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THE EYES OF LOVE

By HAROLD CARTER.

The blind man's dog led him to his accustomed corner, and the blind man's cane, which had been tapping along the sidewalk, was laid down upon the flagstones. The blind man took his seat, crossed his legs, and began to display the tray of trifles that he sold.

"Oh, what a nice dog!" exclaimed a young girl's voice. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" There was confusion in the tones, for she had discovered that the dog's owner was blind. The next minute the blind man felt a coin slipped into his hand.

"Thank you, Miss," he murmured, and then, by its milled edge, he knew that it was a dime.

Though the blind man had no eyes to see with, he knew that the girl's hand had patted the dog's head and that the animal was looking gratefully after its friend as she tripped up the street. The blind man was no faker, as many "blind" men are. He had lost his sight in an accident when he was quite an old man, and, having no other manner of earning a livelihood, he liked to sit at the street corner and "tell" the people passing by.

The next afternoon two people stopped in front of the blind man and again the coin with the milled edge was slipped into his hand. And once again the blind man's dog felt the girl's caress.

"When we are married we must have a dog like that," whispered the girl's voice. Only the blind man could have detected it, but blind men's ears are sharp and this man knew everything that was happening within a radius of many yards. He knew, for instance, that that moment of silence meant a kiss—it was a secluded corner—and he knew that the little



They Never Came.

movement which followed meant that the girl was putting her hat on straight afterward.

The blind man and his dog looked for their friends for many days afterward, but they never came. Somehow the blind man fancied that something was wrong. He spoke to his dog.

"Jim," he said, "can you take me to where the nice girl lives—the girl who gave us a dime?"

Jim cocked his ears, but this was a little too hard for him, and so he gave it up. But late that afternoon a young man stopped in front of the blind man.

"Do you remember a young lady who gave you a dime the other afternoon?" he asked, and the blind man nodded.

"Give her this," whispered the young man, and the blind man felt a note slipped into his hand, together with another dime. The blind man hid the note away under his shoestrings.

Next afternoon he felt Jim pulling upon his leash and unfastened it. Jim bounded away, and a minute later he was back, uttering short, joyous barks. The young lady stood before the blind man.

"Your dog acted so strangely," she said in confusion, "that I almost fancied you wanted some help today." She held out a dime, and the blind man took it because, when you are blind, you cannot be proud any longer.

"He left you this," whispered the blind man, and gave her the note. The girl took it and slipped it into her muff. Then the blind man was left alone and the dog was straining upon his leash.

Half an hour later the girl was back. "Give him this," she whispered, and the blind man felt a note slipped into his hand. He hid it under the shoestrings and waited.

"Have you any more?" asked a man's voice next morning. The blind man's hand slipped into the tray and felt for the note. It was not there. He had a strange experience that day. A woman who wanted—really wanted—shoestrings had stopped and bought a dozen pairs. The blind man must have given her the little, three-cornered note among the goods. The blind man hung his head. He dared not speak, and the young man passed mournfully into the distance.

The next moment the blind man had got down his tray and was running after the young man. Tap, tap, went his cane on the sidewalk, and Jim leaped at his side, guiding him dutifully between the passengers. The

blind man thought he was hearing the object of his pursuit and redoubled his speed. Jim tried to pull him away, but the blind man was frantic with fear that the romance would be ended by his absurd mistake. He slipped on the curb, raised himself, and then went down beneath the heels of a pair of carriage horses.

The traffic stopped and the coachman got down and lifted up the blind man.

"Drive to the nearest hospital, Jones," cried a lady inside. "Put him in the carriage—never mind my dress. Quick!"

The wheels revolved, the horses raced along, and the blind man's dog leaped at the side of the vehicle, moaning dismally. But the blind man lay unconscious inside the carriage.

"There is no hope," said the surgeons. "It is useless to operate. We must just take him into the ward."

All that afternoon the blind man lay on his bed and the woman sat beside him. And later in the day there came a rustle of skirts down the ward. All day the nurses had walked to and fro, but the blind man had not stirred. But now he moved and opened his eyes and smiled. It was almost as though his soul knew whose that presence was.

"Dorothy!" exclaimed the woman of the carriage.

"Mamma, I had to come. I read in the afternoon papers that it was our blind man who had been hurt."

"Our blind man?" echoed her mother in surprise, and just then both saw that the blind man's eyes were open. The blind man's hands twined at his clothing, and then the fingers closed on something which the surgeons had not seen.

He had hurried the blind man into bed, just as he was, for it would have been useless torture to have attempted to change the soiled clothing that clung to the crushed body. And inside the blind man's shirt, where it had somehow slipped, was a little three-cornered note.

The blind man's fingers closed contentedly upon the trophy. He would give it to him when he got well. He must not let the girl know now. He was afraid. Somehow he guessed that there had been a quarrel, or that the young people were not allowed to meet, and he meant to make it right when he got back. He—

A nurse was coming down the ward. The step was not a doctor's step, but that of a healthy person who treads lightly in a room of suffering, not knowing how nervous this makes a patient, especially when he is blind. The blind man knew that step.

"Charles!"

"Come here," said the woman of the carriage, and would have drawn the young man away. Then, the blind man knew, he would depart forever. But with the intuition of the dying—and he realized what this strange weakness meant—the blind man saw the solution of the problem. He called, still they gathered round him. Then he felt for the young man's hands and for the girl's, and joined them.

"Promise me," said the blind man to the mother. And she, having taken on his life, could not refuse his dying wish.

"Forgive me, Charles," she said. "I thought it was best for Dorothy. But you can take her now. I can't refuse—but what does it mean?"

The blind man knew what it meant. It meant that he could destroy that little three-cornered note at which his fingers strained and tore under the bedclothes.

"My dog!" whispered the blind man. "You—yours—"

"We'll take care of him, for your sake," whispered Dorothy. The blind man did not speak any more. He knew that it would be only a little while before he would see again.

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

Dead Language Deciphered.
To discover a language—or, rather, to learn to read a language long forgotten—is the achievement of a young Frenchman, M. R. Gauthiot. All we have known of Sogdiana and its people is that Strabo and Herodotus mentioned them, that an Iranian text says that grasshoppers were the scourge of the country and that a Sogdian portrait appeared on the tomb of Darius Hydaspes.

In the deserts of Chinese Turkestan the sands have buried a vast civilization that was forgotten for centuries. The dry sand preserved intact numbers of manuscripts in an unknown language written in unknown characters. These M. Gauthiot has managed to decipher by the fortunate finding of fragments that had notes in other known languages. It is expected that now we may learn something of Sogdiana and the civilization that lies beneath the sands.

New Way to Settle Dust.
As a general rule, the roads in and around French towns are tarred at the commencement of the summer in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has, however, been found that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where our lines and paved street crossings intersect the roads in every direction, as tarring cannot be carried out on stones.

The authorities, basing their action on the well-known hygroscopical properties of common salt, have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory, salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being possible to tar the majority of the streets, as they are paved with rough stone blocks.

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