

# BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOFF

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## SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton who was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They are a man with snake eyes, who came a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but confesses to a thrill through Dudley. Wilton is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him. Dudley continues his disguise and remains himself to be known as Henry Wilton. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with securing and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is attracted by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down. Giles begins firing. Tim Terrill is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles. The Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega, the object being to buy Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dad-Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where the boy is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with "the boy" who is turned over to her with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy" who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked" again, cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the Youngster's face. "It's the wrong man," Dudley and Terrill meet in battle. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under "care" of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one escapee. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Daddridge Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated. Dudley directs and declares Knapp's stock invalid. Mother Borton is mortally wounded and dies before she can tell Dudley the secret of his strange mission. The Davis street den is visited to rescue Barkhouse. A diagram that partially explains Dudley's mission is found. Barkhouse released. Dudley goes with a messenger to meet the "unknown woman." His mysterious employer. He is amazed to find that she is Mrs. Knapp.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"Oh, how thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Knapp. "There is a weight of anxiety off my mind. Can you imagine what I have been fearing in the last month?"

"I had thought a little about that myself," I confessed. "But we are not yet out of the woods, I am afraid."

"Hark! what's that?" said Mrs. Knapp apprehensively.

The carriage was now making its way through the bad stretch in the lane, and there was little noise in its progress.

"I heard nothing," I said, putting down the window to listen. "What was it?"

"I thought it was a shout."

There was no noise but the steady splash of horses' hoofs in the mud and the sloppy, shearing sound of the wheels as they cut through the wet soil.

As we bumped and groaned again through the ruts, however, there arose in the distance behind us the fierce barking of the dogs, their voices in an anger and alarm.

There was a faint halloo, and a wilder barking followed. Then my ear caught the splashing of galloping hoofs behind, and in a moment the man of the house rode beside us.

"They've come," he said, "or, anyhow, somebody's come. I let the dogs loose and they will have a lively time for a while."

A few yards more brought us to the main road, and once on the firm ground and the horses trotted briskly forward, while the horseman dropped behind the better to observe and give the alarm.

I leaned out of the window. Only the deadened sound of the hoofs of our own horses, the deadened rattle of our own carriage wheels, were audible in the stillness of the night. Then I thought I heard yells and faint hoofbeats in the distance, but again there was silence except for the muffled noise we made in our progress.

"Can't we drive faster?" asked Mrs. Knapp, when I made my report.

"I wouldn't spoil these horses for \$999," growled the driver when I passed him the injunction to hasten.

"It's \$1,000 for you if you get to the wharf ahead of the others," cried Mrs. Knapp.

"And you'll have a bullet in your side if you don't keep out of gunshot of them," I added.

The double inducement to haste had its effect, and we could feel the swifter

motion of the vehicle under us, and see the more rapid passage of the trees and fences that lined the way.

The wild ride appeared to last for ages. The fast trot of the horses was a funeral pace to the flight of my excited and anxious imagination. What if we should be overtaken?

At last the houses began to pass more frequently. Now the road was broken by cross streets. Gas lamps appeared, flicking faint and yellow in the morning air. We were once more within city limits. The panting horses never slackened pace. We swept over a long bridge, and plunged down a shaded street, and the figure of the horseman was the only sign of life behind us.

Of a sudden there sounded a long roll, as of a great drum beating the reveille for an army of giants. The horseman quickened his pace and galloped furiously beside us.

"They're crossing the bridge," he shouted.

"Whip up!" I cried to the driver. "They are only four blocks behind us."

The hack swung around a few corners, and then halted.

"Here we are!" cried Dicky Dahl at the door. "You get aboard the tug and push off. Jake and I will run up to the foot of the wharf. If they come, we can keep 'em off long enough for you to get aboard."

The tug was where it lay when we left, and at my hail the captain and his crew of three were astride. It was a moment's work to get Mrs. Knapp and her charge aboard.

"Come on!" I cried to Dicky and his companion. And as the lines were

down in the bay. It's the gang we are trying to get away from."

