The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg, Edwin Balmer

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CHAPTER XXI-Continued. __17__

As he struggled forward, impatient at these delays, he came several times upon narrow, unguarded roads and crossed them; at other times the little wilderness which protected him changed suddenly to a well-kept lawn where some great house with its garages and outbuildings loomed ahead, and afraid to cross these open places, he was obliged to retrace his steps and find a way round. The distance from the bridge to the place where the men he was following had got out of their motor, he had thought to be about two miles; but when he had been traveling more than an hour, he had not yet reached it. Then, suddenly he came upon the road for sought. He crouched as near to the look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motorcar with armed men in it passed him, and presently repassed, evidently patroling the road; its lights showed him a man with a gun standing at the first bend of the road to the east. Eaton drew further back and moved parallel to the road but far enough away from it to be hidden. A quarter of a mile further he found a second man. The motorcar, evidently, was Eaton's search was hopeless now, patroling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As and turned.

woods and revealed Eaton. The man he fired a second and third time. ow; as he did so, he heard the men ing flat upon his face again and waiting till some other car in passing should give him light to see.

Eaton, weak and dizzy from his wounds and confused by darkness and his struggle through the woods, had that it could have been hardly less than two hours since he had left Harriet. The men he was following. therefore, had that much start of him, and this made him wild with impatience but did not discourage him. His own wounds, Eaton understood, made his escape practically impossible, because any one who saw him would at once challenge and detain him; and the other man was still more seriously wounded. It was not his escape that Eaton feared; it was concealment of him. The man had been taken from the car because his condition was so serious that there was no hope of hiding it; Eaton thought he must be dead. He expected to find the body concealed under dead leaves. hurriedly hidden.

The night had cleared a little; to the north, Eaton could see stars, Suddenly the road and the leafless bushes at its sides flashed out in the bright light of a motorcar passing. Eaton strained forward. He had found the place he sought; there was no doubt a car had turned off the road some time before and stopped there. The passing of many cars had so tracked the road that none of the men in the motors seemed to have noticed anything of significance there; but Eaton saw plainly in the soft ground at the edge of the woods the footmarks of two men walking one behind the other. When the car had passed, he crept forward in the dark and fingered the distinct heel and toe marks in the soft soil. For a little distance he could follow them by feeling; then as they led him into the edge of the woods the ground grew harder and he could no longer follow them in that way.

It was plain to him what had occurred; two men had got out of the car here and had lifted out and carried away a third. He knelt where he could feel the last footsteps he could detect and looked around.

The wound in his shoulder no longer bled, but the pain of it twinged him through and through; his head throbbed with the hurt there; his feet were raw and bleeding where sharp roots and branches had cut through his socks and torn the flesh; his skin was hot and dry with fever, and his head swam.

There was not yet light enough to see any distance, but Eaton, accustomed to the darkness and bending close to the ground, could discern the footmarks even on the harder soil, They led away from the road into the woods. On the rotted leaves and twigs was a dark stain; a few steps beyond there was another. Eaton picking up a leaf and fingering it, knew that they were blood. So the man was not dead when he had been lifted from the car. But he had been hurt desperately, was unable to help himself, was probably dying; if there had been any hope for him, his companions would not be carrying him in this way away from any chance of surgical attention.

Eaton followed, as the tracks led

gone very slowly, carrying this heavy | or thought of him, she trusted him; | or, if he is found, he cannot be let to weight. They had stopped frequently to rest and had laid their burden down. Then suddenly he came to a place where plainly a longer halt had been made.

The ground was trampled around this spot; when the tracks went on they were changed in character. 'The two men were still carrying the third -a heavy man whose weight strained them and made their feet sink in deeply where the ground was soft. But now they were not careful how they carried him, but went forward merely as though bearing a dead weight. Now, too, no more stains appeared on the brown leaves where they had passed; their burden no longer bled. Eaton, realizing what which he was looking; somewhere to this meant, felt neither exultation the east along it was the place he nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently road as he dared and where he could alive when taken from the car, was dying. But now he watched the tracks more closely even than before, looking for them to show him where the men had got rid of their burden.

