BLINDFOLDED

By Earle 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 snake eyes, 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. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And then Wilton 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. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Barton who makes a confident of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious but further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nail is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is struck by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by "Ione Rushmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Barton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is fascinated by Luella and bored by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Oh, isn't it sweet! So charming!" cried Mrs. Bowser, as we came into full view of the scene and crossed the invisible line that carries one from modern San Francisco into the ancient oriental city, instinct with foreign life, that goes by the name of Chinatown. Sordid and foul as it appears by daylight, there was a charm and romance to it under the lantern-lights that softened the darkness. Crowds of Chinese hurried along the streets, loitered at corners, gathered about points of interest, but it seemed as though it was all one man repeated over and over.

"Why, they're all alike!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "How do they ever tell each other apart?"

"Oh, that's aisy enough, ma'am," replied Corson with a twinkle in his eye. "They tie a knot in their pig-tails, and that's they way you know 'em."

"Laws! you don't say!" said Mrs. Bowser, much impressed. "I never could tell 'em that way."

"It is a strange resemblance," said Mr. Carter. "Don't you find it almost impossible to distinguish between them?"

"To tell you the truth, sor, no," said Corson. "It's a trick of the eye with you, sor. If you was to be here with 'em for a month or two you'd niver think there was two of 'em alike. There's as much difference betwixt one and another as with any two white men. I was loike you at first. I says to meself that they're as like as two pease. But, now, look at those two mugs there in that door. They're no more alike than you and me, as Mr. Wilson here can tell you, sor."

The difference between the two Chinese failed to impress me, but I was mindful of my reputation as an old resident.

"Oh, yes; a very marked contrast," I said promptly, just as I would have sworn that they were twins if Corson had suggested it.

"Very remarkable!" said Mr. Carter dubiously.

In and out we wound through the ornetal city—the forty-land that stretched away, gay with lanterns and busy with strange crowds, changing at times as we came nearer to a tawdry reality, cheap, dirty, and heavy with odors. Here was a shop where ivory in delicate carvings, bronze work that showed the patient handicraft and grotesque fancy of the oriental artist, lay side by side with porcelains, fine and coarse, decorated with the barbaric taste in form and color that rules the art of the ancient empire. Next the rich shop was a low den from whose open door poured fumes of tobacco and opium, and in whose misty depths figures of bloused little men huddled around tables and swayed hither and thither. The click of dominoes, the rattling of sticks and counters, and the excited cries of men, rose from the throng.

"They're the biggest gamblers the Ould Nick iver had to his hand," said Corson; "there isn't one of 'em down there that wouldn't bet the coat off his back."

"Dear me, how dreadful!" said Mrs. Bowser. "And do we have to go down into that horrible hole, and how can we ever get out with our lives?"

"We're not going down there, ma'am," interrupted Corson shortly.

"And where next?" asked Luella.

The question was addressed to the policeman, not to me. Except for a formal greeting when he had met, Luella had spoken no word to me during the evening.

"Here's the biggest joss-house in town," said Corson. "We might as well see it now as any time."

"Oh, do let us see those delightfully horrible idols," cried Mrs. Bowser.

The policeman led the way into the dimly-lighted building that served as a temple.

I lingered a moment by the door to see that all my party passed in.

"There's Wainwright," whispered Porter, who closed the procession.

"Where?" I asked, a dim remembrance of the mission on which I had sent him in pursuit of the snake-eyed man giving the information a sinister twist.

Porter gave a chirrup and Wainwright halted at the door.

"He's just passed up the alley here," said Wainwright in a low voice.

"Who? Terrill?" I asked.

"Yes," said Wainwright. "I've kept him in sight all the evening."

"Hasn't he seen you?" asked Porter. "I spied you as soon as you turned the corner."