The captain looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and was inclined to resent my interference. Then he shrugged his shoulders as though it was none of his business whether we were lunatics or not so long as we paid for the privilege, and rang the engine bell for full speed ahead.

We had just come out of the Oakland Creek channel and the mist suddenly thinned before us. It left the bay and the city fair and wholesome in the gray light, as though the storm had washed the grime and foulness from air and earth and renewed the freshness of life. We had come but a few hundred yards into the clear air when out of the mist bank behind us shot another tug.

At the exclamation that broke from us our captain for the first time showed interest in the speed of his boat, and whistled angrily down to his engineer.

"We can beat her," he said, with a contemptuous accent on the "her."

"That's your business," I returned, and walked aft to where Mrs. Knapp was standing, half-way up the steps from the cabin.

"Can they catch us?" inquired Mrs. Knapp, the lines tightening about her mouth.

"I think not—the captain says not. I should say that we were holding our own now."

At this moment a tall, massive figure stepped from the pilot house of the pursuing tug and shook its fists at us. The huge bulk, the wolf-face, just distinguishable, distorted, dark with rage and passion, stopped the blood and I felt a faintness as of dropping from a height.

"Doddridge Knapp!" I cried.

Mrs. Knapp looked at me in alarm and grasped the rail.

"No! no!" she exclaimed. "A thousand times no! That is Elijah Lane!"

I gazed at her in wonder. Not Doddridge Knapp! Had my eyes played me false?

"Do you not understand?" she said in a low, intense tone. "He is Elijah Lane, the father of the boy. An evil, wicked man—mad—truly mad. He would kill the boy. He killed the mother of the boy. I know, but it is

could not say. But we saw the man suddenly pitch forward over the low bulwarks of the tug into the waters of the bay.

Mrs. Knapp gave a scream and covered her eyes.

"Stop the boat!" I shouted. "Back her!"

The other tug had checked its headway at the same time, and there was a line of six or seven men along its side.

"There he is!" cried one.

The captain laid our tug across the tidal stream that swept us strongly toward Goat Island. Then he steamed slowly toward the other tug.

"He's gone," said Dicky.

The other tug seemed anxious to keep away from us, as in distrust of our good intentions. I scanned the waters carefully, but the drowning man had gone down.

Then, rising not 20 feet away, floating for a moment on the surface of the water, I saw plainly for the first time, the very caricature of the face of Doddridge Knapp. The strong wolf-features which in the King of the Street were eloquent of power, intellect and sagacity, were here marked with the record of passion, hatred and evil life. I marveled now that I had ever traced a likeness between them.

"Give me that hook!" I cried, leaning over the side of the tug. "Go ahead a little."

One of the men threw a rope. It passed too far, and drifted swiftly behind.

I made a wild reach with the hook, but it was too short. Just as I thought I should succeed, the face gave a convulsive twitch, as if in a parting outburst of hate and wrath, and the body sank out of sight.

I stood half-bewildered, with a bursting sense of relief, by Mrs. Knapp. At last she took her hands from before her eyes and the first rays of the sun that cleared the tops of the Alameda Hills touched her calm, solemn, hopeful face.

"A new day has dawned," she said. "Let us give thanks to God."

## CHAPTER XXX.

The End of the Journey.

For a few minutes we were silent. Water and land and sky started into new glories at the touch of the rising sun. The many-hilled city took on the hues of a fairy picture, and the windows gleamed with the magic fires that were flashed back in greeting to the god of day.

It seemed scarcely possible that this was the raging, tossing water we had crossed last night. And the fiery scene of passion and death we had just witnessed was so foreign to its calm beauties that I could believe it had happened elsewhere in some dream of long ago.

I was roused by the voice of Mrs. Knapp, who sat at the head of the cabin stairs looking absently over the water.

"I have not dealt frankly with you," she said. "Perhaps it is better that you should know, as you know so much already. I feel that I may rely on your discretion."

"I think I can keep a secret," I replied, concealing my curiosity.

"I should not tell you if I did not have full confidence." Then she was silent for a minute. "That man," she continued at last, with a shudder in her voice, "that man was Mr. Knapp's brother."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Way He Thought.

The chaplain of a large private asylum asked a brother clergyman to preach to the inmates on a Sunday during his absence. Before going away he said: "Preach your best, for, though insane on some points, they are very intelligent." So he talked to them of India, and of heathen mothers who threw their dear little babies into the sacred river Ganges as offerings to their false gods. Tears streamed down the face of one listener, evidently affected. When asked by the preacher afterward what part of the sermon had touched his heart with grief the lunatic replied: "I was thinking it was a pity your mother didn't throw you into the Ganges."—Mainly About People.

## Peculiar Form of Baptism.

It is reported from Australia that Tom Mann, lately a London publican—not of the clientele of St. Matthew—who has since transferred the benefits of his light and leading to the Antipodes, has instituted a form of Socialistic "baptism" in those parts. This rite consists in his mounting a platform, receiving babies into his arms and attaching to them scarlet rosettes inscribed with their names, their parents acting as their sponsors in devoting them to a life long service of Socialism—London Academy.

## Will Study Industrial Conditions.

Suyekichi Nakagawa, who has been a student in the graduate department at Yale for three years sailed for England and the continent to study industrial conditions in Europe. He will remain there six months, and then go to his home in Tokio, where he will become the manager of the Furukawa Mining Corporation, which is one of the biggest mining companies in the Orient. It was largely due to the efforts of Nakagawa that General Kuroki visited the university last spring.

## To Make Another Trip.

It is believed that the barkentine Kingdom of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, is to make another trip to Palestine. The vessel is at South Freeport, Me., where she is being fitted out for a long cruise. It is reported that the headquarters of the Holy Ghost and Us Society are to be established in the Holy Land and that Frank W. Sanford, head of the sect is to remain there permanently.

## WHY NOT NOISELESS PLATES?

Chance for Some Inventor to Make Himself Famous.

"I wonder why," says a bachelor whose habitat is a boarding house, "some inventor does not make himself famous; become a public benefactor and a millionaire by manufacturing plates and dishes that won't rattle?"

"I don't sleep late in the morning, but still an hour or so before the time when I ought to get up I am roused from a sound morning sleep by the abominable racket made by handling dishes and plates in the kitchen and pantry. After the clatter once begins there is no more sleep for me, and I have become such an expert that I can tell whether the servants are handling dishes or plates, cups or saucers, by the difference in sound, and I have figured out just when the cooking begins by the rattle of the pots and pans as they are slammed down on the range."

"If people would only think so, wooden or papier mache plates and dishes could be made to answer just as well as china, and after they once came into fashion housekeepers would like them better, for, judging by the noises floating up from the kitchen, I have an idea that breakage is a considerable item of expense. The 'help' might not be so happy over the innovation, for rattling plates seems to have a tendency to raise the pitch of the young women's voices while handling the china, and perhaps with noiseless dishes the kitchen voices might be subdued to an ordinary conversational tone. This, of course, would be hard on the young women, but for all that people who have to hear the culinary uproar, whether they listen or not, would be benefited physically by the change, to say nothing of the improvement in their moral and religious condition."

"A Kansas View."

"I wonder," said the man from Kansas, on a visit to New York, "why so many New York people have the lean-to habit? It makes them look queer. When in motion their bodies lean backward or forward or sideways like an animated inclined plane, and when they are in repose they flop still worse."

"No matter where you stop to talk to a New York man he is bound to lean against something. In stores he leans against counters, in saloons he braces himself against the bar, in hotels the pillars and chairs contribute to his support, in restaurants he leans on the table, and in the street against the walls of projecting buildings. And the women are just as bad as the men. Nobody seems to have spunk enough to stand up straight."

