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"Hair Groom" Keeps Hair Combed—Well-Groomed.



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Get a jar of "Hair-Groom" from any druggist for a few cents. Even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stays combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combed cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.

The Other Side of the Shield. "You'll never make me believe that opals are unlucky; why, I was wearing them when I became engaged to Claude."

"Yes, but what about Claude, dear?"

Insist on having Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms or Tapeworm and the druggist will get it for you. If not, send 25 cents to 172 Pearl St., New York, and you will get it by return mail. Advertisement.

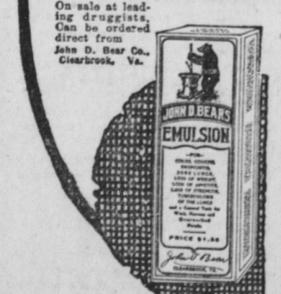
Masculine beauty finds that its greatest strain is to live up to its looks.

Consistency is a jewel that is difficult to counterfeit.

Breaks colds quickly

FOR YEARS Bear's Emulsion has been giving quick relief from coughs, colds, bronchial and lung troubles.

It is a thoroughly tested and proven remedy, recommended by druggists. Bear's Emulsion will break up the most stubborn cough or cold. It will tone up the system weakened by sickness and help win back health and vigor.



GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

quickly relieves the distressing paroxysms. Used for 50 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild, FREE TRIAL BOX. Treatise on Asthma, its causes, treatment, etc., sent upon request. 25c. and \$1.00 at druggists. J. H. GUILD CO., RUPERT, VT.

CURES COLDS—LA GRIPPE in 24 hours. CASCARA QUININE. Standard cold remedy world over. Demand box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Druggists—30 Cents.

Tutt's Pills SPEEDY RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg, Edwin Balmer

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EATON SUSPECTED

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. Bob Connery, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train, the Eastern Express. 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. The two make Eaton's acquaintance. Dorne is found nearly dead from a murderous assault. A surgeon operates. Dorne is revealed as Basil Santoine, a great corporation lawyer.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Consulted continually by men concerned in great projects, immersed day and night in vast affairs, capable of living completely as he wished—he had been, at the age of forty-six, great but not famous, powerful but not publicly known. At that time an event had occurred which had forced the blind man out unwillingly from his obscurity.

This event had been the murder of the great western financier, Matthew Latron. There had been nothing in this affair which had in any way shadowed dishonor upon Santoine. So much as in his role of a mind without personality Santoine ever fought, he had fought against Latron; but his fight had been not against the man but against methods. There had come then a time of uncertainty and unrest; public consciousness was in the process of awakening to the knowledge that strange things, approaching close to the likeness of what men call crime, had been being done under the unassuming name of business. Scandal—financial scandal—breathed more strongly against Latron than perhaps against any of the other western men. He had been among their biggest; he had his enemies, of whom impersonally Santoine might have counted one, and he had his friends, both in high places; he was a world figure. Then, all of a sudden, the man had been struck down—killed, because of some private quarrel, men whispered, by an obscure and till then unheard-of man.

The trembling wires and cables, which should have carried to the waiting world the expected news of Latron's conviction, carried instead the news of Latron's death; and disorder followed. The first public concern had been, of course, for the stocks and bonds of the great Latron properties; and Latron's bigness had seemed only further evidenced by the stanchness with which the Latron banks, the Latron railroads and mines and public utilities stood firm even against the shock of their builder's death. Assured of this, public interest had shifted to the trial, conviction and sentence of Latron's murderer; and it was during this trial that Santoine's name had become more publicly known. Not that the blind man was suspected of any knowledge—much less of any complicity—in the crime; the murder had been because of a purely private matter; but in the eager questioning into Latron's circumstances and surroundings previous to the crime, Santoine was summoned into court as a witness.

The blind man, led into the court, sitting sightless in the witness chair, revealing himself by his spoken, and even more by his withheld, replies as one of the unknown guides of the destiny of the Continent and as counselor to the most powerful—himself still then hardly heard of—but plainly one of the nation's "uncrowned rulers"—had caught the public sense. The fate of the murderer, the crime, even Latron himself, lost temporarily their interest in the public curiosity over the personality of Santoine.

