

The Blind Man's Eyes

By WILLIAM MacHARG AND EDWIN BALMER Copyright Copyright Newspaper Service

(Continued From Our Last Issue) So, instead of being estranged by Eaton's manner to her father, she felt an impulse of feeling toward him flooding her.

Bundling the correspondence together, she revealed the second wall-safe corresponding to the one to the right of the door from which she had taken the papers. The combination of this second safe was known only to her father and herself. She put the envelopes into it, closed it, and replaced the books.

At dinner, she noted that Avery seemed moody; something, clearly had irritated him. Eaton followed him; as the meal progressed, he vented his irritation upon Eaton openly. Instinctively she tried to help him, but Eaton put aside her assistance.

Before Eaton's entrance into her life she had supposed that some time she was going to marry Avery. She knew now that she had accepted him not because he had become necessary to her, but because he had seemed essential to her father.

Donald had social position and a certain amount of wealth and power; now suddenly she was feeling that he had nothing but those things.

After dinner she sat down at her piano and ran over the songs from a new opera. Eaton followed her with the delight of a musician. She noticed that he was familiar with almost everything she had liked which had been current up to five years before; all later music was strange to him. But so far as her music could assure her, there was—and had been—no woman in Eaton's life whose memory made poignant his break with his world.

Presently she desisted. Toward ten o'clock, Eaton excused himself and went to his rooms. She got up suddenly and went upstairs. She had been in her rooms only a few minutes when Donald phoned:

"Will you come down for a few minutes, please, Harry?" "Where are you?" she asked. "In the study."

She went down at once. He took her hand, led her to the big chair, and guided her as she seated herself; then he lounged on the flat-topped desk close to her. "What is it you want, Don?" she asked.

"Only to see you, dear—Harry." He took her hand again; she resisted and withdrew it. "I can't do any more work tonight, Harry. I find the correspondence I expected to go over this evening isn't here; your father has it, I suppose."

"No, I have it, Don." "You?" "Yes; father didn't want you bothered by that work just now. Didn't he tell you?"

"He didn't say he had told you to take charge of the papers. Did he do that?" "If you need them, I'll get them for you, Don. Do you want them?"

Suddenly she stopped. "We must ask father first," she said. "Ask him!" he ejaculated. "Why?"

"She faced him uncertainly, not answering. "When did you find out those matters weren't in your safe, Don?" she asked.

He seized both her hands, drawing her to him. "Harry, don't you see that you are acting as though you did not trust me?" She drew away her hands. "I do trust you, Don. I only say we must ask father."

"They're in your little safe?" She nodded. "Yes." "And you'll not give them to me?" "No."

He stared angrily, then he shrugged and laughed. Suddenly he looked up, and she saw that he had quite conquered his irritation, or at least had concealed it. "We've not quarreled, Harry?" he asked.

"Not at all, Don," she replied. And she went back to her own rooms.

CHAPTER XVI. Santoine's "Eyes" Fall Him. The next morning Harriet told Eaton that Avery would invite him to the country club for lunch. He managed to accept so that Miss Davis heard the time he would be away.

When he and Avery had gone, Basil Santoine sent for Harriet and told her he wanted her to go to the country club after lunch and help Avery watch Eaton. She did so and came upon the two upon the polo field. Avery was playing. Eaton stood off by himself.

He pretended little knowledge of the game, but she noticed that he betrayed keen appreciation of its fine points. Finally Avery challenged Eaton and the latter, borrowing a mount and tugs, accepted.

Harriet felt her pulses quicken as Avery and Eaton raced side by side for the ball. Eaton might not have played polo before, but he was at home on horseback; he beat Avery to the ball but, clumsily with his mallet, he missed and overrode. But the next instant, as Eaton passed her, shifting his mallet in his hand, Harriet watched him more wonderingly.

"He could have hit that ball if he'd wanted to," she declared to herself; and the impression that Eaton was pretending to a clumsiness which was not real grew on her. She saw, too, that Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this.

