BLIND FOLDED

By EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton proposes an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know 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 secreting and protecting. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. Slumming tour through Chinatown is planned. The trip to Chinatown. Giles Dudley learns that the party is being shadowed by Terrill. 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 Terrill 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 traces of the previous night's debauch. Following 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 Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the boy' is." The mysterious unknown woman employed by 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 quartered in the hotel a special train arrives in Livermore. The "gang" including Darby Meeker and Tim Terrill, lay siege to the hotel and endeavor to capture "the boy" who comes forward to see the fight. "Tricked again," cries Tim Terrill, when he sees the youngster's face. "It's the wrong boy." Dudley and Terrill meet in battle of man to man. Dudley is knocked unconscious by Terrill's assistant and awakes to find himself in a hotel room under care of his guards. The hotel is guarded by Terrill's men who are instructed to kill the first man who tries to escape. Dudley gives the note to the escaped man. The boy is left behind and Dudley and his remaining guards make their escape by horseback.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The willing brutes shot forward into the darkness at the word and tossed the rain drops from their ears with many an angry nod.

I have a dim recollection of splashing over miles of level road, drenched with water and buffeted by gusts of wind that faced us more and more, with the monotonous beat of hoofs ever in my ears, and the monotonous stride of the horse beneath me ever racking my tired muscles. Then we slackened pace in a road that wound in sharp descent through a gap in the hills, and the rush and roar of a torrent beneath and beside us, the wind sweeping with wild blasts through the trees that lined the way and covered the hillside and seeming to change the direction of its attack at every moment.

"We'll make it, I reckon," said Thatcher, at last. "It's only two miles farther, and the train hasn't gone up yet."

There was no sign of life about the station as we drew our panting, steaming horses to a halt before it, and no train was in sight. The rain dripping heavily from the eaves was the only sound that came from it, and a dull glow from an engine that lay alone on a siding was the only light that was to be seen.

"What's the time?" asked Thatcher. "We must have made a quick trip."

"Twenty minutes past three," said I, striking a match under my coat to see my watch face.

"Immortal snakes!" cried Thatcher. "I'm an idiot. This is Sunday night."

I failed to see the connection of these startling discoveries, but I had spirit enough to argue the case. "It's Monday morning, now."

"Well, it's the same thing. The freight doesn't run to-night."

I awoke to some interest at this announcement.

"Why, it's got to run, or we must take to saddle again for the rest of the way."

"These horses can't go five miles more at that gait, let alone 25," protested Thatcher.

"Well, then, we must get other horses here."

"Come," said Fitzhugh; "what's the use of that when there's an engine on the siding doing nothing?"

"Just the idea. Find the man in charge."

But there did not appear to be any man in charge. The engineer and fireman were gone, and the watchman had been driven to cover by the foul weather.

We looked the iron horse over enviously.

"Why, this is the engine that came up with the special this noon," said Fitzhugh. I remember the number."

"Good! We are ahead of the enemy, then. They haven't had a chance to get the wire, and we beat them on the road. We must find the engineer and get it ourselves."

"I've got an idea," said Fitzhugh. "It's this: Why not take the machine without asking? I was a fireman once, and I can run it pretty well."

I thought a moment on the risk, but the need was greater.

"Just the thing. Take the money for the horses to your friend there. I'll open the switch."

In a few minutes Fitzhugh was back.

"I told him," he chuckled. "He says it's a jail offense, but it's the only thing we can do."

"It may be a case of life and death," I said. "Pull out."

"There's mighty little steam here—hardly enough to move her," said Fitzhugh from the cab, stirring the fire.

But as he put his hand to the lever she did move easily on to the main track and rested while I reset the switch.

Then I climbed back into the cab and sank down before the warm blaze in a stupor of faintness as the engine glided smoothly and swiftly down the track.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Flutter in the Market.

The gray pall of the storm hung over San Francisco. The dim light of the morning scarcely penetrated into the hallways as we climbed the stairs that led to our lodgings, leaving behind us the trail of dripping garments. I heaved a sigh of relief as Trent opened the door, and we once more faced the pleasing prospect of warmth, dry clothing and friends.

THE WILLING BRUTES SHOT FORWARD INTO DARKNESS

We had made the run from Niles without incident and had left the engine on a siding at Brooklyn without being observed. If the railroad company still has curiosity, after all these years, to know how that engine got from Niles to Brooklyn, I trust that the words I have just written may be taken as an explanation and apology.

"Where's Barkhouse?" I asked, becoming comfortable once more with dry clothes, a warm room and a fresh bandage on my arm.

"He hasn't shown up, sir," said Trent. "Owens and Larson went out to look for him toward evening yesterday, but there wasn't a sign of him."