It had been reported for some days that Santoine had come to Seattle directly after Warden's death; but when this was admitted, his associates had always been careful to add that Santoine, having been a close personal friend of Gabriel Warden, had come purely in a personal capacity, and the impression was given that Santoine had returned quietly some days before. The mere prolonging of his stay in the West was more than suggestive that affairs among the powerful were truly in such state as Warden had proclaimed; this attack upon Santoine, so similar to that which had slain Warden, and delivered within eleven days of Warden's death, must be of the gravest significance.

Connery stood overwhelmed for the moment with this fuller recognition of the seriousness of the disaster which had come upon this man intrusted to his charge; then he turned to the surgeon.

"Can you do anything for him here, Doctor?" he asked.

The surgeon glanced down the car. "That stateroom—is it occupied?"

"It's occupied by his daughter." "We'll take him in there, then." The four men lifted the inert figure of Basil Santoine, carried it into the drawing room and laid it on its back upon the bed.

"I have my instruments," Sinclair said. "I'll get them; but before I decide to do anything, I ought to see his daughter. Since she is here, her consent is necessary before any operation on him."

"Miss Santoine is in the observation car," Avery said. "I'll get her."

The tone was in some way false—Eaton could not tell exactly how. Avery started down the aisle.

"One moment, please, Mr. Avery!" said the conductor. "I'll ask you not to tell Miss Santoine before any other passenger that there has been an attack upon her father. Wait until you get her inside the door of this car."

"You yourself said nothing, then, that can have made her suspect it?" Eaton asked.

Connery shook his head; the conductor, in doubt and anxiety over exactly what action the situation called



"Can You Do Anything for Him Here, Doctor?" He Asked.

for—unable, too, to communicate any hint of it to his superiors to the west because of the wires being down—clearly had resolved to keep the attack upon Santoine secret for some time. "I said nothing definite even to the trainmen," he replied; "and I want you gentlemen to promise me before you leave this car that you will say nothing until I give you leave."

His eyes shifted from the face of one to another, until he had assured himself that all agreed. As Avery left the car, Eaton found a seat in one of the end sections near the drawing room. He did not know whether to ask to leave the car, or whether he ought to remain; and he would have gone except for recollection of Harriet Santoine. Then the curtain at the end of the car was pushed further aside, and she came in.

She was a very pale, but quite controlled, as Eaton knew she would be. She looked at Eaton, but did not speak as she passed; she went directly to the door of the drawing room, opened it and went in, followed by Avery. The door closed, and for a moment Eaton could hear voices inside the room—Harriet Santoine's, Sinclair's, Connery's. The conductor then came to the door of the drawing room and sent the porter for water and clean linen; Eaton heard the rip of linen being torn, and the car became filled with the smell of antiseptics.

Donald Avery came out of the drawing room and dropped into the seat across from Eaton. He seemed deeply thoughtful—so deeply, indeed, as to be almost unaware of Eaton's presence. And Eaton, observing him, again had the sense that Avery's absorption was completely in consequences to himself of what was going on behind the door—in how Basil Santoine's death or continued existence would affect the fortunes of Donald Avery.

A long time passed—how long, Eaton could not have told; he noted only that during it the shadows on the snowbank outside the window appreciably changed their position. Finally the door opened, and Harriet Santoine came out, paler than before, and now not quite so steady.

Eaton rose as she approached them; and Avery leaped up, all concern and sympathy for her immediately she appeared. He met her in the aisle and took her hand.

"Was it successful, dear?" Avery asked.

She shut her eyes before she answered, and stood holding to the back of a seat; then she opened her eyes, saw Eaton and recognized him and sat down in the seat where Avery had been sitting.

"Doctor Sinclair says we will know in four or five days," she replied to Avery; she turned then directly to Eaton. "He thought there probably was a clot under the skull, and he operated to find it and relieve it."

