

BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLEY ASHLEY WALLICOTT

Copyright, 1920, by EADLEY ASHLEY WALLICOTT

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 the 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 straggled 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 Capitán. As I drank in the air and with silent 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 the climate instead of his own lack of common sense. Come in, I can't 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 Whitton, a cousin of my father's cousin, who had the advantage 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 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 pleasure.

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

"We were used to that long ago," I said, as we found a seat. "It is the business ready to hand. 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."

I gave a gasp at this distressing suggestion, and Henry chuckled as he saw the consternation I showed on my face. Then he rose and said:

"Come, the boat is getting in."

"Oh, no; not now. I was going to take you direct to my room. Now we are going to a hotel with all the publicity we can get. Here we are."

In another moment we were in a lumbering coach, and were whirling over the rough pavement, through a confusing mass of streets, past long rows of dingy, ugly buildings, to the hotel.

"A room for the night," ordered Henry, as we entered the hotel. He and I sat down at a table. "Your brother will sleep with you," inquired the clerk.

"Yes," Henry said, 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 took ourselves to a hasty meal that was not of a nature to excite the 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 after a turn we were in a blind alley. After a pause to observe the street before we ventured forth, Henry said:

"I guess we've all right now. So we must chance it, anyhow." So we

listened again at the crack of the door.

"In Heaven's name, Henry, what's up?" I exclaimed with some temper. "You're all full of mysteries as a dime novel."

Henry smiled grimly. "Maybe you don't recognize that this is serious business," he said. "I was about to protest that I could not know too much, when Henry raised his hand with a warning to silence. I heard the sound of a canister sprang to the door, flung it open, and bolted down the passage. There was the gleam of a revolver in his hand. I hurried after him, but as I crossed the threshold he was coming softly back, with finger on his lips.

"I must see to the guards again. I can have them together by midnight."

"Can I help?"

"No. Just wait here till I get back. Bolt the door, and let nobody in but me. It isn't likely that they will try to do anything before midnight. They do—well, here's a revolver. Shoot through the door if anybody tries to break it down."

I stood in the door, revolver in hand, watched him down the hall, and listened to his footsteps as they descended the stairs and at last faded away into the murmur of the street that came up from the open street.

ly. 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 clang of a ward, "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 me a tall, broad-shouldered figure leaped back.

"These aren't the papers," he hissed. "These you've got the wrong man."

"There was a moment of confusion, and the light flashed on the man who had spoken and was the face of a man I could never forget. It was a strong, near-sighted, with a fierce yellow-mustache and imperial—a face broad at the temples and tapering down into a thin, aristocratic nose, and marked with a testimony brought over the committee on hearings extending over several weeks and declare of unanimity that no member of the press have been indicted by officers of the Electric Boat Company to act from corrupt or improper motives.

Makes Charge Against Lilley. Furthermore, the committee finds that Mr. Lilley allowed himself to be used as an instrument of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in questioning the integrity and honesty of the members of the investigating committee and in attacking a competing submarine company. Mr. Lilley is charged also with maintaining an attitude of bad faith, both in bringing the charges and concealing from the committee the identity of the real parties in interest behind the investigation.

The investigation grew out of a resolution introduced by Mr. Lilley in the house on February 20 last asking that a committee be appointed to investigate the conduct of the Electric Boat Company of New Jersey and their predecessors, the Holland company, respecting the methods employed by the companies named, in connection with past and proposed legislation before congress.

Calls Lilley Company's Tool. It is alleged that Mr. Lilley acted in bad faith in stating before this committee that he had made no charge reflecting upon members of the house before the committee on rules; that Mr. Lilley allowed himself to be used as an instrument of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in its rivalry with the Electric Boat Company; that Mr. Lilley's real object in introducing his resolution and making his charges was the same as the purpose of the propaganda of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, namely, the defeat of the clause in the naval committee's bill relating to submarines; that Mr. Lilley acted in bad faith in concealing from the committee the real parties in interest who were behind this investigation and furnishing him with information and evidence.

Lilley Severely Roasted. Regarding the battle-ship plans the report says that the charge that the report said that Mr. Lilley, as a member of this house in formulating and urging before this committee the groundless charges against Representative Lusk, that Mr. Lilley acted in contempt of this house in destroying the forged letter from Webster to Edinborough instead of delivering it to this committee; that Mr. Lilley violated his obligations as a member of this house.

Lilley Charged with Contempt. Contempt is charged in the clause stating that Mr. Lilley acted in contempt of this house in not disavowing openly upon the floor of the house the letter to Goff, published over his signature, reflecting upon the honor and integrity of members of this house; that no official of the navy has been induced by the officers of the Electric Boat Company or any one else to act in his official capacity from corrupt or improper motives; that Mr. Lilley's charge of excessive profits in the submarine contract was based on fictitious figures, composed by an agent of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company by a perversion of the testimony of Admiral Bowen in 1902.

Old Cannon Explodes. Eureka, Cal.—As a result of the explosion of an old four-inch cannon which was being used to fire a salute to the passing Atlantic fleet Tuesday, one man was instantly killed, three women and one boy dangerously hurt and a dozen more slightly injured.

Local Court Clerk Convicted. Council Bluffs, Ia.—H. V. Battey, clerk of the district court for this (Pottawatomie) county, was found guilty of malfeasance and corruption in office by a verdict in the district court returned Tuesday morning.

Shoots Wife and Kills Self. Springfield, Mo.—Robert E. Garnett, 40, employed by the large department store in Kansas City, in a fit of jealous rage shot and mortally wounded his wife, then blew out his own brains, here Tuesday afternoon.

