

The Blind Man's Eyes

By
William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

HARRIET

Gabriel Warden, Seattle capitalist, tells his butler he is expecting a caller, to be admitted without question. He informs his wife of danger that threatens him if he pursues a course he considers the only honorable one. Warden leaves the house in his car and meets a man whom he takes into the machine. When the car returns home, Warden is found dead, murdered, and alone. The caller, a young man, has been at Warden's house, but leaves unobserved. Bob Conery, conductor, receives orders to hold train for a party. Five men and a girl board the train, the Eastern Express.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The remaining man, carrying his own grips, set them down in the gate and felt in his pocket for his transportation.

This person had appeared suddenly after the line of four had formed in front of old Sammy at the gate; he had taken his place with them only after scrutiny of them. His ticket was a strip which originally had held coupons for the Pacific voyage and some indefinite journey in Asia before; unlike the Englishman's and his luggage did not bear the pasters of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha—the ticket was close to the date when it would have expired. It bore upon the line where the purchaser signed, the name "Philip D. Eaton" in plain, vigorous characters without shading or flourish.

As a sudden eddy of the gale about the shed blew the ticket from old Sammy's cold fingers, the young man stooped to recover it. The wind blew off his cloth cap as he did so, and as he bent and straightened before old Sammy, the old man suddenly gasped; and while the traveler pulled on his cap, recovered his ticket and hurried down the platform to the train, the gateman stood staring after him as though trying to recall who the man presenting himself as Philip D. Eaton was.

Conery stopped beside the old man. "Who is it, Sammy?" he demanded.

"Who?" Sammy repeated. His eyes were still fixed on the repeating figure. "Who? I don't know."

The gateman mumbled, repeating to himself the names of the famous of the great, the notorious, in his effort to fit one to the man who had just passed. No one else belated and bound for the Eastern Express was in sight. The president's order to the conductor and to the dispatcher simply had directed that Number Five would run one hour later; it must leave in five minutes; and Conery, guided by the impression the man had made upon him and old Sammy both, had no doubt that the man for whom the train had been held was now on board.

Conery went out to the train. The passengers who had been parading the platform had got aboard; the last five to arrive also had disappeared into the Pullmans, and their luggage had been thrown into the baggage car. Conery jumped aboard.

The three who had passed the gate first—the girl, the man with the glasses and the young man in the cutaway—it had now become clear were one party. They had had reservations made, apparently, in the name of Dorne; the girl's address to the spectacled man made plain that he was her father; her name, apparently, was Harriet; the young man in the cutaway coat was "Dorn" to her and "Avery" to her father. His relation, while intimate enough to permit him to address the girl as "Harry," was unaffectionately respectful to Mr. Dorne; and against them both Dorne won his way; his daughter was to occupy the drawing room; he and Avery were to have sections in the open car.

"You have Sections One and Three, sir," the Pullman conductor told him. And Dorne directed the porter to put Avery's luggage in Section One, his own in Section Three.

The Englishman was sent to Section Four in Car Three—the next car forward—and departed at the heels of the porter. Conery watched more closely, as now it came the turn of the young man whose ticket bore the name of Eaton. Eaton had no reservation in the sleepers; he appeared, however, to have some preference as to where he slept.

"Give me a Three, if you have one," he requested of the Pullman conductor. His voice, Conery noted, was well modulated, rather deep, distinctly pleasant. At sound of it, Dorne, who with his daughter's help was settling himself in his section, turned and looked that way and said something in a low tone to the girl. Harriet Dorne also looked, and with her eyes on Eaton, Conery saw her reply inaudibly, rapidly and at some length.

"I can give you Three in Car Three, opposite the gentleman I just assted," the Pullman conductor offered.

"That'll do very well," Eaton answered in the same pleasant voice.

As the porter now took his bags, Eaton followed him out of the car. Conery went after them into the next car. He expected, rather, that Eaton would at once identify himself to him as the passenger to whom President Jarvis' note had referred. Eaton, however, paid no attention to him, but was busy taking off his coat and settling himself in his section as Conery passed.

