The Blind Man's Eyes KITCHEN

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

-14-Eaton knelt on one knee behind his cable; now he was wildly, exultantly excited; his blood leaped hotly to his hand pointing his pistol; he panted, almost audibly, for breath, but though his pulse throbbed through his head too, his mind was clear and cool as he reckoned his situation and his chances. He had crossed the Pacific, the continent, he had schemed and risked everything with the mere hope of getting into this room to discover evidence with which to demand from the world righting of the wrong which had driven him as a fugitive for five years; and here he found the man who was the cause of it all, before him in the same room a few paces away in the dark!

For it was impossible that this was not that man; and Eaton knew now that this was he who must have been behind and arranging and directing the attacks upon him. Eaton had not only seen him and heard his voice, but he had felt his grasp; that sudden, instinctive crouch before a charge, and the savage lunge and tackle were the instant, natural acts of an old linesman on a championship team in the game of football as it was played twenty years before. That lift of the opponent off his feet and the heavy lunge hurling him back to fall on his head was what one man-in the rougher, more cruel days of the college game-had been famous for. On the football field that throw sufficed to knock a helmeted opponent unconsclous; here it was meant, beyond doubt, to do more.

Upon so much, at least, Eaton's mind at once was clear; here was his enemy whom he must destroy if he himself were not first destroyed. Other thoughts, recasting of other relations altered or overturned in their bearing by the discovery of this man here-everything else could and must wait upon the mighty demand of that moment upon Eaton to destroy this enemy now or be himself destroyed.

Eaton shook in his passion; yet coolly he now realized that his left shoulder, which had taken the shock of his fall, was numb. He shifted his pistol over to cover a vague form which had seemed to move; but, if it had stirred, it was still again now. Eaton strained to listen.

It seemed certain that the noise of the shot, if not the sound of the struggle which preceded it, must have raised an alarm. Basil Santoine, as blind, not because he had been in-Eaton knew, slept above; a nurse jured. He had forgotten entirely must be waiting on duty somewhere that for almost two weeks he had not near. Eaton had seen the row of buttons which the blind man had within stood and walked, without staggering. arm's length with which he must be to the door and to the top of the able to summon every servant in the stairs before, now, he remembered. So house. So it could not last much what he already had done showed him longer now-this deadlock in the dark. And one of the two, at least, seemed to have recognized that.

Raton had moved, warily and carefully, but he had moved; a revolver flashed before him. Instantly and without consciousness that his finger fully his futility; but now he would pulled the trigger, Eaton's pistol flashed back. In front of him, the flame flashed again, and another spurt

of fire spat at one side. Eaton fired back at this-he was prostrate on the floor now, and whether he had been hit or not he the room was really dark-dark for did not yet know, or whether the blood flowing down his face was only from a splinter sprayed from the table behind which he had hid. He fired again, holding his pistol far out to one side to confuse the aim of the others: he thought that they too were doing the same and allowed for it in his aim. He pulled his trigger a ninth timehe had not counted his shots, but he knew he had had seven cartridges in the magazine and one in the barreland the pistol clicked without discharging. He rolled over farther away from the spot where he had last fired and pulled an extra clip of cartridges from his pocket.

The blood was flowing hot over his face. He made no effort to staunch it or even to feel with his fingers to find exactly where or how badly he had been hit. He jerked the empty cartridge clip from his pistol butt and snapped in the other. He swept his sleeve over his face to clear the blood from his brows and eyes and stared through the dark with pistol at arm's length loaded and ready. Blood spurted over his face again; another sweep of his sleeve cleared it; and he moved his pistol-point back and forth in the dark

Surely now the sound of firing in that room must have reached the man in the room above; surely he must be summoning his servants.

Eaton listened; there was still no sound from the rest of the house. But overhead now, he heard an almost imperceptible pattering-the sound of a barefooted man crossing the floor; and he knew that the blind man in the bedroom above was getting up.

CHAPTER XVII

Under Cover of Darkness. Basil Santoine was oversensitive to sound, as are most of the blind; in the world of darkness in which he lived, sounds were by far the most significant-and almost the onlymeans he had of telling what went on around him; he passed his life listening for or determining the nature of sounds. So the struggle which ended in Eaton's crash to the floor would have waked him without the pistolshots immediately following. That roused him wide-awake immediately and brought him sitting up in bed, for

getful of his own condition. His hand went at once to the pell-

WILLIAM MACHARG

EDWIN BALMER

board, and he rang at the same time | doing down here?" Blatchford started for the nurse outside his door and forward.

for the steward. Santoine did not consider the possibility of robbery of plate or jewelry long enough to have been said to consider it at all; what he felt was that the threat which had been hanging vaguely over himself ever since War-

den's murder was being fulfilled. But it was not Santoine himself that was being attacked; it was something Santoine possessed. There was only one sort of valuable article for which one might enter that room below. And those articles-

and then got up. He had heard absolutely no sound outside, as must be made by anyone escaping from the room below; but the battle seemed over One side must have destroyed the other.

The blind man stood barefooted on the floor, his hands clasping in one of the bitterest moments of his rebellion against, and defiance of, his helplessness of blindness. Below him-as he believed-his servants had been sacrificing life for him; there in that room he held in trust that which affected. the security, the faith, the honor of others; his guarding that trust involved his honor no less. And particularly, now, he knew he was bound. at whatever cost, to act; for he did not doubt now but that his half-prisoned guest, whom Santoine had not sufficiently guarded, was at the bottom of the attack. The blind man belleved, therefore, that it was because of his own retention here of Eaton that the attack had been made, his servants had been killed, the private secrets of his associates were in danger. Undoubtedly there was danger below; but that was why he did not call again at the other door for some

He put his hand on the rail and started to descend the stairs. He was almost steady in step and he had firm grasp on the rail; he noticed that now to wonder at it. When he had aroused at the sound of firing, his blindness. as always when something was happening about him, was obtruded upon him. He felt helpless because he was stirred from bed; he had risen and that he had merely again to put his injury from his mind and he could go on. He went down the stairs almost steadily.

one else to run a risk for him.

The blind count stairs, and he had gone down twenty-one-and realized not retreat or merely call for help. "Who is here?" he asked distinctly.

"Is anyone here? Who is here?" No one answered. And now Santoine knew by the sense which let him feel whether it was night or day, that others as well as for himself; the lights were not burning. So an exaltation, a sense of physical capability. came to Santoine; in the dark he was

as fit, as capable as any other man. He stepped down on the floor, and in his uncertainty as to the position of the furniture, felt along the wall. There were bookcases there, but he felt and passed along them swiftly. until he came to the case which concealed the safe at the left side of the doors. The books were gone from that case; his bare toes struck against them where they had been thrown down on the floor. The blind man, his blind man-tried again to speak. pulse beating tumultuously, put his hand through the case and felt the panel behind. That was slid back, the safe stood open. Santoine's

safe was empty. He recoiled from it, choking back an ejaculation. The entry to this room had been made for the purpose which he supposed; and the thieves must have succeeded in their errand. The blind man, in his uselessness for pursuit, could delay calling others to act for him no longer. He started toward the bell, when some scrape on the floor-not of the sort to be accounted for by an object moved by the wind-sounded behind him. Santolne swung toward the sound and stood listening again; and then, groping with his hands stretched out before him, he left the wall and stepped toward the center of the room. He took two steps-three, four-with no result; then his foot trod into some

fluid, thick and sticky and not cold. Santoine stooped and put a fingertip into the fluid and brought it near his nose. It was what he supposed it must be-blood. He could hear now someone breathing-more than one person. From the house, still shut off by its double, sound-proof doors. he could hear nothing; but someone outside the house was hurrying up to the open window at the south end of the room.

That one came to, or just inside the window, parting the curtains. He was breathing hard from exertion or from excitement.

"Who is it?" Santoine challenged clearly.

"Basil!" Blatchford's voice ex laimed his recognition in amazement "Basil; that is you! What are you

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"What brought you here?" Santoine demanded instead of reply. "You were running outside; why? What was out there? What did you see?"

"See? I didn't see anything-except the window here open when I came up. But I heard shots, Basil. What has happened here?"

Santoine felt again the stickiness at his feet. "Three or four persons fought in this room, Wallace. Someor one was hurt. There's blood on the floor. There are two here I can hear breathing; I suppose they're hurt. Santoine pressed all the bells again Probably the rest are gone. Get help. I think those who aren't hurt are gone. They must be gone. But-get help first, Wallace."

"And leave you here?" Blatchford rejoined. He had not halted again; the blind man heard his cousin still moving along the wall. The electric switch clicked, and Santoine knew that the room was flooded with light. Santoine straightened, strained, turning his head a little better to listen. With the flashing on of the light, he had heard the sharp, involuntary start of Blatchford as he saw the room; and, besides that, Santoine heard movement now elsewhere in the room. Then the blind man heard his friend's ery. "Good God!"

"What is it?" Santoine cried. "Good God! Basil!"

"Who is it, Wallace?" the blind man knew now that his friend's incoherence came from recognition of someone, not alone from some sight of horror.

"Basii! It is-it must be-I knowhim! It is-

A shot roared in front of Santoine, The blind man, starting back at the shock of it, drew in the powder-gas



A Shot Roared in Front of Santoine.

with his breath; but the bullet was not for him. Instead, he heard his friend scream and choke and half cail, half cough.