The ball came hopping along the ground close to where, she stood. Again Donald and Eaton raced for it. Avery lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's club was coming down, Eaton, like a flash, caught the ball a sharp smacking stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal posts.

But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly. "You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged Eaton. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?" Eaton made no reply.

Returning, they had reached the house. As they entered, Avery—who had preceded them—was still in the hall. Again she was startled by Avery's triumph and the swift flash of defiance on Eaton's face.

At seven Harriet went in to dinner with her father. She told of Eaton's reception at the country club, and of his taking part in the polo practice and playing badly; but of her own impression that Eaton knew the game and her present conviction that Donald Avery had seen even more than she.

"For an hour she and Eaton played billiards steadily; but her mind was not upon the game—nor, she saw, was his. Several times he looked at his watch; he seemed to her to be waiting. Finally, he put his cue in the rack and faced her.

"Miss Santoine," he said, "I want to ask a favor." "What is it?" "I want to go out—unaccompanied."

"Why?" "I wish to speak to a friend who will be waiting for me." "How do you know?" "He got word to me at the country club today."

She considered for a moment. "What do you want me to do?" "I wish you to order my guards to let me pass and go to a place perhaps ten minutes' walk from here. If you do so I will return at the latest within half an hour."

"Why should I do this? Will it aid you to—to protect yourself if you see your friend tonight?" "Yes."

Doff Her Headgear? Why Certainly Not!



BY MAURICE BECKER. (Noted American Artist Who Is Describing the People of the Virgin Islands for The Times Readers.)

St. Croix, Virgin Island.—Of course she won't doff her headgear any more than her white sister in the states on such an occasion. She'll carry the weight on her head for hours, and never think to rest it on the ground, even when, as in this case, it seems likely to fall off with her next outburst of mirth.

The beggar to the left is afflicted with elephantitis in both feet. and, in the hall, picked up a cape; he threw it over her shoulders and brought his overcoat and cap. "Which way do you want to go?" she asked.

He turned toward the forested acres of the grounds. "You don't mind waiting here a few moments for me?" "No," she said. "You will return here?"

"Yes," he said; and with that permission, he left her. As he disappeared, the impulse to call him back almost controlled her; then she started to follow him; but she did not. She stood still, shivering. Then she heard him returning.

"You found your friend?" "Yes." A change in his tone surprised her. "What is wrong that you did not expect?"

"Nothing," he denied. "No; you must tell me!" "I cannot." "Can't you trust me?"

"Trust you!" he cried. He turned to her and seized her hands. "You ask me to—trust you?"

"Yes; I've trusted you. Can't you believe as much in me?" "Believe in you, Miss Santoine!" He crushed her fingers in his grasp. "Oh, my God, I wish I could!"

"You wish you could?" she echoed. The tone of it struck her like a blow, and she tore her hands away. "What do you mean by that?"

He made no reply, but stood staring at her through the dark. "We must go back," he said queerly. "We are in a strange relation to each other, Miss Santoine—stranger than you know," he said unevenly.

When the time comes that you comprehend what our relation is, I—I want you to know that I understand that whatever you have done was done because you believed it might bring about the greater good. I—I have seen in you—in your father—only kindness, high honor, sympathy. If I did not know—"

She started, gazing at him; what he said had absolutely no meaning for her. "What is it that you know?" she demanded. He did not reply; his hand went out to hers, seized it, crushed it, and he started away. As he went up the stair she stood staring after him in perplexity.

CHAPTER XVII. The Fight in the Study. Once in his room Eaton took from his overcoat a breast-drill, an automatic pistol with three clips of cartridges, an electric flashlight, a "Jimmy," and a phial of nitro glycerine. These he secreted on his person.

He went to the window, raised a curtain and looked out. On the lake, half a mile out, he noticed a boat without lights. When all had grown still he removed his shoes and crept softly down stairs, out upon the lawn and up to a window of the blind man's study. To his surprise it opened easily. He parted the curtains. Inside a man was moving about, flashing an electric torch.