The conductor, willing that Eaton should choose his own time for identifying himself, passed slowly on, look-

ing over the passengers as he went. He stood for a few moments in conversation with the dining-car conductor; then he retraced his way through the train. He again passed Eaton, slowing so that the young man could speak to him if he wished, and even halting an instant to exchange a word with the Englishman; but Eaton allowed him to pass on without speaking as he entered the next car on his way back to the smoking compartment of the observation car, where he expected to compare sheets with the Pullman conductor before taking up the tickets. As he entered this car, however, Avery stopped him.

"Mr. Dorne would like to speak to you," Avery said.

Conery stopped beside the section, where the man with the spectacles sat

with his daughter. Dorne looked up at him.

"You are the train conductor?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Conery replied.

Dorne fumbled in his inner pocket and brought out a card-case, which he opened, and produced a card. Conery, glancing at the card while the other still held it, saw that it was President Jarvis' visiting card, with the president's name in engraved block letters; across its top was written briefly in Jarvis' familiar hand, "This is the passenger"; and below, it was signed with the same scrawl of initials which had been on the note Conery had received that morning—"H. R. J."

Conery's hand shook as, while trying to recover himself, he took the card and looked at it more closely, and he felt within him the sinking sensation which follows an escape from danger. He saw that his too ready and too assured assumption that Eaton was the man to whom Jarvis' note had referred, had almost led him into the sort of mistake which is unpardonable in a "trusted" man; he had come within an ace, he realized, of speaking to Eaton and so betraying the presence on the train of a traveler whose journey his superiors were trying to keep secret.

"You need, of course, hold the train no longer," Dorne said to Conery.

"Yes, sir; I received word from Mr. Jarvis about you, Mr. Dorne. I shall follow his instructions fully."

As he went forward again after the train was under way, Conery tried to recollect how it was that he had been led into such a mistake, and defending himself, he laid it all to old Sammy. But old Sammy was not often mistaken in his identifications. If Eaton was not the person for whom the train was held, might he be someone else of importance? Now as he studied Eaton, he could not imagine what had made him accept this passenger as a person of great position. It was only when he passed Eaton a third time, half an hour later, when the train had long left Seattle, that the half-shaped hazards and guesses about the passenger suddenly sprang into form. Allowing for a change of clothes and a different way of brushing his hair, Eaton was exactly the man whom Warden had expected at his house and who had come there and waited while Warden, away in his car, was killed.

Conery was walking back through the train, absent-minded in trying to decide whether he could be at all sure of this; and trying to decide what he should do if he felt sure, when Mr. Dorne stopped him.

"Conductor, do you happen to know," he questioned, "who the young man is who took Section Three in the car forward?"

Conery gasped; but the question put to him the impossibility of his being sure of any recognition from the description. "He gave his name on his ticket as Philip D. Eaton, sir," Conery replied.

"Is that all you know about him?" "Yes, sir."

"If you find out anything about him, let me know," Dorne said.

"Yes, sir," Conery determined to

let nothing interfere with learning more of Eaton; Dorne's request only gave him added responsibility.

Dorne, however, was not depending upon Conery alone for further information. As soon as the conductor had gone, he turned back to his daughter and Avery upon the seat opposite.

"Avery," he said in a tone of direction, "I wish you to get in conversation with this Philip Eaton. It will probably be useful if you let Harriet talk with him too. She would get impressions helpful to me which you can't."

The girl started with surprise but recovered at once. "Yes, Father," she said.

"What, sir?" Avery ventured to protest.

CHAPTER III

Miss Dorne Meets Eaton.

Dorne motioned Avery to the aisle, where already some of the passengers, having settled their belongings in their sections, were beginning to wander through the cars seeking acquaintances or players to make up a card game. Eaton took from a bag a handful of cigars with which he filled a plain, uninitialed cigar case, and went toward the club and observation car in the rear. As he passed through the sleeper next to him—the last one Harriet Dorne glanced up at him and spoke to her father; Dorne nodded but did not look up.

