

The Blind Man's Eyes

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WHO ARE YOU?

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 Connelly, 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 Santoline, a great corporation lawyer. Eaton is suspected and questioned.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

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 few minutes before; the porter did not hear it, but the pointer was turned down. They have tested it, and it cannot be jarred down or turned in any way except by means of the bell."

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 father was struck?"

"Yes; the man who did it seems not to have realized that the train was stopped—or at least that it would be 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 sock."

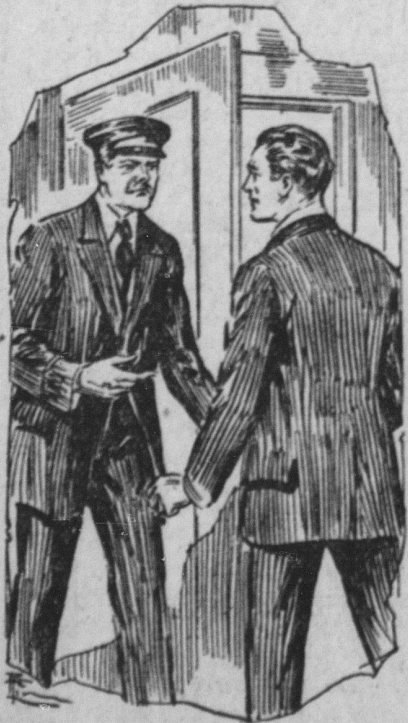
"A sock!" Eaton's voice sounded strange to himself; he felt that the blood had left his cheeks, leaving him pale, and that the girl must notice it. "A man's sock!"

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

"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



"Step in Here, Sir," He Directed.

Donald Avery had come out upon the platform and was standing beside him; and behind Avery he saw Conductor Connelly. There was no one else on the platform.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Eaton—or whatever else your name may be—what it is that you have been asking Miss Santoline?" Avery demanded harshly. "Harry, what has this man been saying to you?"

"Mr. Eaton?" Her gaze went wondering 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 Father!"

"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 Connelly put his hand on Eaton's arm. "Come with me, sir," he commanded.

Eaton thought anxiously for a moment. He looked to Harriet Santoline 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 Santoline and Avery close behind him.

CHAPTER VIII

Questions.

Connelly pulled aside the curtain of the washroom at the end of the Santoline car—the end farthest from the drawing room where Santoline lay.

"Step in here, sir," he directed. "Sit down, if you want. We're far enough from the drawing room not to disturb Mr. Santoline."

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 exhausted his breath and stopped his pulse for a beat. To be accused—even to be suspected—of the crime against Santoline was to have attention brought to him which—with his unsatisfactory account of himself—threatened ugly complications. Yet, at this moment of realization, that did not fill his mind. Whether his long dwelling 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 injured himself so to expect arrest and imminent destruction, that now his finding himself confronted with such 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 like Harriet Santoline; so, for a moment, thought solely of himself was a sub-current. Of his conscious feelings, the terror that she would be brought to believe with the others that he had struck the blow against her father was the most poignant.

Avery pulled forward one of the leather chairs for her to seat herself and took another for himself facing Eaton.

"Why did you ring the bell in Mr. Santoline'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; how, 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 closed."

"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 cold."

"Then you looked into the berth?"

"Yes."

"And having looked in and seen Mr. Santoline 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. Santoline, 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. Santoline, 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 Santoline, 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 Connelly. "Tell her the rest of it," he directed.

Connelly, who had remained standing back of the two chairs, moved slightly forward. "Where shall I be-

gin?" 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," Connelly began.

"Old Sammy has recognized men with criminal records time and again. He's got seven records 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," Connelly granted. "He couldn't tell whether you were somebody that was 'wanted' or someone well known—someone famous, maybe; but I ought to have kept my eye on you because of that, from the very start. Now, this morning you claim a telegram meant for another man—a man named Hillward, on this train, who seems to be all right—that is, by his answers and his account of himself he 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."

Connelly paused and looked to Avery and the girl. "You'll wait a minute, Mr. Avery; and you, Miss Santoline. 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 Connelly were obviously too certain of their conclusion for that; rather, as it was being given this under Avery's direction, it was for the effect upon Harriet Santoline 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 Santoline's bell, realizing that if he 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. Connelly 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 demanded.

