# BLIND FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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### SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative, Henry Wilton, whom he 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 see a man with a fake eye, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouts and curses and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurries out again. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a half dozen men. He summons a policeman but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And then Giles dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal.

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"We'll have to break down the door, I guess," said Dicky. "Something must have happened." And a resounding kick shook the panel.

"Hold on!" I cried. "What's wanted?"

"Oh," said Dicky sarcastically, "You've come to life again, have you?"

"Well, I'm not dead yet."

"Then strike a light and let us in. And take a look at that reminder you'll find wrapped around the rock I heaved through the transom. I thought it was open." And Dicky went off into another series of chuckles in appreciation of his mistake.

"All right," I said. I was not entirely trustful, and after I had lighted the gas-jet I picked up the stone that lay among the fragments of glass, and unwrapped the paper. The sheet bore only the words:

"At Borton's, at midnight.

Richmond."

This was the name of the agent of the Unknown, who had sent the other note. Dicky and his companion must then be protectors instead of enemies. I hastened to unlock the door, and in walked my two visitors.

The first was a young man, tall, well-made, with a shrewd, good-humored countenance, and a ready, confident air about him. I had no trouble in picking him out as the absent Dicky. The other was a black-bearded giant, who followed stolidly in the wake of the younger man.

"You've led me a pretty chase," said Dicky. "If it hadn't been for Pork Chops here, I shouldn't have found you till the cows come home."

"Well, what's up now?" I asked.

"Why, you ought to know," said Dicky with evident surprise. "But you'd better be hurrying down to Borton's. The gang must be there by now."

I could only wonder who Borton might be, and where his place was, and what connection he might have with the mystery, as Dicky took me by the arm and hurried me out into the darkness. The chill night air served to nerve instead of depress my spirits, as the garrulous Dicky unconsciously guided me to the meeting-place, joyously narrating some amusing adventure of the day, while the heavy retainer stalked in silence behind.

Down near the foot of Jackson street, where the smell of bilge-water and the wash of the sewers grew stronger, and the masts of vessels could just be seen in the darkness outlined against the sky, Dicky suddenly stopped and drew me into a doorway. Our retainer disappeared at the same instant, and the street was apparently deserted. Then out of the night the shape of a man approached with silent steps.

"Five—sixteen," croaked Dicky.

The man gave a visible start.

"Sixteen—five," he croaked in return.

"Any signs?" whispered Dicky.

"Six men went upstairs across the street. Every one of them did the sailor-drunk act."

"Sure they weren't sailors?"

"Well, when six coves goes up the same stairs trying the same dodge, all inside of ten minutes, I has a right to my suspicions. And Darby Meeker ain't been to sea yet that I knows on."

"Darby Meeker!" exclaimed Dicky in a whisper. And he drew a whistle under his breath. "What do you think of that, Wilton? I had no idea he was back from that wild-goose chase you sent him on."

"It looks bad," I admitted cautiously. "I dare say he isn't in good temper."

"You'll have to settle with him for that piece of business," said Dicky with a chuckle.

I failed to see the amusing side of the prospect. I wished I knew what Mr. Meeker looked like.

The guard had melted away into the darkness without another word, and we hurried forward with due caution. Just past the next corner was a lighted room, and the sound of voices broke the quiet.

We pushed open the door and walked in. The room was large and dingy, the ceiling low. Tables were scattered about the sanded floor. A bar took up the side of the room next the entrance and a general air of disreputability filled the place.

About the room, some at the tables, some at the bar, were numbers of stout, rough-looking men, with a few Greek fishermen and two or three sailors.

Behind the bar sat a women whose appearance in that place almost startled me. She might have been nearing seventy, and a hard and evil life had left its marks on her bent frame and her gaunt face. Her leathery cheeks were lined deep, and a hawk like nose emphasized the unpleasant suggestions conveyed by her face and figure. But the most remarkable feature about her was her eyes. There was no trace of age in them. Bright and keen as the eyes of a rat, they gave me an unpleasant thrill, as I felt her gaze fixed upon me when I entered the door, arm in arm with Dicky. It was as though they had pierced me through, and had learned of something I would have concealed. It was a relief to pass beyond her into a recessed part of the room where her gaze might waste itself on the back of my head.