"The observation room was nearly empty. The only occupants were a young woman who was reading a magazine, and an elderly man. Eaton chose a seat as far from these two as possible.

He had been there only a few minutes, however, when, looking up, he saw Harriet Dorne and Avery enter the room. They passed him, engaged in conversation, and stood by the rear door looking out into the storm. It was evident to Eaton, although he did not watch them, that they were arguing something; the girl seemed insistent, Avery irritated and unwilling. Her manner showed that she won her point finally. She seated herself in one of the chairs, and Avery left her. He wandered, as if aimlessly, to the reading table, turning over the magazines there; abandoning them, he gazed about as if bored; then, with a wholly casual manner, he came toward Eaton and took the seat beside him.

"Dorn weather, isn't it?" Avery observed somewhat ingratiatingly.

Eaton could not well avoid a reply. "It's been getting worse," he commented, "ever since we left Seattle."

"We're running into it, apparently," Avery looked toward Eaton and waited.

"Yes—lucky if we get through."

The conversation on Avery's part was patently forced; and it was equally forced on Eaton's; nevertheless it continued. Avery introduced the war and other subjects upon which men, thrown together for a time, are accustomed to exchange opinions. But Avery did not do it easily or naturally; he plainly was of the caste whose pose it is to repel, not seek, overtures toward a chance acquaintance. His lack of practice was perfectly obvious when at last he asked directly: "Big pardon, but I don't think I know your name."

Eaton was obliged to give it.

"Mine's Avery," the other offered; "perhaps you heard it when we were getting our berths assigned."

And again the conversation, enjoyed by neither of them, went on. Finally the girl at the end of the car rose and passed them, as though leaving the car. Avery looked up.

"Where are you going, Harry?" "I think someone ought to be with Father."

"I'll go in just a minute."

She had halted almost in front of them. Avery, hesitating as though he did not know what he ought to do, finally arose; and as Eaton observed that Avery, having introduced himself, appeared now to consider it his duty to present Eaton to Harriet Dorne, Eaton also arose. Avery murmured the names. Harriet Dorne resting her hand on the back of Avery's chair, joined in the conversation. As he replied easily and interestedly to a comment of Eaton's, Avery suddenly reminded her of her father. After a minute, when Avery—still ungracious and still irritated over something which Eaton could not guess—rather abruptly left them, she took Avery's seat; and Eaton dropped into his chair beside her.

Now, this whole proceeding—though within the convention which forbids a girl to make a man's acquaintance directly, says nothing against her making it through the medium of another man—had been so uncharacteristically done that Eaton understood that Harriet Dorne deliberately had arranged to make his acquaintance, and that Avery, angry and objecting, had been overruled.

She seemed to Eaton less alertly boyish now than she had looked an hour before when they had boarded the train. Her cheeks were smoothly rounded, her lips rather full, her lashes very long. He could not look up without looking directly at her, for her chair, which had not been moved since Avery left it, was at an angle with his own.

To avoid the appearance of studying her too openly, he turned slightly, so that his gaze went past her to the white turnoff outside the windows.

"It's wonderful," she said, "isn't it?"

"You mean the storm?" A twinkle of amusement came to Eaton's eyes. "It would be more interesting if it allowed a little more to be seen. At present there is nothing visible but snow."

"Is that the only way it affects you? An artist would think of it as a background for contrasts—a thing to sketch or paint; a writer as something to be written down in words."

Eaton understood. She could not more plainly have asked him what he was.

"And an engineer, I suppose," he said, easily, "would think of it only as an element to be included in his formulas—an x, or an a, or a b, to be put in somewhere and square-rooted or squared so that the roof-truss he was figuring should not buckle under its weight."

"Oh—so that is the way you were thinking of it?" "You mean," Eaton challenged her directly, "am I an engineer?" "Are you?"

"Oh, no; I was only talking in pure generalities, just as you were."

"Let us go on, then," she said gayly. "I see I can't conceal from you that I am doing you the honor to wonder what you are. A lawyer would think of it in the light of damage it might create and the subsequent possibilities of litigation." She made a little pause. "A business man would take it into account, as he has to take into account all things in nature or human; it would delay transportation, or harm or aid the winter wheat."

