# The Blind Man's Eyes

"AN ACCIDENT?"

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 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 Con-nery, 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. Dorné, 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 San-toine, blind, and a power in the financial world as the adviser of "big interests." Eaton is suspected and questioned. He refuses information about himself and admits he was the caller at Warden's house. Eaton pleads with Harriet Santbine to withhold judgment, telling her he is in serious danger. though innocent of the crime against her father. He feels the girl believes him. Santoine recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses his identity. The er requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santoine home as a semi-prisoner. Eaton meets a resident of the house, Wallace Blatchford, and Mildred Davis, a stenographer, with whom he is acquainted, though they conceal the fact. Eaton's mission is to secure certain documents which are vital to his interests.

#### CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Raton drew further back into the alcove as some one passed through the hall above. The footsteps ceased overhead; Eaton, assured no one was coming down the stairs, spoke swiftly to tell her as much as he might in their moment. "He-Santoine-wasn't taken ill on the train, Edith; he was attacked."

"Attacked!" Her lips barely moved. "He was almost killed; but they concealed it, Edith-pretended he was only Ill. I was on the train-you know, of course; I got your wire-and they suspected me of the attack " "You? But they didn't find out

about you, Hugh?" "No; they are investigating. Santoine would not let them make anything public. He brought me here while he is trying to find out about me. So I'm here, Edith-here! Is it

here too?" Again steps sounded in the hall above. The girl swiftly busied herself with gloves and hat; Eaton stood stark in suspense. The servant above -it was a servant they had heard before, he recognized now-merely crossed from one room to another overhead. Now the girl's lips moved

"It?" She formed the question noiselessly.

"The draft of the new agreement." "It either has been sent to him, or it will be sent to him very soonhere."

"Where will it be when it is here?"
"Where? Oh!" The girl's eyes went to the wall close to where Eaton stood; she seemed to measure with them a definite distance from the door and a point shoulder high, and to resist the impulse to come over and put her hand upon the spot. As Eaton followed her look, he heard a slight and muffled click as if from the study; but no sound could reach them through the study doors and what he heard came from the wall itself.

"A safe?" he whispered. "Yes; Miss Santoine-she's in there. isn't she?-closed it just now. There are two of them hidden behind the books, one on each side of the door." Eaton tapped gently on the wall: the wall was brick; the safe undoubt-

edly was backed with steel. "The best way is from inside the room," he concluded.

She nodded. "Yes. If you-" "Look out !"

Someone now was coming downstairs. The girl had time only to whisper 'swiftly, "If we don't get a chance to speak again, watch that thue which stood on a table near them. "When I'm sure the agreement is in the house. I'll drop a glove button in that-a black one, if I think it'll be in the safe on the right, white on the left. Now go."

Eaton moved quietly on and into the drawing room. Avery's voice immediately afterward was heard; her was speaking to Miss Davis, whom he had found in the hallway. Eaton was certain there was no suspicion that irreconcilable to each other -- conhe had talked with her there; indeed, Avery seemed to suppose that Eaton was still in the study with Harriet Santoine. It was her lapse, then, which had let him out and had given him that chance; but it was a lapse, he discovered, which was not likely to favor him again. From that time. while never held strictly in restraint. he found himself always in the sight

By William MacHarg

Edwin Balmer

Harriet-how strange her life had was spent, as he had gathered most of her waking hours of recent years had been spent, with her father. Strange, almost, as his own life! And what a wonderful girl it had made of her-clever, sweet, lovable, with more than a woman's ordinary capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice. But, if her service to her father was not only on his personal side but if also she was intimate in his business affairs, must she not therefore have shared the cruel code which had terrorized Eaton for the last four years and kept him an exile in Asia and which, at any hour yet, threatened to take his life? A grim set came to Eaton's lips; his mind went again to his own affairs.

#### CHAPTER XII

The Man From the Train. In the supposition that he was to have less liberty. Eaton proved correct. Harriet Santoine, to whose impulses had been due his first privileges, showed toward him a more constrained attitude the following morning. She did not suggest hostility, as Avery constantly did; nor, indeed, was there any evidence of retrogression in her attitude toward him; she seemed merely to be maintaining the same position; and since this seemed difficult if they were often together, she avoided him. Eaton understood that Santoine, steadily improving but not yet able to leave his bed, had taken up his work again, propped up by pillows; one of the nurses had been dismissed; the other was only upon day duty. But Eaton did not see Santoine at all; and though he learned that Miss Davis or another stenographer, whose name was West, came daily to the house, he never was in a position again to encounter any outsider either coming or going.

