

The Blind Man's Eyes

By
William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He thanked her and withdrew. He did not look back as Miss Davis closed the door behind him; their eyes had not met; but he understood that she had comprehended him fully. Today he would be away from the Santoine house, and away from the guards who watched him, for at least four hours, under no closer espionage than that of Avery; this offered opportunity—the first opportunity he had had—for communication between him and his friends outside the house.

He went to his room and made some slight changes in his dress; he came down then to the library, found a book and settled himself to read. Toward noon Avery looked in on him there and rather constrainedly proffered his invitation. Eaton accepted, and after Avery had gone to get ready, Eaton put away his book. Fifteen minutes later, hearing Avery's motor purring outside, Eaton went into the hall; a servant brought his coat and hat, and taking them, he went out to the motor. Avery appeared a moment later, with Harriet Santoine.

She stood looking after them as they spun down the curving drive and onto the pike outside the grounds; then she went back to the study. She dismissed Miss Davis for the day, and taking the typewritten sheets and some other papers her father had asked to have read to him, she went up to him.

Basil Santoine was alone and awake. "What have you, Harriet?" he asked. She sat down and glancing through the papers in her hand, gave him the subject of each; then at his direction she began to read them aloud. As she finished the third page, he interrupted her.

"Has Avery taken Eaton to the country club as I ordered?"

"Yes."
"I shall want you to go out there in the afternoon; I would trust your observation more than Avery's to determine whether Eaton has been used to such surroundings."

She read another page, then broke off suddenly.

"Has Donald asked you anything today, Father?"

"In regard to what?"

"I thought last night he seemed disturbed about my relieving him of part of his work."

"Disturbed? In what way?"

She hesitated, unable to define even to herself the impression Avery's manner had made on her. "I understood he was going to ask you to leave it still in his hands."

"He has not done so yet."

"Then probably I was mistaken."

She read again for half an hour after luncheon, finishing the pages she had brought.

"Now you'd better go to the club," the blind man directed.

She put the reports and letters away in the safe in the room below, and going to her own apartments, she dressed carefully for the afternoon.

As she drove down the road, she passed the scene of the attempt by the men in the motor to run Eaton down. The indefiniteness of her knowledge by whom or why the attack had been made only made it seem more terrible to her. Unquestionably he was in constant danger of its repetition, and especially when—as today—he was outside her father's grounds. Instinctively she hurried her horse. She stopped at the clubhouse only to make certain that Mr. Avery and his guest were not there; then she drove on to the polo field.

As she approached, she recognized Avery's lithe, alert figure on one of the ponies; with a deft, quick stroke

standing off by himself. She waited till he looked toward her, then signalled him to come over. She got down, and they stood together following the play.

"You know polo?" she questioned him, as she saw the expression of appreciation in his face as a player daringly "rode-off" an antagonist and saved a "cross." She put the question without thought before she recognized that she was obeying her father's instructions.

"I understand the game somewhat," Eaton replied.

"Have you ever played?"

"It seems to deserve its reputation as the summit of sport," he replied.

He answered so easily that she could not decide whether he was evading or not; and somehow, just then, she found it impossible to put the simple question direct again.

"Good! Good, Don!" she cried enthusiastically and clapped her hands as Avery suddenly raced before them, caught the ball with a swinging, back-handed stroke and drove it directly toward his opponent's goal. Instantly whirling his mount, Avery raced away after the ball, and with another clean stroke scored a goal. Everyone about cried out in approbation.

"He's very quick and clever, isn't he?" Harriet said to Eaton.

Eaton nodded. "Yes; he's by all odds the most skillful man on the field, I should say."

The generosity of the praise impelled the girl, somehow, to qualify it. "But only two others really have played much—that man and that."

"Yes, I picked them as the experienced ones," Eaton said quietly.

"The others—two of them, at least—are out for the first time, I think."

They watched the rapid course of the ball up and down the field, the scurry and scamper of the ponies after it, then the clash of a melee.

Two ponies went down, and their riders were flung. When they arose, one of the least experienced boys limped apologetically from the field. Avery rode to the barrier.

"I say, any of you fellows, don't you want to try it? We're just getting warmed up."

Avery looked over to Eaton and gave the challenge direct.

"Care to take a chance?"

Harriet Santoine watched her companion; a sudden flush had come to his face, which vanished, as she turned, and left him almost pale; but his eyes glowed. Avery's manner in challenging him, as though he must refuse from fear of such a fall as he just had witnessed, was not enough to explain Eaton's start.

"How can I?" he returned.

"If you want to play, you can," Avery dared him. "Furden"—that was the boy who had just been hurt—"will lend you some things; his'll just about fit you; and you can have his mounts."