"Or stop competition somewhere," he observed, more interested.

The flash of satisfaction which came to her face and as quickly was checked and faded showed him she thought she was on the right track.

"Business," she said, still lightly, "will—how is it the newspapers put it?—will marshal its cohorts; it will send out its generals in command of brigades of snowplows, its colonels in command of regiments of snow shovellers, and its spies to discover and to bring back word of the effect upon the crops."

"You talk," he said, "as if business were a war."

"Isn't it like war, but war in higher terms?" he questioned, attempting to make his tone like hers, but a sudden bitterness now was betrayed by it. "Or in lower?"

"Why, in higher," she declared, "demanding greater courage, greater devotion, greater determination, greater self-sacrifice. Recruiting officers can pick any man off the streets and make a good soldier of him, but no one could be so sure of finding a satisfactory employee in that way. Doesn't that show that daily life, the everyday business of earning a living and having one's share in the workaday world, demands greater qualities than war?"

Her face had flushed eagerly as she spoke; a darker, wild flush answered her words on his.

"But the opportunities for evil are greater, too," he asserted almost fiercely. "How many of those men you speak of on the streets have been deliberately, mercilessly, even savagely sacrificed to some business expediency, their future destroyed, their hope killed?" Some storm of passion, whose meaning she could not divine, was sweeping him.

"You mean," she asked after an instant's silence, "that you, Mr. Eaton, have been sacrificed in such a way?" "I am still talking in generalities," he denied ineffectively.

He saw that she sensed the untruthfulness of these last words. Her smooth young forehead and her eyes were shadowy with thought. Eaton was unsteady silent. Finally Harriet Dorne seemed to have made her decision.

"I think you should meet my father, Mr. Eaton," she said. "Would you like to?"

He did not reply at once. He knew that his delay was causing her to study him now with great surprise.

"I would like to meet him, yes," he said, "but—he hesitated, tried to avoid answer without offending her, but already he had affronted her—"but not now, Miss Dorne."

She stared at him, rebuffed and chilled.

"They know you. One is following. Leave train instantly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Physicians won't even give their patients hope without pay.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1925 Western Newspaper Union

LESSON FOR JANUARY 14

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY

LESSON TEXT—Luke 14:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.—1 Peter 5:5. REFERENCE MATERIAL—John 13:1-17, Phil. 2:5-11. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Great Dinner. JUNIOR TOPIC—Teaching Courtesy. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Others. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Spirit of Christian Service.

I. Jesus Dines With a Pharisee (v. 1). Jesus entered freely into the common social customs of the day. We see Him at a wedding, a dinner party, in the home of sickness, and at a funeral. He was truly a man among men. He was unlike John the Baptist in this respect. The Christian's influence is best when mingling with his fellow-men in all right relations and positions in life, even though selfish and evil-minded persons are found among them. This does not mean that he should be a partaker of their evil deeds. Jesus in thus moving in all circles of human society showed the divine sympathy. While Jesus was in society he was not of it. So should the Christian be. Jesus was in a company outwardly courteous but inwardly hostile. Doubtless the motive of the invitation was to find an occasion against Him. This is implied in the statement "they watched Him."

II. Jesus Healing a Dropsical Man (vv. 2, 3). 1. Why This Man Was Present (v. 2). There is no way of absolutely determining it, but likely it was part of a plot of the Pharisees to trap Jesus by getting Him to violate the Sabbath rules.

2. Jesus' Question (v. 3). Jesus' question was an answer to the thoughts of the lawyers and Pharisees who were watching Him, for they had not spoken. Before healing this man He submitted the case to their judgment. They were free on the Sabbath day to hold a feast where their selfish pride and vanity could be displayed, but they were horrified that a fellow-man should be healed on the Sabbath. They were silent because their consciences made them ashamed of their heartlessness.

