

BLIND FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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CHAPTER I.

A Dangerous Errand.

A city of hills with a fringe of houses crowning the lower heights; half-mountains rising bare in the background and becoming real mountains as they stretched away in the distance to right and left; a confused mass of buildings coming to the water's edge on the flat; a forest of masts, ships swinging in the stream, and the streaked, yellow, gray-green water of the bay taking a cold light from the setting sun as it struggled through the wisps of fog that fluttered above the serrated skyline of the city—these were my first impressions of San Francisco.

The wind blew fresh and chill from the west with the damp and salt of the Pacific heavy upon it, as I breathed it from the forward deck of the ferry steamer, El Capitan. As I drank in the air and was silent with admiration of the beautiful panorama that was spread before me, my companion touched me on the arm.

"Come into my cabin," he said. "You'll be one of those fellows who can't come to San Francisco without catching his death of cold, and then lays it on to the climate instead of his own lack of common sense. Come, I can spare you, now I've got you here at last. I wouldn't lose you for a million dollars."

"I'll come for half the money," I returned, as he took me by the arm and led me into the close cabin.

My companion, I should explain, was Henry Wilton, the son of my father's cousin, who had the advantages of a few years of residence in California, and sported all the airs of a pioneer. We had been close friends through boyhood and youth, and it was on his offer of employment that I had come to the city by the Golden Gate.

"What a resemblance!" I heard a woman exclaim, as we entered the cabin. "They must be twins."

"There, Henry," I whispered with a laugh: "you see we are discovered." Though our relationship was not close we had been cast in the mold of some common ancestor. We were so nearly alike in form and feature as to perplex all but our intimate acquaintances, and we had made the resemblance the occasion of many tricks in our boyhood days.

Henry had heard the exclamation as well as I. To my surprise, it appeared to bring him annoyance or apprehension rather than amusement.

"I had forgotten that it would make us conspicuous," he said, more to himself than to me, I thought; and he glanced through the cabin as though he looked for some peril.

"We were used to that long ago," I said, as we found a seat. "Is the business ready for me? You wrote that you thought it would be in hand by the time I got here."

"We can't talk about it here," he said in a low tone. "There is plenty of work to be done. It's not hard, but as I wrote you, it needs a man of pluck and discretion. It's delicate business, you understand, and dangerous if you can't keep your head. But the danger won't be yours. I've got that end of it."

"Of course you're not trying to do anything against the law?" I said.

"Oh, it has nothing to do with the law," he replied with an odd smile. "In fact, it's a little matter in which we are—well, you might say—outside the law."

Henry paid the bill, took the key, and we were shown to our room. After removing the travel-stains, I declared myself quite ready to dine.

"We won't need this again," said Henry, tossing the key on the bureau as we left. "Or no, on second thought," he continued, "it's just as well to leave the door locked. There might be some inquisitive callers." And we betook ourselves to a hasty meal that was not of a nature to raise my opinion of San Francisco.

"Are you through?" asked my companion, as I shook my head over a melancholy piece of pie, and laid down my fork. "Well, take your bag. This door—look pleasant and say nothing."

He led the way to the bar and then through a back room or two, until with a turn we were in a blind alley. After a pause to observe the street before we ventured forth, Henry said:

"I guess we're all right now. We must chance it, anyhow." So we dodged along in the shadow till we came to Montgomery Street, and after a brief walk, turned into a gloomy doorway and mounted a worn pair of stairs.

The house was three stories in height. It stood on the corner of an alley, and the lower floor was intended for a store or saloon; but a renting agent's sign and a collection of old show-bills ornamenting the dirty windows testified that it was vacant.

"This isn't just the place I'd choose for entertaining friends," said Henry,

with a visible relief from his uneasiness, as we climbed the worn and dirty stair.

"Oh, that's all right," I said, magnanimously accepting his apology.

"It doesn't have all the modern conveniences," admitted Henry as we stumbled up the second flight, "but it's suitable to the business we have in hand, and—"

"What's that?" I exclaimed, as a creaking, rasping sound came from the hall below.

We stopped and listened, peering into obscurity beneath.

"It must have been outside," said Henry, and opened the door of the last room on the right of the hall.

The room was at the rear corner of the building. There were two windows, one looking to the west, the other to the north and opening on the narrow alley.

"Not so bad after you get in," said Henry, half as an introduction, half as an apology.

"It's luxury after six days of rail-riding," I replied.

He listened to his footsteps as they descended the stairs and at last faded away into the murmur of life that came up from the open street.

CHAPTER II.

A Cry for Help.

I hastily closed and locked the door. Then I rallied my spirits with something of resolution, and shamed myself with the reproach that I should fear to share any danger that Henry was ready to face. "Wearied as I was with travel, I was too much excited for sleep. Reading was equally impossible. I scarcely glanced at the shelf of books that hung on the wall, and turned to a study of my surroundings.