Harriet continued to watch Eaton; the challenge had been put so as to give him no ground for refusal but timidity.

"You don't care to?" Avery taunted him deftly.

"Why don't you try it?" Harriet found herself saying to him.

He hesitated. She realized it was not timidity he was feeling; it was something deeper and stronger than that. It was fear; but so plainly it was not fear of bodily hurt that she moved instinctively toward him in sympathy. He looked swiftly at Avery, then at her, then away. He seemed to fear alike accepting or refusing to play; suddenly he made a decision.

"I'll play."

He started instantly away to the dressing rooms; a few minutes later, when he rode onto the field, Harriet was conscious that, in some way, Eaton was playing a part as he listened to Avery's directions.

Avery appointed himself to oppose Eaton wherever possible, besting him in every contest for the ball; but she saw that Donald, though he took it upon himself to show all the other players where they made their mistakes, did not offer any instruction to Eaton. One of the players drove the ball close to the barrier directly before Harriet; Eaton and Avery raced for it, neck by neck. Eaton by better riding gained a little; as they came up, she saw Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. And she realized suddenly that Donald had appreciated as fully as herself that Eaton's clumsiness was a pretense. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this. Just in front of her, Donald, leaning forward, swept the ball from in front of Eaton's pony's feet.

For a few moments the play was all at the further edge of the field; then the ball crossed with a long curving shot and came hopping and rolling along the ground close to where she stood. Donald and Eaton raced for it. "Stedman!" Avery called to a teammate to prepare to receive the ball after he had struck it; and he lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's

club was coming down, Eaton, like a flash and apparently without lifting his mallet at all, caught the ball a sharp, smacking stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal-posts, while together with the applause for the stranger arose a laugh at the expense of Avery. But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly to himself; and as she called in praise to Eaton when he came close again, she discovered in him only dismay at what he had done.

The practice ended, and the players rode away. She waited in the clubhouse till Avery and Eaton came up from the dressing rooms. Donald's triumphant satisfaction seemed to have increased; Eaton was silent and preoccupied. Avery, hailed by a group of men, started away; as he did so, he saluted Eaton almost derisively. Eaton's return of the salute was openly hostile. She looked up at him keenly, trying unavailingly to determine whether more had taken place between the two men than she herself had witnessed.

"You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?"

He made no reply. As she began to talk of other things, she discovered with surprise that his manner toward

ingly that she felt he was only putting her off.

Harriet Santoine knew that what had attracted her friends to Eaton was their recognition of his likeness to themselves; but what had impressed her in seeing him with them was his difference. Was it some memory of his former life that seeing these people had recalled to him, which had affected his manner toward her?

Again she looked at him. "Were you sorry to leave the club?" she asked.

"I was quite ready to leave," he answered inattentively.

"It must have been pleasant to you, though, to—be among the sort of people again that you—you used to know, Miss Furden"—she mentioned one of the girls who had seemed most interested in him, the sister of the boy whose place he had taken in the polo practice—"is considered a very attractive person, Mr. Eaton. I have heard it said that a man—any man—not to be attracted by her must be forewarned against her by thought—or memory of some other woman whom he holds dear."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The mechanicalness of his answer reassured her. "I mean, Mr. Eaton"—she forced her tone to be light—"Miss Furden was not as attractive to you as she might have been, because there has been some other woman in your life—whose memory—or—the expectation of seeing whom again—protected you."

"Has been? Oh, you mean before."

"Yes, of course," she answered hastily.

"No—none," he replied simply. "It's rather ungalant, Miss Santoine, but I'm afraid I wasn't thinking much about Miss Furden."

She felt that his denial was the truth, for his words confirmed the impression she had had of him the night before. She drove on—or rather let the horse take them on—for a few moments during which neither spoke. They had come about a bend in the road, and the great house of her father loomed ahead. A motor whizzed past them, coming from behind. It was only Avery's car on the way home; but Harriet had jumped a little in memory of the day before, and her companion's head had turned quickly toward the car. She looked up at him swiftly; his lips were set and his eyes gazed steadily ahead after Avery, and he drew a little away from her. A catch in her breath—almost an audible gasp—surprised her, and she fought a warm impulse which had all but placed her hand on his.

"Will you tell me something, Miss Santoine?" he asked suddenly.

"What?"

"I suppose, when I was with Mr. Avery this afternoon, that if I had attempted to escape, he and the chauffeur would have combined to detain me. But on the way back here—did you assume that when you took me in charge you had my parole not to try to depart?"

She was silent for a moment, thoughtful. "Do you mean that you have been considering this afternoon the possibilities of escape?"