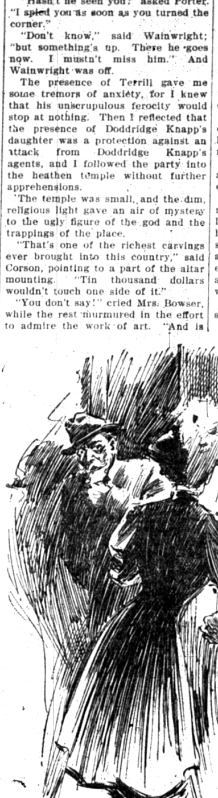
"Don't know," said Wainwright; "but something's up. There he goes now. I mustn't miss him." And Wainwright was off.

The presence of Terrill gave me some tremors of anxiety, for I knew that his unscrupulous ferocity would stop at nothing. Then I reflected that the presence of Doddridge Knapp's daughter was a protection against an attack from Doddridge Knapp's agents, and I followed the party into the heathen temple without further apprehensions.

The temple was small, and the dim, religious light gave an air of mystery to the ugly figure of the god and the trappings of the place.

"That's one of the richest carvings ever brought into this country," said Corson, pointing to a part of the altar mounting. "Tin thousand dollars wouldn't touch one side of it."

"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Bowser, while the rest murmured in the effort to admire the work of art. "And is that stuff burning for a disinfectant?"



IN THE DIM LIGHT THE FIGURE WAS THE FIGURE OF THE WOLF

She pointed to numerous pieces of punk, such as serve the small boy on the Fourth of July, that were consuming slowly before the ugly joss.

"No, ma'am—not but they needs it all right enough," said Corson, "but that's the haythen way of sayin' your prayers."

This information was so astonishing that Corson was allowed to finish his explanation without further remarks from Mrs. Bowser.

"I'll show you the theater next," said he, as he led the way of the temple with Mrs. Bowser giving her views of the picturesque heathen in questions that Corson found no break in the conversation long enough to answer. As I lingered for a moment in some depression of spirit, waiting for the others to file out, a voice that thrilled me spoke in my ear.

"Our guide is enjoying a great favor." It was Luella, noticing me for the first time since the expedition had started.

"He has every reason to be delighted," I returned, brightening at the favor I was enjoying.

"Foreign travel is said to be of great value in education," said Luella, taking my arm, "but it's certainly stupid at times."

I suspected that Mr. Carter had not been entirely successful in meeting Miss Knapp's ideas of what an escort should be.

"I didn't suppose you could find anything stupid," I said.

"I am intensely interested," she retorted, "but unfortunately the list of subjects has come to an end."

"You might have begun at the beginning again."

"He did," she whispered, "so I thought it time he tried the guide or Aunt Julia."

"Thank you," I said.

"Thank him, you mean," she said gally. Now don't be stupid yourself, so please change the subject. Do you know," she continued without giving me time to speak, "that the only way I can be reconciled to this place and the sights we have seen is to imagine I am in Canton or Peking, thousands of miles from home? Seen there, it is interesting, instructive, natural—a part of the people. As a part of San Francisco it is only vile."

"Come this way," said Corson, halting with the party at one of the doors. "I'll show you through some of the opium dens, and that will bring us to the stage door of the theater."

"How close and heavy the air is!" said Luella, as we followed the winding passage in the dim illumination that came from an occasional gas jet or oil lamp.

"The yellow man is a firm believer in the motto, 'Ventilation is the root of all evil,'" I admitted.

The fumes of tobacco and opium were heavy on the air, and a moment later we came on a cluster of small rooms or dens, fitted with couches and bunks. It needed no description to make the purpose plain. The whole process of intoxication by opium was before me, from the heating of the metal pipe to the final stupor that is the gift and end of the Black Smoke. Here, was a coolie mixing the drug; there, just beyond him, was another, drawing whiffs from the bubbling narcotic through the bamboo handle of his pipe; there, still beyond, was another, lying back unconscious, half-clad, repulsive, a very sorry reality indeed to the gorgeous dreams that are reputed to follow in the train of the seductive pipe.

"This is depressing," said Luella, with a touch on my arm, "Let's go on."

