

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WILCOIT

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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 by 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 causes them to look at Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but conceals the cause of it. He knows it is one of no ordinary meaning. 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. He learns that there is a boy whom he is charged with securing and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, finds himself in a room with Mother Horton, an unknown woman, a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy until after the death of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slipping out through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown, Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrell. Luella and Dudley are cut off from the rest of the party and imprisoned in a hallway behind an iron-bound door. Three Chinese ruffians approach the imprisoned couple. A battle ensues. One is knocked down, Giles begins firing. Tim Terrell is seen in the mob. A newly formed mob is checked by shots from Giles' revolver. Policeman Corson breaks down the door with an ax and the couple is rescued. Luella thanks Giles Dudley for saving her life. Knapp appears at the office with no trace of the previous night's debacle. He tells his instructions. Dudley has a notable day in the Stock Exchange, selling Crown Diamond and buying Omega. The object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Luella Knapp. Mother Horton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employer of Dudley meets him by appointment with the boy who is turned over to Dudley with his guards and they drive with him to the ferry boat to take a train out of the city. Dudley and his faithful guards convey "the boy" by train to the village of Livermore, as per the written instructions. The party is followed. Soon after the party is quarantined in a hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gangs" including Darryl McKler and Tim Terrell, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy," who comes forward to save the party. "Trick" again, cries Tim Terrell, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy," Dudley and Terrell meet in a battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrell's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrell's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the one-eyed man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback and by stealing a locomotive. Doddrige Knapp and Decker meet face to face on the stock exchange. Decker is defeated.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Then the mine is yours?"
"The directors will be."
"But you were buying shares this morning."
"A mere optical illusion, Wilton. I was in a face seller, for I had shares to spare."
"It was a very good imitation."
"I don't wonder you were taken in, my boy. Decker was fooled to the tune of about \$1,000,000 this morning. I thought it was rather neat for a clean-up."
I thought so, too, and the King of the Street smiled at my exclamations over his cleverness. But my congratulations were cut short as a small dark man pressed his way to the corner where we stood, and whispered in Doddrige Knapp's ear.
"Was he sure?" asked the King of the Street.
"Those were his exact words."
"When was this?"
"Not five minutes ago."
"Run to Caswell's. Tell him to wait for me."
The messenger darted off and we followed briskly. Caswell, I found, was an attorney, and we were led at once to the inner office.
"Come in with me," said my employer. "I expect I shall need you, and it will save explanations."
The lawyer was a tall, thin man, with chalky, expressionless features, but his eyes gave life to his face with their keen, almost brilliant, vision.
"Decker's playing the joker," said the King of the Street. "I've beaten him in the market, but he's going to make a last play with the directors. There's a meeting called for 12:30. They are going to give him a two years' contract for milling, and they talk of declaring 20,000 shares of my stock invalid."
"How many directors have you got?"
"Two—Barber and myself. Decker thinks he has Barber."
"Then you want an injunction?"
"Yes."
The lawyer looked at his watch.
"The meeting is at 12:30. H'm. You'll have to hold them for half an hour—maybe an hour."
"Make it half an hour," growled Doddrige Knapp. "Just remember that time is worth \$1,000 a second till that injunction is served."
He went out without another word, and there was a commotion of clerks as we left.
"How's your nerve, Wilton?" inquired the King of the Street calmly. "Are you ready for some hot work?"
"Quite ready."
"Have you a revolver about you?"
"Very good. I don't want you to kill any one; but it may come in handy as an evidence of your good intentions."
He led the way to California street below Sansone, where we climbed a flight of stairs and went down a hall to a glass door that bore the gilt and painted letters, "Omega Mining Co., J. D. Storey, Pres't."

"There's five minutes to spare," said my employer. "He may be alone."
A stout, florid man, with red side-whiskers and a general air of good living, sat by an over-shadowing desk in the handsome office, and looked sourly at us as we entered. He was not alone, for a young man could be seen in a side room that was lettered "Secretary's Office."
"Ah, Mr. Knapp," he said, bowing