"It would be only natural for me to do that, would it not?" he parried.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't mean that you might not try to exceed the limits Father has set for you; you might try that, and of course you would be prevented. But you will not" (she hesitated, and when she went on she was quoting her father)—"sacrifice your position here."

"Why not?"

"Because you tried to gain it—or—if not exactly that, at least you had some object in wanting to be near Father which you have not yet gained."

She hesitated once more, not looking at him. What it was that had happened during the afternoon she could not make out; instinctively, however, she felt that it had so altered Eaton's relations with them that now he might attempt to escape.

They had reached the front of the house, and a groom sprang to take the horse. She let Eaton help her down; as they entered the house, Avery—who had reached the house only a few moments before them—was still in the hall. And again she was startled in the meeting of the two men by Avery's triumph and the swift flare of defiance on Eaton's face.

She changed from her afternoon dress slowly. As she did so, she brought swiftly in review the events of the day. Chiefly it was to the polo practice and to Eaton's dismay at his one remarkable stroke that her mind went. Had Donald recognized in Eaton something more than merely a good player trying to pretend ignorance of the game? The thought suddenly checked and startled her. For how many great polo players were there in America? Were there a hundred? Fifty? Twenty-five? She did not know; but she did know that there were so few of them that their names and many of the particulars of their lives were known to every follower of the sport.

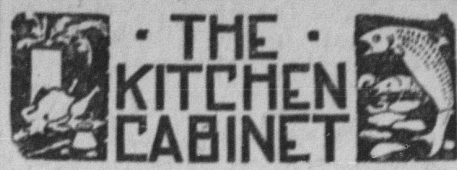
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Aspirations.

Nine-year-old Joseph McKee amazed even his own mother, the other evening. They were discussing automobile accidents, and expressed the hope that they would have none, when he said:

"Mother, I know of a way I'd rather die than in an automobile accident. I'd rather die in an electric chair. It would be the quickest way of all. Wouldn't it?"

We have no Minute Men now. But the country is full of men any inspector would class as seconds.



There is a place we speak of as "After a While," but no successful man is ever found in that place.

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

The evening meal on Sunday night is usually a light one. This is the time when the men in the family learn to do many culinary tricks, which they enjoy; and such knowledge is often invaluable when the wife and mother is ill or away.

The making of a palatable piece of toast is simple, but the hundred varieties of spoiled toast will testify that it is often served as the small boy said, "well burned and scraped at the kitchen sink," his idea of the way to prepare toast.

Toast may be the basis for any number of tasty lunches or suppers. A well-browned, crisp, buttered piece of toast served with rarebit, creamed fish, oysters or a vegetable like celery is a wholesome, filling dish.

A dish which is almost universally liked is fried oysters. Roll the large oysters in rolled crackers that have been well seasoned with salt and pepper, then saute them in butter in the chafing dish or on the gas stove, until they are plump and well-browned. Serve with a relish, or with cabbage dressed with vinegar, salt and pepper.

The relish, whether chowder of chopped vegetable, horseradish sauce or any good chili sauce, may be served in lemon cups, one for each plate. Cut the lemon in halves, trim to make it stand firmly and fill with any desired mixture.

An onion sandwich is a very good one to serve for Sunday night lunch after church. Cut the onion into very thin slices and place on buttered bread. With a glass of milk, hot or cold, or a cupful of hot cocoa, the appetite will be well satisfied. The eating of raw onions once or twice a week will be found highly beneficial, warding off disease and keeping the body in good health. Take cottage cheese or one or two bricks of cream cheese, mix with cream to soften, add a few coarsely-chopped nuts, serve on lettuce with a boiled dressing.

Cold meats left over from the dinner may be used with hot sauces or served as sandwich filling. With cake or cookies one may serve a satisfying meal.

Fruit cake makes an excellent dessert—a cake without dough. Take nuts of various kinds finely grated, finely chopped raisins, the inside of figs, lemon and orange juice and the white of an egg, or butter to hold the mixture together. Mix well and press into deep cake pan. Cut in slices to serve.

Gloom and sadness are poisons to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and supported by fear—Sevigne.

DO YOU LIKE ONIONS?

The onion is one of the most wholesome of our vegetables. The families who serve them once or twice a week in various ways, cooked or uncooked, will be (other things being normal) the least subject to prevailing diseases.

The onion is soothing to the nerves, a sleep producer, allays inflammation of the mucous membranes and is a fine antiseptic. One of the most appetizing ways of serving this odoriferous bulb is to throw it or as many as will be eaten, onto a bed of coals to roast. The peeling is not removed; that will be charred; after removing the outside, cut up and dress with butter, pepper and salt.