"Turn to the right there," Corson called out, as we led the way while he was explaining to Mr. Carter the method of smoking.

"Let us get where there is some air," said Luella. "This odor is sickening."

We hastened on, and, turning to the right, soon came on two passages. One led up a stair, hidden by a turn after half a dozen steps. The other stretched 50 or 75 feet before us, and an oil lamp on a brackett at the farther end gave a smoky light to the passage and to a mean little court on which it appeared to open.

"We had better wait for the rest," said Luella cautiously.

As she spoke, one of the doors toward the farther end of the passage swung back and a tall, heavy figure came out. My heart gave a great bound, and I felt without realizing it at the moment that Luella clutched my arm fiercely.

In the dim light the figure was the figure of the Wolf, the head was the head of the Wolf and though no light shone upon it, the face was the face of the Wolf, livid, distorted with anger, fear and brutal passions.

"Doddridge Knapp!" I exclaimed, and gave a step forward.

It flashed on me that one mystery was explained. I had found out why the Doddridge Knapp of plot and counterplot, and the Doddridge Knapp who was the generous and confidential employer, could dwell in the same body. The King of the Street was a slave of the Black Smoke, and, like many another, went mad under the influence of the subtle drug.

As I moved forward, Luella clung to me and gave a low cry. The Wolf pigure threw one malignant look at us and was gone.

"Take me home, oh, take me home!" cried Luella in low suppressed tones, trembling and half-falling. I put my arm about her to support her.

"What is it?" I asked.

She leaned upon me for one moment, and the black walls and gloomy passage became a palace filled with flowers. Then her strength and resolution returned and she shook herself free.

"Come; let us go back to the others," she said a little unsteadily. "We should not have left them."

"Certainly," I replied. "They ought to be here by this time."

But as we turned a sudden cry sounded as of an order given. There was a bang of wood and a click of metal, and as we looked we saw that unseen hands had closed the way to our return. A barred and iron-bound door was locked in our faces.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Battle in the Maze.

For an instant I was overwhelmed with terror and self-reproach. The bolted door before me gave notice of danger as plainly as though the word had been painted upon its front. The dark and lowering walls of the passage in which the Wolf figure of Doddridge Knapp had appeared and disappeared whispered threats. And I, in my folly and carelessness, had brought Luella Knapp into this place and exposed her to the dangers that encircled me. It was this thought that for the moment unnerved me.

"What does this mean?" asked Luella in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It is a poor practical joke, I fear," said I lightly. I took occasion to shift a revolver to my overcoat pocket.

"Well, aren't you going to get me out of here?" she asked with a little suggestion of impatience.

"That is my present intention," I replied, beating a tattoo on the door.

"You'll hurt your fists," she said. "You must find some way besides beating it down."

"I'm trying to bring our friends here," said I. "They should have been with us before now."

"Isn't there another way out?" asked Luella.

"I suspect there are a good many ways out," I replied, "but, unfortunately, I don't know them." And I gave a few resounding kicks on the door.

"Where does this stairway go, I wonder?" said Luella. "It can't be the way out. Isn't there another?"

"We might try the passage."

She gave a shudder and shrank toward me.

"No, no," she cried in a low voice. "Try the door again. Somebody must hear you, and it may be opened."

I followed her suggestion with a rain of kicks, emphasized with a shout that made the echoes ring gloomily in the passage.

I heard in reply a sound of voices, and then an answering shout, and the steps of men running.

"Are you there, Mr. Wilton?" cried the voice of Corson through the door.

"Yes, all safe," I answered.

"Well, just hold on a bit and we'll—"

The rest of his sentence was lost in a suppressed scream from Luella. I turned and darted before her, just in time to face three Chinese ruffians who were hastening down the passage. The nearest of the trio, a tall dark savage with a deep scar across his cheek, was just reaching out his hand to seize Luella when I sprang forward and planted a blow square upon his chin. He fell back heavily, lifted almost off his feet by my impact, and lay like a log on the floor.