The room was on the corner, as I have said, and I threw up the sash of the west window and looked out over a tangle of old buildings, ramshackle sheds, and an alley that appeared to lead nowhere.

Some sound of a drunken quarrel drew my attention to the north window, and I looked out into the alley. There were shouts and curses, and one protesting, struggling inebriate was hurled out from the front door and left, with threats and foul language, to collect himself from the pavement.

This edifying incident, which was explained to me solely by sound, had scarcely come to an end when a noise of creaking boards drew my eyes to the other window. The shutter suddenly flew around, and a human figure swung in at the open casement.

"Sh-h!" came the warning whisper, and I recognized my supposed robber. It was Henry.

"Don't speak out loud," he said in suppressed tones. "Wait till I fasten this shutter."

"Shall I shut the window?" I asked, thoroughly impressed by his manner.

"No, you'll make too much noise," he said, stripping off his coat and vest. "Here, change clothes with me. Quick! It's a case of life and death. I must be out of here in two minutes. Do as I say, now. Don't ask questions. I'll tell you about it in a day or two. No, just the coat and vest.

There was nothing to be seen—no sign of struggle, no shred of torn clothing, no drop of blood. Body, traces and all had disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

A Question in the Night.

I was stricken dumb at this end to the investigation, and half doubted the evidence of my eyes.

"Well," said the policeman, with a sigh of relief, "there's nothing here. I suspected that his doubts of my sanity were returning."

"Here is where it was done," I asserted stoutly, pointing to the spot where I had seen the struggling group from the window. "There were surely five or six men in it."

"It's hard to make sure of things from above in this light," said the policeman, hinting once more his suspicion that I was confusing dreams with reality.

"There was no mistaking that job," I said. "See here, the alley leads farther back. Bring your light."

A few paces farther the alley turned at a right angle to the north. We looked narrowly for a body, and then for traces that might give hint of the passage of a party.

"Nothing here," said the policeman, as we came out on the other street. "Maybe they've carried him into one of these back-door dens, and maybe they whisked him into a hack here and are a mile or two away by now."

"But we must follow them. He may be only wounded and can be rescued. And these men can be caught." I was almost hysterical in my eagerness.

"Aisy, aisy, now," said the policeman. "Go back to your room, now. That's the safest place for you, and you can't do nothin' at all out here. I'll report the case to the head office, an' we'll send out the alarm to the force. Now, here's your door. Just rest easy, and they'll let you know if anything's found."

And he passed on, leaving me dazed with dread and despair in the entrance of the fateful house.

Once more in the room to wait till morning should give me a chance to work, I looked about the dingy place with a heart sunk to the lowest depths. I was alone in the face of this mystery. I had not one friend in the city to whom I could appeal for sympathy, advice or money. Yet I should need all of these to follow this business to the end—to learn the fate of my cousin, to rescue him, if alive and to avenge him, if dead.

Then, in the hope that I might find something among Henry's effects to give me a clue to the men who had attacked him, I went carefully through his clothes and papers. But I found that he did not leave memoranda of his business lying about. The only scrap that could have a possible bearing on it was a sheet of paper in the coat he had changed with me. It bore a rough map, showing a road branching thence, with crosses marked here and there upon it. Underneath was written:

"Third road—cockneyed barn—Iron cow."



"DON'T LOOK AROUND," HE SAID. "WE ARE WATCHED."

There—give me that collar and tie. Where's your hat?"

The changes were completed, or rather his were, and he stood looking as much like me as could be imagined.

"Don't stir from this room till I come back," he whispered. "You can dress in anything of mine you like. I'll be in before twelve, or send a messenger if I'm not coming. By-by."

He was gone before I could say a word, and only an occasional creaking board told me of his progress down the stairs. He had evidently had some practice in getting about quietly. I could only wonder, as I closed and locked the door, whether it was the police or a private enemy that he was trying to avoid.

I had small time to speculate on the possibilities, for outside the window I heard the single word, "Help!"

I rushed to the window and looked out. A band of half a dozen men was struggling and pushing away from Montgomery Street into the darker end of the alley. They were nearly under the window.

"Give it to him," said a voice. "In an instant there came a scream of agony. Then a light showed and

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUTOS AT A COYOTE DRIVE.

California Hunt Not as Successful as Had Been Hoped For.

A large crowd of San Joaquin county residents assembled at the Bolinger ranch, in the eastern part of the county, and enjoyed a coyote drive, which was not as destructive as the people of that district hoped for, as the animals kept out of sight and only a few were killed. Of late the coyotes have been killing sheep, pigs and chickens. The scarcity of dead animals has caused the coyotes to invade the ranches and give the farmer a lot of trouble. As a general rule, these animals seldom attack stock, but when driven to starvation they become bold.