3. Healing the Man (v. 4). While they were in a state of embarrassment Jesus healed the man and let him go.

4. Jesus Rebuked Them (vv. 5, 6). He had bare their hypocrisy by showing them that their willingness to show mercy to a beast on the Sabbath should induce them to regard as not sinful to relieve a human being of distress on the Sabbath. They were again silent, for they perceived their inconsistency and inhumanity.

III. Jesus Rebukes Selfish Ambition (vv. 7-10). 1. The Occasion (v. 7). He observed that the guests while taking their places at the table chose the best seats for themselves. This is still true of men and women. In the railway cars, hotels, street cars, etc., they scramble for the best places. In the homes even members of the same family will try to get the best food, etc.

2. Instruction Given (vv. 8-11). When bidden to a feast, take the lowest place lest you suffer the humiliation of being asked to take a lower seat. This is more than a lesson on courtesy or table manners; it is a severe rebuke of that selfishness which fills the human heart, causing it to seek to be ministered to instead of ministering to others. Unselfishness will express itself in humbly taking the lowest place, esteeming others better than ourselves. The fundamental principle of the philosophy governing the moral world, Jesus declares to be: "Whoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

IV. The True Motive in Deeds of Charity (vv. 12-14). Jesus takes advantage of this social occasion to teach a great principle. The Jews, like many of the rich today, made social dinner occasions for display. They invited only those whose wealth would enable them to recompense them by inviting them in return. Jesus took note of the selfishness thus displayed and set forth to them the right principle, namely, that they should extend their hospitality to the poor and afflicted. All charitable deeds should be done with unselfish motives. Jesus assured them that compensation would be made at the resurrection of the just. This does not mean that friends and neighbors of certain rank should never exchange pleasant hospitalities. Wealth should be used to confer blessings upon the poor and needy instead of ministering to the pride and vanity of the possessor.

How Churches Grow. Once there was a Chinese laundry. Then it became a store. Then it became a church. For ten years it served in this capacity, and from it has come a group of 47 communicants and 100 children who, this year, have acquired their own new building, St. Philip's chapel, New Orleans.

The Earnest of the Spirit. Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.—II Corinthians 5:5.



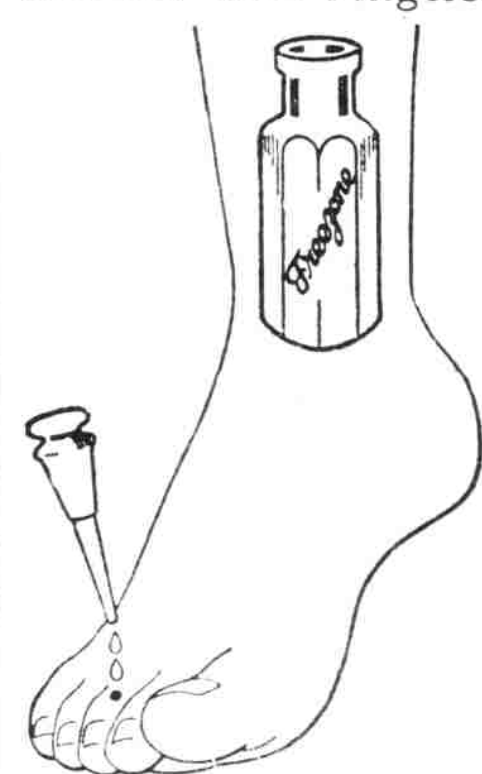
Mrs. Laura Kimbrough.

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Odd African Tribe. The El Molo ("Poor Devil") are a small and unknown tribe, dwelling on islands close to the east shore of Lake Rudih, in East Africa. They are now a community of about 70 souls under the leadership of a blind chief.

They construct the poorest type of shelter from leaves of the Domb palm. Their sole food is fish, which they spear, but more often eat it coarse-mashed fiber nets; their only drink is the vile, soda-saturated water of the lake.

The El Molo are almost amphibious and are apparently unable to walk for more than an hour without water. After that time their lips swell up and start bleeding. They have their own language.

As a rule, the silent partner has a good deal to say.

Refreshes Weary Eyes When Your Eyes feel Dull and Heavy, use Murine. It instantly Relieves Tired Feeling—Makes them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Harmless, Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.



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