Eaton drew pistol and stepped into the room. Now another torch flashed. There were two men there besides himself. Still unafraid, Eaton crept forward noiselessly. Just then a streak of light fell on the face of one of the men. Eaton stopped as if struck.

His instant's glimpse of that face astounded, stunned, stupefied him. He could not have seen that man! The fact was impossible. He must have been mad. Then came the sound of the voice. It was he! And now a wild, savage throe of passion seized Eaton; his pulses leaped and he gulped and choked. The man in the dark was he whom Eaton would have circled the world to catch and destroy. Eaton leaped for-

At the same instant the light fell upon Eaton. "Look out!" the other man cried to his companion.

The man toward whom Eaton rushed did not have time to switch off his light; he dropped it instead; and as Eaton sprang for him, he crouched. Eaton, as he struck forward, found nothing; but below his knees, Eaton felt a man's powerful arms tackling him; as he struggled to free himself, a swift savage lunge lifted him from his feet; he was thrown and hurled backwards.

As he struck the floor, his pistol shot off; the flash of flame spurted toward the ceiling. Instantly the grip below his knees was loosed; the man who had tackled him and hurled him back had recoiled in the darkness.

Eaton got to his feet, but crouched and crept about, aiming his pistol in the direction in which he supposed the other men must be. The other two men in the room also waited, invisible and silent.

Eaton now was wildly, exultantly excited; but his mind was clear as he reckoned his situation and chances. He had crossed the Pacific, the Continent, he had schemed and risked everything with the mere hope of getting into this room to discover evidence with which to demand from the world righting of the wrong which had driven him as a fugitive for five years; and here he found the man who was the cause of it all, before him in the same room a few paces away in the dark!

Eaton knew now that this was he who must have been directing the attacks upon him. Here was his enemy whom he must destroy if he himself were not first destroyed.

Eaton suddenly realized that his left shoulder was numb. It seemed certain that the noise of the shot must have raised an alarm. Basil Santoine, as Eaton knew, slept above; a nurse must be waiting on duty somewhere near. So it could not last much longer now—this deadlock in the dark—the two facing one, and none of them daring to move.

Eaton had moved, warily; a revolver flashed before him. Instantly Eaton's pistol flashed back. In front of him, the flame flashed again, and another spurt of fire spat at one side. Eaton fired back at this—he was prostrate on the floor now; blood was flowing down his face. He tried again and again. The flash of the firing from the other two revolvers had stopped; the other two must have emptied their magazines as well as he.

Eaton listened; overhead now, he heard an almost imperceptible patter—the sound of a bare-footed man crossing the floor.

CHAPTER XVIII. Under Cover of Darkness. Santoine had tried in vain to call help; the wires were cut. He crept down and felt his way to the safe. It was empty. He touched blood. Finally Blatchford appeared. Santoine warned him away. Blatchford refused to go, but instead snapped the light.

Then the blind man heard his friend cry: "Good God!" "What is it?" Santoine cried. "Good God! Basil!"

"Who is it, Wallace?" the blind man knew now that his friend's incoherence came from recognition of someone, not alone from some sight of horror. "Basil! It is—it must be—it is—"

A shot roared in front of Santoine. He heard his friend scream and choke. "Wallace!" Santoine cried out; but his voice was lost in the roar of another shot. Instantly, from the other side, a third shot came. Then, another; the light was out again; then all was gone; the noise was outside; the room was still except for a cough and choke as Blatchford—somewhere on the floor—tried again to speak.

Basil Santoine, groping, found him. With his fingers he went over his cousin's face; he found the wound on the neck where Blatchford's life was running away. He was trying his best to say just one word—a name—to tell whom he had seen and who had shot him; but he could not.

Blatchford's fingers closed tightly on Santoine's. The blind man bowed and then lifted his head. His friend was dead. Santoine and others rushed up to Avery; the blind man heard the voice of his daughter. She was beside him, where he knelt next the body of Blatchford.

"Father! What has happened? Oh, father, Cousin Wallace!" "He is dead," Santoine said. "They shot him! They were three, at least. One was not with the others. They fired at each other. I believe, after one shot him, I heard them below. He told shortly how he had gone down, how Blatchford had entered and been shot."

