

The Blind Man's Eyes

By
William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

She had waited nearly half an hour, but the library door had not been opened again. The closeness of the hall seemed choking her; she went to the front door and threw it open. The evening was clear and cool; but it was not from the chill of the air that she shivered as she gazed out at the woods through which she had driven with Hugh the night before. There the hunt for him had been going on all day; there she pictured him now, in darkness, in suffering, alone, hurt, hunted and with all the world but her against him!

She ran down the steps and stood on the lawn. The vague noises of the house now no longer were audible. She stood in the silence of the evening strained and fearfully listening. At first there seemed to be no sound outdoors other than the gentle rustle of the waves on the beach at the foot of the bluff behind her; then, in the opposite direction, she defined the undertone of some far-away confusion. Sometimes it seemed to be shouting, next only a murmur of movement and noise. She ran up the road a hundred yards in his direction and halted again. The noise was nearer and clearer—a confusion of motor explosions and voices; and now one sound leaped nearer rapidly and rose above the rest, the roar of a powerful motor-car racing with "cut-out" open. The rising racket of it terrified Harriet with its recklessness and triumph. Yes; that was it; triumph! The far-off tumult was the noise of shouts and cries of triumph; the racing car, blaring its way through the night, was the bearer of news of success of the search.

Harriet went colder as she knew this; then she ran up the road to meet the car coming. She saw the glare of its headlights through the trees past a bend in the road; she ran on and the beams of the car's headlight straightened and glared down the road directly upon her. The car leaped at her; she ran on toward it, arms in the air. The clatter of the car became deafening and the machine was nearly upon her when the driver recognized that the girl in the road was heedless and might throw herself before him unless he stopped. He brought his car up short and skidding. "What is it?" he cried, as he muffled the engine.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried in return.

The man recognized her. "Miss Santoline!"

"What is it?"

"We've got him!" the man cried.

"We've got him!"

"Him?"

"Him? Hugh Overton! Eaton, Miss Santoline. He's Hugh Overton; hadn't you heard? And we've got him!"

"Got him?"

"Where is Mr. Avery?" he demanded.

"I've got to tell Mr. Avery."

She made no response but threw herself in front of the car and clasped a wheel as the man started to throw in his gear. He cried to her and tried to get her off; but she was deaf to him. He looked in the direction of the house, shut off his power and leaped down. He left the machine and ran on the road toward the house. Harriet started the car and turned it back in the direction from which it had come. She speeded and soon other headlights flared at hers—a number of them; four or five cars, at least, were in file up the road and men were crowding and horsemen were riding beside them.

She rushed on so close that she saw she alarmed them; they cried a warning; the horsemen and the men on foot jumped from beside the road and the leading car swung to one side; but Harriet caught her car on the brakes and swung it straight across the road and stopped it; she closed the throttle and pulled the key from the starting mechanism and flung it into the woods. So she sat in the car, waiting for the captors of Hugh to come up.

"Where is he?" she asked them.

"Where is he?"

They did not tell her; but reply was unnecessary. Others' eyes pointed hers to Hugh. He was in the back seat of the second machine with two men, one on each side of him. She stopped at the side of the car where he was and she put her hand on the edge of the tonneau.

"You have been hurt again, Hugh?" she managed steadily.

"Hurt? No," he said as constrainedly. "No."

The car started, and she sat silent, with her hand still upon his, as they went on to her father's house.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Flaw in the Left Eye.

Santoline, after Harriet had left the library, stood waiting until he heard the servant go out and close the door. "When did you learn that Eaton was Hugh Overton, Avery?" he asked.

"Today."

"How did you discover it?"

"It was plain from the first there was something wrong with the man," Avery replied; "but I had, of course, no way of placing him until he gave himself away at polo the other day. I saw that he was pretending not to know a game which he did know; when he put over one particular stroke I was sure he knew the game very well. The number of men in this country who've played polo at all isn't

very large, and those who can play great polo are very few. So I sent for the polo annuals for a few years back; the ones I wanted came to the club today. His picture is in the group of the Spring Meadows club; he played back for them five years ago. His name was under the picture, of course."

