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Robert is only eight years old, but he has some ideas of his own and he dislikes compliments about his flaxen hair. At school he overheard some of the teachers say that anything could be accomplished with a knowledge of "self-applied psychology." On returning home he said:

"Mamma, where can I get a book that tells about self applied si-ki-kolygee?"

"Why, Robert, what do you wish to do?" she asked.

"I want to see if it will turn my hair black," was the answer.

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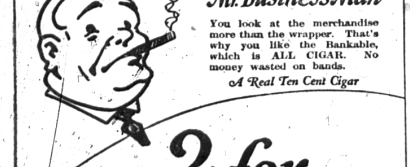

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The Blind Man's Eyes

By
WILLIAM MacHARG
EDWIN BALMER

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"SHIELD HIM?"

Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a caller, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of danger that threatens him if he pursues a course he considers the only honorable one. Warden leaves the house in his car and meets a man whom he takes into the machine. When the car returns home, Warden is found dead, murdered, and alone. The caller, a young man, has been at Warden's house, but leaves unobserved. Bob Connery, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train, the eastern express. The father of the girl, Mr. Dorne, is the person for whom the train was held. Philip D. Eaton, a young man, also boarded the train. Dorne tells his daughter, and his secretary, Don Avery, to find out what they can concerning him. The two make Eaton's acquaintance. Dorne is found nearly dead from a murderous assault. A surgeon operates. Dorne is revealed as Basil Santoine, blind, and a power in the financial world as the adviser of "big interests." Eaton is suspected and questioned. He refuses information about himself and admits he was the caller at Warden's house. Eaton pleads with Harriet Santoine to withhold judgment, telling her he is in serious danger, though innocent of the crime against her father. He feels the girl believes him. Santoine recovers sufficiently to question Eaton, who refuses his identity. The financier requires Eaton to accompany him to the Santoine home as a self-prisoner. Eaton meets a resident of the house, Wallace Blatchford, and Mildred Davis, a stenographer, with whom he is acquainted, though they conceal the fact. Eaton's mission is to secure certain documents which are vital to his interests. Harriet tells Eaton she and Donald Avery act as "eyes" to Santoine. While walking with her, men in an automobile deliberately attempt to run Eaton down. The girl recognizes one of the men as having been on the train.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

—10—

"To kill him, Harriet? How do you know?"

She caught herself. "I—I don't know, Father. He certainly meant to injure Mr. Eaton. When I said kill him, I was telling only what I thought."

"That is better. I think so too."

"That he meant to kill Mr. Eaton?"

"Yes."

She watched he, father's face; often when relating things to him, she was aware from his expression that she was telling him only something he already had figured out and expected or even knew; she felt that now.

"Father, did you expect Mr. Eaton to be attacked?"

"Expect? Not that exactly; it was possible; I suspected something like this might occur."

"And you did not warn him?"

The blind man's hands sought each other on the coverlet and clasped together. "It was not necessary to warn him, Harriet; Mr. Eaton already knew. Who was in the car?"

"Three men."

"Had you seen any of them before?"

"Yes, one—the man who drove."

"Where?"

"On the train."

The color on Santoine's face grew brighter. "Describe him, dear."

He listened while she pieced together her recollections of the man.

"I can't describe him very fully, Father," she said. "He was one of the people who had berths in the forward sleeping car; I can recall seeing him only when I passed through the car—I recall him only twice in that car and once in the diner."

"That is interesting," said Santoine.

"What, Father?"

"That he frequently upon the train you say the man only three times."

"You mean he must have kept out of sight as much as possible?"

"Have you forgotten that I asked you to describe him, Harriet?"

She checked herself. "Height about five feet five," she said. "Broad-shouldered, very heavily set; I remember he impressed me as being unusually muscular. His hair was black; I can't recall the color of his eyes; his cheeks were blue with a heavy beard closely shaved. I remember his face was pronounced, and his clothes were spotted with dropped food. I—it seems hard for me to recall him, and I can't describe him very well."