The other two ruffians halted irresolute for an instant, and I drew my revolver. Their wish seemed to be to take me alive if possible. After a moment of hesitation there was a muttered exclamation and one of the desperadoes drew his hand from his blouse.

"Oh!" cried Luella. "He's got a knife!"

Before he could make another movement I fired once, twice, three times. There was a scramble and scuffle in the passageway, and the smoke rolled thick in front, blotting out the scene that had stood in silhouettte before us.

Fearful of a rush from the Chinese, I threw one arm about Luella, and, keeping my body between her and possible attack, guided her to the stair that led upward at nearly right angles from the passage. She was trembling and her breath came short, but her spirit had not quailed. She shook herself free as I placed her on the first step.

"Have you killed them?" she asked quietly.

"I hope so," I replied, looking cautiously around the corner to see the results of my fusillade. The smoke had spread into a thin haze through the passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Experiment Was a Failure.

And Now Uncle Hezekiah Is Down on Washington Officials.

"By gosh, but Uncle Hezekiah is down on them Washington officials," said the old farmer with the big scythe. "What is the trouble?" inquired the windmill repairer. "Why, you see them Washington folks sent out a circular saying that 'skeeters could be killed with kerosene." "What happened then?" "Most everything happened, stranger; 'most everything. You see, Uncle Hezekiah tried the experiment. He hunted around half the morning and broke his suspenders before he could ketch a live 'skeeter. Then when he did ketch one he took him out in the yard and ducked his head down in a big can of kerosene. While Uncle Hezekiah was bending over the sun reflected through the corner of his spectacles and set fire to the oil. Before Uncle Hezekiah could get away is burned off half his whiskers and exploded his colluloid collar. And worst of all, Uncle Hezekiah isn't sure whether the 'skeeter was killed or not."

Lost a Good Thing.

Formerly a telephone had stood on the bracket in the corner. The bracket had been made expressly for the phone. It had been so exceedingly convenient to call up her friends that the woman immediately noticed the change; for on the bracket in place of the telephone stood a statuette that she didn't much care for. "What have you done with it?" she asked of them. "The company tried to collect the bill," they said. "I am sorry," the woman sighed, because at that moment she thought of about a dozen to whom she would have liked to telephone. "So are all our friends," said they pointedly.

Tools Made of Glass.

Squares, triangles and similar implements used by draftsmen are now made of glass.

MORNING COSTUME

Bright-pink chambray has been made up into this simple little costume. The waist has the fullness of the front and back distributed in groups of narrow backward-turning tucks, and closes under the narrow box-plait at the center-front. The wide sailor collar, turnback cuffs and jaunty four-in-hand tie, are of black-and-white striped French gingham, and the belt is of similar material, or of the chambray, according to taste. Both sides of the panel of the skirt are ornamented with flat, white pearl buttons; these buttons forming the fastening on the left side. The back has a center-seam and an inverted box-plait which gives the required fullness to the lower edge. The wide bias band, which may be omitted if desired, is of the striped linen, stitched along both its edges.

COAT FOR YOUNG GIRL.

Here Is Very Pretty Garment Made Up in Empire Etyle.

This pretty coat is made in empire style, the skirt fitting the yoke without fullness.

Pale blue cloth is used here; it is trimmed with soft frillings of the same colored silk, a little collar of lace finishes the coat at neck, it is also edged with a frill of the silk.

The sleeves are long, with a deep cuff at the wrist, and are edged with a narrow strap of the silk, two deep capes completely cover the empire top, and fall over the sleeves, they have scalloped edges, and are finished with a strap of silk and a narrow frill.

Hat of soft straw, trimmed with pale blue shaded feathers.

Materials required: 3 yards 46 inches wide, 1 yard silk, a lace collar, and 4 yards of lining.

In Dotted Swiss.

Some smart colored effects are achieved in the dotted swisses, and there are some particularly pretty frocks of this material in medium dark shades thickly sprinkled with very tiny dots of self-color, white or black, inset with cluny insertion matching the dot and worn over slips of self-color or white. The straw colorings, pongee shades and other light yellow or brown tones are especially popular in all of the thin cotton stuffs and are always cool looking in combination with white.