"Perhaps the people here are tired, or it may be that they are seeking a graceful pose. At any rate they flop on all occasions. The proprietors of some of the shops evidently deprecate the universal tendency to lean against something and wish to discourage it, for they have distributed signs about the stores warning customers not to lean on the counters, but far as I can see these notices are only a bluff. At any rate New Yorkers don't heed them; they keep on leaning just the same."

Not in It.

Mrs. Lawson—Mrs. Bremerton is wholly out of society.

Mrs. Lawson—Is she?

Mrs. Lawson—Oh, yes. Why, she doesn't play bridge, and she has never had an operation.

Finally Saw Show.

Eighteen years ago Deitrich Weiss of Baltimore bought two tickets for the "Two Johns" dramatic exhibition. Prevented from going, he kept the tickets and last week the box office honored them for a show of the same name.

One Condition.

Jones—You quarreled over her cooking.

Smith—Yes. I told her she could have a conservatory if she'd agree to grow a pie plant.—Judge.

LIVESTOCK MARKETS.

NATIONAL STOCK YARDS, ILL.—Cattle—Good to choice steers, 4.75@6.00; 6.50; good to choice heifers, 4.75@6.00; and cutters, 1.50@3.00; stockers and feeders, 2.50@4.50; bulls, 2.50@4.25; cows, 2.00@3.50; Hogs—Select heavy, 6.10@8.40; mixed, butchers and packers, 5.60@6.20; Sheep—Mutton sheep, 4.25@5.25; stockers, 2.50@3.50; bulls, 2.75@4.00; lambs, and yearlings, 4.50@7.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Cattle—Steers, 4.60@7.50; cows, 3.00@5.50; heifers, 3.00@5.75; bulls, 3.40@3.50; calves, 2.50@10.00; stockers and feeders, 2.50@5.15; Hogs—Choice heavy shipping, 6.20@6.30; butchers', 6.10@6.25; light mixed, 5.65@6.85; choice light, 5.90@6.00; packing, 5.50@6.10; pigs, 4.50@5.40; bulk of sales, 5.50@6.15; Sheep—4.00@5.75; lambs, 5.25@7.90.

KANSAS City, Mo.—Cattle—Choice export and dressed beef steers, 5.30@6.35; fair to good, 4.50@5.50; western steers, 4.25@6.25; stockers and feeders, 3.40@5.50; southern steers, 4.25@6.20; southern cows, 3.00@4.35; native cows, 1.70@3.00; native heifers, 3.25@6.00; bulls, 3.00@4.75; calves, 3.50@8.00; Hogs—Top, 6.20; bulk of sales, 5.60@6.10; heavy, 6.00@6.20; packers and butchers', 5.80@6.15; light, 5.30@5.95; pigs, 4.25@5.25.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.11@1.14; No. 3 red, 1.10@1.13; No. 4 red, 1.09@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.02@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.00@1.02; Corn—No. 2, 58@59; No. 3, 57 1/2@58; No. 4, 56 1/2@57; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; Oats—No. 2, 50@51; No. 3, 49 1/2@50; No. 4, 49c.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.05 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 3 red, 1.04@1.07; No. 2 hard, 1.08@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.01@1.04; Corn—No. 2, 58@58 1/2; No. 3, 57 1/2@58 1/2; No. 4, 57 1/4@57 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@58 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 49@51; No. 4 white, 48@49 1/2c.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.08@1.09; No. 3 red, 1.06 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 4 red, 1.00@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.00@1.02; No. 3 hard, 98@99; No. 4, 97 1/2@98 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 48@49 1/2; No. 4 white, 47@48 1/2c.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.11@1.14; No. 3 red, 1.10@1.13; No. 4 red, 1.09@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.02@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.00@1.02; Corn—No. 2, 58@59; No. 3, 57 1/2@58; No. 4, 56 1/2@57; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; Oats—No. 2, 50@51; No. 3, 49 1/2@50; No. 4, 49c.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.05 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 3 red, 1.04@1.07; No. 2 hard, 1.08@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.01@1.04; Corn—No. 2, 58@58 1/2; No. 3, 57 1/2@58 1/2; No. 4, 57 1/4@57 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@58 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 49@51; No. 4 white, 48@49 1/2c.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.08@1.09; No. 3 red, 1.06 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 4 red, 1.00@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.00@1.02; No. 3 hard, 98@99; No. 4, 97 1/2@98 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 48@49 1/2; No. 4 white, 47@48 1/2c.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.11@1.14; No. 3 red, 1.10@1.13; No. 4 red, 1.09@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.02@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.00@1.02; Corn—No. 2, 58@59; No. 3, 57 1/2@58; No. 4, 56 1/2@57; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; Oats—No. 2, 50@51; No. 3, 49 1/2@50; No. 4, 49c.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.05 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 3 red, 1.04@1.07; No. 2 hard, 1.08@1.05; No. 3 hard, 1.01@1.04; Corn—No. 2, 58@58 1/2; No. 3, 57 1/2@58 1/2; No. 4, 57 1/4@57 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@58 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 49@51; No. 4 white, 48@49 1/2c.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.08@1.09; No. 3 red, 1.06 1/2@1.07 1/2; No. 4 red, 1.00@1.04; No. 2 hard, 1.00@1.02; No. 3 hard, 98@99; No. 4, 97 1/2@98 1/2; No. 2 yellow, 58 1/2@59; No. 3 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; No. 4 yellow, 58 1/4@58 1/2; Oats—No. 3 white, 48@49 1/2; No. 4 white, 47@48 1/2c.