"I understand. I am glad to know how it was. One less certain of your fidelity than I am might have put another construction on your silence; one less certain, Avery, might have thought that, already knowing Eaton's identity, you preferred instead of telling it to me to have me discover it for myself and so, for that reason, you trapped him into a polo game in Harriet's presence."

For a moment Santoline paused; the man across from him did not speak, but—Santoline's intuition told him—drew himself together for some shock.

"Of course," said Santoline, "knowing who Eaton is gives us no aid in determining who the men were that fought in my study last night?"

"It gives none to me, Mr. Santoline."

Avery said steadily.

"It gives none to you," Santoline repeated; "and the very peculiar behavior of the stock exchange today, I suppose that gives you no help either. All day they have been going down, Avery—the securities, the stocks and



"You Have Been Hurt Again, Hugh?" She Managed Steadily.

bonds of the properties still known as the Latron properties. Without apparent reason, they have been going down and that gives you no help either, Avery?"

"Yet you are a very clever man; there is no question about that. I have even found it worth while at times to talk over with you matters—problems—which were troubling me; to consult with you. Have I not?"

"Yes."

"Very well; I am going to consult with you now. I have an infirmity, as you know, Avery; I am blind. I have just found out that for several years—for about five years, to be exact; that is, for about the same length of time that you have been with me—my blindness has been used by a certain group of men to make me the agent of a monstrous and terrible injustice to an innocent man. Except for my blindness—except for that, Avery, this injustice never could have been carried on. If you find a certain amount of bitterness in my tone, it is due to that; a man who has an infirmity, Avery, cannot well help being a little sensitive in regard to it. You are willing I should consult with you in regard to this?"

"Of course I am at your service, Mr. Santoline." Avery's voice was harsh and dry.

The blind man was silent for an instant. He could feel the uneasiness and anxiety of the man across from him mounting swiftly, and he gave it every opportunity to increase. He had told Eaton once that he did not use "cat and mouse" methods; he was using them now because that was the only way his purpose could be achieved.

"We must go back to the quite serious emergency to which I am indebted for your faithful service. Five years ago the American people appeared perfectly convinced that the only way to win true happiness and perpetuate prosperity was to accuse, condemn and jail for life—if execution were not legal—the heads of the important groups of industrial properties. Just at that time, one of these men—just of the most efficient but also, perhaps, the one personally most obnoxious or unpopular—committed one of his gravest indiscretions. It concerned the private use of deposits in national banks; it was a federal offense of the most patent and provable kind. He was indicted. Considering the temper of any possible jury at that time, there was absolutely no alternative but to believe the man under indictment must spend many succeeding years, if not the rest of his life, in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta or Leavenworth."

"Now, the man was in complete control of a group of the most valuable

and prosperous properties in America. Before his gaining control, the properties had been almost ruined by differences between the minor men who tried to run them; only the calling of Matthew Latron into control saved those men from themselves; they required him to govern them; his taking away would bring chaos and ruin among them again. They knew that. Just before he must go to trial, Latron himself became convinced that he faced confinement for the rest of his life; then fate effectively intervened to end all his troubles. His body, charred and almost consumed by flames—but nevertheless the identified body of Matthew Latron—was found in the smoking ruins of his shooting lodge, which burned to the ground two days before his trial."

Avery was hunched in the seat watching the blind man with growing conviction and fear.

Santoline went on: "A young man was shown to have followed Latron to the shooting lodge; a witness appeared who had seen this young man shoot Latron; a second witness had seen him set fire to the lodge. The young man—Hugh Overton—was put on trial for his life. I, myself, as a witness at the trial supplied the motive for the crime; for, though I had never met Overton, I knew that he had lost the whole of a large fortune through investments recommended to him by Latron. Overton was convicted, sentenced to death; he escaped before the sentence was carried out—became a fugitive without a name, who if he ever appeared would be handed over for execution. For the evidence had been perfect—complete; he had shot Latron purely for revenge, killed him in the most despicable manner. For there was no doubt Latron was dead, was there, Avery?"

"None," Avery said huskily.