"Mother Borton's up late to-night," said Dicky thoughtfully, as he ordered wine.

"You can't blame her for thinking that this crowd needs watching," I suggested with as much of airiness as I could throw into my manner.

Dicky shook his head for a second, and then resumed his light-hearted, bantering way. Yet I could see that he was perplexed and anxious about something that had come to his attention on our arrival.

"You'll not want to attend to business till all the boys are here?" asked Dicky.

"Not unless there's something to be done," I responded dryly.

Dicky gave me a quick glance.

"Of course," he said with a laugh that was not quite easy, "not unless there's something to be done. But I thought there was something."

"You've got a fine mind for thinking, Dicky," I replied. "You'd better cultivate it."

"Well, they say there's nothing like society for that sort of cultivation," said Dicky, with another laugh. "They don't say what kind, but I've got a pretty good stock to choose from." He was at his ease in banter again, but it struck unpleasantly on me that there was something behind.

"Oh, here's a queer friend," he said suddenly, looking at the door. "I'd better speak to him on the matter of conversation."

"By all means," I said, turning in my chair to survey the new comer.

I saw the face for an instant. The man wore a sou'wester, and he had drawn his thick, rough coat up as the collar. Cheek and chin I could see were covered by a thick blonde beard. His movements were apparently clumsy, but his figure was lithe and sinuous. And his eyes! Once seen they never could be forgotten. Although he would hide his head under their glance, beard and sou'wester dropped away before my fancy, and I saw in my inner vision the man of the serpent glance who had chilled my spirit when I had first put foot in the city. It flashed on me in an instant that this man was the same man disguised, who has ventured into the midst of his enemies to see what he might learn of their plans.

As I watched Dicky advance and greet the new-comer with apparent inquiry, a low, harsh voice behind gave me a start of surprise.

"This is your wine, I think"—and a lean, wrinkled arm passed over my shoulder, and a wrinkled face came near my own.

I turned quickly. It was Mother Borton, leering at me with no apparent interest but in her errand.

"What are you doing here?" asked the crone in a voice still lower. "You're not the one they take you to be, but you're none the less in danger. What are you doing with his looks, and in this place? Look out for that man you're with, and the other. Yes, sir," her voice rose. "A small bottle of the white; in a minute, sir."

I understood her as Dicky and the new-comer came to the table and took seats opposite. I commanded my face to give no sign of suspicion, but the warning put me on the alert. I had come on the supposition that I was to meet the band to which Henry Wilton belonged. Instead of being among friends, however, it seemed now that I was among enemies.

"It's all right," said Dicky carelessly. "He's been sent."

"That's lucky," said I with equal unconcern. "We may need an extra hand before morning."

The new-comer could not repress a triumphant flash in the serpent eyes.

"I'm the one for your job," he said hoarsely, his face as impassive as a stone wall.

"What do you know about the job?" I asked suspiciously.

"Only what I've been told," he answered.

"And that is——"

"That it's a job for silence, secrecy, and——"

"Spondulicks," said Dicky with a laugh, as the other hesitated for the word.

"Just so," said the man.

"And what else?" I continued, pressing him firmly.

"Well, he admitted hoarsely, "I learned as how there was to be a change of place to-night, and I might be needed."

I looked at him inquiringly. Perhaps I was on the threshold of knowledge of this cursed business from the mouth of the enemy.

"I heard as how the boy was to be put in a safer place," he said, wagging his head with affected gravity.

Some imp put it into my brain to try him with an unexpected bit of news.

"Oh," I said coolly, "that's all attended to. The change was made yesterday."

The effect of this announcement was extraordinary. The man started with an oath.

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed in a low, smooth voice, far different from the harsh tone he had used thus far. Then he leaped to his feet, with uncontrollable rage.

"Tricked—by God!" he shouted impulsively, and smote the table with his fist.

His outburst threw the room into confusion. Men sprang from their chairs. Glasses and bottles fell with clinking crash. Oaths and shouts arose from the crowd.

"Damn you, I'll have it out of you!" said the man with suppressed fury, his voice once again smooth and low. "Where is the boy?"