deferentially to the millionaire, and rubbing his fat red hands. "Can I do anything for you to-day?"
"I reckon so, Storey. Let me introduce you to Mr. Wilton, one of our coming directors."
I had an inward start at this information, and Mr. Storey regarded me unfavorably. We professed ourselves charmed to see each other.
"I suppose it was an oversight that you didn't send me a notice of the directors' meeting," said Doddrige Knapp.
Mr. Storey turned very red, and the King of the Street said in an undertone: "Just lock that door, Wilton."
"It must have been sent by mail," stammered Storey. "Hi, there! young man, what are you doing?" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet as I turned the key in the lock. "Open that door again!"
"No you don't, Storey," came the fierce growl from the throat of the Wolf. "Your game is up."
"The devil it is!" cried Storey, making dash past Doddrige Knapp and coming with a rush straight for me.
"Stop him!" roared my employer.
I sprang forward and grappled Mr. Storey, but I found him rather a large contract, for I had to favor my left arm. Then he suddenly turned limp and rolled to the floor, his head thumping noisily on a corner of the desk.
Doddrige Knapp coolly laid a hard rubber ruler down on the desk and I

recognized the source of Mr. Storey's discomfort.
"I reckon he's safe for a bit," he growled. "Hullo, what's this?"
I noted a very pale young man in the doorway of the secretary's office, apparently doubtful whether he should attempt to raise an alarm or hide.
"You go back in your room and mind your own business, Dodson," said the King of the Street. "Go!" he growled fiercely, as the young man still hesitated. "You know I can make or break you."
The young man disappeared and I closed and locked the door on him.
"There they come," said I, as steps sounded in the hall.
"Stand by the door and keep them out," whispered my employer. "I'll see that Storey doesn't get up. Keep still now. Every minute we gain is worth \$10,000."
I took station by the door as the knob was tried. More steps were heard and the knob was tried again. Then the door was shaken and picturesque comments were made on the dilatory president.
Doddrige Knapp looked grim, but serene, as he sat on the desk with his feet on the prostrate Storey. I breathed softly, and listened to the rising complaints from without.
There were thumps and kicks on the door, and at last a voice roared: "What are you waiting for? Break it in."
A crash followed, and the broad-glass upper section of the door fell in fragments.
"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," I said, as a man put his hand through the opening. "This revolver is loaded, and the first man to come through there will get a little cold lead in him."
There was a pause and then a storm of oaths.
"Get in there!" cried Decker's voice from the rear. "What are you afraid of?"
"He's got a gun."
"Well, get in, three or four of you at once. He can't shoot you all."
This spirited advice did not seem to find favor with the front-rank men, and the enemy red for consultation. At last a messenger came forward.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I want you to keep out."
"Who is he?" asked Decker's voice. "There's another one there," cried another voice. "Why, it's Doddrige Knapp!"
Decker made use of some language not intended for publication, and there was whispering for a few minutes, followed by silence.
I looked at Doddrige Knapp, sitting grim and unmoved, counting the minutes till the injunction should come. Suddenly a man bounded through the broken upper section of the door, tossed by his companions, and I found myself in a grapple before I could raise my revolver.
We went down on the floor together, and I had a confused notion that the door swung open and four or five others rushed into the room.
I squirmed free from my opponent and sprang to my feet in time to see the whole pack around Doddrige Knapp.
The King of the Street sat calm and forceful with a revolver in his hand, and all had halted, fearing to go farther.
"Don't come too close, gentlemen," growled the Wolf.
Then I saw one of the men raise a six-shooter to aim at the defiant figure that faced them. I gave a spring and with one blow laid the man on the floor. There was a flash of fire as he fell, and a deafening noise was in my ears. Men all about me were striking at me. I scarcely felt their blows as I ward off and returned them, for I was half-mad with the desperate sense of conflict against odds. But at last I felt myself seized in an iron grip, and in a moment was seated beside Doddrige Knapp on the desk.
"The time is up," he said. "There's the sheriff and Caswell with the writ."
"I congratulate you," I answered, my head still swimming, noting that the enemy had drawn back at the coming of reinforcements.
"Good heavens, man, you're hurt!" he cried, pointing to my left sleeve where a blood stain was spreading. The wound I had received in the night

"That was a dreadful danger you escaped," said Mrs. Knapp with a shudder. "I am thankful, indeed, to see you with us with no greater hurt."
Luella said nothing, but the look she gave me set my heart dancing in a way that all Mrs. Knapp's praise could not.
"I do hope this dreadful business will end soon," said Mrs. Knapp. "Do you think this might be the last of it?"
"No," said I, remembering my note I had received from the Unknown on my return, "there's much more to be done."
"I hope you are ready for it," said Mrs. Knapp, with a troubled look upon her face.
"As ready as I ever shall be, I suppose," I replied. "If the guardian angel who has pulled me through this far will hold on to his job, I'll do my part."
Mrs. Knapp raised a melancholy smile, but it disappeared at once, and she seemed to muse in silence, with no very pleasant thought on her mind. Twice or thrice I thought she wished to speak to me, but if so she changed her mind.
"I wonder at you," said Luella softly, as we stood alone for a moment.
"You have little cause."
"What you have done is much. You have conquered difficulties."
I looked in her calm eyes, and my soul came to the surface.
"I wish you might be proud of me," I said.
"I—I am proud of such a friend—except—"
"Always an 'except,'" I said half-bitterly.
"But you have promised to tell me—"
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"Here's some one to see you, sir," said Owens, as I reached the walk and joined the guards I had left to wait for me.
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"Is she in danger?"
"I reckon the thought was heavy on her mind, for her face was white with the terror of it."
One of the men was sent to bring out such of my force as had returned, and I, with the two others, hurried on to Horton's.