"That was the time you came into my employ, Avery, recommended to me by one of the men who had been closest to Latron. I was not connected with the Latron properties except as an adviser; but many papers relating to them must go inevitably through my hands. I was rather on the inside in all that concerned those properties. But I could not myself see the papers; I was blind; therefore I had to have others serve as eyes for me. And from the first, Avery, you served as my eyes in connection with all papers relating to the Latron properties. If anything ever appeared in those papers which might have led me to suspect that any injustice had been done in the punishment of Latron's murderer, it could reach me only through you. Nothing of that sort ever did reach me, Avery. You must have made quite a good thing out of it."

"What?"

"I say, your position here must have been rather profitable to you, Avery; I have not treated you badly myself, recognizing that you must often be tempted by gaining information here from which you might make money; and your other employers must have overbid me."

"I don't understand; I beg your pardon, Mr. Santoline, but I do not follow what you are talking about."

"No? Then we must go a little further. This last year a minor reorganization became necessary in some of the Latron properties. My friend, Gabriel Warden—who was an honest man, Avery—had recently greatly increased his interest in those properties; it was inevitable the reorganization should be largely in his hands. During his work with the Latron properties, Warden—the honest man, Avery—discovered the terrible injustice of which I speak."

"I do not need to draw your attention, Avery, to the very peculiar condition which followed Warden's death. Warden had certainly had communication with Overton of some sort; Overton's enemies, therefore, were unable to rid themselves of him by delivering him up to the police because they did not know how much Overton knew. When I found that Warden had made me his executor and I went west and took charge of his affairs, their difficulties were intensified, for they did not dare to let suspicion of what had been done reach me. There was no course open to them, therefore, but to remove Overton before my suspicions were aroused, even if it could be done only at desperate risk to themselves."

"What I am leading up to, Avery, is your own connection with these events. You looked after your own interests rather carefully, I think, up to a certain point. When—knowing who Eaton was—you got him into a polo game, it was so that, if your interests were best served by exposing him, you could do so without revealing the real source of your knowledge of him. But an unforeseen event arose. The drafts and lists relating to the reorganization of the Latron properties—containing the very facts, no doubt, which first had aroused Warden's suspicions—were sent me through Warden's office. At first there was nothing threatening to you in this, because their contents could reach me only through you. But in the uncertainty I felt, I had my daughter take these matters out of your hands."

"That night, Avery, you sent an unsigned telegram from the office in the village, almost within twenty-four hours my study was entered, the safe inaccessible to you was broken open, the contents were carried away. Do you suppose I do not know that one of the two men in the study last night

was the principal whose agents had failed in two attempts to get rid of Overton for him, whose other agent—yourself, Avery—had failed to intercept the evidence which would have revealed the truth to me, so that, no longer trusting to agents, he himself had come in desperation to prevent my learning the facts? I realize fully, Avery, that by means of my blindness and my reputation have been used for five years to conceal from the public the fact that Matthew Latron had not been murdered, but was still alive!"

Santoline heard Avery get up; he stood an instant and tried to speak, but his breath caught nervously; he made another effort.

"I didn't have anything to do with convicting Overton, or knowing anything about it until that part was all over; I never saw him till I saw him on the train. I didn't know Warden was going to be killed."

"But you were accessory to the robbery of my house last night and, therefore, accessory to the murder of Wallace Blatchford. Last night, too, knowing Overton was innocent of everything charged against him, you gave orders to fire upon him at sight and he was fired upon. And what were you telling Harriet when I came in? You have told the police that Overton is the murderer of Latron. Isn't that so the police will refuse to believe anything he may say and return him to the death cell for the sentence to be executed upon him? The law will call these things attempted murder, Avery."

The blind man heard Avery pacing the floor, and then heard him stop in front of him.

"What is it you want to know, sir?"

"John Yarrow is his name; he was a sort of hanger-on of Latron's. I don't know where Latron picked him up."

"Was it he who also made the attack on the train?"

"Yes."

"Who was the other man on the train—the one that claimed the telegram addressed to Lawrence Hillward?"

