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The Blind Man's Eyes

enemies there.

tolne's trust.

Santoine felt that the probabilities

were that Eaton's enemies had opened

the safe and had been surprised by

Eaton. But if they had opened the

safe, they were not only Eaton's ene-

mies; they were also Santoine's; they

were the men who threatened San-

Those whom Eaton had fought in

the room had had perfect opportunity

for killing Santoine, if they wished.

But Santoine felt certain no one had

made any attack upon him at any

moment in the room; he had had no

feeling, at any instant, that any of

the shots fired had been directed at

him. Blatchford, too, had been unat-

tacked until he had made it plain that

he had recognized one of the intru-

ders; then, before Blatchford could

call the name, he had been shot down.

It was clear, then, that what had

protected Santoine was his blindness;

he had no doubt that, if he had been

able to see and recognize the men in

the room after the lights were turned

on, he would have been shot down

also. But Santoine recognized that

this did not fully account for his im-

munity. Two weeks before, an at-

tack which had been meant for Eaton

had struck down Santoine instead;

and no further attempt against Eaton

had been made until it had become

publicly known that Santoine was not

going to die. If Santoine's death

would have served for Eaton's death

two weeks before, why was Santoine

immune now? Did possession of the

contents of Santoine's safe accomplish

the same thing as Santoine's death?

Or more than his death for these men?

It was not, Santoine was certain,

Eaton's presence in the study which

had so astounded Blatchford, Wallace

and Eaton had passed days together.

and Blatchford was accustomed to Ea-

ton's presence in the house. Someone

whom Blatchford knew and whose

name Santoine also would know and

whose presence in the room was so

strange and astonishing that Blatch-

ford had tried to prepare Santoine for

the announcement, had been there,

The man whose name was on Blatch-

ford's tongue, or the companion of

that man, had shot Blatchford rather

He was beginning to find events fit

Santoine knew that he lacked the

key. Many men could profit by pos-

themselves together; but they fitted

For what men?

imperfectly as yet.

By

WILLIAM MacHARG EDWIN BALMER

Copyright by Little, Brown and Company CHAPTER XIX-Continued. -16-

She told him, beginning with her discovery of Eaton in the garage and ending with his leaving her and with Donald Avery's finding her in the motor; and now she held back one word only-his name which he had told her, Hugh. Her father listened intently. "You and Mr. Eaton appear to have become rather well acquainted, Harriet," he said. "Has he told you nothing about himself which you have not told me? You have seen nothing concerning him, which you have not told?"

Her mind went quickly back to the polo game; she felt a flush, which his blind eyes could not see, dyeing her cheeks and forehead.

The blind man waited for a moment ; he put out his hand and pressed the bell which called the steward. Neither spoke until the steward came. "Fairley." Santoine said then, qui-

etly, "Miss Santoine and I have just agreed that for the present all reports regarding the pursuit of the men who entered the study last night are to be made direct to me, not through Miss Santoine or Mr. Avery."

"Very well, sir."

She still sat sllent after the steward had gone; she thought for an instant her father had forgotten her presence; then he moved slightly.

"That is all, dear," he said quietly. She got up and left hims and went to her own rooms : she did not pretend to herself that she could rest. She bathed and dressed and went downstairs. The library had windows facing to the west; she went in there and stood looking out.

Her mind was upon only one thingeven of that she could not think connectedly. Some years ago, something --she did not know what--had happened to Hugh; tonight, in some strange way unknown to her, it had culminated in her father's study. He had fought someone; he had rushed away to follow someone. Whom? Had he heard that someone in the study and gone down? Had he been fighting their battle-her father's and hers? She knew that was not so. Hugh had been fully dressed. What than let Santoine hear the name, did it mean that he had said to her that these events would either , destroy him or would send him back to her as-as something different? Her thought supplied no answer.

But whatever he had done, whatever | sessing the contents of Santoine's safe he might be, she knew his fate was and might have shot Blatchford rather hers now; for she had given herself than let Santoine know their presence to him utterly. She had told that to there; it was impossible for Santoine

this, Warden had been killed. Then Warden's death had caused Santoine to go to Seattle and take charge of many of Warden's affairs; Eaton had thought that the information which had been in Warden's possession might now be in Santoine's; Eaton. of the other two against the third? therefore, had followed Santoine onto It appeared probable to Santoine that the train. Eaton had been alone, or had come The inference was plain that some alone, to the study and had met his

thing which would have given Santoine the information Warden had had and which Eaton now required had been brought into Santoine's house and put in Santoine's safe. It was to get possession of this "something" before it had reached Santoine that the safe had been forced.

Santoine put out his hand and

pressed a bell. A servant came to the door. "Will you find Miss Santoine," the blind man directed, "and ask her to

come here?" The servant withdrew.

Santoine waited. Presently the door again opened, and he heard his daughter's step.

at once." "Have you listed what was taken from the safe, Harriet?" Santoine

"Not yet, Father."

asked.

The blind man thought an instant. "Harriet, something has been brought into the house-or the manner of keeping something in the house has been changed-within a very few days -since the time, I think, when the attempt to run Eaton down with the motor car was made. What was that 'something'?"

His daughter reflected. "The draft of the new agreement about the Latron properties and the lists of stockholders in the properties which came through Mr. Warden's office," she rel plied

"Those were in the safe?"

"Yes; you had not given me any instructions about them, so I had put them in the other safe; but when I went to get the correspondence I saw

Harriet recognized this as dismissal and went out. The blind man feit the blood beating fiercely in his temples

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"S. F. and D?" 'Eight points off." Santoine's hand, bolding the telephone, shook in its agitation; his head was hot from the blood rushing through it, his body was chilled. An Idea so strange, so astounding, so incredible as it first had come to him that his feelings refused it though his reason told him it was the only possible condition which could account for all the facts, now was being made

all but certain. He named stock after stock; all were down-seriously depressed or had been supported only by a desperate effort of their chief holders. The blind man could write as well as any other by following the position of the lines with the fingers of his left hand. He wrote a short note swiftly now, folded, sealed and addressed it and handed it to the servant.

"Have that delivered by a messenger at once," he directed. "There will be no written answer, I think; 0 only something sent back-a photograph. See that it is brought to me 215

He heard the servant's footsteps going rapidly away. He was shaking with anger, horror, resentment; he

was almost-not quite-sure now of all that had taken place; of why Warden had been murdered, of what vague shape had moved behind and guided all that had happened since. He recalled Eaton's voice as he had heard it first on the train at Seattle; and now he was almost sure-not quite-that he could place that voice,

that he knew where he had heard it before. He lay with clenched hands, shak-

ing with rage; then by effort of his will he put these thoughts away. The nurse reminded him again of his need for food.

"I want nothing now," he said. "Have it ready when I wake up. When the doctor comes, tell him I am going to get up today and dress." He curned and stretched himself