A stuffed onion is another very tasty dish. The onions are of uniform size to be chosen for this dish—as large as one's appetite for them; parboil and then take out the centers. Chop the centers and save for another dish, or they may be mixed with the filling and put back into the cavity. Fill with chopped cooked ham, bread crumbs and seasonings, or with snags, or with chopped nuts and other seasonings such as peanut butter, cheese or any desired filling.

Onions Stuffed With Peppers.—Parboil until nearly done six onions of good size. Remove the centers, chop and mix with finely chopped green peppers that have also been parboiled. Season well, fill the onions and bake surrounded by a white sauce. Baste while baking with butter.

Onion Sandwiches.—Those who really find the onion pleasing to the taste will enjoy a slice, seasoned with French dressing for a filling for a sandwich.

Onion Relish.—Take one large onion grated, add one-half cupful of celery juice, grind the celery and press out the juice; one teaspoonful of mustard, ten drops of tabasco, one teaspoonful of salt and celery seed, four well-beaten egg yolks blended with the salt and mustard, and two table-spoonfuls of olive oil, twenty capers and one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar. Serve with game.



"You Needn't Wait for Him Unless You Wish; I'll Drive You Back," She Offered.

her had taken on even greater formality and constraint than it had had since his talk with her father the day before.

The afternoon was not warm enough to sit outside; in the club house were gathered groups of men and girls who had come in from the golf course or from watching the polo practice. She found herself now facing one of these groups composed of some of her own friends, who were taking tea and wafers in the recess before some windows. They motioned to her to join them, and she could not well refuse, especially as this had been a part of her father's instructions. The men rose, as she moved toward them, Eaton with her; she introduced Eaton; a chair was pushed forward for her, and two of the girls made a place for Eaton on the window seat between them.

As they seated themselves and were served, Eaton's participation in the polo practice was the subject of conversation. She found, as she tried to talk with her nearer neighbors, that she was listening instead to this more general conversation which Eaton had joined. She saw that these people had accepted him as one of their own sort to the point of jesting with him about his "lucky" polo stroke for a beginner; his manner toward them was very different from what it had been just now to herself; he seemed at ease and unembarrassed with them. One or two of the girls appeared to have been eager—even anxious—to meet him; and she found herself oddly resenting the attitude of these girls. Her feeling was indefinite, vague; it made her flush and grow uncomfortable; to recognize dimly that there was in it some sense of a proprietorship of her own in him which took alarm at seeing other girls attracted by him; but underneath it was her uneasiness at his new manner to herself, which hurt because she could not explain it. As the party finished their tea, she looked across to him.

"Are you ready to go, Mr. Eaton?" she asked.

"Whenever Mr. Avery is ready."

"You needn't wait for him unless you wish; I'll drive you back," she offered.

"Of course I'd prefer that, Miss Santoine."

They went out to her trap, leaving Donald to motor back alone. As soon as she had driven out of the club grounds, she let the horse take its own gait, and she turned and faced him.

"Will you tell me," she demanded, "what have I done this afternoon to make you class me among those who oppose you?"

"What have you done? Nothing, Miss Santoine."

"But you are classing me so now."

"Oh, no," he denied so unconvin-



As She Approached She Recognized Avery's Lithe, Alert Figure on One of the Ponies.

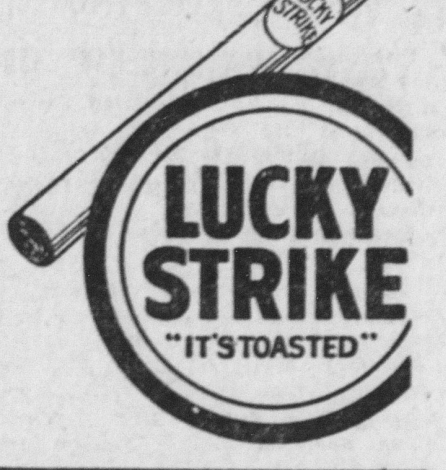
he cleared the ball from before the feet of an opponent's pony, then he looked up and nodded to her. Harriet drove up and stopped beside the barrier; people hailed her from all sides, and for a moment the practice was stopped as the players trotted over to speak to her. Then play began again, and she had the opportunity to look for Eaton. Her father, she knew, had instructed Avery that Eaton was to be introduced as his guest; but Avery evidently had either carried out these instructions in a purely mechanical manner or had not wished Eaton to be with others unless he himself was by; for Harriet discovered Eaton

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In Another Class. There was a fire in our neighborhood and mother told the twins they could not go, but could watch from our yard. Father went to see if he could help.

"Let's go," I heard Billy say.

"Mother said we couldn't," said Bobby.

"But father went," protested Billy.

"Oh yes," answered Bobby; "but fathers have got minders of their own."—Exchange.

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