Diet for Thin Girl.

There are many, many thin girls who long to be plump and round and who could be if they would follow a good diet. A simple diet which will help the good cause is, for breakfast: Cereal, with plenty of rich cream, fruits which contain no acids, eggs and potatoes cooked any way except fried.

Milk should be substituted for tea or coffee. In the forenoon a glass of warm milk with a wee pinch of salt in it will be of great benefit. She may also drink a glass of milk prepared in this way in the afternoon and at night before going to bed.

Starchy vegetables, such as sweet and white potatoes, peas, corn, beans and rice, thick cream soups, macaroni and spaghetti are all fattening and should be eaten by the thin girl. She should not eat acid fruits, but bananas, peaches, grapes, melons, baked apples, and figs and dates are to be included in her diet. Pickles, olives, vinegar and the like she must let alone.

Deep flounces of white embroidered muslin, gathered or plaited into a binding, can be bought ready to put on to a plain muslin petticoat.

TRIMMINGS OF NEW LINGERIE.

Wash Ribbon Attractively Arranged Had Good Effect.

Some of the new lingerie is trimmed with rows of wash ribbon in pink or light blue so arranged that they are sandwiched between two rows of valenciennes insertion. A nightgown, for instance, would be finished with a pointed yoke of alternating lace and ribbon, finished at top with merely a narrow beading, with a very small bow of ribbon to match. It gives the effect of a great quantity of graceful color while in reality the material is very little and the work is very easy. A corset cover could, of course, be made on the same principle, although it is better not to use quite so much ribbon on one of those minute garments, because it shows too much through the sheer waists of summer. Petticoats, however, might be finished with a ruffle of wide lace and ribbon, and the effect would be quite magnificent, particularly if Dresden ribbon be used.

One of the chief advantages in using ribbon in combination with lace insertion is that the edges may be left as they are, while, if bands of the material are used instead, the edges must be rolled—a feat which requires an expert, and which prevents the work being done on the sewing machine.

Engagement Gift.

Hand-embroidered tops for chemises and nightgowns may be bought at comparatively little cost, to be attached to the main part of the garment, which may be made at home. This is quite an innovation, but one likely to be very profitable, for, in buying a ready-made chemise, for instance, it is almost sure to be too long or in some way unsatisfactory, and the same may be said of a nightgown.

If just the hand-embroidered yoke is bought, however, and the rest of the gown made at home, the material will surely be more carefully selected and the garment may be made to exactly fit. The hand-embroidered yokes are attached to the skirt of the garment by means of some beading or valenciennes lace insertion, or it might be done with a little bit of narrow real lace.

These detached yokes make ideal gifts for prospective brides, or they may be carefully saved and made up at some future time into really handsome articles for the trousseau.

Fichu Frocks.

Nothing could be more cool and dainty for a hot summer morning than one of the new fichu frocks that are being made in such numbers for seashore wear.

Color Combinations.

The latest manifestation of odd color schemes is found in a costume having a tunic skirt of electric blue shantung silk and a frivolous little coat of jade green satin foulard. These coats continue to flourish, and with them are being shown waistcoats of costly old tapestries or brocades, many of them handsome enough to adorn the crystal shelves of the curio cabinet.

Parasol for a Bridesmaid.

Painted parasols are again the fashion and spring blossoms the chosen designs. One with sprays of exquisitely tinted apple blossoms is especially appropriate for a bridesmaid to carry, as the delicate coloring will blend with any color costume.—Vogue.

Every Swish of Skirt Is Fragrant.

The Parisienne, who is devoted to the trailing gown, has her skirt sponged about the hem after each wearing, first with an odorless cleaning essence and then, with perfume, so that every swish of her skirt hem is fragrant.—From a Paris Letter to Vogue.

AROUND THE TOWN

"OLD GLORY."