There was no longer room for Eaton to doubt that Harriet had the confidence of her father to almost a complete extent. Now that Santoine was ill, she worked with him daily for hours; and Eaton learned that she did the same when he was well. But Avery worked with the blind man too; he, too, was certainly in a confidential capacity. Was it not probable then that Avery, and not Harriet, was entrusted with the secrets of dangerous and ugly matters; or was it possible that this girl, worshiping her father as she did, could know and be sure that, because her father approved

these matters, they were right? A hundred times a day, as Eaton saw or spoke with the girl or thought of her presence near by, this obsessed him. A score of times during their casual talk upon meeting at meals or elsewhere, he found himself turned toward some question which would aid him in determining what must be the fact; but each time he checked himself, until one morning-it was the fifth after his arrival at Santoine's house-Harriet was taking him for his walk in the garden before the house. She had just told him, at his inquiry, that her father was very much stronger that morning, and her manner more than ever evidenced her pride in him.

They walked on slowly. "I wish you could tell me more about yourself, Mr. Eaton."

"I wish so too," he said. "Then why can you not?" She turned to him frankly; he gazed at her a moment and then looked away and shook his head. Did she know all of what was known even under her father's roof; and if she knew all, would she then loathe or defend it? A motor sped near, halted and then speeded on again; Eaton, looking up. saw it was a runabout with Avery alone in it; evidently, seeing them in the road, Avery had halted to protest, then thought better of it and gone on. But other motors passed now with people who spoke to Harriet and who stopped to inquire for her father and wish him well.

"Your father does not seem to be one of the great men without honor in his own neighborhood," Eaton said to her after one of these and halted and gone on.

"Everyone who knows Father likes and admires him!" she rejoiced.

"I don't mean exactly that," Eaton went on. "They must trust him too, ase." She pointed to a bronze an- in an extraordinary way. His assoclates must place most complete confidence in him when they leave to him the adjustment of matters such as I understand they do. He tells them what is just, and they abide by his

Harriet shook her head. "No: it isn't quite that," she said.

"What, then?" "You are correct in saying that men of the most opposite sorts-and most stantly place their fate in Father's hand; and when he tells them what they must do, they abide by his decision. But he doesn't decide for

them what is just." "I don't understand. What does he

tell them, then?" "He tells them what would be the outcome if they fought, who would poor Mr. Latron; and that was a priwin and who would lose and by how

Eaton let himself think, idly, about | abide by his decision without fighting; for he knows; and they know been-that part of it at least which that he knows and is absolutely honest."

Eaton was silent for a moment as they walked along. "How can he come to his decision?" he asked at

"I mean, much of the material presented 'to him must be documentary."

"Much of it is." "Then someone must read it to him."

"Of course." Eaton started to speak-then refrained. "What were you going to say?" she

questioned. "That the person-or persons-who reads the documents to him must occupy an extremely delicate position." "He does. In fact, I think that po-

sition is Father's one nightmare." "Nightmare?" "The person he trusts must not only be absolutely discreet but ab-

solutely honest." "I should think so. If anyone in that position wanted to use the information brought to your father, he could make himself millions overnight, undoubtedly, and ruln other

men." "And kill Father too," the girl added quietly. "Yes," she said as Eaton looked at her. "Father puts nothing above his trust. If that trust were betrayed-whether or not Father were in any way to blame for it-I think it would kill him." "So you are the one who is in that

position." "Yes; that is, I have been." "You mean there is another now;

that is, of course, Mr. Avery?" "Yes; here at this house Mr. Avery and I, and Mr. Avery at the office. Before Mr. Avery came, I was the only one who helped here at the house."

"When was that?"

"When Mr. Avery came? About five years ago. Father had an immense amount of work at that time. Business conditions were very much



"Every One Who Knows Father Likes and Admires Him!" She Rejoiced.

unsettled. There was trouble at that time between some of the big eastern and big western men, and at the same time the government was prosecuting the trusts. Nobody knew what the outcome of it all would be; many of the biggest men who consulted Father were like men groping in the dark. I don't suppose you would remember the time by what I say; but you would remember it, as nearly everybody else does by this: it was the time of the murder of Mr. Latron." "Yes; I remember that," said Ea-

ton; "and Mr. Avery came to you at that time?" "Yes; just at that time I was thrown from my horse, and could not do as much as I had been doing, so Mr. Avery was sent to Father."

