

# BLIND FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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## CHAPTER XIII. A Day of Grace.

Resolve, shame, despair, fought with each other in the tumult in my mind as I passed between the bronze lions and took my way down the street.

I was called out of my distractions with a sudden start as though a bucket of cold water had been thrown over me. I had proceeded not twenty feet when I saw two dark forms across the street. They had, it struck me, been waiting for my appearance, for one ran to join the other and both hastened toward the corner as though to be ready to meet me.

I could not retreat to the house of the Wolf that loomed forbiddingly behind me. There was nothing to do but to go forward and trust to my good fortune, and I shifted my revolver to the side-pocket of my overcoat as I stepped briskly to the corner. Then I stopped under the lamp-post to reconnoiter.

The two men who had roused my apprehensions did not offer to cross the street, but slackened their pace and strolled slowly along on the other side. I noted that it seemed a long way between street-lamps thereabouts. I could see none between the one under which I was standing and the brow of the hill below. Then it occurred to me that this circumstance might not be due to the caprice of the street department of the city government, but to the thoughtfulness of the gentlemen who were paying such close attention to my affairs. I decided that there were better ways to get down town than were offered by Pine street.

To the south the cross-street stretched to Market with an unbroken array of lights, and as my unwary watchers had disappeared in the darkness, I hastened down the incline with no little regard for dignity that I found myself running for a Sutter street car—and caught it, too. As I swung on to the platform I looked back; but I saw no sign of skulking figures before the car swept past the corner and blotted the street from sight.

The incident gave me a distaste for the idea of going back to Henry Wilton's room at this time of the night. So at Montgomery street I stepped into the Lick house, where I felt reasonably sure that I might get at least one night's sleep, from from the haunting fear of the assassin.

But, once more safe, the charms of Luella Knapp again claimed the major part of my thoughts, and when I went to sleep it was with her scornful words ringing in my ears. I slept soundly until the morning sun peeped into the room with the cheerful announcement that a new day was born.

In the fresh morning air and the bright morning light, I felt that I might have been unduly suspicious and had fled from harmless citizens; and I was ashamed that I had lacked courage to return to Henry's room as I made my way thither for a change of clothes. I thought better of my decision, however, as I stepped within the gloomy walls of the house of mystery and my footfalls echoed through the chilling silence of the halls. And I lost all regret over my night's lack of courage when I reached my door. It was swung an inch ajar, and as I approached I thought I saw it move.

"I'm certain I locked it," was my inward comment.

I stopped short and hunted my revolver from my overcoat pocket. I was nervous for a moment, and angry at the inattention that might have cost me my life.

"Who's there?" I demanded.

No reply.

I gave a knock on the door at long reach.

There was no sound and I gave it a push that sent it open while I prudently kept behind the fortification of the casing. As no developments followed this move, I peeped through the door in cautious investigation. The room was quite empty, and I walked in.

The sight that met my eyes was astonishing. Clothes, books, papers, were scattered over the floor and bed and chairs. The carpet had been partly ripped up, the mattress torn apart, the closet cleared out, and every corner of the room had been ransacked.

It was clear to my eye that this was no ordinary case of robbery. The search, it was evident, was not for money and jewelry alone, and bulkier property had been despoiled. The men who had torn the place to pieces must, I surmised, have been after papers of some kind.

I came at once to the conclusion that I had been favored by a visit from my friends, the enemy. As they had failed to find me in, they had looked for some written memoranda of the object of their search.

I knew well that they had found nothing among the clothing or papers that Henry had left behind. I had searched through these myself, and the sole document that could bear on the mystery was at that moment fast in my inside pocket. I was inclined to scout the idea that Henry Wilton had hidden anything under the carpet or in the mattress, or in any secret place

The threads of the mystery were ried in his head, and the correspondence, if there had been any, was destroyed.

As I was engaged in putting the room to rights the door swung back, and I jumped to my feet to face a man who stood on the threshold.

"Hello!" he cried. "House-cleaning again?"

It was Dicky Nahl, and he paused with a smile on his face.

"Ah, Dicky!" I said with an effort to keep out of my face and voice the suspicions I had gained from the incidents of the visit to the Borton place. "Entirely unpremeditated, I assure you."

