

# The BLIND MAN'S EYES

By William MacHarg  
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 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. 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 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 hand has recently rung. Ferrubed, 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 Santeoine, who, although blind, is a regular power in the financial world as adviser to "big interests." His recovery is a matter of doubt.

**CHAPTER VII.**—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 VIII.**—Eaton pleads with Harriet Santeoine to withhold judgment, telling her he is in serious danger, though innocent of the crime of her father. She feels the girl believes him.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Santeoine recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses to reveal his identity. The financier requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santeoine home, where he is in the position of a semi-prisoner.

**CHAPTER X.**—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 his being admitted to the house is a remarkable stroke of luck. The girl agrees to aid him. He becomes deeply interested in Harriet Santeoine, and she in him.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Harriet tells Eaton she and Donald Avery act as eyes to Santeoine, reading to him the documents on 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 XII.**—Santeoine questions Eaton closely, but the latter is unconvinced. The blind man tells him he is convinced the attack made on him on the train was the result of an error, the attack being planned to kill Eaton. Santeoine tells Harriet she is to take charge of certain papers connected with the "Latron properties," which had hitherto been in Avery's charge.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Avery seeks to influence Harriet, as his wife to be, to give the papers to him. She refuses. Harriet is beginning to feel that her love belongs to Eaton.

**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 Santeoine'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, Santeoine descends to the library. The combatants are there, but silent. Wallace Blatchford arrives and is on the point of informing Santeoine 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 to an apartment in the invaders of the house. He satisfies her of his innocence, which she has never doubted. Avery and a henchman summoned to pursue Eaton. Satisfied he has wounded the man he recognized in Santeoine'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.

(Continued from last week.)  
She got up and left him, and went to her own rooms; she did not pretend to herself that she could rest. She bathed and dressed and went downstairs. The library had windows facing to the west; she went in there and stood looking out.

Her mind was upon only one thing—even that she could not think connectedly. Some years ago, something—she did not know what—had happened to Hugh; tonight, in some strange way unknown to her, it had culminated in her father's study. He had fought someone; he had rushed away to follow someone. Whom? Had he heard that someone in the study and gone down? Had he been fighting his battle—her father's and hers? She knew that was not so. Hugh had been fully dressed. What did it mean that he had said to her that these events would either destroy him or would send him back to her—as something different? Her thought supplied no answer.

But whatever he had done, whatever he might be, she knew his fate was hers now; for she had given herself to him utterly. She had told that to herself as she fled and pursued with him that night; she had told it to him; she later had told it—though she had

not meant to yet—to her father. She could only pray now that out of the events of this night might not come a grief to her too great for her to bear.

She went to the rooms that had been Eaton's. The police, in stripping them of his possessions, had overlooked his cap; she found the bit of gray cloth and hugged it to her. She whispered his name to herself—Hugh—that secret of his name which she had kept; she gloried that she had that secret with him which she could keep from them all. What wouldn't they give just to share that with her—his name, Hugh!

She started suddenly, looking through the window. The east, above the lake, was beginning to grow gray. The dawn was coming! It was beginning to be day!

She hurried to the other side of the house, looking toward the west. How could she have left him, hurt and bleeding and alone in the night! She could not have done that but that his asking her to go had told that it was for his safety as well as hers; she could not help him any more then; she would only have been in the way. But now—she started to rush out, but controlled herself; she had to stay in the house; that was where the first word would come if they caught him; and then he would need her, how much more!

The reporters on the lawn below her, seeing her at the window, called up to her to know further particulars of what had happened and what the murder meant; she could see them plainly in the increasing light. She could see the lawn and the road before the house. Day had come.

And with the coming of day, the uncertainty and disorder within and about the house seemed to increase.

But in the south wing, with its sound-proof doors and its windows closed against the noises from the lawn, there was silence; and in this silence, an exact, compelling, methodic machine was working; the mind of Basil Santeoine was striving, vainly as yet, but with growing chances of success, to fit together into the order in which they belonged and make clear the events of the night and all that had gone before—arranging, ordering, testing, discarding, picking up again and reordering all that had happened since that other murder, of Gabriel Warden.