"Wallace!" Santoine cried out; but his voice was lost in the roar of another shot. This was not fired by the same one who had just fired; at least. it was not from the same part of the room; and instantly, from another side, a third shot came. Then, in the midst of rush and confusion, another shot roared; the light was out again; then all was gone; the noise was outside; the room was still except for a cough and choke as Blatchfordsomewhere on the floor in front of the

Basil Santoine, groping with his hands, found him. He was still conscious. Santoine knew that he was exposing the safe; and the door of trying his best to speak, to say just one word-a name-to tell whom he hands felt within the safe swiftly. The had seen and who had shot him; but

he could not. Santoine put his hand over a hand of his cousin. Blatchford's fingers closed tightly on Santoine's; they did not relax but now remained closed. though without strength. The blind man bowed and then lifted his head. His friend was dead, and others were rushing into the room-the butler, one of the chauffeurs, Avery, more menservants; the light was on again, and amid the tumult and alarms of the discoveries shown by the light, some rushed to the windows to the south in pursuit of those who had escaped from the room. Avery and one or two others rushed up to Santoine; now the blind man heard, above their cries and alarms, the voice of his daughter. She was beside him, where he knelt next the body of Blatchford. and she put back others who crowded

about. "Father! What has happened? Why are you here? Oh, Father, Cousin

Wallace!" "He is dead," Santoine said. "They shot him! They were three, at least. One was not with the others. They fired at each other, I believe, after one shot him." Santoine's hand was still in Blatchford's. "I heard them helow." He told shortly how he had gone down, how Blatchford had en-

tered and been shot. The blind man, still kneeling, heard the ordering and organizing of others for the pursuit; now women servants from the other part of the house were taking charge of affairs in the nom. There had been no signal

heard, Santoine was told, upon any of the bells which he had tried to ring from his room. Eaton was the only person from the house who was missing.

"They came, at least some of them came"-Santoine had risen, fighting down his grief over his cousin's death -"for what was in your safe, Harriet."

"I know; I saw it open." "What is gone?" Santoine demanded.

He heard her picking up the contents of the safe from the floor and carrying them to the table and examining them.

"Why-nearly all the formal papers eem to be gone; lists and agreements relating to a dozen different things." "None of the correspondence?" "No; that all seems to be here."

Santoine was breathing quickly; the trust for which he had been ready to die-for which Blatchford had diedseemed safe. "We don't know whether he got it.

then, or not!" It was Avery's voice which broke in upon him; Santoine merely listened.

ter's challenge.

"Why, Eaton. It is plain enough answered. "He came here to this as liked. room for what he was after-for what he has been after from the firstwhatever that may have been! He came prepared to force the safe and get it! But he was surprised-"

"By whom?" the blind man asked, "By whoever it is that has been following him. I don't attempt to explain who they were, Mr. Santoine; for I don't know. But-whoever they were-in doing this, he laid himself open to attack by them. They were watching-saw him enter here. They attacked him here. Wallace switched on the light and recognized him; so he shot Wallace and ran with whatever he could grab up of the contents of the safe, hoping that by luck he'd get what he was after." "It isn't so-it isn't so!" Harriet de-

nied. Her father checked her; he stood an instant thoughtful. "Who is directing the pursuit, Donald?"

Avery went out at once. "Now, Harriet," he commanded. She understood that her father would mixture. not move till she had seen the room for him.

"There was some sort of a struggle near my safe," she said. "Chairseverything there is knocked about." "Yes."

"There is also blood there-a big spot of it on the floor."

"I found that," said Santoine. "There are bullet marks every where-above the mantel, all about."

"How was the safe opened?" "The combination has been cut completely away; there is an-an instrument connected with the electriclight fixture which seems to have done the cutting. There is a hand-drill. too-I think it is a hand-drill. The inner door has been drilled through.

and the catches drawn back." "Who is this?" The valet, who had been sent to Eaton's room, had returned with his report. "Mr. Eaton went from his room fully dressed, sir," he said to Santoine, "except for his shoes. I found

all his shoes in his room." During the report the blind man felt his daughter's grasp on his arm be come tense and relax and tighten again. Then, as though she realized she was adding to his comprehension of what she had already betrayed, she suddenly took her hand from her father's arm. Santoine let the servants. at his daughter's direction, help him to his room. His daughter stood beside him while the nurse washed the blood-splotches from his hands and

"Father?" she questioned. "Yes."

"You don't agree with Donald, do you?-that Mr. Eaton went to the study to-to get something, and that him there and-and interrupted him and he killed Cousin Wallace?"

Santoine was silent an instant. That seems the correct explanation, Harriet," he evaded. "It does not what my opinion is, tell him it is cellar. that."