He smote the table again; and with that stroke the false beard fell from his chin and cheek, and exposed the malignant face, distorted with rage. A feeling of horrible repulsion came over me, and I should have struck at that serpent's head but for a startling occurrence. As he spoke, a wild scream rose upon the air, and as it echoed through the room the lights went out.

The scream was repeated, and after an instant's silence there rose a chorus of shouts and oaths, mingled with the crash of tables and the clink of breaking glass and crockery, as the men in the room fought their way to the door.

"Oh, my God, I'm cut!" came in a shriek out of the darkness and clamor, and there followed the flash of a pistol and a report that boomed like a cannon in that confined place.

My eyes had not been idle after the warning of Mother Borton, and in an instant I had decided what to do. I had figured out what I conceived to be the plan of the house, and thought I knew a way of escape. There were two doors at the rear of the room, facing me. One led, as I knew, to the kitchen; the other opened, I reasoned, on a stair to the lodging-room above.

Before the scream that accompanied the extinction of the lights had died away, I had made a dive beneath the table, and, lifting with all my might, had sent it crashing over with my enemy under it. With one leap I cleared the overturning table that lay between me and the door. And with the clamor behind me, I turned the knob and bounded up the stairs, three steps at a time.

### CHAPTER VII.
### Mother Borton.

The noise of the struggle below continued. Yells and curses rose from the maddened men. Three shots were fired in quick succession, and a cry of "Oh, my Lord!" penetrated through the closed door with the sound of one sorely hurt.

I lingered for a little, listening to the tumult. I was in a strange and dangerous position. Enemies were behind me. There were friends, too, but I knew no way to tell one from the other, and my ignorance had nearly brought me to my death. I hesitated to move, but I could not remain in the open hall, and as the sounds of disturbance from below subsided, I felt my way along the wall and moved cautiously forward.

At his progressed perhaps twenty feet, when a door, against which my hand pressed, yielded at the touch and swung slowly open. I strove to stop it, for the first opening showed a dim light within. But the panel gave no hold for my fingers, and my efforts to close the door only swung it open the faster. I drew back a little into the shadow, for I hesitated to dash past the sight of any who might occupy the room.

"Come in!" called a harsh voice.

I hesitated. Behind, the road led to the eating-room with its known dangers. A dash along the hall for the front door meant the raising of an alarm, and probably a bullet as a discourager of burglary. Should I escape this, I could be certain of a warm reception from the enemies on watch outside. Prudence lay in facing the one rather than risking the many. I accepted the invitation and walked into the room.

"I was expecting you," said the harsh voice composedly. "Good evening."

"Good evening," I returned gravely, swallowing my amazement as best I could.

By the table before me sat Mother Borton, contemplating me as calmly as though this meeting were the most commonplace thing in the world. A candle furnished a dim, flickering light that gave to her hard wicked countenance a diabolic leer that struck a chill to my blood.

"Excuse me," I said, "I have lost my way. I fear."

"Not at all," said Mother Borton. "You are in the right place."

"I was afraid I had intruded," I said apologetically.

"I expected you," she repeated. "Shut the door."

I glanced about the room. There was no sign of another person to be seen, and no other door. I obeyed her.

"You might as well sit down," she said with some petulance. "There's nothing up here to hurt you." There was so much meaning in her tone of the things that would hurt me on the floor below that I hastened to show my confidence in her, and drew up a chair to the table.

"At your service," I said, leaning before her with as much an appearance of jaunty self-possession, as I could muster.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" she asked grimly.

What should I answer? Could I tell her the truth?

"Who are you?" she repeated impatiently, gazing on me. "You are not Wilton. Tell me. Who are you?"

The face, hard as it was, seamed with the record of a rough and evil life, as it appeared, had yet a kindly look as it was turned on me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Ruses of Autograph Sharks.

### Ingenious Methods Used to Elicit Letters from Noted Men.

No one is better posted in ruses to which collectors resort in order to secure autographs from living celebrities than a certain London dealer. There is not enough profit in their sale to encourage any number of people in this country to secure autographs for the purpose of disposing of them to the dealer, but writing to celebrities and selling their replies to the dealer in question is a means of livelihood to no small number.