"But you are sure it was the same man in the motor?"

"Yes. He seemed an animal sort of person, small, strong, and not particularly intelligent. It seems hard for me to remember more about him than that."

"That is interesting."

"What?"

"That it is hard for you to remember him very well."

"Why, Father?"

Her father did not answer. "The other man in the motor?" he asked.

"I can't describe them. I—I was excited about Mr. Eaton."

"Thank you, dear. Bring Eaton to me."

"He has gone to his room to fix himself up."

"I'll send for him, then." Santoine pressed one of the buttons beside his bed to call a servant; but before the bell could be answered, Harriet got up.

"I'll go myself," she said.

She went out into the hall and closed the door behind her; she waited until she heard the approaching steps of the man summoned by Santoine's bell; then, going to meet him, she sent him to call Eaton in his rooms, and she still waited until the man came back and told her Eaton had already left his rooms and gone downstairs. She dismissed the man and went to the head of the stairs, but her steps slowed there and stopped. She knew that the blind man's thought in regard to Eaton had taken some immense stride; but she did not know what that stride had been, or what was coming now when her father saw Eaton.

She went on slowly down the stairs, and when halfway down, she saw Eaton in the hall below her. He was standing beside the table which held the bronze antique vase; he seemed to have taken something from the vase and to be examining it. She halted again to watch him; then she went on, and he turned at the sound of her footsteps. She could see, as she approached him, what he had taken from the vase, but she attached no importance to it; it was only a black button from a woman's glove—one of her own, perhaps, which she had dropped without noticing. He tossed it indifferently toward the open fireplace as he came toward her.

"Father wants to see you, Mr. Eaton," she said.

He looked at her intently for an instant and seemed to detect some strangeness in her manner and to draw himself together; then he followed her up the stairs.

CHAPTER XIII

—

It Grows Plainer.

Basil Santoine's bedroom was so nearly sound-proof that anything going on in the room could not be heard in the hall outside it, even close to the double doors. Eaton, as they approached these doors, listened vainly, trying to determine whether anyone was in the room with Santoine; then he quickened his step to bring him beside Harriet.

"One moment, please, Miss Santoine," he urged.

She stopped. "What is it you want?"

"Your father has received some answer to the inquiries he has been having made about me?"

"I don't know, Mr. Eaton."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes."

Eaton thought a minute. "That is all I wanted to know, then," he said.

Harriet opened the outer door and knocked on the inner one. Eaton heard Santoine's voice at once calling them to come in, and as Harriet opened the second door, he followed her into the room.

"Am I to remain, Father?" she asked.

"Yes," Santoine commanded.

Eaton waited while she went to a chair at the foot of the bed and seated herself—her clasped hands resting on the footboard and her chin upon her hands—in a position to watch both Eaton and her father while they talked; then Eaton sat down.

"Good morning, Eaton," the blind man greeted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Santoine." Eaton answered.

Santoine was lying quietly upon his back, his head raised on the pillows, his arms above the bed-covers, his finger-tips touching with the fingers spread.

"You recall, of course, Eaton, our conversation on the train," Santoine said evenly.

"Yes."

"I want to call your attention to a certain order to some of the details of what happened on the train. You had rather a close call this morning, did you not?"

"Rather. I was careless."

"You were careless?" Santoine smiled derisively. "Perhaps you were—in one sense. In another, however, you have been very careful, Eaton. You have been careful to act as though the attempt to run you down could not have been a deliberate attack; you were careful to call it an accident; you were careful not to recognize any of the three men in the motor."

"I had no chance to recognize any of them, Mr. Santoine," Eaton replied easily. "I did not see the car coming; I was thrown from my feet; when I got up, it was too far away for me to recognize anyone."

"Perhaps so; but were you surprised when my daughter recognized one of them as having been on the train with us?"

Eaton hesitated, but answered almost immediately:

"Your question doesn't exactly fit the case. I thought Miss Santoine had made a mistake."