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One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

"I have just been telling Miss Luella—"
"And what, may I ask?"
"I was explaining this morning's troubles."
"Oh, I heard a little of them from Mr. Knapp. Have you had any more of your adventures at Horton's and other dreadful places?"
I considered a moment, and then, as I could see no reason for keeping silent, I gave a somewhat abridged account of my Livermore trip, omitting reference to the strange vagaries of the Doddrige Knapp who traveled by night.
I had reason to be flattered by the attention of my audience. Both women leaned forward with wide-open eyes, and followed every word with eager interest.
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South China is being covered with Japanese educational appliances specially adapted for Chinese use—school books, maps, globes, anatomical and other charts—all helping to rescue the people from their ignorance. Every school teaches physical and military drill in every town of any size, and often in villages, there are now schools with foreign fittings for teaching western learning.



Jim—What's Jack trying for his rheumatism, Bill?
Bill—Swearin'.

"Mercenary Marriages."
"Dinna marry for the siller, Jock," said old Sandy, sagely, to his son, who seemed to show symptoms of the awakening of a young man's fancy; "gin ye dae, ye'll eye regret it. For a'm tellin' ye, when I marrit ye, mither, I hadna but ae shillin', forby she had sichten pence. And for all the 15 year o' oor marrit life, I n'er heard the last o' the odd sarpence."
F. C. Luck, in West Coast Magazine.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved Catarrh to be a constitutional case, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. H. C. Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney Bros., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Catarrh Cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Unpoetic.
"Don't you enjoy the glories of summer?"
"Yes," answered the unpoetic person; "it is something of a comfort to find the gas bills getting so much smaller."
Asthmatics, Read This.
If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, Stella, Neb.

WEATHER NOT THE GREAT THING.
It is not wealth that gives the true zest to life, but reflection, appreciation, taste, culture.—Smiles.
Pettit's Eye Salve Restores.
No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.
Two-thirds of a woman's worry is due to her continuous efforts to have her way.
WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
It's easy for a man to understand a woman if she is a good cook.
Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.
Your use of leisure throws a light on the whole of your life.
If Your Feet Ache or Hurt get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

It costs more to get out of trouble than it does to keep out.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.
There isn't much meat on the bone of contention.

Get your size in a pair of dainty White House Shoes.
Slip your feet in. You'll find the shoes snug—pliable—smooth—graceful.
They are built over foot-form lasts. That's why they fit.
If you want pretty, snug, easy-fitting new shoes, get a pair of White House Shoes.
WHITE HOUSE SHOES.
FOR MEN, \$2.50, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00. FOR WOMEN, \$2.00, 4.00, 5.00.
Ladies Wear Blue Ribbon Shoes for young men. Ask your dealer for them.
THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers, ST. LOUIS.

This Is What Catches Me!
100%—One-Third More Starch.
Examining carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.
Every time the owner of a pocket knife sees a grindstone he thinks it is up to him to get busy.
Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.
The keener the critic the more cutting the criticism.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 oz. FULL POUND for 10c
No premiums, but one-third more starch than you get of other brands. Try it now, for hot or cold starching it has no equal and will not stick to the iron.
PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Defiance Starch—16 oz. FULL POUND for 10c
No premiums, but one-third more starch than you get of other brands. Try it now, for hot or cold starching it has no equal and will not stick to the iron.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALM



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.
Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:
"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
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.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Stomach Pain, Constipation, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Refuse Substitutes.
A. N. BELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO. 73 W. Adams St., CHICAGO.
W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 44, 1908.

Live Stock and Miscellaneous
Electrotypes
In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by
A. N. BELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO. 73 W. Adams St., CHICAGO.
W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 44, 1908.

Get your size in a pair of dainty White House Shoes.
Slip your feet in. You'll find the shoes snug—pliable—smooth—graceful.
They are built over foot-form lasts. That's why they fit.
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