There was one, and we have done all we can; now we may only wait. Doctor Sinclair has appointed himself nurse; he says I can help him, but not just yet. I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you; I did want to know," Eaton acknowledged. He moved away from them, and sat down in one of the seats further down the car.

Soon he left for his own car, and as the door was closing behind him, a sound came to his ears from the car he just had left—a young girl suddenly crying in abandon. Harriet Santoine, he understood, must have broken down for the moment, after the strain of the operation; and Eaton halted as though to turn back, feeling the blood drive suddenly upon his heart. Then, recollecting that he had no right to go to her, he went on.

CHAPTER VII

Suspicion Fastens on Eaton.

Eaton found his car better filled than it had been before, for the people shifted from the car behind had been scattered through the train. Keeping himself to his section, he watched the car and outside the windows for signs of what investigation Connery and Avery were making. Whoever had attacked Santoine must still be upon the train, for no one could have escaped through the snow. No one could now escape. Avery and Connery and whoever else was making investigation with them evidently were not letting anyone know that an investigation was being made. Eaton went to lunch; on his way back from the diner, he saw the conductors with papers in their hands questioning a passenger. They evidently were starting systematically through the cars, examining each person; they were making the plea of necessity of a report to the railroad offices of names and addresses of all held up by the stoppage of the train.

Eaton started on toward the rear of the train.

"A moment, sir!" Connery called. Eaton halted. The conductor confronted him.

"Your name, sir?" Connery asked. "Philip D. Eaton."

"Connery wrote down the answer. "Your address?"

"I—have no address. I was going to a hotel in Chicago—which one I hadn't decided yet."

"Where are you coming from?" "From Asia."

"That's hardly an address, Mr. Eaton."

"I can give you no address abroad. I had no fixed address there. I was traveling most of the time. I arrived in Seattle by the Asiatic steamer and took this train."

"Ah! you came on the Tamba Maru."

Connery made note of this, as he had made note of all the other questions and answers. Then he said something to the Pullman conductor, who replied in the same low tone; what they said was not audible to Eaton.

"You can tell us at least where your family is, Mr. Eaton," Connery suggested.

"I have no family." "Friends, then?" "I—I have no friends." "Nowhere."

Connery pondered for several moments. "The Mr. Hillward—Lawrence Hillward, to whom the telegram was addressed which you claimed this morning, your associate who was to have taken this train with you—will you give me his address?"

"I don't know Hillward's address." "Give me the address, then, of the man who sent the telegram."

"I am unable to do that, either."

Connery spoke again to the Pullman conductor, and they conversed inaudibly for a minute. "That is all, then," Connery said finally.

He signed his name to the sheet on which he had written Eaton's answers, and handed it to the Pullman conductor, who also signed it and returned it to him; then they went on to the passenger now occupying Section Four, without making any further comment.

Eaton told himself that there should be no danger to himself from this inquiry, directed against no one, but including comprehensively everyone on the train. When the conductors had left the car, he put his magazine away and went into the men's compartment to smoke and calm his nerves. His return to America had passed the bounds of recklessness; and what a situation he would now be in if his actions brought even serious suspicions against him! He finished his first cigar and was debating whether to light another, when he heard voices outside the car, and opening the window and looking out, he saw Connery and the brakeman struggling through the snow and making, apparently, some search. Presently Connery passed the door of the compartment carrying something loosely wrapped in a newspaper in his hands. Eaton finished his cigar and went back to his seat in the car. 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 lock which told plainly that it had been forced.

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 sock.

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 telegram, 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 platform and the sound of the closing door came to her, she turned to meet him.

She looked white and tired, and faint gray shadows underneath her



"Your Name, Sir?" Connery Asked.

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."

"You dog!" he mouthed. "Harriet, this is the man that did it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth needs no flowers of speech.

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Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information that every woman should have.

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OLD FOLKS NEED NOT BE FEEBLE

If you are "getting along in years" you don't need to sit in a chimney corner and dream of the days when you were full of life and vitality.

Keep your blood rich and pure and your system built up with Gude's Pepto-Mangan, and you will feel stronger, younger and livelier than you have for years. Get it today and watch the result.

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