Eaton reflected. "My own," he said. "Philip D. Eaton."

"Mr. Standish"—Connelly faced the Englishman—"you came from Yokohama to Seattle on the Tamba Maru, didn't you? Do you remember this, Mr. Eaton among the passengers?"

"No."

"Do you know he was not among the passengers?"

"Yes, I do."

"How do you know?"

The Englishman took a folded paper from his pocket, opened it, and handed it to the conductor. Connelly, 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 enough to give him full opportunity, Connelly handed it back to the Englishman.

"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," Connelly 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—yes."

Connelly reflected. "You had been in Seattle, then, at least five days; for the last steamer you could have come on docked five days before the Tamba Maru. In fact, Mr. Eaton, you had been on this side of the water for as many as eleven days, had you not?"

"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 Santoline. At the charge, she had started; but Avery had not. The identification, therefore, was Connelly's, or had been agreed upon by Connelly and Avery between them; suggestion of it had not come from the Santolines. And Connelly 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 correct.

"Isn't that so?" Connelly demanded.

"Or do you want to deny that too and have it proved on you later?"

Again for a moment Eaton sat silent. "No," he decided, "I do not deny that."

"Then you are the man who was at Warden's the night he was murdered?"

"Yes," said Eaton, "I was there that evening. I was the one who came there by appointment and waited till after Mr. Warden was brought home dead."

"So you admit that?" Connelly gloated; but he could not keep from Eaton

a sense that, by Eaton's admission of the fact, Connelly had been disappointed.

"All right, Mr. Eaton!" Connelly returned to his charge. "You are that man. So besides whatever else that means, you've 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 Connelly working up? The probability that in addition to the recognition of him as the man who had waited at Warden's—which fact anyone at any time might have charged—Connelly 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 Avery knew this thing also.

"What do you mean by that question?" 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 Santoline had taken it; and that you were not following him. Do you deny it?"

Eaton was silent.

Connelly, 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. Santoline. 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 Santoline. 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. Connelly stooped and picked it up and handed it toward Eaton.

"This is yours," he said.

"If you didn't do it, why don't you help us?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Depended on the Supply.

A man who delights in anecdotes of rustic life and character tells of an old farmer who once took tea with a former duke and duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig castle, his grace's Dumfriesshire estate. His first cup of tea was swallowed almost immediately the duchess gave it to him. Again and again his cup was passed along to the head of the table. At the tenth cup the duchess grew uneasy about the supply on hand. "How many cups do you take, David?" she asked. "How many do ye gie?" David asked casually.

MASK VEIL VOGUE

Face Covering Is Made of Many Different Materials.

Lace, Embroidered Chiffon, Fish Net, Metallic Tulle, Are Among the Favored Fabrics.

The renewed success of the coquettish "mask veil" has been very apparent in France this winter notes a fashion writer in the Boston Globe. These quaint veils are made of many different materials—lace, embroidered chiffon, fish net, metallic tulle, etc. But always they are mysterious and becoming. Quite young girls can wear these veils with certain success; they are really little more than a frill attached to the hat brim, part of the trimming itself, and for this reason they do not look at all set or matronly.

One model is a beautiful turban made of suede kid and panne; quite a simple shape, but made uncommon by the clever way in which a long lace scarf, very fine and supple, is arranged. In the front it makes a mask veil which just reaches the tip of the nose. At one side it forms a sort of waterfall frill, and on the other side it is quite long and mingles with a length of wide ribbon.

The quaint little cloche model will appeal to many American girls. Nothing eccentric about this hat—a simple shape with large, very flat, flowers at either side, these flowers of obviously



No. 1—Scarf Veil of Blue Tulle, Silver Embroidered. No. 2—New Veil of Purple Silk Fish Net. No. 3—The Long Black Net Veil.

unreal order—just big decorative ornaments for a simple hat. The veil shown on this model looks like a birdcage veil, but it is not quite that. It falls long and straight from the hat brim and has some fine embroideries on the border.

Over the tricorne model, the veil of purple fish net is winsome.

Sleeve Fashion.

Very wide sleeves of transparent materials, gathered into a close cuff at the wrist are featured on many of the new frocks. They have a dignity as well as beauty, and are very flattering to arms that find the sleeveless frock trying.