"But you were not surprised; no. What would have been a surprise to you, Eaton, would have been—if you had had a chance to observe the men—to have found that none of them—none of them had been on the train?"

Eaton started and felt that he had colored. How much did Santoine know? Had the blind man received, as Eaton feared, some answer to his inquiries, which had revealed, or nearly revealed, Eaton's identity? Or was it merely that the attack made on Eaton that morning had given Santoine new light on the events that had happened on the train and particularly—Eaton guessed—on the cipher telegram which Santoine claimed to have translated.

"You assume that, Mr. Santoine," he asserted, "because—" He checked himself and altered his sentence. "Will you tell me why you assume that?"

"That that would have surprised you? Yes; that is what I called you in here to tell you."

As Santoine waited a moment before going on, Eaton watched him anxiously. The blind man turned himself on his pillows so as to face Eaton more directly.

"Just ten days ago," he said evenly and dispassionately, "I was found unconscious in my berth—Section Three of the rearmost sleeper—on the transcontinental train, which I had taken with my daughter and Avery at Seattle. I had been attacked—assaulted during my sleep some time in that first night that I spent on the train—and my condition was serious enough so that for three days afterward I was not allowed to receive any of the particulars of what had happened to me. When I did finally learn them, I naturally attempted to make certain deductions as to who it was that had attempted to murder me, and why; and ever since, I have continued to occupy myself with those questions. I am going to tell you a few of my deductions. If you fancy I am at fault in my conclusions, wait until you discover your error."

Santoine waited an instant; Eaton thought it was to allow him to speak if he wanted to, but Eaton merely waited.

"The first thing I learned," the blind man went on, "was the similarity of the attack on me to the more successful attack on Warden, twelve days previous, which had caused his death. The method of the two attacks was the same; the conditions surrounding them were very similar. The desperate nature of the two attacks, and their almost identical method, made it practically certain that they originated at the same source and were carried out—probably—by the same hand and for the same purpose.

"Mrs. Warden's statement to me of her interview with her husband a half-hour before his murder, made it certain that the object of the attack on him was to 'remove' him. It seemed almost inevitable, therefore, that the attack on me must have been for the same purpose.

"I found that a young man—yourself—had acted so suspiciously both before and after the attack on me that both Avery and the conductor in charge of the train had become convinced that he was my assailant and had segregated him from the rest

"You Understand Already," Santoine Asserted.

of the passengers. Not only this, but—and this seemed quite conclusive to them—you admitted that you were the one who had called upon Warden the evening of his murder. It seemed likely, too, that you were the only person on the train aside from my daughter and Avery who knew who I was; for I had had reason to believe from the time when I first heard you speak, when you boarded the train, that you were someone with whom I had previously, very briefly, come in contact; and I had asked my daughter to find out who you were, and she had tried to do so, but without success."

Eaton wet his lips.

"Also," the blind man continued, "there was a telegram which definitely showed that there was some connection, unknown to me, between you and me, as well as a second—or rather a previous—suspicious telegram in cipher, which we were able to translate."

Eaton leaned forward, impelled to speak; but as Santoine clearly detected this impulse and waited to hear what he was going to say, Eaton reconsidered and kept silent.

"You were going to say something about that telegram in cipher?" Santoine asked.

"No," Eaton denied.

"I think you were; and I think that a few minutes ago when I said you were not surprised by the attempt made today to run you down, you were also going to speak of it; for that attempt makes clear the meaning of the telegram. Its meaning was no clear to me before, you understand. It said only that you were known and followed. It did not say why you were followed. I could not be certain of that; there were several possible reasons why you might be followed—even that the 'one' who 'was following' might be someone secretly interested in preventing you from an attack on me. Now, however, I know that the reason you feared the man who was following was because you expected him to attack you. Knowing that, Eaton—knowing that, I want to call your attention to the peculiarity of our mutual positions on the train. You had asked for and were occupying Section Three in the third sleeper, in order—I assume and, I believe, correctly—to avoid being put in the same car with me. In the night, the second sleeper—the car next in front of yours—was cut off from the train and left behind. That made me occupy in relation to the forward part of the train exactly the same position as you had occupied before the car ahead of you had been cut out. I was in Section Three in the third sleeper from the front."