"Then Mr. Avery was reading to him at the time you spoke of-the time of the Latron murder?" "No; Mr. Avery came just after-

ward. I was reading to him at that "The papers must have been a good

deal for a girl of eighteen." "At that time, you mean? They were; but Father dared trust no one

"Mr. Avery handles those matters

now for your father?" "The continuation of what was going on then? Yes; he took them up at the time I was hurt and so has kept on looking after them; for there has been plenty for me to do without that; and those things have all been more or less settled now. They have worked themselves out as things do, though they seemed almost unsolvable at the time. One thing that helped in their solution was that Father was able, that time, to urge what was just,

as well as what was advisable." "You mean that in the final settlement of them no one suffered?"

"No one, I think-except, of course, vate matter not connected in any diWhy do you ask all this, Mr. Eaton?" "I was merely interested in youin what your work has been with your Father, and what It is," he answered

They had been following the edge of the road, she along a path worn in the turf, he on the edge of the road itself and nearer to the tracks of the motors. Suddenly she cried out and clutched at him. As they had stopped, she had heard the sound of a motor approaching them rapidly from behind. Except that this car seemed speeding faster than the others, she had paid no attention and had not turned. Instantaneously, as she had cried and pulled upon him, she had realized that this car was not passing; it was directly behind and almost upon him. She felt him spring to the side as quickly as he could; but her cry and pull upon him were almost too late; as he leaped, the car struck. The blow was glancing, not direct, and he was off his feet and in motion when the wheel struck; but the car hurled the growth-producing food principle. him aside and rolled him over and over.

As she rushed to Eaton, the two men in the rear seat of the car with a meringue and brown quickly in turned their heads and looked back, a hot oven. Serve cold. but without checking its speed or swerving, the car dashed on and disappeared down the roadway.

She bent over Eaton and took hold of him. He struggled to his feet and, dazed, tottered so that she supported him. As she realized that he was not greatly hurt, she stared with hor- free from the white inner peel. Slice ror at the turn in the road where the in rounds; arrange in overlapping car had disappeared.

He meant to! He tried to hurt you!" she cried.

don't think so. It must have beenan accident. He was-frightened when he saw what he had done. "It wasn't at all like an accident!"

she persisted. "It couldn't have been an accident there and coming up from behind the way he did! No; he meant to do it! Did you see who was in the car-who was driving?" He turned to her quickly. "Who?"

he demanded. "One of the people who was on the train! The morning Father was hurt. Don't you remember-a little man, nervous, but very strong; a man aimost like an ape?"

He shuddered and then controlled himself. "Yes, I remember a fellow the conductor tried to seat the opposite."

"This was the same man!" Eaton shook his head. "That could hardly be; I think you must be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken; it was that man! "Still, I think you must be." he again denied.

She stared, studying him. "Perhaps I was," she agreed; but she knew she had not been. "I am glad, whoever it was, he didn't injure you. You are all right, aren't you?"

trouble about it. Miss Santoine." They walked back rather silently, she appreciating how passionately she had expressed herself for him, and he quiet because of this and

other thoughts too. They found Donald Avery in front of the house looking for them as they came up. Eaton succeeded in walking without limping; but he could not

conceal the marks on his clothes. "Harriet, I've just come from your father; he wants you to go to him at once," Avery directed. "Good morning Eaton. What's happened?" "Carelessness," - Eaton deprecated. Got rather in the way of a motor and was knocked over for it."

Harriet did not correct this to Avery. She went up to her father; she was still trembling, still sick with horror at what she had seenan attempt to kill one walking at her side. She stopped outside her father's door to compose herself; then she went in.

The blind man was propped up on his bed with pillows into almost a

sitting position; the nurse was with "What did you want, Father?" Har-

riet asked. He had recognized her step and had been about to speak to her; but at the sound of her voice he stopped the words on his lips and changed them into a direction for the nurse

to leave the room. He waited until the nurse had left and closed the door behind her. Harriet saw that, in his familiarity with her tones and every inflection of her voice, he had sensed already that something unusual had occurred; she repeated, however, her question as

to what he wanted. "That does not matter now, Harriet. Where have you been?" "I have been walking with Mr.

Eaton." "What happened?" She hesitated. "Mr. Eaton was almost run down by a motorcar."