He felt his daughter shrink away

from him. The blind man made no move to draw her back to him; he lay perfectly still; his head rested flat upon the pillows; his hands were clasped tightly together above the coverlet. He had accused himself, in the room below, because, by the manner he had chosen to treat Eaton, he had slain the man he loved best and had forced a friendship with Eaton on his daughter which, he saw, had gone further than mere friendship; it had gone, he knew now, even to the irretrievable between man and woman-had brought her. that is, to the state where, no matter what Eaton was or dld, she must suffer with him! But Santoine was not accusing himself now; he was feeling only the fulfillment of that threat against those who had trusted him with their secrets, which he had felt vaguely after the murder of Gabriel Warden and, more plainly with the events of each succeeding day, ever since. For that threat, just now, had culminated in his presence in purposeful, violent action; but Santoine in his blindness had been unable-and was, still unable-to tell what that action meant

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Be Strong! Eay not the days are evil-who's to

And fold the hands and acquiesce-O shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name,

-Malthe Babcock.

FOR BAKING DAY

When bread is to be baked one does not like to cut a shapely loaf while it is hot, so take a small piece of the dough when molding the bread, roll out in a round loaf, place in a pastry plate and when

light, bake. This may be broken and eaten hot; a great favorite with the Scotch people, who call such a loaf a bannock.

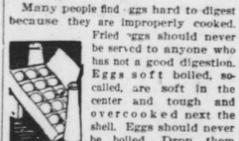
Potato Pancakes (Russian).-Peel three large potatoes and let them stand over night. In the morning grate them into a bowl, add one-half cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg and salt and pepper "He? Who?" He heard his daugh, to taste, with just milk enough to make the batter of the right consistency. Fry like ordinary pancakes what happened here, isn't it?" Avery and serve with butter, sirup or jelly,

Graham Cracker Cake.-Beat one anif cupful of butter to a cream; add two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two egg yolks beaten light, and alternately one cupful of milk and two-thirds of a pound of rolled graham crackers; sift with three tenspoonfals of baking powder, a little salt and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon or mace; lastly beat in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff and dry. Bake in a small cake pan 12 by 7 inches. When cold cut in halves and put together with mocha frosting. Cut in small pieces, finish each with a maraschino cherry in the center of each.

Sunshine Cake.-Beat the yolks of three eggs until thick, add one-half cupful of cold water and beat until like custard. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and beat well. Alternate the stiffly beaten whites with one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake slowly at first, sing an angel-food pan. Use a Dover egg beater to beat the

Mere living becomes real life when it becomes sacrificial. We begin to operate with vital forces when we cross the border into the land of sacrifice. -Dr. J. H. Jowett

FOOD AND DIET



because they are improperly cooked. Fried eggs should never be served to anyone who has not a good digestion. Eggs soft boiled, socenter and tough and overcooked next the shell. Eggs should never be bolled. Drop them into boiling water, a pint

to an egg, cover closely and the degree of hardness will depend upon the length of time they are in the water. Thirty minutes will produce an egg with a mealy yolk and a white that is tender and perfectly cooked.

Sugar on fruits should not be eaten by those subject to rheumatism.

Too much meat is the great American dietary evil. White bread is not the best of food

though it may be called the staff of life. It is lacking in vitamines, but does supply energy, as do potatoes if cooked without their jackets. Cooked in their jackets they supply many min-

How to Salt Pork .- Rub each piece of meat with pure fine salt and pack closely in a jar or barrel. Let stand over night. Small pieces pack much better than large ones. The next day make and pour over the brine. For one hundred pounds of meat use ten whoever has been following him found pounds of salt, two ounces of saltpeter and four gallons of bolling water, Allow the brine to cool before pouring over the pork, then place a weight to keep the meat under the brine. If during warm weather the brine seems fully explain; but it seems correct as ropy, it should be drawn off and a far as it goes. If Donald asks you fresh brine made. Keep in a cool

Unvaried diet is often the cause of stomach trouble. Food that looks attractive, smells and tastes ttractive, causes the saliva to flow at once and the gastric juices begin to secrete and flow. The reason music is used in many hotels is to give pleasure to the diner. It arouses pleasant emotions and is fully as important as agreeable food. Pleasant conversation, good company are both invaluable aids to digestion. Anger and shock checks the flow of the digestive juices in just the same ratio that pleasure and laughter increases it.

Professor McCullom, now of Johns. Hopkins, tells us that liver and kidneys are more nearly complete foods than lean meat of any kind which is lacking in calcium, sodium, chlorine and the three types 'f vitamines,

Green leaves, such as lettuce, celery, water cress, cabbage, turnip tops, spinach, contain the vitamines necessary for health and growth. The strictly vegetarian diet, however, is not good. We need fresh milk and allk products with the green leaves to keep the body in good health.

Leeie Maxwell

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