

BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WILCOIT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, who he was to assist in an important and mysterious business. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with a snake eye, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but the two men are not to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instructions to await his return. Early he has 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 thus 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 in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He learns nothing about the mysterious boy, but later finds that it is Tom Terrill and Darby Meeker who are his a traitor, plotting his death. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Knapp, who is Knapp's enemy, from the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is attracted by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He is provided with four garrets, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the here of the garrets being paid by one "Richard." The boy of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is again attracted to Luella and is found by Mrs. Bowser. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I'd trust ye," she said. "Well, there was a gang across the street to-night—across from my place, I mean—and that sneaking Tom Terrill and Darby Meeker, and I reckon all the rest of 'em, was there. And they was runnin' back and forth to my place, and a-drinkin' a good deal, and the more they drink the louder they talk. And I hears Darby Meeker say to one feller, 'Well, git him, sure!' and I listens with all my ears, though pretendin' to see nothin'. 'Well, fix it this time,' he said, 'the old fella's got his thinkin' cap on.' And I takes in every word, and by one thing and another I picks up that there's new schemes afoot to trap ye. They was a sayin' as it might be an idee to take ye as ye come out of Knapp's to-night."

"How did they know I was at Knapp's?" I asked, somewhat surprised, though I had little reason to be when I remembered the number of spies who might have watched me.

"Why, Dicky Nahl told 'em," said Mother Borton. "He was with the gang and sings it out as pretty as you please."

This gave me something new to think about, but I said nothing.

"Well," she continued, "they says at last that won't do, fer it'll git 'em into trouble, and I reckon they're argy-fyng over their schemes yit. But one thing I finds out."

Mother Borton stopped and looked at me anxiously.

"Well," I said impatiently, "what was it?"

"They're a sayin' as how, if ye're killed, the one as you know on'll have to git some one else to look after the boy, and mebbe he won't be so smart about foolin' them."

"That's an excellent idee," said I. "If they only knew that I was the other fellow they could see at once what a bright scheme they had hit upon."

"Maybe they ain't a-goin' to do it," said Mother Borton. "There's a heap o' things said over the liquor that don't git no further, but you'll be a fool if you don't look out. Now, do as I tell you. You just keep more men around you. Keep eyes in the back of your head, and if you see there's a-goin' to be trouble, jest you shoot first and ask questions all it afterward. They talk of getting you down on the water-front or up in Chinatown with some bogus message and said how easy it would be to dispose of you without leaving clues behind 'em. Now, don't you sleep here without three or four men on guard, and don't you stir round nights with less than four. Send Porter out to git two more men, and tell him to look sharp and see if the coast's clear outside. I reckon I'll slide off if no one's lookin'."

"I've got some men on the next floor," I said. "I thought it would be just as well to have a few around in case of emergencies. I'll have two of them out, and send Porter to reconnoiter."

"Who told you to git your men together?"

"A little idea of my own."

"You've got some sense, after all." The reinforcements were soon ready to take orders, and Porter returned to bring word that no suspicious person was in sight in the street.

"I reckon I'd best go, then," said Mother Borton. "I don't want no knife in me jest yit, but if there's no one to see me I'm all right."

I pressed Mother Borton to take two of my men as escort, but she sturdily refused.

"They'd know something was up if I was to go around that way, and I'd be a bloody ghost as soon as they could ketch me alone," she said. "Well, good night—or is it mornin'?" And do take keer of yourself, dearie."

And, so saying, Mother Borton muffled herself up till it was hard to tell whether she was man or woman, and trudged away.

Whatever designs were brewing in the night-meeting of the conspirators, they did not appear to concern my immediate peace of body. The two following days were spent in quiet despite of warnings, I began to believe that a new plan of action had been determined on, and I bent my steps to the office that had been furnished by Doddridge Knapp. I hardly expected to meet the King of the Street. He had, I supposed, returned to the city,

but he had set Wednesday as the day for resuming operations in the market, and I did not think that he would be found here on Monday.

The room was cold and cheerless, and the dingy books in wall-cup appeared to gaze at me in mute protest as I looked about me.

The doors that separated me from Doddridge Knapp's room were shut and locked. What was behind them? I wondered. Was there anything in Doddridge Knapp's room that bore on the mystery of the hidden boy, or would give the clue to the murder of Henry Wilton? If vengeance was to be mine; if Doddridge Knapp was to pay the penalty of the gallows for the death of Henry Wilton, it must be by the evidence that I should wrest from him and his tools. I had just secured the key that would fit the first door I had taken the impression of the lock and had it made without definite purpose, but now I was ready to act.