Eaton stared at Santoine, fascinated; what had been only vague, half felt, half formed with himself, was becoming definite, tangible, under the blind man's reasoning. His hands closed instinctively, in his emotion. "What do you mean?"

"You understand already," Santoine asserted. "The attack made on me was meant for you. Someone stealing through the cars from the front to the rear of the train and carrying in his mind the location of Section Three in the third car, struck through the curtains by mistake at me instead of you. Who was that, Eaton?"

"I don't know," Eaton answered.

"You mean you prefer to shield him?"

"Shield him?"

"That is what you are doing, is it not? For, even if you don't know the man directly, you know in whose cause and under whose direction he murdered Warden—and why and for whom he is attempting to murder you."

Eaton remained silent.

In his intensity, Santoine had lifted himself from his pillows. "Who is that man?" he challenged. "And what is that connection between you and me which, when the attack failed and disabled me instead of you, told him that—in spite of his mistake—his result had been accomplished? I told him that, if I was dying, a repetition of the attack against you was unnecessary?"

Eaton knew that he had grown very pale; Harriet must be aware of the effect Santoine's words had on him, but he did not dare look at her now to see how much she was comprehending.

"I don't understand." He fought to compose himself.

"It is perfectly plain," Santoine said patiently. "It was believed at first that I had been fatally hurt; it was even reported at one time—I understand—that I was dead; only intimate friends have been informed of my actual condition. Yesterday, for the first time, the newspapers announced the certainty of my recovery; and today an attack is made on you. They did not hesitate to attack you in sight of my daughter."

"But—"

"You are merely challenging my deductions! Will you reply to my questions?—tell me the connection between us?—who you are?"

"No."

"Come here!"

"What?" said Eaton.

"Come here—close to me, beside the bed."

Eaton hesitated, and then obeyed.

"Bend over!"

Eaton stooped, and the blind man's hands seized him. Instantly Eaton withdrew.

"Wait!" Santoine warned. "If you do not stay, I shall call help." One hand went to the bell beside his bed. Harriet had risen; she met Eaton's gaze warningly and nodded to him to comply. He bent again over the bed. He felt the blind man's sensitive fingers searching his features, his head, his throat. Eaton gazed at Santoine's face while the fingers were examining him; he could see that Santoine was merely finding confirmation of an impression already gained from what he had been told him about Eaton. Santoine showed nothing more than this confirmation; certainly he did not recognize Eaton. More than this, Eaton could not tell.

"Now your hands," Santoine ordered.

Eaton extended one hand and then the other; the blind man felt over them from wrists to the tips of the fingers; then he let himself sink back against the pillows, absorbed in thought.

"You may go," Santoine said at last.

"Go?" Eaton asked.

"You may leave the room. Blatchford will meet you downstairs."

Santoine reached for the house telephone beside his bed—receiver and transmitter on one light bar—and gave directions to have Blatchford await Eaton in the hall below.

"You yourself will assume charge of the correspondence of which I speak, Daughter."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Broke His Fall.

Mose Lightfoot, one of the beef hod-carriers on the job, lost his footing and fell to the street, four stories below.

Mose lit on his head, struck the cement pavement, and went through to the basement.

When the foreman went to the basement, expecting to find Mose cold and stiff, he met Mose coming up the steps.

"Great Scott, man, aren't you killed?" he cried.

"No," Mose replied, dusting off his clothes. "I guess dat concrete pavement musta broke mah fall."

SCULPTOR GETS CREDIT OF SNEEZE

Prometheus Said to Have Introduced the Action to the World of Mortals.