CHAPTER XXI

The Man Hunt,

The rolling, ravine-gullied land where Harriet had left Eaton was wooded thickly with oaks, maples and ash: the glare from the burning bridge lighted the ravine for only a little way; Eaton had gained the bottom of the ravine beyond the point where this light would have made him visible and had made the best speed he could along it away from the lights and voices on the road. This speed was not very great; his stockinged feet sank to their ankles in the soft mud of the ravine : and when, realizing that he was leaving a trace easily followed even by lantern-light, he clambered to the steep side and tried to travel along its slope, he found his progress slower still. In the darkness he crashed sometimes full against the tree-trunks; bushes which he could and held him, ripping and tearing at his clothes; invisible, fallen saplings tripped him, and he stepped into unseen holes which threw him headlong, so that twice he rolled clear to the bottom of the ravine with fierce, hot pains which nearly deprived him of his senses shooting through his wounded shoulder. When he had made, as he thought, fully three-quarters of a mile and must be, allowing for the winding of the ravine, at least half a mile from his pursuers, he climbed to the brink of the bank and looked back. He was not, as he had thought, half a mile from the road: he was not a quarter of a mile; he could still see plainly the lights of the three motorcars upon the road and men moving in the flare of these lights. He was certain that he had recognized the figure of Avery among these men. Pursuit of him, however, appeared to have been checked for the moment; he heard neither voices nor any movement in the woods. Eaton, panting, threw himself down to recover breath and strength to think. There was no question in Eaton's mind what his fate would be if he surrendered to, or was captured by, his pursuers. What he had seen in Santoine's study an hour before was so unbellevable, so completely undemonstrable unless he himself could prove his story that he felt that he would receive no credence. Blatchford, who had seen it in the light in the study, was dead; Santoine, who would have seen it if he had had eyes, was blind. Eaton, still almost stunned and yet wildly excited by that sight. felt only, in the mad confusion of his senses, the futility of telling what he had seen unless he were in a position to prove it. Those opposed to him would put his statement aside with the mere answer that he was lying: the most charitably inclined would think only that what he had been Eaton Anderstood that his possibility of escape was very small, even if escape had been his only object; but Eaton's problem was not one of escape-it was to find those he pursued and make certain that they were captured at the same time he was; and, as he crouched panting on the damp earth, he was thinking only of that.



A screw that is rusty or a nall which is obstinate about being removed may oe encouraged with a few drops of oll and a heated screwdriver. When putting a nail into hardwood dip it in oil and it will drive much easler.

When using cleaning powder on water faucets be careful to keep the gritty substance away from the joints. The powder is liable to cut away the threads as the faucet is turned frequently.

In peeling onions do them under water and save the annoyance of shedding tears.

Windows washed in clean soft water with a little bluing, using a chamols skin for washing and a dry one for wiping, will be shining and bright.

A-cork too tight to fit a bottle may be soaked in hot water, then used. Add a few drops of lemon juice to boiled rice; it adds to the flavor an well as to its appearance.

Brown Sauce for Boiled Tongue .--Cook two tablespoonfuls of minced onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter until both are brown. Strain out the onion and add four tablespoonfuls of well-browned flour; stir and add one cupful of brown stock, a bay leaf, sprig of thyme and six peppercorns, all tied in a small piece of net or cheese cloth. Cook until the sauce is thick, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar. Extra seasonings, such as Worcestershire. tabasco or pepper sauce, may be substituted for the vinegar.

Broiled Parsnips .- Wash and scrape parsnips until clean and cook in boiling water until tender. When cold cut in halves lengthwise, spread with melted butter and broil.

There is a general agreement, except s on the part of a few wi decetics, not only that health is a blessing, but that to the want of it may safely be ascribed no inconsider-able part of our present ethical and social problems -James Harvey Robin-



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upon his bed; so, finally, he slept.

and at his finger-tips. It amazed, as-

them there and put them with the correspondence in my own safe." Santoine fay still. "Who besides Donald knew that you did that, Daughter?" he asked. "No one." "Thank you."

him that night; she had told it to him; she later had told it-though she had might be. Who Eaton's enemies were not meant to yet-to her father. She was equally unknown to Santoine. could only pray now that out of the But there could be but one man-or bear.

been Eaton's. The police, in stripping pointed this man to Santoine. them of his possessions, had overgray cloth and hugged it to her. She whispered his name to herself-Hugh-that secret of his name which she had kept ; she glorled that she had that secret with him which she could keep from them all. What wouldn't they give just to share that with herbls name. Hugh!