With a sinking heart, but a clear head I put the key cautiously to the lock and gently turned it. The key fitted perfectly, and the bolt flew back as it made the circle. I opened the door into the middle room. The second door, as I expected, was closed. Would the same key fit the second lock, or must I wait to have another made? I advanced to the second door

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him my life was sought and defended. I knew that Doddridge Knapp had caused the murder of Henry Wilton, and yet for some unfathomable reason gave me his confidence and employment under the belief that I was Henry Wilton. But I had been able to get no hint of who the boy might be, or where he was concealed, or who was the hidden woman who employed me to protect him, or why he was sought by Doddridge Knapp.

How long I sat by the desk waiting, thinking, planning, I knew not. One scheme of action after another I had considered and rejected, when a sound broke on my listening ears. I started up in feverish anxiety. It was from the room beyond, and I stole toward the door to learn what it might mean. Burning with impatience, I thrust aside the fears of the evil that might follow his action. I had drawn the key and raised it to the slot, when I heard a step in the middle room. I had but time to retreat to my desk when a key was fitted in the lock, the door was flung open, and Doddridge Knapp stepped calmly into the room.

"Ah, Wilton," said the King of the Street affably. "I was wondering if I should find you here."

There was no trace of surprise or agitation in the face before me. It was the man whose prayers and groans and sobs had come to me through the locked door, if he had wrestled with his conscience or even had been the accusing conscience of another, his face was a mask that showed no trace of the agony of thoughts that might contort the spirit beneath it.

"I was attending to a little work of my own," I answered, after greeting. "I felt much like a disconcerted pick-pocket. I was careful to conceal the circumstance, and spoke with easy indifference. You have come back before I expected you," I continued carelessly.

"Yes," said the King of the Street

"Does the campaign reopen?" I asked.

"If you don't mind, Wilton," said the Wolf with another growl, "I'll keep my plans till I'm ready to use them."

"Certainly," I retorted. "But maybe you would feel a little interest to know that Rosenheim and Bashford have gathered in about a thousand shares of Omega in the last four or five days."

Doddridge Knapp gave me a keen glance.

"There were no sales of above a hundred shares," he said.

"No—most of them ran from ten to fifty shares."

"Well," he continued, looking fixedly at me, "you know something about Rosenheim?"

"If it won't interfere with your plans," I suggested apologetically.

The Wolf drew back his lips over his fangs, and then turned the snarl into a smile.

"Go on," he said, waving amends for the snub he had administered.

"Well, I don't know much about Rosenheim, but I caught him talking with Decker."

"Were the stocks transferred to Decker?"

"No; they stand to Rosenheim, trustee."

"Well, Wilton, they've stolen a march on us, but I reckon we'll give 'em a surprise before they're quite awake."

"And," I continued coolly, "Decker's working up a deal in Crown Diamond and toying a little with Confidence—you gave me a week to find out, you may remember."

"Very good, Wilton," said the King of the Street with grudging approval. "Well, sell old Decker quite a piece of Crown Diamond before he gets through. And now is there anything more in your pocket?"

"It's empty," I confessed.

"Well, you may go then."

Doddridge Knapp followed me to the door, and stood on the threshold as I walked down the hall. There was no chance for spying or listening at key-holes, if I were so inclined, and it was not until I had reached the bottom stair that I thought I heard the sound of a closing door behind me.

As I stood at the entrance, almost oblivious of the throng that was hurrying up and down Clay street, Porter joined me.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Him? Who?"

"Why, Tom Terrill sneaked down those stairs a little bit ago, and I thought you might have found him up there."

Could it be possible that this man had been with Doddridge Knapp, and that it was his voice I had heard? This in turn seemed improbable, hard ly possible.

"There he is now," whispered Porter.

I turned my eyes in the direction he indicated, and a shock ran through me; for my eye had met the eye of a serpent. Yes, there again was the cruel, keen face, and the glittering, repulsive eye, filled with malice and hatred, that I had beheld with loathing and dread whenever it had come in my path. With an evil glance Terrill turned and made off in the crowd.

"Follow that man, Wainwright," said I to the second guard, who was close at hand. "Watch him to-night and report to me to-morrow."