"Try again to-day. You may pick up news at Borton's or some of the water-front saloons."

"Oh, there was a letter for you," said Trent. "I near fogot."

I snatched the envelope, for the address was in the hand of the Unknown. The sheet within bore the words:

"Where is the boy? Have you removed him? Send the key to Richmond. Let me know when you return, for I must see you as soon as it is safe."

I read the note three or four times and each time I was more bewildered than before. I had left the boy in Livermore, but certainly he was not the one she meant. He was the "wrong boy," and my employer must be well aware that I had taken him at her orders. Or could that expedition be a jest of the enemy to divert my attention? I dismissed this theory as soon as it suggested itself.

The closing portion of the note set my heart beating fast. At last I was to have the opportunity to meet my mysterious employer face to face. But what explanation was I to make? What reception would I meet when she learned that Henry Wilton had given up his life in her service and that I, who had taken his place, could tell nothing of the things she wished to know?

I wrote a brief note to Richmond stating that I had no key, inclosed the Unknown's note, with the remark that I had returned and gave it to Owens to deliver. I was in some anxiety lest he might not know where Richmond was to be found. But he took the note without question, and I law down with orders that I was to be called in time to reach the opening session of the stock market, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The Stock Exchange was a boiling and bubbling mass of excited men as I reached it. I shouldered my way through the crowd into the buzzing Board-room as the session opened. Excitement thrilled the air, but the opening was listless. All knew that the struggle over Omega was to be settled that day, and that Doddridge Knapp or George Decker was to find ruin at the end of the call, and all were eager to hasten the decisive moment.

I could see nothing of Doddridge Knapp, and the uneasy feeling that he was at Livermore came over me. What was my duty in case he did not appear? Had he left his fotune at the mercy of the market to follow his lawless schemes? Had he been caught in his own trap, and was he now to be ruined as the result of his own acts?

I might have spared my worry. The call had not proceeded far when the massive form of Doddridge Knapp appeared at the railing. The strong wolf-marks of the face were stronger than ever as he watched the scene on the floor. I looked in vain for a trace upon him of last night's work. If he had been at Livermore he showed no sign of the passions or anxieties that had filled the dark hours.

He nodded carelessly for me to come to him as he caught my eye.

"You have the stock?"

"All safe."

"And the proxies?"

"Just as you ordered."

The King of the Street looked at me sharply.

"Any orders?" I asked at last.

"Be where I can call you the minute I want you," he replied.

"Now, my boy," he continued after a minute, "you are going to see what hasn't been seen in the Boards for years, and I reckon you'll never see it again."

"What is it?" I asked politely. I was prepared for almost any kind of fireworks in that arena.

Doddridge Knapp made no reply, but raised his hand as if to command silence, and a moment later the call of Omega was heard. And, for a marvel, a strange stillness did fall on the throng.

At the word of call I saw Doddridge Knapp step down to the floor of the pit, calm, self-possessed, his shoulders squared and his look as proud and forceful as that of a monarch who ruled by the might of his sword, while a grim smile played about his stern mouth.

The silence of the moment that followed was almost painful, when the voice of Doddridge Knapp rang like a trumpet through the Board-room.

"Five hundred for Omega!"

This was a wild jump from 325 that was marked against the stock at the close on Saturday, but I supposed the King of the Street knew what he was about.

At the bid of Doddridge Knapp a few cries rose here and there, and he was at once the center of a group of gesticulating brokers. Then I saw Decker, pale, eager, alert, standing by the rail across the room, signaling orders to men who howled bids and plunged wildly into the crowd that surrounded his rival.

The bids and offers came back and forth with shouts and barks, yet they made but a murmur compared to the whirlwind of sound that had arisen from the pit at the former struggles I had witnessed. There seemed but a few blocks of the stock on the market.

"This is great," chuckled Wallbridge, taking post before me. "There hasn't been anything like it since Decker captured Chollar in the election of '73. You don't remember that, I guess?"

"I wasn't in the market then," I admitted.

"Lord! Just to hear that!" cried the stout little man, mopping his glistening head frantically and quivering with nervous excitement. "Doddridge Knapp bids 1,500 for the stock and only gets five shares. Oh, why ain't I a chance to get into this?"

I heard a confused roar, above which rose the fierce tones of Doddridge Knapp.

"How many shares has he got to day?" I asked, anxiously.

"Not 40 yet."

"And the others?"

"There's been about 2,000 sold."

I gripped the rail in nervous tension. The battle seemed to be going against the King of the Street.

"Oh!" gasped Wallbridge, trembling with excitement. "Did you hear that? There! It's 1,700—now it's 1,775! Whew!"

I echoed the exclamation.

"Oh, why haven't I got 10,000 shares to throw into the throng that surrounded Doddridge Knapp.