No one perhaps has outwitted in cleverness the methods of Gen. Cist, whose collection, sold after his death, brought one of the highest prices of any sale in the world. Cist was a skillful penman and a born letter writer. He wrote in such a way that he rarely failed to elicit lengthy and interesting replies. He would write to a statesman saying that a party had applied to him for employment and given the statesman as reference. "Was So-and-So ever in your employ as private secretary?" he would write. Cist was a recluse, a hermit. He was estranged from his family. His last days were passed in America in a room littered with books and papers of rarest value, secured through the most ingenious ruses.

The cleverest modern autograph collector whose methods became known to dealers was the late Benjamin Austin, a resident of the United States. He organized a literary society in his imagination, to which he elected as honorary members all the distinguished men and women of Europe and America. When notified of their election they naturally replied, thanking him for the honor conferred. In this way he secured much excellent material. Doubtless he made the collection with a view to its subsequent monetary value. After his death his widow sold it, but values had decreased and it did not bring anything near the price that might reasonably have been expected.

### She Told Him.

"About the greatest man who ever lived in this community was Dug Skinner; broad minded, big hearted, and brilliant; and yet he died with all his talent and goodness unsuspected."

"How did you come to find out about it?"

"I married his widow."—Houston Post.

## PRACTICAL QUESTIONS

### LIVE STOCK OWNERS

**A BOOK ABOUT COWS AND HORSES**

*Question:*—"Please tell me where to obtain a good book relating to Cows and Horses."—*J. T. B., Mich.*

*Reply:*—We learn that new books on both these subjects have been recently issued costing 25c each, but if you will mention this paper and write to Pratt Food Co., Department R., Phila., Pa., they will send you a copy free of charge.

**WORMS**

*Question:*—"Please give a remedy for worms in horses."—*L. J. P., Mich.*

*Reply:*—A very good remedy for worms is Pratts Specially Prepared Worm Powder which is on sale at your dealer's. We happen to know that this article will positively do the work.

**INDIGESTION**

*Question:*—"My four-year-old mare is very thin in flesh, and have been unable to fatten her. She shows very little life and I am anxious to know what will improve her condition."—*G. T. C., Mich.*

*Reply:*—Your Horse is troubled with indigestion and needs a good spring tonic. We can recommend Pratts Animal Regulator mixed with the Feed twice daily as one of the very best remedies for the trouble you are experiencing. We also suggest that you feed well salted bran mash and do not limit her to only hay and oats.

**HEAVES**

*Question:*—"Whenever we have warm and damp days, my horse seems to show signs of Heaves and will not work. What can be done?"—*E. A. B., Mich.*

*Reply:*—We have known Pratts Heave Cure to be unusually successful in overcoming this disease, and can give it our unqualified endorsement.

**BOG SPAVIN**

*Question:*—"I have a colt three years old that has a soft bunch or puff on the front of the hock joint. Please advise me how to cure this."—*H. A. M., Mich.*

*Reply:*—Your colt has bog spavin. If you will have your dealer supply you with a small box of Pratts Spavin Paste you will find that a few weeks' application will quickly remove the Spavin.

### An Undesirable Article.

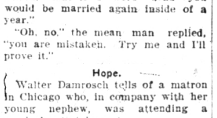
When Mr. B. went to call upon some friends the other afternoon, he was on his way out of town and so had his travelling bag with him. This he placed in a corner, and when he rose to leave he overlooked it. His hostess happened to notice it before he had reached the door, and called to her little daughter:

"Marie, run after Mr. B. and tell him he has left his grip here!"

The little one gave her mother one swift glance of surprise, but flew dutifully to obey orders.

"Oh, Mr. B.," they heard her say, "mother says you have forgotten to take your grip with you." Then she added, quickly, in a tone of polite apology: "You see, most all of us have had it this winter, and we'd rather not have any more!"

### THE MEAN MAN.



"I believe," his wife angrily declared, "that if I were dead you would be married again inside of a year."

"Oh, no," the mean man replied, "you are mistaken. Try me and I'll prove it."

### Hope.

Walter Damrosch tells of a matron in Chicago who, in company with her young nephew, was attending a musical entertainment.

The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the youth; but when the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was begun he began to evince more interest.

"That sounds familiar," he said. "I'm not strong on these classical pieces, but that's a good one. What is it?"