"His name's Hollock. He's the titular owner of the place on the Michigan shore where Latron has been living. The telegram I sent him before last was addressed to his place, you know. He's been a sort of go-between for Latron and the men—those who knew—who were managing the properties. I'd never met him, though, Mr. Santoline, and I didn't know either him or Hollock on the train. As I said, I wasn't in the know about killing Warden."

"When did you learn who Eaton was, Avery?"

"The day after we got back here from the West I got word from Latron; they didn't tell me till they needed to use me." Avery hesitated; then he went on: "You understand, sir, about Latron's pretended death—a guide at the shooting lodge had been killed by a chance shot in the woods; partly accidental; some one of the party had fired at a deer, missed, and never knew he'd killed a man with the waste shot. When the guide didn't come back to camp, they looked for him and found his body. He was a man who never would be missed or inquired for and was very nearly Latron's size; and that gave Latron the idea."

"At first there was no idea of pretending he had been murdered; it was the corner who first suggested that. Things looked ugly for a while, under the circumstances, as they were made public. Either the scheme might come out or someone else be charged as the murderer. That put it up to Overton. He'd actually been up there to see Latron and had had a scene with him which had been witnessed. That part—all but the evidence which showed that he shot Latron afterward—was perfectly true. He thought that Latron, as he was about to go to trial, might be willing to give him information which would let him save something from the fortune he'd lost through Latron's manipulations. The circumstances, motive, everything was ready to convict Overton; it needed very little more to complete the case against him."

"So it was completed."

"But after Overton was convicted, he was not allowed to be punished, sir."

Santoline's lips straightened in contempt. "He was not allowed to be punished?"

"Overton didn't actually escape, you know, Mr. Santoline—that is, he couldn't have escaped without help; Latron was thoroughly frightened and he wanted it carried through and Overton executed; but some of the others rebelled against this and saw that Overton got away; but he never knew he'd been helped. I understand it was evidence of Latron's insistence on the sentence being carried out that Warden found, after his first suspicions had been aroused, and that put Warden in a position to have Latron tried for his life, and made it necessary to kill Warden."

"Latron is dead, of course, Avery, or fatally wounded?"

"He's dead, Overton, that is, sir—hit him last night with three shots."

"As a housebreaker engaged in rifling my safe, Avery?"

"Yes, sir. Latron was dying when they took him out of the car last night. They got him away, though; put him on the boat he'd come on. I saw them in the woods last night. They'll not destroy the body or make away with it, sir, at present."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diction Airy.

"She's a perfect dictionary."

"Well, she's very airy about her diction, to say the least."

Shoes in Colors Match the Dress

Various Tones Used Singly and in Combination With Others.

Almond Green Is One of the Favored Colors



Almond green, one of the most winsome colors in the limelight for the spring season, is used in this "three-storied" French frock of watered silk of unique and charming cut.

Bootmakers are among the most versatile people in the world. Even the dressmaker of today, notes a Paris fashion writer in the New York Tribune, is scarcely able to keep pace with the modern shoemaker in clever ideas. There apparently is no end to the original things that he can do.

The colors seen in shoes naturally follow those in dresses. All the gray and brown tones are used singly and in combination with one another. The grays range from the shade known as silver gray to smoke color, and the browns from fawn to the darker cocoa shades. Otter is particularly popular at the present time.

In the novelty class are shoes made of bright-colored kid. It has been some time since slippers of colored kid were worn to any extent. All the greens, reds and browns seen in dresses are reflected in the newest footwear of this sort. Not every woman will have the courage to appear in shoes of bright green or red, but the dark blue and bottle green shades will no doubt be more popular, even with the more conservative woman. Colored kid is used for trimmings, such as tongues, inserted strips and heels, as well as for entire shoes.

To start an epidemic of color in clothes is like upsetting hundreds of dye pots. Even as far-reaching as shoes is the influence of bright-colored prints, which show no sign of waning.

At the recent International Silk exposition representatives of the exclusive shoe shops of America were to be found mingling in the booths searching for printed materials from which to make shoes for the coming summer.