"There was never two of 'em on the floor before," cried Wallbridge.

At Decker's appearance the brokers opened a lane to him, the cries fell and there was an instant of silence as the kings of the market thus came came face to face.

I shall never forget the sight. Doddridge Knapp, massive, calm, forceful, surveyed his opponent with unruffled composure. He was dressed in a light gray-brown suit that made him seem larger than ever. Decker was nervous, disheveled, his dress of black setting off the pallor of his face, till it seemed as white as his shirt bosom, as he frotted the King of the Street.

The foes faced each other, watchful as two wrestlers looking to seize an opening, and the Board-room held its breath. Then the crowd of brokers closed in again and the clamor rose once more.

I could not make out the progress of the contest, but the trained ear of Wallbridge interpreted the explosions of inarticulate sound.

"Phew! listen to that! Two thousand, 2,100, 2,150. Great snakes! See her jump!" he cried. "Decker's getting it."

My heart sank. Doddridge Knapp must have smothered his brain once more in the Black Smoke, and was now paying the price of indulgence. And his plans of wealth were a sacrifice to the wild and criminal scheme into which he had entered in his contest against the Unknown.

The clang of the gong recalled me from the reverie that had shut out the details of the scene before me.

"There! Did you hear that?" groaned Wallbridge. "Omega closes at 2,600 and Decker takes every trick. Oh, why didn't you have me on the floor out there? By the great horn spoon, I'd 'a' had every share of that stock, and wouldn't 'a' paid more than half as much for it, neither."

I sighed and turned, sick at heart, to meet the King of the Street as he shouldered his way from the floor.

There was not a trace of his misfortune to be read in his face. But Decker, the victor, moved away like a man oppressed, pale, staggering, half-fainting, as though the nervous strain had brought him to the edge of collapse.

Doddridge Knapp made his way to the doors and signed me to follow him, but spoke no word until we stood beside the columns that guard the entrance.

"That was warm work," said Doddridge Knapp after a moment's halt.

"I was very sorry to have it turn out so," I said.

A grim smile passed over his face.

"I wasn't," he growled good humoredly. "I thought it was rather neatly done."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Oh, I forgot that I hadn't seen you," he continued. "And like enough I shouldn't have told you if I had. The truth is, I found a block of 4,000 shares on Saturday night, and made a combination with them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Judge Viewed It.

Even a judge on the bench likes his joke. A man whose name is Waters was arraigned in Bliffille court on a charge of assault and battery. "What did you do to him," asked the judge, to make him assault you?" "We was at dinner," was the reply, "an' we got into a dispute, an' all I did was to hit him 'side the head with a corndodger, an' a week arterward he come back an' beat me shamefull!" "Well," said the judge, "you know what the Scripture says: 'Bread cast upon the waters will return to you after many days!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

MOB'S BRUTAL DEED

TWO LAWYERS CARRIED OFF AND ONE OF THEM MURDERED.

OTHER MAY HAVE ESCAPED

"Night Riders" Enraged by Law Regulating Fishing in Tennessee Lake—Governor Offers $10,000 Reward.

Union City, Tenn.—Col. R. Z. Taylor, aged 60 years, and Capt. Quinten Rankin, both prominent attorneys of Trenton, Tenn., were taken from Ward's hotel at Walnut Log, Tenn., 15 miles from here, Tuesday by a mob of masked men, and Capt. Rankin was murdered. His body was found riddled with bullets and hanging from a tree, but Col. Taylor's body has not been found, nor any trace of him.

The trouble which resulted in the death of Capt. Rankin and the probable murder of Col. Taylor was caused by the passage of an act by the legislature regulating fishing in Reelfoot lake, a short distance from Walnut Log.

Night-rider disturbances over the same matter occurred about a year ago. Ever since then Col. Taylor and Capt. Rankin have been in constant receipt of threatening letters to which they paid little heed.

A man named Powell is said to have been forced to accompany the mob, which numbered about 80 members. He states, it is said, that after killing Rankin, a vote was taken regarding the disposition to be made of Taylor. During the dispute, Taylor made a dash and jumped into the bayou, starting to swim across it. A number of shots were fired at him, and in the confusion Powell slipped away and brought back the story of the attempted escape of Taylor.

Searchers found the trees on the edge of the bayou clipped by bullets and there were deep footprints in the mud along the shore. On the other side of the bayou there was a single footprint.

Gov. Patterson arrived at Humboldt during the afternoon and held a consultation with citizens of Trenton, who came down to meet him. He announced that he had offered a $10,000 reward and would visit the scene in person. He left at ten o'clock at night for Union City and spent the night here.

WOMAN NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

Intervention of Physician Saves Her from a Terrible Fate.