"Ah! An accident?" She hesitated again, "Mr. Eaton said it was an accident," she an-

"But you?" "It did not look like an accident, Father. It-It showed intention." "You mean It was an attack?"

"Yes; it was an attack. The man in the car meant to run Mr. Eaton down; he meant to kill him or to hurt him terribly. Mr. Eaton wasn't hurt. I called to him and pulled him-he jumped away in time."

"The attack made on me was meant for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One fountain of perpetual youth is much. And they believe him and rect way with the question at issue, to refuse to wear old folks' clothes.

### The KITCHEN CABINET

(Ø. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Don't think people judge your generosity by the amount of advice you give away.

ORANGE WAYS

One or more oranges a day will keep the average individual in good health, Strained orange juice is an invaluable tonic, and may be given a three - months-old

baby, if given be-

tween feedings.

Orange juice is

rich in vitamines, A delicious pie is prepared by filling a baked shell with oranges cut in small pleces and mixed with sugar; cover

As a simple salad there is no more appetizing one than sliced oranges with a French dressing. Cover the fruit with boiling water and let stand ten minutes, then drain and cover with cold water ten minutes. The peel will then come off easily, leaving the fruit slices on lettuce with French dressing. "Why, he tried to run you down! Use three tablespoonfuls of oil with one of lemon juice, salt and cayenne and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. "No," Eaton denied. "Oh, no, I Beat well with an egg-beater to blend the ingredients; chill and serve.

Nobody will refuse a dish of plain sliced oranges, sprinkled lightly with sugar; accompany with cake or cookies as a dessert.

Ambrosia, an old-fashioned dish, is sliced oranges, sprinkled in layers with sugar and grated coconut. Served in a glass dish, it is both attractive and tasty. In serving oranges in any baked mixture, like custard or fruit puddings, the fruit is apt to become oltter because of overheating. The fruit is best served very lightly heated or perfectly fresh.

Orange shortcake is a great favorite. Prepare a rich biscult dough, bake in layers or butter one layer and lay on another before baking, then split, butter well and heap up with cut-up oranges mixed to sweeten with sugar. allowing the juice to soak into the cake. Serve at once while the shortcake is hot. Grated orange rind makes delicious flavoring for cakes, frostings and sauces; the juice used with powdered sugar a most dainty icing for cakes, and the juice and rind a delightful pudding sauce for a dainty cottage pudding.

A small glass of unstrained orange juice is a good drink for the aged, refreshing and quite as valuable for the aged as for the small baby. The or ange juice acts on the bowels and keeps them in healthy activity.

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help. And study help for that, that theu lamentest.-Shakespeare.

MORE GOOD THINGS

When a roast or leftover cold meat is to be served for another meal, serve



with: Curry Sauce. - Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, and drop into it a sliced onion; let fry until brown, then stir in a tablespoonful of flour and one of curry powder. Mix well, let cook until

smooth and add threequarters of a pint of any clear soup. Bring to the boiling point, add a sliced tomato, season well; simmer for twenty minutes, then strain and serve hot.

Cinnamon Apples.-These apples are very pretty to look at and good to eat.-Core and pare greening apples and boll in the following sirup until soft: One cupful of sugar, one cupful of water boiled together five minutes, add a half cupful of cinnamon candles (called in some places "red bots"), let stand in the sirup until the apples are a good color. These are especially good for a dinner, serving one with a slice of baked ham on the dinner plate.

Raisin and Buttermilk Bread,-Take four cupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. one teaspoonful of soda, five tablespoonfuls of shortening, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of lartar, one cupful of seedless raisins and buttermilk to make a soft batter. Mix, roll out and bake in four pieces in greased pans in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Raisin Macaroons,-Take two cupfuls of toasted cornflakes, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two egg whites and one cupful of seedless raisins. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar gradually, then the flakes, vanilla and raisins. A dash of salt and a few chopped nuts improve them. Bake on greased sheets, dropping from a teaspoon. This recipe makes thirty macaroons. Cheese With Olives .- Put one-quar-

ter of a pound of Roquefort and onequarter of a pound of cottage cheese into a bowl, moisten with cream or condensed milk and mix well. Chop one small bottle of stuffed olives, add salt, pepper and a few drops of onlon juice. Mix well and use as a cheese dish or as filling for sandwiches, Stale cake, cookles or lady fingers may be used to line the molds for gel-

atin pudding.



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