I wondered what could be the meaning of Terrill's visit to the building. Was it to see Doddridge Knapp and get his orders? Or was it to follow up some new plan to wrest from me the secret I was supposed to hold? But there was no answer to these questions, and I turned toward my room to prepare for the excursion that had been set for the evening.

It was with hope and fear that I took my way to the Pine Street palace. It was my fear that was realized. Mrs. Bowser fell to my lot, while Luella joined Mr. Carter, and Mrs. Carter with Mr. Horton followed.

Corson was waiting for us at the City Hall. I had arranged with the policeman that he should act as our guide, and had given him Porter and Barkhouse as assistants in case any should be needed.

"A fine night for it, sir," said Corson in greeting. "There's a little celebration goin' on among the haythens to-night, so you'll see 'em at their best."

Looking across the dark shrubbery of Portsmouth Square and up Washington street, the eye could catch a line of gay-colored lanterns, away in the light wind, and casting a mellow glow on buildings and walks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

with equal carelessness. "Some family affairs called me home sooner than I had thought to come."

"Mrs. Knapp is not ill, I trust?" I ventured.

"Oh, no."

"Nor Miss Knapp?"

"Oh, all are well at the house, but sometimes you know women-folks get nervous."

Was it possible that Mrs. Knapp had sent for her husband? What other meaning could I put on these words? But before I could pursue my investigations further along this line, the wolf came to the surface, and he waved the subject aside with a growl.

"But this is nothing to you. What you want to know is that I won't need you before Wednesday, if then."

When Wilson Hobart married Hetty Lewis there were many people who predicted domestic troubles, even tragedies, but they were mistaken, says the Youth's Companion.

The Hobarts were to all appearances, an unusually happy couple. "I reckon Hetty must have learned to keep her temper better than she used to," remarked one person, to whom this state of affairs was inexplicable. "You don't look a bit older than the day you were married, Wilson." "I don't know as she has," said Mr. Hobart, with a slow smile. "I tell her I guess she's got enough on hand to last her; she needn't save any to accommodate me. And I can tell you," he added, with enthusiasm, "it would take more than any temper ever I saw to sour Hetty's bread or her cream pies!"

A Family Puzzle.

Atkinson—The family seems to be somewhat mixed. Hughes—Yes, it is; the woman is the man's third wife, and the man is the woman's second husband, the baby is the child of the woman's second husband by his third wife, the twins are children of the man by his first wife, the girl with red hair is the woman's child by her first husband, the boy with the short trousers is the son of the man by his second wife, and that little girl standing over there by the woman's second husband is another of the woman's children by her first husband.—Life.

WOMAN WHO IS APPRECIATED.

She of Sunny, Cheerful Temperament Always Popular.

The woman who is appreciated is generous not so much with money as with large-heartedness and thoughtfulness and sympathy. The world loves the one who can find a redeeming quality, even in the greatest of sinners, one who forbears to strike a defenseless soul. The sunny, hopeful woman is ever in request. Every door flies open to her who has a cherry, pleasant word and a bright smile. She is the woman who is always considerate of the rights of others and never attempts to monopolize the conversation or to make herself the center of attraction. She realizes that money will not buy love. That though a woman may enjoy every comfort and luxury obtainable, her home may be absolutely cheerless because of love's absence. She knows that there is no woman living who, deep down in her heart, does not appreciate being cared for, admired and loved by those she comes in contact with.

In the World of Letters.

"I'm glad that spelling reform craze has subsided," said the proofreader. "I must confess it had me worried."

"We got off easy," answered the copyholder; "suppose there had been a decree ordering us to take up Volapuk or Esperanto."

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice, said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

One by the Colonel.

Some one had been telling the colonel about weather so warm that eggs could be fried on the sidewalk.

"Call that hot weather?" scoffed the colonel. "Why, that's nothing, sah."

"Think not, colonel?"

"No, sah. Why, Ah have seen it so hot down south, sah, that the popcorn popped right on the stalk."

"And that's not all, sah. The juice in the cane in the next field turned to molasses, ran through the fence, mixed up with the popcorn and formed the finest combination of popcorn and molasses that ever crossed your lips, sah. Talk about hot weather? Huh!"

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer. It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old addiction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in the health."

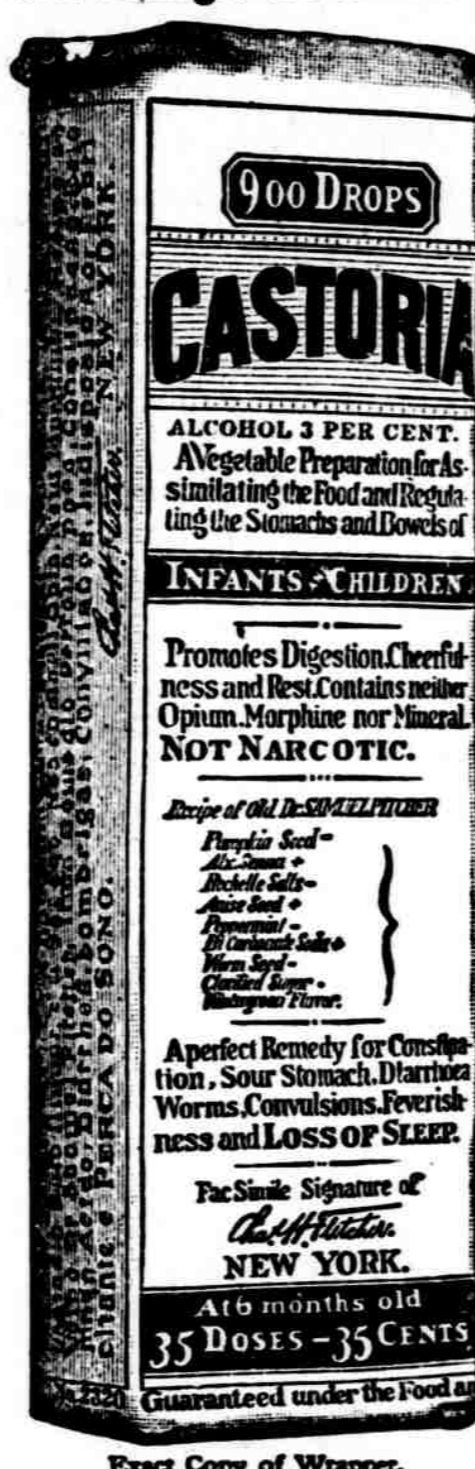
"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. F. Gerald Blatter, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Your Castoria is good for children and I frequently prescribe it, always obtaining the desired results."

Dr. Gustave A. Elsenhager, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."

Dr. L. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my practice and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."

Dr. S. A. Duchann, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."

Dr. J. D. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."

Dr. R. D. Edmonson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."

Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mother."

Dr. Edwin F. Parker, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

Dr. N. D. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Albert's Particular Reason for Inquiry That Worried Nurse.

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It converts them into business men and women.

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Full Term Opens September 1.

Write for catalogue and specimens of penmanship.

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CONTRARY, INDEED.

None for Him.

"Well, what does the hat bill come to this summer?" inquired Mr. Juggins.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Juggins, producing the long paper. "My Merry Widow, Lottie's pink Merry Widow, Ella's green and Mamie's mauve Merry Widow—total \$99.90."

"Geel!" said Mr. Juggins. "Nearly a hundred! Well, with the ten cents remaining, I guess I'd better have my old straw done up again."

The tree of fame is an inconveniently tall tree; the trunk of it is abnormally smooth, too, affording very little foothold to the climber.—Lucas Malet.

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If you are unable to hold your temper get a strong man to hold you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and all the little ailments.

Better a tramp in the woods than a hob in the washboard.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
GRAVEL
DIABETES
"Guaranteed to Cure"

Warm Welcome Assured.

"And you say you haven't been home all the afternoon?" reprimanded the old lady on the bridge.

"No'm," confessed the small boy with wet hair.

"Well, why don't you go home right away? Your mother will be wearing her soul away for you."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"Yessum, but if I get there before my hair dries she will be wearing a shingle away for me. You see, I've been in swimming."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirtwaist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

The average man is willing to let his wife have the last word—and the sooner she gets around to it the better he seems to like it.

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Prevents the Hair from Falling Out. Promotes the Growth of the Hair. Cleanses the Scalp. Keeps the Hair Soft and Silky. Cures itching Scalp. Restores the Hair to its Natural Color. Price 25c. Sold Everywhere.

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Relieves the Eye of all Inflammation. Cures Catarrh of the Eye. Price 25c. Sold Everywhere.

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