"Well, you're making a thorough job of it," he said with a laugh.

"Fact is," said I ruefully, "I've been entertaining angels—of the black kind—unawares. I was from home last night, and I find that somebody has made himself free with my property while I was away."

"Whew!" whistled Dicky. "Guess they were after you."

I gave Dicky a sidelong glance in a vain effort to catch more of his meaning than was conveyed by his words.

"Shouldn't be surprised," I replied dryly, picking up an armful of books. "I'd expect them to be looking for me in the book-shelf or inside the mattress-cover, or under the carpet."

Dicky laughed joyously.

"Well, they did rather turn things upside down," he chuckled. "Did they get anything?" And he fell to helping me zealously.

"Not that I can find out," I replied. "Nothing of value, anyhow."

"Not any paper, or anything of that sort?" asked Dicky anxiously.

"Dicky, my boy," said I; "there are two kinds of fools. The other is the man who writes his business on a sheet of paper and forgets to burn it."

Dicky grinned merrily.

"Gad, you're getting a turn for epigram! You'll be writing for the Argonaut first we know."

"Well, you'll allow me a shade of common sense, won't you?"

"I don't know," said Dicky, considering the proposition doubtfully. "It might have been awkward if you had left anything lying about. But if you had real good sense you'd have had the guards here. What are you paying them for, anyhow?"

I saw difficulties in the way of explaining to Dicky why I had not ordered the guards on duty.

"Oh, by the way," said Dicky suddenly, before a suitable reply had come to me; "how about the scads—spondulicks—you know? Yesterday was pay-day, but you didn't show up."

"I don't know whether my jaw dropped or not. My spirits certainly did."

"By Jove, Dicky!" I exclaimed, catching my breath. "It slipped my mind, clear. I haven't got at our ahem—banker, either."

I saw now what that mysterious money was for—or a part of it, at all events. What I did not see was how I was to get it, and how to pay it to my men.

"That's rough," said Dicky sympathetically. "I'm dead broke."

It would appear then that Dicky looked to me for pay, whether or not he felt bound to me in service.

"There's one thing I'd like explained before a settlement," said I grimly, as I straightened out the carpet; "and that is the little performance for my benefit the other night."

Dicky cocked his head on one side, and gave me an uneasy glance.

"Explanation?" he said in affected surprise.

"Yes," said I sternly. "It looked like a plant. I was within one of getting a knife in me."

"What became of you?" inquired Dicky. "We looked around for you for an hour, and were afraid you had been carried off."

"That's all right, Dicky," I said. "I know how I got out. What I want to know is how I got in—taken in."

"I don't know," said Dicky anxiously. "I was regularly fooled, myself. I thought they were fishermen, all right enough, and I never thought that Terrill had the nerve to come in there. I was fooled by his disguise, and he gave the word, and I thought sure that Richmond had sent him." Dicky had dropped all banter and was speaking with the tone of sincerity.

"Well, it's all right now, but I don't want any more slips of that sort. Who was hurt?"

"Trent got a bad cut in the side. One of the Terrill gang was shot. I heard it was only through the arm or leg, I forgot which."

I was consumed with the desire to ask what had become of Borton's, but I suspected that I was supposed to know, and prudently kept the question to myself.

"Well, come along," said I. "The room will do well enough now. Oh, here's a ten, and I'll let you know as soon as I get the rest. Where can I find you?"

"At the old place," said Dicky; "three twenty-six."

"Clay?" I asked in desperation.

Dicky gave me a wondering look as though he suspected my mind was going.

"No—Geary. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, to be sure. Geary street, of course. Well, let me know if anything turns up. Keep a close watch on things."

Dicky looked at me in some apparent perplexity as I walked up the stair



THE SIGHT THAT MET HIS EYES WAS ASTONISHING

to my Clay street office, but gave only some laughing answer as he turned back.

But I was in far from a laughing humor myself. The problem of paying the men raised fresh prospects of trouble, and I reflected grimly that if the money was not found I might be in more danger from my unpaid mercenaries than from the enemy.