"That," gravely explained the matron, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"—Harper's Weekly.

### Too Free Speech.

The allegations made during a trial for "blasphemy" raises the whole question of courtesy and kindliness in public discussion. Ridicule and sarcasm are permissible, and effective weapons in debate, but mere vulgarity and abuse or irreverence in dealing with subjects that are sacred to others, are not to be confounded with free speech and cannot be tolerated.—Lloyd's (Eng.) News.


LOST $300.

Buying Medicine When Right Food Was Needed.

Money spent for "tonics" and "bracers" to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocketbook containing the money.

If the money only is lost it's bad enough, but with lost health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.

A Mich. young lady lost money on drugs but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:

"I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good.

"Finally I tried 'Grape-Nuts' food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork.

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once and the first week gained four pounds.

"I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

MACHINE-GROUND PAINT.

Occasionally one hears the "hand-mixed" paint of the painter slightingly spoken of as "unscientific" and "not thoroughly mixed." The facts are all on the side of the painter and his hand-prepared paint.

It is the most "scientific" paint there is, because it is made on the spot to suit the particular purpose for which it is to be used. It is as scientific as a good doctor's prescription. If the painter did not mix it thus it would be as unscientific as a patent medicine. Moreover, the paint which a good painter turns out is made of genuine white lead and pure linseed oil. If he does not mix it himself he is not sure what is in it, and consequently his client cannot be sure.

As for not being thoroughly mixed by machinery, that is simply a misstatement. White Lead as made by National Lead Company is thoroughly incorporated with 7 or 8 per cent. of pure Linseed oil in the factory, making a paste. This paste need only be thinned with additional linseed oil to make it ready for the brush.

The thorough incorporation of pigment and oil has already been accomplished before the painter gets it.

To know how to tell pure white lead is a great advantage to both painter and house-owner. National Lead Company will send a tester free to anyone interested. Address the company at Woodbridge Building, New York, N. Y.

### Cause of Mutton's Woolly Taste.

The woolly taste in mutton is said to be due to slow dressing the carcass.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c

relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no interest worth consideration that does not run in the direction of duty.—Grimshaw.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The more a man doesn't know the less he doubts.

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Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death.

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured.

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan; or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

READERS

of this paper desiring information regarding the climates should state upon what they are affected, stating all sickness and conditions.

Write for any medical advice free of charge.

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I have been in the roofing business for 40 years and they call me the "Pioneer." I have been in no other business.

I know the roofing business; have made a scientific, practical study of it. I am at the head of my company, of which I am proud. I have also made a success of my business. The result has been our two brands—Torpedo and Wolverine. The "red granite kind," which are the very best brands of roofing on the market today at any price.

This roofing will last longer, is cheaper to lay and cheaper in the long run than any other you can buy.

If we could make a better roofing, we would, but we can't. You will make no mistake in using it.

It only costs about half what shingles would cost laid on the roof.

We will give you an absolute guarantee that our roofing will last you five years. We know it will last for 12 or 15 years, but five years' guarantee is enough to make and we say five years simply to show faith in our own roofing.

It cost us $10,000.00 to find out that our kind of roofing was better than the other man's. The difference is this:

Our roofing is made of crushed, irregular shaped granite particles put on two heavy sheets of asphalt felt cemented together. These particles of quarry granite have sharp points and sharp edges and stick into this asphalt for evermore.

You can easily understand why they will stick a great deal better than the round, smooth little pebbles, which are sometimes used.

The granite is to protect the roof from sun, wind and rain, and our granite does protect it.

We will give you an absolute guarantee that our roofing will last you five years. We know it will last for 12 or 15 years, but five years' guarantee is enough to make and we say five years simply to show faith in our own roofing.

We have so much to tell you about our roofing that we cannot begin to do it here, but want you to write and let us tell you just why our roofing is what you want and why you cannot afford to buy any other.

We have a liberal proposition to make to you, and no matter how much you may know about some other roofing you should get our proposition. It means a saving.

This roofing is put up in one square roll, all ready to lay and securely packed inside of the roll are the trimmings consisting of galvanized iron nails and cement in a can with directions how to lay the roll.

Give us all the information you can about the roof, and we will tell you something that will interest you. WRITE US TODAY.

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