It was with the hope that a large number would be killed that a general invitation was extended to the people to assemble and make a roundup. All kinds of vehicles, from the old fash-

ioned top buggy to the latest in automobiles, were in evidence; and many men appeared on horseback and joined the chase. One drive was made in the forenoon and another in the afternoon, lunch being served between the two trips. Later another effort will be made to exterminate the troublesome animals.

Cause and Effect.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"I think our hen is going to lay an egg."
"What makes you think so, my boy?"
"Cause I saw her eating the egg plant in the garden today!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Girls Wanted.
Since the beginning of this year five male immigrants have landed in New York city to two female immig-

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.

John A. Enders, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyl, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though the secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills.

"The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

STOPPED TO BULL DOG.

One Man at Least Grateful to the Source of His Wealth.

"The Interpreter" in the American Magazine says of a respectful father he once knew:

"Isn't it time we took off our hats and thanked this pleasant land for the good things it has done for us by going on patiently covering up our blunders, rectifying our mistakes, and responding cheerfully to our every intelligent effort?"

"I knew a man out west who had the right idea about it. His father had made a great fortune in the pork packing business. The heir was not puffed up by his millions. Long after he had grown accustomed to the money and might reasonably be expected to look down on butchers, if in walking in the country with his children they saw a drove of hogs on the road, he would make his little boys stand at attention and take off their hats. 'I want them to respect the sources of wealth,' he said."

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS.

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

HER PROTECTOR.



"Here, nurse! Who's that young chap that's always following you around? I be a beau of yours!"

"Oh, no, sir. Dat's Jimmie Hawshaw, de detective. I hires him to protect me from kidnappers an' things!"

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Hart* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Immense Pig Iron Production.
In the last eight years, the three great iron countries have produced 10,300,000 tons of pig iron, of which over half has come out of the United States.

To prevent that tired feeling on ironing day—Use Defiance Starch—saves time—saves labor—saves annoyance, will not stick to the iron. The big 16 oz. package for 10c, at your grocer's.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can.—Channing.

Some one has said that happiness is but a habit. If it is, here's hoping that you may acquire the habit.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The butcher should be careful how he steaks his reputation.

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced.

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or any one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinces you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

Griefs That Die Unspoken.
Read what the singing women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next church yard with very commonplace blue slate stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not.—Holmes.

Do You Eat Pie?
If not you are missing half the pleasure of life. Just order from your grocer a few packages of "OUR-PIE" and learn how easy it is to make Lemon, Chocolate and Custard pies that will please you. If your grocer won't supply them, send me your name. Put up by D-Zeva Co., Rochester, N.Y.

If, in replying to a toast at the political banquet, you lost your head, don't be unhappy, for, if you only stay late enough, you'll be sure to get it back again all right in the morning.

It Cures While You Wait.
Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for hot, sweating, chapped, and swollen, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The world belongs to those who come the last. They will find hope and strength, as we have done.—Longfellow.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

The theatrical manager has a poor show if it isn't a good one.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Electric signs are responsible for some bright remarks.

Do your duty and let the other fellow do the explaining.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve the distress from Dizziness, Nausea, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Headache, and all the troubles of the Stomach, TORPID LIVER, etc. Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Refuse Substitutes.

160 FARMS FOR FREE
What a Settler Can Secure in WESTERN CANADA
160 Acres Grain-Creeping Land FREE. 20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre. 40 to 50 Bushels Oats to the Acre. 25 to 30 Bushels Barley to the Acre. Timber for Fencing and Building FREE. Good Lumber with Low Taxation. School and Church Concessions. Subsidized Rates for all Productions. Good Climate and Perfect Health. Good access for Profitable Investments.

Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may now be acquired in these most healthful and prosperous sections under the Revised Homestead Regulations by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteaders. Entry fee in each case \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

WEAR SHIELD BRAND SHOES
Recent School Shoes for boys and girls. Dressy, comfortable—unequaled for real hard wear. Price, \$1.75 to \$2.50. If not at dealers ask ELLET-KENDALL SHOE CO. MFGS. Kansas City, Mo.

FOR PINK EYE
Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid remedy for the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy; 25c. cream and 50c. bottles; \$1.00 and \$1.50 the dozen. Sold by all Druggists and home goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturer, SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 SHOES \$3.50
SHOES AT ALL PRICES. MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more bright and longer lasting than any other dye. One the package color of them. They do not fade under better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without rinsing apart. Write for free booklet—How to Use, Wash and the Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well, that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it."

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.

Do your duty and let the other fellow do the explaining.

THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

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

\$80,000 Value Given Away
THE BATTLE is the 27c bicycle. It is the best bicycle ever made. It is the best bicycle ever made. It is the best bicycle ever made.

WIDOWS under NEW LAW entitled to PENSIONS by JOHN W. MCGOWAN, Washington, D. C.
DEFIANCE STARCH selected to work with and starch clothes neat.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 21, 1908.

W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

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Color more bright and longer lasting than any other dye. One the package color of them. They do not fade under better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without rinsing apart. Write for free booklet—How to Use, Wash and the Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.