The blind man, still kneeling, heard the ordering and organizing of others for the pursuit. He heard Avery questioning them. Eaton was the only person from the house who was missing.

"They came, I saw some of the faces," Santoine had risen, "for what was in your safe, Harriet."

"I know; I saw it open." "What is gone?" Santoine demanded. "Why—nearly all the formal papers."

"None of the correspondence?" "No; that all seems to be here." Santoine was wrestling quickly; the trust for which he had been ready to die—for which Blatchford had died—seemed safe.

"We don't know whether he got it, then, or not!" It was Avery's voice which broke in upon him. "He? Who?" He heard his daughter's challenge.

New Program Today

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-IN-

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The Absorbing Story of a Girl Who Offered Herself for Her Flag. A beautiful Production Showing Many Pretty Scenes in Virginia Before and During the Rebellion. An Exceptional Cast Supports Miss Sweet in This Offering.

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SAFETY FIRST

North 34th & Mason North 45th

To relieve congestion upon the thru Point Defiance cars we have put in service so-called "tripper" cars—one operating to North 34th and Mason, the other to North 45th. We have observed that patrons who might be carried to their destination by the trippers will let them go by and wait for the thru car.

The tripper service will fulfill its purpose if those who can reach their homes take advantage of this extra service. It has occurred to us, however, that the reason may be that some of our patrons are not familiar with the various streets and terminals along the Point Defiance line, and for their benefit we have given above a map of the line showing the names of streets upon which we operate and the two "tripper" terminals at North 34th and Mason and North 45th.

Tacoma Railway and Power Company

THE KIND WORDS CLUB

Dear Kind Words Editor:

You say you want kind words. I will write this and you can fix it so it is fit to put in the paper. I don't know how to write for the papers, but I do know the truest and best friend a girl or woman that's gone wrong ever had is Mrs. Todd, the matron at the police station.

She is like a dear mother to them, and tries to make us feel like doing better. We feel like we got to be good after we have been with her awhile.

She don't preach at us, just mothers us, and I tell you some of us needs that mighty bad.

When she comes in it seems like she brings a feeling with her different like, and when she goes away it seems like something has gone away with her.

I can't explain it, but maybe you can say it right, but I do know, and lots of others will say so, that more than one has been encouraged to try and start new by her.

If there was more like her this would be a better world.

If you want to know any more about her you just ask any of the women she has took care of.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

In the gears with his right hand; lake and were turned back and but the mechanism of the car was strange. She leaped up beside him.

"Move over!" she commanded. "It's this way!"

She threw in the gears expertly, and the car shot from the garage. "Which way?" she demanded. "Stop," he cried. "You mustn't do this!"

"You could not pass alone," she said. "Father's men would close the gates."

"The men? There are no men there now—they went to the beach—before! They must have heard something there! It was their being there that turned him—the others back. They tried for the door at the car driveway was open; someone was within working over a car. It was Eaton. She saw blood flowing over his face; blood soaked a shoulder of his coat, and his left arm dangled. But now she saw in him an exultation she had never seen before. She rushed to him. "You're hurt!" she cried.

He held her away from him. "Did they hurt your father?" "No."

"But Mr. Blatchford—" "Dead," she answered dully. "They killed him, then! The poor old man, the poor old man!" She drew toward him.

"Where's the key you start the car with?" he demanded. She ran to a shelf and brought it; he used it and pressed the starting lever. The engine started and he sprang to the seat. His left arm useless, he tried to throw

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Hospital records show that every time you cut a corn you invite lockjaw or blood poison, which is needless, says a Cincinnati authority, who tells you that a quarter ounce of a drug called freezeon can be obtained at little cost from the drug store but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You simply apply a few drops of freezeon on a tender, aching corn and soreness is instantly relieved. Shortly the entire corn can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

This drug is sticky but dries at once and is claimed to just shrivel up any corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

If your wife wears high heels she will be glad to know this.

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