The Name Was First Given the Flag by the Volunteers in Mexico.

The question often is asked: "How did our national flag come by the now universal appellation of 'Old Glory?'" An old soldier in the National Tribune says on this point: "It is desirable to state July 4, 1846, the First Ohio volunteers, afloat on the Mississippi, bound for Mexico, honored the day with much enthusiasm. Among those called upon for addresses was the gifted and eloquent Brig. Gen. Thomas L. Hamer, who was particularly eulogistic of the 'glorious banner of freedom.' Amid the great applause aroused an enthusiastic son of Old Erin impulsively exclaimed, 'Hurrah for Ould Glory.' This caught popular fancy, and was afterward heard amid many battle scenes."

In a letter, inclosing copy of the verses printed below, from Capt. Charles H. Pearson of the First New York volunteers dated April 20, 1847, he writes to his prior company, the Light Guards of the Sixty-fourth N. Y. S. M., now known as Company A of the Thirteenth N. Y. N. G., that "The phrase, 'Old Glory,' is said to have originated with the First Ohio."

The Flag of Our Country—"Old Glory."

A SONG.

(Sung in bivouac night before storming of Cerro Gordo, Mexico, by Lieut. Charles F. Brower, New York volunteers.)

"To-night e'er our parting dill high to the brim,
'Tis last we together may drink;
To-morrow in battle some yield to death grim;
Our soldiers its flat ne'er shrink.

Then stand to the toast, now last, but the best,
The flag of our country,' and love;
We'll crown it with victory—in valorous zest
Place 'Old Glory' yon ramparts above.

"Whatever each quaffing—be it aqua or wine—
'Round the cup fond memories wreathe,
For hofteland emotions give courage divine,
It's cause to uphold while we breathe.

Then stand to the toast, etc.

"Sant' Ana is boasting invincible might;
His hosts against grand in array,
'Remember the Alamo,' and—God for the right—
We'll drive them away in dismay.

Then stand to the toast, etc.

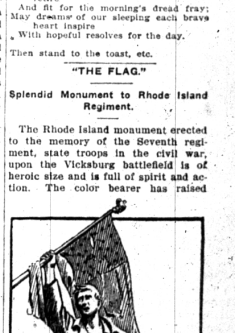
"The bugles are sounding the call to retire
And fit for the morning's dread fray;
May dreams of our sleeping each brave heart inspire
With hopeful resolves for the day.

Then stand to the toast, etc.

"THE FLAG."

Splendid Monument to Rhode Island Regiment.

The Rhode Island monument erected to the memory of the Seventh regiment, state troops in the civil war, upon the Vicksburg battlefield is of heroic size and is full of spirit and action. The color bearer has raised aloft the tattered flag and one can almost hear the answering shout of the men of the regiment as they rally their forces and push the line of battle to victory. The flag, torn and tattered! How it proved in many a critical moment the inspiration for heroic display of courage and discipline.



"The Flag."

POINT LOOKOUT PRISON.

How Gen. Butler's Kindness Was Repaid by Curses from the Prisoners.

Referring to the report of the inspector of Lookout prison, W. Thompson, Second N. H., Nowata, Okla., says that he was stationed there a part of the time in the winter of 1863-64. There was at that time a large number confined, he thinks about 14,000; the grounds were large and well drained, and the prisoners housed in tents such as our officers used. They were well and warmly dressed and to all appearances well fed. The hospital was clean and well administered. During that time Gen. Butler came on a visit of inspection and rode into the stockade. The prisoners crowded around him until they stopped his progress. After looking them over he said to them:

"Men, I have been informed by the general in command of this post that you cannot consume all the meat issued to you. I have authorized him to trade the surplus meat for potatoes, so you will have potatoes to eat."

Many of the prisoners yelled, "Three cheers for John S. Mosby." Many cheered Jeff Davis, and it seemed they all with one accord cursed Ben Butler to his face. This I call impudence. Our comrades were allowed no shelter at Andersonville, and as I understand it, received one pint per day of corn cob meal.