LILLEY IS HARD HIT

COMMITTEE SAYS HIS CHARGES WERE NOT WARRANTED.

SUBMARINE CASE FINDING

Connecticut Man Said to Have Acted in Bad Faith and as Tool of Rival Company—Also Accused of Contempt.

Washington.—That Representative George L. Lilley of Connecticut was not warranted in bringing charges against certain of his colleagues in the house and accredited members of the press, is the conclusion reached by the special committee named by Speaker Cannon to investigate matters employed by the Electric Boat Company of New Jersey in connection with legislation before congress.

In an exhaustive report submitted to the house Wednesday Chairman Boutwell and his colleagues before the committee on hearings extending over several weeks and declare of unanimity that no member of the press have been indicted by officers of the Electric Boat Company to act from corrupt or improper motives.

Makes Charge Against Lilley. Furthermore, the committee finds that Mr. Lilley allowed himself to be used as an instrument of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in questioning the integrity and honesty of the members of the investigating committee and in attacking a competing submarine company. Mr. Lilley is charged also with maintaining an attitude of bad faith, both in bringing the charges and concealing from the committee the identity of the real parties in interest behind the investigation.

The investigation grew out of a resolution introduced by Mr. Lilley in the house on February 20 last asking that a committee be appointed to investigate the conduct of the Electric Boat Company of New Jersey and their predecessors, the Holland company, respecting the methods employed by the companies named, in connection with past and proposed legislation before congress.

Calls Lilley Company's Tool. It is alleged that Mr. Lilley acted in bad faith in stating before this committee that he had made no charge reflecting upon members of the house before the committee on rules; that Mr. Lilley allowed himself to be used as an instrument of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in its rivalry with the Electric Boat Company; that Mr. Lilley's real object in introducing his resolution and making his charges was the same as the purpose of the propaganda of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, namely, the defeat of the clause in the naval committee's bill relating to submarines; that Mr. Lilley acted in bad faith in concealing from the committee the real parties in interest who were behind this investigation and furnishing him with information and evidence.

Lilley Severely Roasted. Regarding the battle-ship plans the report says that the charge that the report said that Mr. Lilley, as a member of this house in formulating and urging before this committee the groundless charges against Representative Lusk, that Mr. Lilley acted in contempt of this house in destroying the forged letter from Webster to Edinborough instead of delivering it to this committee; that Mr. Lilley violated his obligations as a member of this house.

Lilley Charged with Contempt. Contempt is charged in the clause stating that Mr. Lilley acted in contempt of this house in not disavowing openly upon the floor of the house the letter to Goff, published over his signature, reflecting upon the honor and integrity of members of this house; that no official of the navy has been induced by the officers of the Electric Boat Company or any one else to act in his official capacity from corrupt or improper motives; that Mr. Lilley's charge of excessive profits in the submarine contract was based on fictitious figures, composed by an agent of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company by a perversion of the testimony of Admiral Bowen in 1902.

Old Cannon Explodes. Eureka, Cal.—As a result of the explosion of an old four-inch cannon which was being used to fire a salute to the passing Atlantic fleet Tuesday, one man was instantly killed, three women and one boy dangerously hurt and a dozen more slightly injured.

Local Court Clerk Convicted. Council Bluffs, Ia.—H. V. Battey, clerk of the district court for this (Pottawatomie) county, was found guilty of malfeasance and corruption in office by a verdict in the district court returned Tuesday morning.

Shoots Wife and Kills Self. Springfield, Mo.—Robert E. Garnett, 40, employed by the large department store in Kansas City, in a fit of jealous rage shot and mortally wounded his wife, then blew out his own brains, here Tuesday afternoon.

INTERMITTENTLY.



Tourist—What are you jumping up like that for, my good man? Howling Derrish—Yow! Dog of an unbeliever, I'm elevating my mind.

If an Advertisement Convinced You, An Advertisement Convinced

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used 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 convinced you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

In the Free Vaccination Ward. A Lithuanian woman was getting her fifth baby vaccinated the other day. "I am glad," said the young surgeon, "that you recognize the importance of vaccination."

"Oh, yes," she said, "often wonder she acted positively, 'what it's done for, though.' It's to show you're a free citizen, the same as naturalization papers, ain't it?"

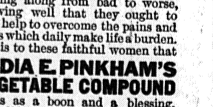
How'd This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any one who can furnish information as to the whereabouts of F. C. FLETCHER, a man who was the subject of a warrant issued by the United States Marshal at Chicago, Ill., on August 1, 1919, for the purpose of his arrest on a charge of kidnaping.

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.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 50 cigar, always best quality. Our dealer is Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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

HOUSE WORK



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

In order to keep the home neat 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 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, ulcerations, bleedings, 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: LYDIA, MASS.

\$50.00 Value Given Away FREE! Get the new book "How to Keep Your Health" by Lydia E. Pinkham. It is a book of facts for sick women. It is a book of facts for sick women. It is a book of facts for sick women.



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

dodged along in the shadow they came to Montgomery Street, and gave 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 door was intended for a store or saloon; but a raised platform 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 stairs.

"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 that's that!" I exclaimed, as a creaking rattling 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 to the last room on the right of the hall. The room was at the rear corner of the building. There were two windows, one that opened 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-roading," I replied. "Well, he down there, and make the most of it," he said, "for there may be trouble ahead." And he

down, and I looked out into the alley. There were snorts 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 casing.

"Here, change clothes with me," 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—give me that collar and tie. Here'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. Bye-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 quiet-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)