Cut-steel shoe ornaments are having a tremendous vogue in Paris at the present time. So great is the demand for these that manufacturers are charging as high as 250 francs for a

Dinner Dress Import Is of Crepe Romaine



This artistic dinner dress of apricot crepe romaine, with a broad silver stripe and banded with platinum fox, shows a smartly draped cape of the same material, to be worn, if desired, with the gown.

pair of shoe buckles, and the retail price is often double this.

These ornaments are in oval and in closed designs. They are so large that they exaggerate the size of the foot, especially since they are placed directly on the instep of the high-tongue or galter style of shoe.

A season of great extravagance in all forms of shoe buckles and tongue ornaments made of cut steel, rhinestones and bronze is upon us. This probably sounds the knell of the strap slipper of scandal type. If the strap remains, the chic of the shoe must lie in a buckle or similar ornament. Gold tassels or pendant ornaments studded with brilliants are seen on the newest evening slippers.

One-Piece Dresses in Gay, Peasant Coloring

Little one-piece dresses for children are made with embroidery at the top of the hem, around the neck and where the frock opens in front, over the shoulders and around the sleeves in gay, peasant coloring. The materials used are light colored linens. Some dresses are embroidered with round or oblong medallion designs, and when the linen is white heavy linen lace is scantily quilted around the medallions.

Fudge aprons, tea aprons and fancy work aprons all come in for their share of embroidery, and some of them are very original and attractive. One in old blue linen had oblong, embroidered motifs in white and gay colors, and around each motif a little crocheted linen lace was quilted, which gave a very foreign effect to the work.

Summer Mode.

A gown which, owing to its present popularity, will be repeated during the summer months, is the long bodiced organdie frock with the full skirt trimmed in bands of wide velvet ribbon of a shade darker than the organdie. Ribbon forms the tiny sleeves and outlines the rounded neck. In grayish blue this gown would be most attractive, to be worn, if desired, with the gown.

The Corded and Satin Faced Silks for Fall

Silk ideas for fall are still in a formative stage, but two types of alterations stand out—the corded weaves and the satin-faced constructions like satin canton. Alpaca, one of the new notes this year in Paris, is frowned upon by the American silk trade, although a recent Paris communication stated that the French had metamorphosed the old alpaca into "something supple and becomingly springy."

The tendency noted toward shiny fabrics in the spring collections is finding its reflection in this country, and is a much stronger note at the moment than the corded idea referred to above, which is chiefly a fall proposition. The use of satin canton is, presumably a matter of expediency, rather than a following of any style dictum. Manufacturers, after using a great deal of satin canton, with the dull side out, more than a year ago, then swung around to flat crepe, which for a while was the dominant dress material. Some houses, finding this an unsatisfactory medium to work with, cast about for a substitute other than the overworked canton crepe, and hit upon satin canton again.

The dull side is used more freely than the lustrous surface for all-silk dresses, and many silk manufacturers have marveled at the purchase of satin-faced materials to use wrong side out, but as a matter of fact, the construction makes a particularly lovely drape, regardless of which side is used. The satin, moreover, serves as trimming.

These heavier crepe materials are seen more than the lightweight clothes, but a few sports dresses are made of

Fur Coats Are to Be Slimmer Next Season

Fur coats will be slim next year, if we are to believe what designers say.

This season's coats and capes have been rather voluminous, falling in full lines from shoulder to hem. The present French styles, however, are far more slender in silhouette than ours and we will undoubtedly be following their lines next season.

Already importers are showing advance models based upon French imports with long, slender lines. It is presumed that the long skirt vogue will continue throughout the coming year, hence advance models all concentrate on the 51-inch length, with a decided tendency toward the narrow ankle line. In some cases the ankle line is so scant that inside straps and under linings are provided to make walking more comfortable.

Coats and dolmans are gaining over the cape for daytime wear. The cape with the side silts for the arms will probably remain staple for evening wear.

Dainty Handkerchiefs.

The vogue for colored handkerchiefs was said to be dying out six months ago, but they are as plentifully seen as ever. Blue, green, apricot and orchid are among the popular shades; also tan and gray.