NEW NECKWEAR FOR SPRING

Sets of Lingerie Collars and Cuffs, With Deep Berthas in Net and Other Fabrics.

In neckwear, matched sets of lingerie collars and cuffs, with deep berthas in net, in lace or in organdie stand out as the leading features for spring. Platted stoles on the clerical order also are featured, and are being brought out for wear with the new square-cut neck finish.

Numerous matched sets consisting of wide collars with gauntlet cuffs made of plain linen, of embroidered net, or of organdie, lace trimmed and embroidered with metal, are shown.

A certain revival of interest in the Ascot stock in pique is to be noted. These are endorsed by several of the leading makers for wear with the severe type of tailored suits.

In general, separate neckwear when worn at all, is in white or in deep ecru tints. No demand at all is registered for colored neckwear.

GOWNS FOR THE DEBUTANTE

Laces, Silks, Satins and Velvets Among Charming Soft Fabrics Favored by Misses.

For the debutante the season is one of laces and silks, satins and velvets. She leaves elaborate embroideries and heavy brocades to her older sister, and favors the soft, charming fabrics that are so suited to the debutante type of today. She has learned the values of beauty—that beauty is proportion, and that to dress beautifully is to dress in harmony not only with the season and

CHARMING FROCK FROM PARIS



This school frock is charming, simple, in good taste, and warm enough to be comfortable on chill days of early spring, yet loose enough to allow free circulation of air. It is designed to be donned in a minimum of time. The frock is of marine blue wool, embroidered with white "snow-flakes."

LIGHTER COLORS FOR TWEEDS

Pale Shades Hold Favor for Town and Country Wear; Delicate Yellows and Grays.

All the new town tweed suits and those for the country, too, are being made in light pale colors. There are no more of those flashing blues and pinks and greens that appeared so numerous. Now the colorings are more subtle, though they are as delicate as can be and bid fair to need much cleaning if any sort of hard wear is given them.

There is a suit in the highest of yellow. It is almost a lemon color. It is made on strictly plain and tailored lines and it gracefully follows the lines of the figure, without in the least being called fitted.

Another popular tweed is a steel gray. This is as delicate as can be in coloring, but it does permit of the wearing of colorful and interesting hats. It makes its wearer inconspicuous on the street, while at the same time it succeeds in looking most distinctive.

There is a cream colored suit made only for sports wear, and with that brown stockings and shoes, with a brown scarf, are accentuating notes of much interest.

White tweeds for both coats and suits are very much the order of the day. So if you wish to spend your time keeping clean, then have one of them, for at least you will be assured of being smart looking.

Fancy Tea Apron.

A pretty apron in Copenhagen blue taffeta is cut in a perfect circle, with the belt cutting a section from the top to serve as a bib, had its edges picoté and a long stem of silk grapes in luscious shades of purple applied across the bottom. A small cluster of grapes dangled from each of the sash ends, and the finished apron was most appealing.

Trimming for Hats.

Bits of moleskin cut in squares, diamond shapes and circles are combined with velvet flowers as trimming on bright-colored hats of felt and velours.

fashions of the moment, but with one's age and type.

Taffeta is always appropriate and becoming, and this season it is being so much worn that the debutante may have several taffeta frocks in various textures and designs. If she finds that satin enhances her type of loveliness, the debutante will wisely combine it with lace, which brings a freshness to this material.

Two Types of Coats.

The necessary heavy utility coat of one's wardrobe may be either of two distinct types—one being practically a sports wrap, possible to wear only in the country, and the other a coat which will be extremely smart as a top coat; both in town and country, on any cold day during the entire year, except, of course, for formal occasions. These coats are often made of imported tweed. The new camel-hair fabrics are very lovely, but not so serviceable, and an infinite number of new woolen textiles are of equal attractiveness.

Smart Headdress.

Headdresses are smarter than ever before. Of these, both jeweled and of rich metal fabrics, much might be written, for their role is a most important one. To the particular woman whose hair is not her greatest glory or whose locks are just growing in after bobbing, the elaborate headdress comes as a godsend, and this is especially true of the American woman, who is rather negligent in the matter of giving to her hair the admirable, well-groomed appearance achieved by the French woman.