Ellis, Kan.—The timely intervention of a physician who was not satisfied with the appearance of the body Tuesday, prevented the burial alive of Mrs. Thomas Chapman, wife of one of the best-known citizens of this part of Kansas.

Mrs. Chapman, who is 60 years of age, was supposed to have died suddenly from heart disease Saturday last. The body was prepared for burial, but was not embalmed. The funeral was to have taken place at 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. A few minutes before the casket was sealed, a physician requested permission to see the body. After confirming his suspicions, the woman was removed from the coffin and placed in bed. While her heart is very weak, it is believed she will recover.

GRANDSTAND BLOWS DOWN.

Football Player Fatally Injured and Others Hurt at Savannah.

Savannah, Mo.—One football player fatally injured and 22 others hurt, some of them seriously, was the result of an accident here Tuesday afternoon, when the grandstand at the ball park, in which the players had taken shelter, was blown down during a tornado.

All of the boys are high school students and were at football practice. Rain started and they took seats high in the grandstand which blew down a few minutes later. All were precipitated to the ground, the heavy timbers falling upon them.

Lad Drowned at Easton, Pa.

Easton, Pa.—While James Brixius and Walter Cramer, about eight years of age, were canoeing at the mouth of the Lehigh river Tuesday afternoon their craft was upset. The Brixius boy was drowned, but the other lad was rescued by Prof. W. T. Lyle of Lafayette college.

Crackamen Rob Illinois Bank.

Murphysboro, Ill.—The bank at Hurst, Ill., a small town east of here in Williamson county, was robbed by safe blowers, who held the awakened citizens at bay and escaped with $1,500.

Canal Needs $35,000,000.

Washington. — Congress will be asked to make an appropriation of $35,000,000 for carrying on the work on the isthmian canal during 1910.

Alleged Murderer Held for Trial.

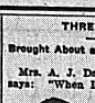
Medina, O.—Guy Rasor, held for the murder of Orie Lee, his sweetheart, on the road near Wadsworth, on the night of October 8, was bound over to the grand jury on a charge of first degree murder by Justice Van Deusen Tuesday.

Leaves $19,000 for Masses.

St. Paul, Minn.—By the terms of the will of Gregory Koering, filed in probate court Tuesday, $19,000 is left in trust to pay for masses to be held in the Catholic church.

THREE WEEKS.

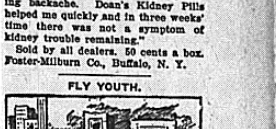
Brought About a Remarkable Change.



Mrs. A. J. Davis of Murray, Ky., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, kidney disease was slowly poisoning me. Dizzy spells almost made me fall, sharp pains like knife thrusts would catch me in the back, and finally an attack of grip left me with a constant aching backache. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me quickly and in three weeks' time there was not a symptom of kidney trouble remaining."

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

FLY YOUTH.



The Boss—Where did you work last?

Boy—On a fly paper.

The Boss—A fly paper! What's a fly paper?

Boy—Wot! Don't you read the Daily Balloon?

The Square Deal.

A stout and opulent man dwelling in a suburban town had borne the expense of the annual Sunday school picnic, and the superintendent of the school, out of gratitude, asked the benefactor to address the children. The philanthropist was not much of a speaker, but he was a master hand at poker. When he found himself gazing into the expectant faces of a hundred and fifty children his embarrassment almost overcame him, but he managed to stammer out: "My dear children, what I want to impress upon you is, that—er—er—it pays to be good. That er—er—er—a man who deals from the bottom of the pack is generally buried at the public expense."

Ready, Whatever Happens.

"Work as though you were to live forever; live as though you were to die to-night," says an old writer. It is counsel that fits many, though the man whose life is well insured may claim some exemption. He has no need of working as though death were ready to come, for he has already anticipated and guarded his dependents against the monetary distress that so often trails in the grim visitor's wake. As for the rest of the advice, his policies are tangible evidence of his noble forethought and readiness to die, if need be, to-night.

The Bride's Look.

A girl about to be married worries so much she begins to look like an old married woman. In addition to worrying about her clothes and coaxing her folks to give her a new outfit, she sits up too late with her young man, and the result is an anxious, careworn look a week before the wedding that cannot be told from the look on the face of a woman who has been married a year or two. Look at the next girl you meet who is soon to be married, and you will remark that she has "aged rapidly."—Atchison Globe.

Willing to Help Him.

He had gone to the dry goods store with a bit of dress material which his wife had bidden him to match. "I am very sorry, sir," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very last remnant was sold this morning."

"But I must have it!" exclaimed the husband. "Otherwise, how can I face my wife?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said the salesman, "I would venture to suggest that you invite a friend home to dinner with you."

NOT A MIRACLE.

Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day.

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room.

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months.

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"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.