Ten o'clock passed, and eleven, with no sign from Doddridge Knapp, and I wondered if the news I had carried him of the activities of Terrill and of Decker had disarranged his plans.

I tried the door into Room 16. It was locked, and no sound came to my ears from behind it.

"I should really like to know," I thought to myself, "whether Mr. Doddridge Knapp has left any papers in his desk that might bear on the Wilton mystery."

I tried my keys, but none of them fitted the lock. I gave up the attempt—indeed, my mind shrank from the idea of going through my employer's papers—but the desire of getting a key that would open the door was planted in my brain.

Twelve o'clock came. No Doddridge Knapp had appeared, and I sauntered down to the Exchange to pick up any items of news. It behooved me to be looking out for Doddridge Knapp's movements. If he had got another agent to carry out his schemes, I should have to prepare my lines for attack from another direction.

Wallbridge was just coming rapidly out of the Exchange.

"No," said the little man, mopping the perspiration from his shining head, "quiet as lambs to-day. Their own mothers wouldn't have known the Board from a Sunday school."

I inquired about Omega.

"Flat as a pancake," said the little man. "Nothing doing."

(To be continued.)

## ESCAPE THROUGH AIR SHAFT

One Hundred Miners Thrown Into Panic by Breaking of Pump.

Central City, Ky., Dec. 2.—One hundred miners in the coal mine of the Central Coal and Iron company, near this city, escaped from the workings, which had been filled by smoke as a result of an armature blowing off a dynamo running a pump. The miners, frightened by the smoke, hurried to the ground through an air shaft, much to the joy of the assembled crowd of anxious wives and mothers, who had gathered at the mouth of the mine soon after word of the accident had gained currency.

Prominent Society Man Suicides.

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 2.—C. G. Cowie, formerly a well known cotton buyer and prominent in Memphis social life, was found dead with a bullet hole in his temple. Cowie's body was found in a locked room in his residence. The police declare it was a case of suicide.

Suicides on Wife's Grave.

New York, Dec. 2.—Dr. Rudolph Haas, a dentist, went out to Woodlawn cemetery, in the Bronx, and killed himself by swallowing poison on the grave of his wife.

Cattle Contagion Under Control.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Secretary Wilson declared that the foot and mouth disease among cattle, which has been prevalent in the states of Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, was now under control.

Knox County Dry.

Columbus, O., Dec. 2.—Knox county voted dry by 2,455. Twenty-two schools are affected.

A Question of Relative Merit.

A little boy of eight years attending school away from home wrote a letter to his sister from which the following extract is taken: "We had a spelling match in school to-day, and I spelled all the boys down and won the meddle."—The Delineator.

What?

A woman whose husband sometimes jests because she spends much of her time thinking and talking about clothes sends word that she wonders what 75 per cent of the men would have to talk or think about if there were no such thing as baseball.

## TOWN BETTERMENT.

What is Being Done in Various Communities in This Direction.

A committee of the board of trade in Lowell, Mass., has taken an inventory of all the billboards in the town and has communicated with the authorities requesting that the leasing of boards on city property be discontinued when the time comes for their renewal. The committee says that the revenue received is a trifle compared with the harm done to the beauty of the town.

Following the example of large cities and more recently many small ones, Easton, Pa., has adopted an anti-spitting law, and the measure has been signed by Mayor McKeen. People who have been in the habit of spitting tobacco juice over the sidewalks or on floors of public buildings will be placed under arrest and fined for their offenses if they are continued. Notices of warning have been posted.

Conspicuous improvements have been made this summer in the appearance of the business section of Utica, N. Y. New cement walks have been laid on Genesee and other central streets. This has been the result of agitation started last winter by President Baker of the council, who says he was led to give attention to the matter by his observation that, whereas the city was spending thousands of dollars—up into the millions, in fact—to provide proper places upon which dumb animals might travel, the ways which humankind must tread were left in a condition unfit even for the animal kingdom.

Sunnyside, one of the longest streets in Burlington, Ia., is to be paved its entire length in the near future. The street extends from one city limit to the other, and much of the property abutting the street is farm land. Although the legal assessment derived from this property would not begin to pay the cost, the return value of the pavement has been fully promised by citizens anxious for the improvement and who are more than willing to pay their full share of the assessment.