## CHAPTER XX

### What One Can Do Without Eyes.

Three men—at least three men—had fought in the study; Santeoine's presence. Eaton, it was certain, had been the only one from the house present when the first shots were fired. Had Eaton been alone against the other two? Had Eaton been with one of the two against the third? It appeared probable to Santeoine that Eaton had been alone, or had come alone, to the study and had met his enemies there.

Santeoine felt that the probabilities were that Eaton's enemies had opened the safe and had been surprised by Eaton. But if they had opened the safe, they were not only Eaton's enemies; they were also Santeoine's; they were the men who threatened Santeoine's trust.

Those whom Eaton had fought in the room had had perfect opportunity for killing Santeoine, if they wished. But Santeoine felt certain no one had made any attack upon him at any moment in the room; he had had no feeling, at any instant, that any of the shots fired had been directed at him. Blatchford, too, had been unharmed until he had made it plain that he had recognized one of the intruders; then, before Blatchford could call the name, he had been shot down.

It was clear, then, that what had protected Santeoine was his blindness; he had no doubt that, if he had been able to see and recognize the men in the room after the lights were turned on, he would have been shot down also. But Santeoine recognized that this did not fully account for his immunity. Two weeks before, an attack which had been meant for Eaton had struck down Santeoine instead; and no further attempt against Eaton had been made until it had become publicly known that Santeoine was not going to die. If Santeoine's death would have served for Eaton's death two weeks before, why was Santeoine immune now? Did possession of the contents of Santeoine's safe accomplish the same thing as Santeoine's death? Or more than his death for these men? For what men?

It was not, Santeoine was certain, Eaton's presence in the study which had so astounded Blatchford, Wallace and Eaton had passed days together, and Blatchford was accustomed to Eaton's presence in the house. Someone whom Blatchford knew and whose name Santeoine also would know and whose presence in the room was so strange and astonishing that Blatchford had tried to prepare Santeoine for the announcement, had been there. The man whose name was Blatchford's tongue, or the companion of that man, had shot Blatchford rather than let Santeoine hear the name.

He was beginning to find events fit themselves together; but they fitted imperfectly as yet.

Santeoine knew that he lacked the key. Many men could profit by possessing the contents of Santeoine's safe and might have shot Blatchford rather than let Santeoine know their presence there; it was impossible for Santeoine to tell which among these many the man who had been in the study might be. Who Eaton's enemies were was equally unknown to Santeoine. But there could be but one man—or at most one small group of men—who could be at the same time Eaton's enemy and Santeoine's. To have known who Eaton would have pointed this man to Santeoine.

Gabriel Warden had had an appointment with a young man who had come from Asia and who—Warden had told his wife—had discovered lately had been greatly wronged. Eaton, under Conductor Connery's questioning, had admitted himself to be that young man; Santeoine had verified this and had learned that Eaton was, at least, the young man who had gone to Warden's house that night. But Gabriel Warden had not been allowed to help Eaton; so far from that, he had not even been allowed to meet and talk with Eaton; he had been called out, plainly, to prevent his meeting Eaton, and killed.

Eaton disappeared and concealed himself at once after Warden's murder, apparently fearing that he would also be attacked. But Eaton was not also to help Eaton; Eaton evidently did not know, or else could not hope to prove, what Warden had discovered.

Santeoine held this thought in abeyance; he would see later how it checked with the facts.

Eaton had remained in Seattle—or near Seattle—eleven days; apparently he had been able to conceal that time and to escape attack during that time. He had been obliged, however, to reveal himself when he took the train; and as soon as possible a desperate attempt had been made against him, which, through mistake, had struck down Santeoine instead of Eaton.

Eaton had taken the train at Seattle because Santeoine was on it; he had done this at great risk to himself. The possibilities were that Eaton had taken the train to inform Santeoine of something or to learn something from him. But Eaton had had ample opportunity since to inform Santeoine of anything he wished; and he had not only not informed him of anything, but had refused consistently and determinedly to answer any of Santeoine's questions. It was to learn something from Santeoine, then, that Eaton had taken the train.

