" she cried. "Help you?" "Yes; tell us who you are and what you are doing? Why did you take the train because Father was on it, if you didn't mean any harm to him? Why don't you tell us where you are going or where you have been or what you have been doing? Why can't you give the name of anybody you know or tell

us of anyone who knows about you?" "I might ask you in return," Eaton said, "why you thought it worth while, Miss Santoine, to ask so much about myself when you first met me and before any of this had happened? Why were you curious about me?"

"My father asked me to find out about you."

Why? Harriet had reddened under Eaton's gaze. "You understand, Mr. Eaton, itwas-was entirely impersonal with me. My father, being blind, is obliged to use the eyes of others-mine, for one: and he has Mr. Avery. He calls us his eyes, sometimes; and it was only-only because I had been commissioned to find out about you that I was obliged to show so much

curiosity." Harriet arose, and Eaton got up as she did and stood as she went toward

the door. Avery had reached the door, holding it open for her to go out. Suddenly Eaton tore the handle from Avery's grasp, slammed the door shut upon

him and braced his foot against it. "Miss Santoine," he pleaded, his voice hoarse with his emotion, "for God's sake, make them think what they are doing before they make a public accusation against me-before they charge me with this to others not on this train! It will not be merely accusation they make against me-it will be my sentence! I shall be sentenced before I am tried-condemned without a chance to defend myself! That is the reason I could not come forward after the murder of Mr. Warden. I could not have helped him-or aided in the pursuit of his enemies-if I had appeared; I merely would have been destroyed myself! The only thing I could hope to accomplish has been in following my present course-which, I swear to you, has no connection with the attack upon your father. What Mr. Avery and Connery are planning to to to me, they cannot undo. They will merely complete the outrage and injustice already done me-of which Mr. Warden spoke to his wife-and they will not help your father. For God's sake, keep them from going further!"

(To be Continued.)

Italian Mothers want to Cook "American Way."

The home economics extension work of The Pennsylvania State College is carried to every corner of the State a corps of trained workers. of the workers, Miss Helen K. Rogers, recently reported to college offi-cials that a group of Italian mothers at Conshohocken are receiving instruction, at their own request, in how an overstrained girl. The thing was to cook in the "American way." The done; in so far as the authorities on class there is considered to be a great the train were concerned, it was success and every session is well attended.

How it Happened. "Now my good man," said the prison visitor, sympathetically, "what brought you here?"

"It was mistaken confidence ma'am," responded the convict. "Really," returned the visitor, "and