She started suddenly, looking through the window. The east, above the lake, was beginning to grow gray. The dawn was coming! It was beginning to be day!

the house, looking toward the west. meeting Eaton, and killed. How could she have left him, hurt and Eaton disappeared and concealed How could she have left him, hurt and bleeding and alone in the night! She could not have done that but that his asking her to go had told that it was also be attacked. But Eaton was not for his safety as well as hers; she a man whom this personal fear would could not help him any more then; she would only have been in the way. But now-she started to rush out, but controlled herself; she had to stay in the house; that was where the first word would come if they caught him; and then he would need her, how much more! The reporters on the lawn below her, seeing her at the window, called up to her to know further particulars of what had happened and what the murder meant; she could see them plainly in the increasing light. She could see the lawn and the road before the house. Day had come.

And with the coming of day, the uncertainty and disorder within and about the house seemed to increase,

. . But in the south wing, with its sound-proof doors and its windows closed against the polses from the lawn, there was silence; and in this silence, an exact, compelling, methodic machine was working; the mind of Basil Santoine was striving, vainly as yet, but with growing chances of success, to fit together into the order in which they belonged and make clear the events of the night and all that had gone before-arranging, ordering, testing, discarding, picking up again and reordering all that had happened since that other murder, of Gabriel Wurden.

CHAPTER XX

What One Can Do Without Eyes. Three men---at least three menhad fought in the study in Santoine's presence. Eaton, it was certain, had been the only one from the house present when the first shots were firel. Had Eaton been alone against the other two? Had Eaton been with one that to prevent Warden's giving him | "Down seven points."

herself as she fled and pursued with to tell which among these many the man who had been in the study events of this night might not come at most one small group of men-who a grief to her too great for her to could be at the same time Eaton's enemy and Santoine's. To have She went to the rooms that had known who Eaton was would have

Gabriel Warden had had an aplooked his cap; she found the bit of pointment with a young man who had come from Asia and who-Warden had told his wife-he had discovered lately had been greatly wronged. Eaton, under Conductor Connery's questioning, had admitted himself to be that young man ; Santoine had verified this and had learned that Eaton was, at least, the young man who had gone to Warden's house that night. But Gabriel Warden had not been al-

lowed to help Eaton; so far from that. he had not even been allowed to meet and talk with Eaton; he had been She hurried to the other side of called out, plainly, to prevent his

himself at once after Warden's murder, apparently fearing that he would have restrained from coming forward later to tell why Warden had been killed. He had been urged to come forward and promised that others would give him help in Warden's place; still, he had concealed himself. This must mean that others than Warden could not help Eaton; Eaton evidently did not know, or else could not hope to prove, what Warden had discovered.

Santoine held this thought in abeyance; he would see later how it checked with the facts.

Eaton had remained in Seattlenear Seattle-eleven days; apparently and to escape attack during that time. he had been able to conceal himself He had been obliged, however, to reveal himself when he took the train; and as soon as possible a desperate attempt had been made against him, which, through mistake, had struck down Santoine instead of Eaton. Eaton had taken the train at Se-

attle because Santoine was on it; he had done this at great risk to himself. The possibilities were that Eaton had taken the train to inform Santoine of something or to learn something from him. But Eaton had had ample opportunity since to inform Santoine of anything he wished; and he had not only not informed him of anything, but had refused consistently and determinedly to answer any of Santoine's questions. It was to learn something from Santoine, then, that

Eaton had taken the train. The blind man turned upon his bed ; he was finding that events fitted together perfectly. He felt certain now that Eaton had gone to Gabriel Warden expecting to get from Warden, ples. some information that he needed, and asked.

"Have You Listed What Was Taken From the Safe, Harriet?" Santoine Asked.

tounded him to realize that Warden's murder and all that had followed it had sprung from the Latron case. He recollected that he had been vaguely conscious ever since Latron's murder of something strained, something not wholly open, in his relations with those men whose interests had been most closely allied with Latron's. It had been nothing open, nothing palpable; it was only that he had felt at times in them a knowledge of some general condition governing them which was not wholly known to himself. Whoever Blatchford had seen was someone well known to him, whose presence had been so amazing that speech had failed Blatchford for the moment and he had feared the effect of the announcement on Santoine.' This could have been only the principal himself.