The blind man turned upon his bed; he was finding that events fitted together perfectly. He felt certain now that Eaton had gone to Gabriel Warden expecting to get from Warden some information that he needed, and that to prevent Warden's giving him this, Warden had been killed. Then Warden's death had caused Santeoine to go to Seattle and take charge of many of Warden's affairs; Eaton had thought that the information which had been in Warden's possession might now be in Santeoine's; Eaton, therefore, had followed Santeoine onto the train.

The inference was plain that something which would have given Santeoine the information Warden had had and which Eaton now required had been brought into Santeoine's house and put in Santeoine's safe. It was to get possession of this "something" before it had reached Santeoine that the safe had been forced.

Santeoine put out his hand and pressed a bell. A servant came to the door.

"Will you find Miss Santeoine," the blind man directed, "and ask her to come here?"

The servant withdrew.

Santeoine waited. Presently the door again opened, and he heard his daughter's step.

"Have you listed what was taken from the safe, Harriet?" Santeoine asked.

"Not yet, Father."

The blind man thought an instant. "Harriet, something has been brought into the house—or the manner of



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

keeping something in the house has been changed—within a very few days—since the time, I think, when the attempt to run Eaton down with the motor car was made. What was that "something"?

His daughter reflected. "The draft of the new agreement about the Latron properties and the lists of stockholders in the properties which came through Mr. Warden's office," she replied.

"Those were in the safe?"

"Yes; you had not given me any instructions about them, so I had put them in the other safe; but when I went to get the correspondence I saw them there and put them with the correspondence in my own safe."

Santeoine 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 been was someone well known to him, whose presence had been so amazing that speech had failed Blatchford for the moment and he had feared the effect of the announcement on Santeoine. This could have been only the principal himself.

Some circumstance which Santeoine 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 Santeoine no clue as to who the man might be. The blind man tried vainly to guess. The only circumstance regarding the man of which Santeoine 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. Santeoine."

"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?" Santeoine asked.

"It led the decline."

Santeoine felt the blood in his temples. "M. and N. Smeiters?" he asked.

"Down seven points."

"S. F. and D?"

"Eight points off."

Santeoine'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.

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.

## 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 Santeoine's study an hour before was so unbelievable, so completely un-

monstrable 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; Santeoine, 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

had been looking for. 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 the ground was soft. But now 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.



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

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

(To be Continued.)

hope of hiding it; Eaton thought he must be dead. He expected to find the body concealed under dead leaves, hurriedly hidden.

The night had cleared a little; to the north, Eaton could see stars. Suddenly the road and the leafless bushes at its sides flashed out in the bright light of a motorcar passing. Eaton strained forward. He had found the place he sought; there was no doubt a car had turned off the road some time before and stopped there. The passing of many cars had so tracked the road that none of the men in the motorcars seemed to have noticed anything of significance there; but Eaton saw plainly in the soft ground at the edge of the woods the footmarks of two men walking one behind the other. When the car had passed, he crept forward in the dark and fingered the distinct heel and toe marks in the soft soil. For a little distance he could follow them by feeling; then as they led him into the edge of the woods the ground grew harder and he could no longer follow them in that way.

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 footprints 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 feet throbbed 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 the ground was soft. But now 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.

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(To be Continued.)

## PLANS INVASION OF EUROPE

American Oil Company Likely to Establish Distributing Stations Throughout Czechoslovakia.

Czechoslovakian motorists will no longer have to carry cans of gasoline with them when making extended trips, on account of lack of distributing gasoline stations. Up to the present time, according to the New York Times, supply stations for the distribution of gasoline to passing automobilists have been unknown in this republic.

An American oil company, through its representative at Prague, is planning to establish distributing stations at principal business crossings and in certain of the city parks during the coming summer.

These stations will relieve automobile owners from the present necessity of carrying a can or two of gasoline on their trips and of keeping supplies of gasoline and other essentials in reserve in their garages. In addition to furnishing supplies the stations are to be equipped with material for making minor repairs.

—A hen is the only living critter that can set still and produce dividends.—Exchange.