## COULD NOT SHAKE IT OFF.

Kidney Trouble Contracted by Thousands in the Civil War.

James W. Clay, 666 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I was troubled with kidney complaint from the time of the Civil War. There was constant pain in the back and head and the kidney secretions were painful and showed a sediment. The first remedy to help me was Doan's Kidney Pills. Three boxes made a complete cure and during five years past I have had no return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Running Broad Jump.

"One day," related Denny to his friend Jerry, "when I had wandered too far inland on me shore leave I suddenly found that there was a great big haythen, tin feet tall, chasin' me wid a knife as long as yer arm. I took to me heels an' for 50 miles along the road we had it nip an' tuck. Thin I turned into the woods an' we run for one hundred an' twenty miles more, wid him gainin' on me steady, owin' to his knowledge of the country. Finally, just as I could feel his hot breath burnin' on the back of me neck, we came to a big lake. Wid one great leap I landed safe on the opposite shore, leavin' me pursuer confounded and impotent wid rage."

"Faith an' that was no great jump," commented Jerry, "considerin' the runnin' start ye had."—Everybody's Magazine.

## CATARRH IN HEAD.

Pe-ru-na—Pe-ru-na.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER.

MR. WILLIAM A. PRESSER, 1722 Third Ave., Moline, Ill., writes:

"I have been suffering from catarrh in the head for the past two months and tried innumerable so-called remedies without avail. No one knows how I have suffered not only from the disease itself, but from mortification when in company of friends or strangers."

"I have used two bottles of your medicine for a short time only, and it effected a complete medical cure, and what is better yet, the disease has not returned."

"I can most emphatically recommend Peruna to all sufferers from this disease."

Read This Experience.

Mr. A. Thompson, Box 65, R. R. 1, Martel, Ohio, writes: "When I began your treatment my eyes were inflamed, nose was stopped up half of the time, and was sore and scabby. I could not rest at night on account of continual *hawking and spitting*."

"I had tried several remedies and was about to give up, but thought I would try Peruna."

"After I had taken about one-third of a bottle I noticed a difference. I am now completely cured, after suffering with catarrh for eighteen years."

"I think if those who are afflicted with catarrh would try Peruna they would never regret it."

Peruna is manufactured by the Peruna Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. The regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

ST. LOUIS DIRECTORY

THE MARQUETTE

Deere Vehicles

JOHN DEERE BUGGY FACTORY, St. Louis

Send for Booklet, "Make-up of a Good Buggy"