As a measure for the protection of the school children of New Orleans, City Health Officer W. T. O'Reilly will make a suggestion to the school board that, beginning at the next term, all pupils be compelled to bring their own drinking cups and that common cups and dippers for the use of all be abolished.

Under an ordinance recently passed by the city council of Knoxville, Tenn., it is unlawful to put down any sidewalk in the city limits except of concrete. The specifications provide for inspections by the city inspector, and every safeguard is thrown around the ordinance to give the property owner a good sidewalk and protect him against any inferior work.

The park and cemetery commissions of Grand Rapids, Mich., have adopted formal resolutions in reference to criticisms that have been made against the superintendents of the public parks on account of their being engaged in private landscape work. The board takes the ground that the performance of such work for citizens of Grand Rapids results in the substantial improvement in the appearance of the town and that when done for neighboring towns they are simply doing a neighborly act which tends to raise the prestige of Grand Rapids in matters of outdoor art, besides having a tendency to educate the superintendents and give them larger experience.

Pays to Beautify School Grounds.

There is no way in which the taste of the community may be better displayed than in the proper embellishment of the school grounds. A few places are so handicapped as to be comparatively helpless, but such conditions are only temporary, and eventually all may be placed in the line toward beautifying the one piece of ground in each section in which all are interested. Well planted and well cared for school grounds are a prominent feature in making any district a part of the town beautiful, for few residents care to have their properties unfavorably commented upon by allowing them to become unkempt when near a piece of public property of unquestioned order and ornate appearance.

Planting Railway Station Grounds.

The custom of planting railway station grounds is each year becoming more widespread, and the observant traveling public is making its approval of the same so manifest that all lines must eventually take up this work of aiding in the city and town beautiful movement. If the plant loving traveler will but commend the railway officials for their enterprise and foresight in embellishing their lines of travel, all will quickly join in the work of beautifying these places. Spacious, well planned depot grounds are as much capital to the cities and towns in which they are situated as to the corporation to which they belong, so that municipalities should encourage and aid them in every way possible.

Deceiving Pictures.

The battle between the catalogue houses for supremacy is not being fought out by a calm comparison of goods, quality for quality and price for price, but on the spectacular field of advertising. The one great object of the catalogue house is to make the shabby and the shoddy look like the real thing—in a picture.

Education and Achievement.

Elihu Burritt was none the less a fine blacksmith on account of his profound learning. Gladstone could have earned his living as a wood chopper, but his vast attainments enabled him to guide the destinies of the island empire for over 50 years.

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## WEST BEND.

Mrs. J. W. Ogden and daughter, Nellie, of Winchester, were the guests of T. A. Ogden's family Thursday and Friday.

Dud Williams and wife, of Pilot View, were the guests of Thos. True and family, Saturday.

Thos. Roundtree bought a horse from Chas. Swope for \$80.

Murry Pace, of Kiddville, visited his father-in-law, Arm Patton, at Virden, Friday and Saturday.

Wm. Hudson sold and delivered his crop of tobacco to J. T. Quisenberry, at Winchester Monday.

Sam Ravborne and wife, of near Mt. Sterling, and Miss Mary Watt of Indian Fields, were the guest of G. W. Hughes' family Sunday.

## MANSFIELD'S FLOUR MILLS

Winchester, Ky. 11-13-3mo.-e.o.d.

The Hatpin Craze.

Just now the hatpin is no longer treated merely as a necessity, but as a most pronounced ornament. Often six or eight huge pins are worn at

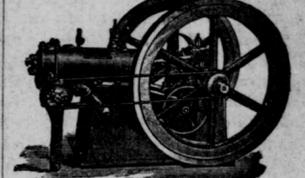


once, and as much care is spent on choosing them as on all the rest of the costume. The consequence is that jewelers and craftsmen are designing hatpins in every shape and form—some most elaborate and costly, some comparatively cheap and simple. Those shown above include some of the most extravagant and ornate.

Woman's Worth.

If woman makes all the trouble in life, it's woman who makes life worth all the trouble.—The Bohemian.

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