Some circumstance which Santoine comprehended only imperfectly as yet had forced this man to come out from behind his agents and to act even at the risk of revealing himself. It was probably he who, finding Blatchford's presence made revealment inevitable, had killed Blatchford. But these circumstances gave Santoine no clew as. to who the man might be. The blind man tried vainly to guess. The only circumstance regarding the man of which Santoine now feit sure was that he was one of the many con- through had driven him insane. cerned in the Latron case or with the Latron properties.

"What time is it?" the blind man suddenly asked the nurse.

"It is nearly noon, Mr. Santoine," "Will you leave me alone for a few moments?" he directed.

He listened till he heard the door close behind the nurse; then he seized the private 'phone beside his bed and called his broker.

"How is the market?" he inquired. There was something approaching to a panic on the stock exchange, it appeared. Some movement, arising from causes not yet clear, had dropped the bottom out of a score of important stocks.

"How is Pacific Midlands?" Santoine asked. "It led the decfine."

Santoine felt the blood in his tem-"M. and N. Smelters?" he

(TO BE, CONTINUED.)

The Best Ever.

She was a little girl, and as they made their way in and out among the other couples she allowed her cheek to rest against his manly chest. "Oh, Bill !" called out an irreverent

youth as he sailed by. "What?"

"That's a nice face you have on our watch."-Judge.

Nature must love a joke-judg' from the funny people we me

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

The following recipe is one recommended and used by many physicians in their recom-

mended dietaries: Bran Bread .---Take four cupfuls of wheat bran two cupfuls of whole wheat flour, three-quarters of a cupful of molas-

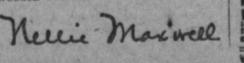
ses (New Orleans), one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, two cuptuls of sweet milk, a little cream or shortening and a few raisins. Bake one hour. Corn Meal Gems .- Beat one egg, add one supful of sour milk, one-half cupful of molasses, one tenspoonful of soda, one cupful of corn meal, one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter or melted shortening; salt to taste. Bake in gem pans. This makes twelve.

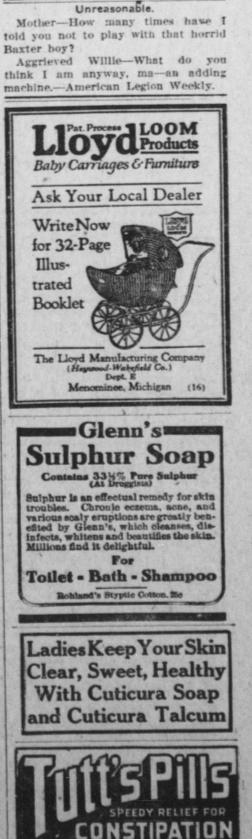
Graham Gems .-- Take one cupful of graham flour, one cupful of sour milk. one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonfulcof sait, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of shortening. Bake in gem pans. This recipe makes six.

Steamed Brown Bread,-Take one cupful each of sour milk, graham flour. raisins and molasses, sait to taste, two tenspoonfuls of soda and one and onethird cupfuls of corn meal. Steam two hours, or steam in fireless cooker for four hours; dry off in the oven, with the covers off the molds.

Cream Slaw .-- To one quart of chopped cabbage take one-half cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of flour, one beaten egg. a tablespoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful each of mustard, salt and paprika. Put sugar, vinegar and butter into a saucepan, and when bolling add the beaten egg with one-naif cupful of cream, flour and seasonings; let bolt and pour boiling hot over the cabbage.

Dominoes.-Cream .one-half .cupful of butter with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, add two well-beaten eggs and one cupful of warm milk. Sift three cupfuls of flour with four tenspoonfuls of baking powder: add this to the first mixture. bent well and bake in a shallow pan. The batter should be a quarter of an inch thick. When done and cool, cut the cake into domino-shaped pieces. ice the top and decorate with melted chocolate, put on in drops with a wooden skewer.







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