

The Blind Man's Eyes

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CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

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 which he was looking; somewhere to the east along it was the place he sought. He crouched as near to the road as he dared and where he could look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motor-car with armed men in it passed him, and presently reappeared, evidently patrolling 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 patrolling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As Eaton halted, this second car approached, and was halted, backed and turned.

Its headlights swept through the woods and revealed Eaton. The man standing in the road cried out the alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; he fired a second and third time. Eaton fled madly back into the shadow; as he did so, he heard the men crying to one another and leaping from the car and following him. He retreated to the woods, went further along and came back to the road, lying 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 no exact idea how long it had taken him to get to this place; but he knew 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 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.

gone very slowly, carrying this heavy 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 this meant, felt neither exultation nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently 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? Eaton's search was hopeless now.

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched feverishly the shore and the lake. But there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the bluff, hiding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was it he had said to Harriet? "I will come back to you—as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the words in mockery. How would he return to her now? As he moved, a fierce, hot pain from the clotured wound in his shoulder shot him through and through with agony and the silence and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

CHAPTER XXII
Not Eaton—Overton.

Santoine awoke at five o'clock. The blind man felt strong and steady; he had food brought him; while he was eating 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?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

or thought of him, she trusted him; 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 it—gave 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 head 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 demanded of her.

She flushed at the tone. "What right have you to ask?" Her instant impulse had been to conceal the picture, but that would make it seem she

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 did you get this, Harriet?"

"Don't!"

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

"Ashamed? Father gave it to me!"

or, if he is found, he cannot be let to 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 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!"

"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, Phillip 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!"

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 gumpes featuring the Directoire collar. The collar is of white organdie, while the vest portion is of tuck net trimmed with fluted white organdie.

A most flattering piece of neckwear consists of a finely plaited standing collar and jabot of organdie. A narrow 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 collars 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 spring. There are many days when a coat of thin fur is not too warm in spring and then, considering the fact that these jackets can be worn open, they recommend themselves largely to the woman who likes to have a coat last her through more than one sea-

Pack Your Furs With Care for the Summer

Hang the furs out in the sun for several days, then give them a good beating and shaking up to be sure that no moths are in them. Brush well. Boil 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 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 warm bran into the fur for some time, then shake and brush until free from the bran. You can do the work better if all linings and stiffenings are removed and the article is spread out flat on a board or table.

Open Coat Effect in an Imported Sweater



The open coat effect of white with black bandings adds charm to this seasonable garment. It is worn with a plain white flannel skirt.

son. They have been called four-season coats, because, literally, they can serve every ordinary purpose through spring, 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 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 decoration.

Ribbon Buckles.
Ribbon buckles and buckles of brilliant colors 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 chine and voile. Frequently it is the only trimming.

Spring Millinery.
A charming hat of sapphire blue taffeta is embroidered in gray yarn. Yarn flowers are popular on spring millinery.

follows: Take one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans. Add as muchorris root as will equal the other ingredients all put together. Grind all 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. In either case the threads will converge toward the back, and the texture of the stocking will be the same at the ankle as it is just below the heel.

A stocking that is shaped after the weaving has the fabric crowded together at the angle. This makes it thicker and darker. Also the threads run perfectly straight with no convergence. It is a simple matter for the woman buying hosiery to lay the ankle against the top of the stocking to compare the texture and at the same time examine the threads to see whether they run straight or converge. The woman who learns to do this insures herself against shapeless hosiery.

Gillets of Pique.
Very attractive are little waistcoats or gillets of pique with tiny bands of figured linen.



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 did you get this, Harriet?"

"Don't!"

"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?"

The blind 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 expressed.

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

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—he 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 picture upside down?" The Artist—"I sold it that way."—Life.