> It was quite plain what had occurred; the wet sand below was trampled by the feet of three or four men and cut by a boat's bow. They had taken the body away with them in the boat. * To sink it somewhere weighted with heavy stones in the deep water?

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched fever-Eaton halted, this second car ap- ishly the shore and the lake. But proached, and was halted, backed there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the Its headlights swept through the bluft, biding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was standing in the road cried out the it he had said to Harriet? "I will alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; come back to you-as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the Eaton fled madly back into the shad- words in mockery. How would he return to her now? As he moved, a crying to one another and leaping fierce, hot pain from the clotted wound from the car and following him. He in his shoulder shot him through and retreated to the woods, went further through with agony and the silence along and came back to the road, 17- and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

CHAPTER XXII

Not Eaton-Overton.

Santoine awoke at five o'clock. The no exact idea how long it had taken blind man felt strong and steady; he him to get to this place; but he knew had food brought him; while he was enting it, his messenger returned. Santoine saw the man alone and when he had dismissed him, he sent for his daughter.

Harriet went up to him fearfully. The blind man seemed calm and quiet; a thin, square packet lay on the bed beside him; he held it out to her without speaking.

She snatched it in dread; the shape of the packet and the manner in which it was fastened told her it must be a photograph. "Open it," her father directed.

"What is it you want to know, Father?" she asked.

"That is the picture of Eaton?"

"I thought so." She tried to assure herself of the shade of the meaning in her father's

tone; but she could not. She understood that her recognition of the picture had satisfied him in regard to something over which he had seen in doubt; but whether this was to work in favor of Hugh and herself-she thought of herself now inseparably with Hugh-or whether it threatened them, she could not tell. "Father, what does this mean?" she

cried to him. "What, dear?"

"Your having the picture. Where

"I knew where it might be. I sent

did you get it?"

"But-but, Father-" It came to her now that her father must know

who Hugh was. "Who-" "I know who he is now," her father said calmly. "I will tell you when

I can." "When you can?" "Yes," he said. "Where is Avery?"

as though his mind had gone to another subject instantly. "He has not been in, I believe, since

noon." "He is overseeing the search for Eaton?" "Yes."

"Send for him. Tell him I wish to see him here at the house; he is to remain within the house until I have seen him."

Something in her father's tone startled and perplexed her; she thought of Donald now only as the most eager and most vindictive of Eaton's pursuers. Was her father removing Donald from among those | "Yes." seeking Eaton? Was he sending for him because what he had just learned was something which would make more rigorous and desperate the search? The blind man's look and manner told her nothing.

"You mean Donald is to wait here until you send for him, Father?"

"That is it." It was the blind man's tone of dismissal. He seemed to have forgotten the picture; at least, as his daughter moved toward the door, he gave no direction concerning it. She halted. looking back at him. She would not carry the picture away, secretly, like this. She was not ashamed of her through the woods. The men had love for-Eaton; whatever might be said known as Eaton will never be found | sold it that way."-Life.

she was proud of her love for him. "May I take the picture?" she asked

steadily. "Do whatever you want with it."

her father answered quietly. And so she took it with her. She found a servant of whom she inquired for Avery; he had not returned so she sent for him. She went down to the deserted library and waited there with the picture of Hugh in her hand. The day had drawn to dusk. She could no longer see the picture in the fading light; she could only recall it; and now, as she recalled it, the picture itself-not her memory of her father's manner in relation to itgave her vague discomfort. She got up suddenly, switched on the light and, holding the picture close to it, studied it. What it was in the picture that gave her this strange uneasiness quite separate and distinct from all that she had felt when she first looked at it, she could not tell; but the more she studied it, the more troubled and frightened she grew.

The picture was a plain, unretouched print pasted upon common square cardboard without photographer's emboss or signature; and printed with the picture, were four plain, distinct numerals-8253. She did not know what they meant or if they had any real significance, but somehow now she was more afraid for Hugh than she had been. She trembled as she held the picture again to her cheek and then to her lips.

She turned; some one had come in from the hall; it was Donald. She saw at her first glance at him that his search had not yet succeeded and she threw her bead back in relief. Seeing the light, he had looked into the library idly; but when he saw her, he approached her quickly.

"What have you there?" he demand-She flushed at the tone. "What right have you to ask?" Her instant

impulse had been to conceal the pic-



She Struggled to Free Herself From Him.

was ashamed of it; she held it so Donald could see it if he looked. He did look and suddenly seized the picture from her. "Where dld you get this, Harriet?"

"Where did you get it?" he repeated. "Are you ashamed to say?"

"Ashamed? Father gave it to me!" "Your father!" Avery started; but If anything had caused him apprehension, it instantly disappeared. "Then didn't he tell you who this man Eaton is? What did he say to you?" "What do you mean, Don?"

He put the picture down on the table beside him and, as she rushed for it, he seized both her hands and held her before him. "Harry, dear!" he said to her. "Harry, dear-" "Don't call me that! Don't speak

to me that way!" She struggled to free herself from him. "I know, of course," he said. "It's because of him." He jerked his head

toward the picture on the table; the manner made her furious. "Let me go, Don!" "I'm sorry, dear." He drew her to

him, held her only closer.

"Don; Father wants to see you! He wanted to know when he came in; he will let you know when you can go to him."

"When did he tell you that? When he gave you the picture?"

Avery had almost let her go; now he held her hard again. "Then he wanted me to tell you about this Eaton." "Why should he have you tell me

about-Mr. Eaton?" "You know!" he said to her. "What have you to say about him,

"You must never think of him again, dear; you must forget him forever!" "Donald, I am not a child. If you have something to say which you consider hard for me to hear, tell it to

me at once." "Very well. Perhaps that is best. Dear, either this man whom you have picture upside down?" The Artist-"I

that picture? Don't you know what those numbers mean?"

"What do they mean?" "They are the figures of his number in what is called 'The Rogues' Gallery.' And they mean he has committed a crime and been tried and convicted of it; they mean in this case. that he has committed a murder!"

live. Harry, have you never seen a

picture with the numbers printed in

below like that? Can't you guess yet

where your father must have sent for

"A murder!" "For which he was convicted and sentenced."

"Sentenced!" "Yes; and is alive now only because before the sentence could be carried out, he escaped. That man, Philip Eaton, is Hugh-" "Hugh!"

"Hugh Overton, Harry!" "Hugh Overton!"

"Yes: I found it out today. The police have just learned it, too. I was coming to tell your father. He's Hugh Overton, the murderer of Matthew Latron!"

"No; no!" "Yes, Harry; for this man is cer-

tainly Hugh Overton." "It isn't so! I know it isn't so!". "You mean he told you he was-

some one else, Harry?" "No; I mean-" She faced him defiantly. "Father let me keep the photograph. I asked him, and he said, Do whatever you wish with it.' He knew I meant to keep ft! He knows who Hugh is, so he would not have said that, if--if--"

She heard a sound behind her and turned. Her father had come into the room. And as she saw his manner and his face she knew that what Avery had just told her was the truth. She shrank away from them. Her hands went to her face and hid it.

She knew now why it was that her father, on hearing Hugh's voice, had become curious about him, had tried to place the voice in his recollectionthe voice of a prisoner on trial for his life, heard only for an instant but fixed upon his mind by the circumstances attending it, though those circumstances afterward had been forgotten. She knew why she, when she had gazed at the picture a few minutes before, had been disturbed and frightened at feeling it to be a kind of picture unfamiliar to her and threatening her with something unknown and terrible. She knew the reason now for a score of things Hugh had said to her. for the way he had looked many times when she had spoken to him. It explained all that! It seemed to her, in the moment, to explain everythingexcept one thing. It did not explain Hugh himself; the kind of man he was, the kind of man she knew him to be-the man she loved-he could not be a murderer!

Her hands dropped from her face; she threw her head back proudly and triumphantly, as she faced now both Avery and her father.

"He, the murderer of Mr. Latron!" she cried quietly. "It isn't so!" The bling man was very pale; he was fully dressed. A servant had supported him and helped him down the stairs and still stood beside him sustaining him. But the will which had conquered his disability of blindness was holding him firmly now against the disability of his hurts; he seemed composed and steady. She saw compassion for her in his look; and compassion-under the present circumstances-terrified her. Stronger, far more in control of him than his compassion for her, she saw purpose. She recognized that her father had come to a decision upon which he now was going to act; she knew that nothing she or anyone else could say would alter that decision and that he would employ his every power in acting

upon it. The blind man seemed to check himself an instant in the carrying out of his purpose; he turned his sightless eyes toward her. There was emotion in his look; but, except that this emotion was in part pity for her, she could not tell exactly what his look

"Will you wait for me outside, Harriet?" he said to her. "I shall not be

She hesitated; then she felt suddenly the futility of opposing him and she passed him and went out into the hall. The servant followed her, closing the door behind him. She stood just outside the door listening. She heard her father-she could catch the tone; she could not make out the words-asking a question; she heard the sound of Avery's response. She started back nearer the door and put her hand on it to open it; inside they were still talking. She caught Avery's tone more clearly now, and it suddenly terrified her. She drew back from the door and shrank away. There had been no opposition to Avery in her father's tone; she was certain now that he was only discussing with Avery what they were to do, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Technique. Her Friend-"Why do you hang this

Neckwear Is in **Fashion Picture**

Lingerie Collar Is Given Prominence by French Dressmakers.

No part of dress has had a more interesting history than neckwear, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. Few realize how important a part it has played in woman's dress since the beginning of time. Once upon a time the size and splendor of a woman's neck ruff indicated her rank or station in life.

During the three seasons just past a number of French models which proved to be "best sellers" in this country originally had lingerie finishes at the neck and sleeves, but in the copies made here these were omitted.

Now that the lingerie collar and cuffs are given great prominence by the greatest French designers we may hope to see more made of them in this country. A number of new French models show interesting lingerie finishes.

Dashing high collars of lingerie materials take their inspiration from the Directoire period. Many black and white combinations are featured in these. Smart, high, plaited frills or double ruchings may have a wide cravat of black ribbon run through the middle and tied in a bow at either the back or the front.

Frequently net and embroidery are combined in vests or guimpes featuring black bandings adds charm to this the Directoire collar. The collar is of white organdle, while the vest portion is of tucked net trimmed with fluted white organdie.

consists of a finely plaited standing col- son coats, because, literally, they can lar and jabot of organdie. A narrow serve every ordinary purpose through black velvet ribbon encircles the lower



Modification of Deauville Kerchief

Made Up in Chipmunk, a Soft Fur. edge of the collar, holding the plaits in place and allowing the collar to be frilled at the top.

White lingerie coffars in both plain and frilled effects are particularly smart when offset by black. Fine embroidery done with black thread often is used. A further touch of black sometimes is added by a bow of ribbon or perhaps by long streamers.

Short Fur Coats are Continuing in Vogue

The short little fur coats which received initial recognition during the past winter continue their vogue into chine and voile. Frequently it is the spring. There are many days when a only trimming. coat of thin fur is not too warm in spring and then, considering the fact that these jackets can be worn open. last her through more than one sea- millinery.

Open Coat Effect in an Imported Sweater



The open coat effect of white with seasonable garment. It is worn with a plain white flannel skirt.

A most flattering piece of neckwear son. They have been called four-seaspring, summer, autumn and winter. At this rate an investment in one of the pretty little fuzzy coats will repay the expenditure in no time, for it is possible to concentrate the expenditure for four separate coats into the purchase of one that will serve every purpose of the four. A girl who had worn one of these coats through the whole winter was heard to say: "I am going to keep right on wearing this jacket instead of buying a new spring suit, for I have felt well dressed in it wherever I have gone."

Do Not Do Too Much Color and Design Work

It doesn't need a great amount of labor to put the little touch of color or design that makes the difference in home decoration. Sofa pillows shouldn't be overloaded with either color or design. Too elaborate decoration has a tendency to detract from the beauty of an article instead of adding to its charm. Just a graceful little spray or one large flower with stem and leaf, is enough to add the needed bit of bright handwork, and it does not burden the groundwork upon which it appears.

The delicate stroke, the knowing when there is enough and not too much decoration is the subtle something that we call art. It can be developed if the needle-worker will study effects and stop before she has overdone her deco-

Ribbon Buckles.

Ribbon buckles and buckles of brilliants outlined with ribbon or velvet loops are used on the new satin and brocade slippers designed for evening wear.

Hemstitching.

Hemstitching is seen on many outdoor and afternoon frocks of crepe de

Spring Millinery.

A charming hat of sapphire blue tafthey recommend themselves largely to feta is embroidered in gray yarn. the woman who likes to have a coat Yarn flowers are popular on spring

Pack Your Furs With Care for the Summer

Hang the furs out in the sun for several days, then give them a good benting and shaking up to be sure that no moths are in them. Brush well, Boll some flaxseed, then dip a cloth in the solution and wipe the furs with this lightly. This will make the furs look nearly as bright as new. Wrap a lump of camphor in a cloth and place it with the furs. Wrap the furs in a newspaper that is without holes or breaks, or in paper bag. Paste the edges together securely, or the furs may be placed loosely in a box. Paste a strong strip of paper over the crack left between the box and its cover. If there are no moths in the furs when placed in the box they will be safe without camphor or tobacco. Another very good way is to put the furs in a strong paper sack, tie the sack securely at In either case the threads will con-

the top and store in a dark place. To dry-clean any kind of furs, first warm some clean bran carefully in a pan, stirring occasionally with the hand so that it will not burn; rub the | weaving shas the fabric crowded towarm bran into the fur for some time, gether at the angle. This makes it then shake and brush until free from thicker and darker. Also the threads the bran. You can do the work better If all linings and stiffenings are re-cace. It is a simple matter for the moved and the article is spread out woman buying hosiery to lay the ankle flat on a board or table.

cloves, so put some cloves in the bottom of trunks and wardrobes, in the they run straight or converge. The folds of blankets and other woolen woman who learns to do this insures articles, in the pockets of coats, and herself against shapeless hosiery. in other places where moths are likely to lodge. The cloves are agreeable in

odor, and can be easily shaken out. ventive against moths can be made as of figured linen.

follows: Take one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans. Add as much orris root as will equal the other ingredients all put together. Grind ali well to a powder and then put in little bags and place the bags among your clothes in drawers, trunks, boxes and other places.

Things Women Should Know About Hosiery

Mock seams and a mock fit that will not outlive the first laundering cannot deceive the woman who is wise in the ways of hosiery buying.

It is the cloudy, thickened ankle that betrays the stocking that would masquerade as something it is not. A stocking to keep its fit must be seamless, fitted in the knitting, or it must have a genuine seam down the back. verge toward the back, and the texture of the stocking will be the same at the ankle as it is just below the hem,

A stocking that is shaped after the run perfectly straight with no convergagainst the top of the stocking to com-Moths will not stay where there are pare the texture and at the same time examine the threads to see whether

Gilets of Pique.

Very attractive are little waistcoats A pleasant perfume as well as pre- or gilets of pique with tiny bands