The Greeks, who refined upon all ancient and inherited customs, and after them the Romans, had an elaborate code by which they distinguished whether a sneeze was to be regarded as a blessing or a malign portent, the distinction being made according to the time, place and circumstances.

Thus, if one sneezed between midday and midnight, the augury was happy, unless the moon chanced at the time to be in the sign of the Virgin, the Balance, the Crab or the Scorpion, when it became an evil omen. Both Greeks and Romans regarded sneezing to the right," that is, turning to the right side as the sneeze occurred, as a most happy omen.

Father Famien Strada, who has made the most erudite researches into the history and literature of the sneeze, says that Prometheus introduced it to mortals. He had made a statue which he wished to endow with life, and for this purpose he stole a beam of sunlight. Wishing to conceal the theft from Apollo, he hid the beam in his snuff box. Shortly afterward, being desirous of taking a pinch of maccaboy, he absentmindedly put the beam up his nose—causing himself to sneeze violently.

Bringing Him to the Scratch.

Father was angry.

"Are you writing to that young man of yours again, Elsie? You've been writing to him for years! How do you sign your letters?"

"Oh, I always say: 'I remain ever your loving Edith Jones.'"

Father thought a moment. Then he said firmly:

"Well, strike out the 'I remain ever' and put three lines under the 'Jones.' It's time that young man was coming to the point."

Being suspicious of others makes a man boastful of his own loyalty.

SAVED LIFE SAYS MRS. WAGENAAR

Portland Lady Fell Off 40 Pounds, but Declares Tanlac Restored Her Fully.

"For nine years," declared Mrs. Ella Wagenaar, 268 Graham St., Portland, Ore., recently, "I was almost a nervous wreck and never knew what it was to feel well.

"I was suffering from a general breakdown and, oh, it's just impossible to describe the pain and misery I endured. My stomach was so disordered I could scarcely retain a morsel of solid food. I lost forty pounds and was so weak I tottered like an infant when I walked. Many nights I never slept a wink, and I had weak spells, when I fainted dead away.

"After spending over a thousand dollars trying to get well, my husband finally persuaded me to take the Tanlac treatment. Well, that was the turning point, for all my troubles are gone now. I have almost regained my lost weight, and I've never enjoyed finer health. I will always believe Tanlac saved my life, and I'm so happy and grateful that I just can't help praising it."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Over 35 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

That All Depends.

Flibb—"When I married my wife we each signed an agreement." Dubb—"Another one of those 'scraps of paper,' eh?"

BAD COLD MAKES YOU SICK AND ACHY ALL OVER

Cough, No Appetite, Weak, Achy Feeling, Backache and Throat All Worry You.

SIMPLE REMEDY IS WHAT YOU NEED NOW

"I had a terrible cough and my throat troubled me greatly. I couldn't eat. Had no appetite. Felt weak and achy and ached so bad. Had backache, too, and pains in my head. Even my stomach turned against me and I felt chilly, weak and sick all over. I read in the paper what Hypo-Cod had done for others and then a lady friend told me how much good Hypo-Cod had done her, so I got a bottle and by the time I had taken three I was stronger. Cough was gone. Throat healed up. Pains all left me and I was eating and sleeping good and my stomach was working fine. It did so much for me I recommend it. You are thrice welcome to use my name and testimony," declared Miss Nellie Mosher, 118 East Pike St., Pontiac, Mich.

If you strengthen your system with a good tonic it is surprising the way your system throws off minor aches, pains, coughs and irritations. Put your system in fighting condition, quick. Hypo-Cod doesn't cost much. It tastes fine. Drop in at the drug store and take home a bottle of Hypo-Cod with you tonight. You'll be delighted.—Advertisement.

It takes a smart man to write an unimportant letter.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.
—Ballou.

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

The Cold Truth.

There's nothing so pathetic about Jacob working 14 years for his wife. Many men put in a lifetime at it.—Exchange.

A man isn't necessarily a failure because he has failed.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago