

BLIND FOLDED

By ASHLEY WALKER

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrives in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remainder of the story is a mystery of the strange and dramatic events that follow. Dudley is a man of great ability and is sought by the police for a crime which he has committed. The story is a tale of suspense and mystery.

CHAPTER V.
Doddridge Knapp.

It was past ten o'clock of the morning when the reappearance of the mysterious note I had received the preceding night came on me. I took the slip from my pocket, and read its contents once more. It was startling enough, but it furnished me with an idea. Of course I could not take mystery intended for Henry Wilton. But there was the first chance to get at the heart of this dreadful business. The writer of the note, I must suppose, was the mysterious employer. If I could see her I could find the way of escape from the dangerous burden of Henry Wilton's personality and mission.

But which bank could be meant? The only names I knew were the Bank of California, whose failure in the previous year had sent echoes even into my New England home, and the Anglo-California Bank, on which I held a draft. The former struck me as the more likely place of appointment, and after some skillful navigating I found myself at the corner of California and Sansome streets, before the building through which the wealth of an empire had passed. I watched closely the crowd that passed in and out of the treasury-house, and assumed what I hoped was an air of prosperous indifference to my surroundings.

No one appeared to notice me. There were eager men and cautious men, and men who looked anxious, but neither man nor woman was looking for me. Plainly I had made a bad guess. A hasty walk through several other banks that I could see in the neighborhood gave no better result, and I had to acknowledge that this chance of penetrating the mystery was gone. I speculated for the moment on what the effects might be. To neglect an order of this kind might result in the withdrawal of the protection that had saved my life, and in turning me over to the mercies of the banditti who throughout I knew something of the whereabouts of a boy.

As I reflected thus, I came upon a crowd massed about the steps of a great granite building in Pine Street; a whirlpool of men, it seemed, with cross-currents and eddies, and from the whole rose the murmur of excited voices. It was the Stock Exchange, the gambler's paradise and millstone. Now it was shaken, won and lost, and ruin and affluence walked side by side. As I watched the swaying, shouting mass with wonder and amusement, a thrill shot through me. Upon the steps of the building, amid the crowd of brokers and speculators, I saw a tall, broad-shouldered man of fifty or fifty-five, his face keen, shrewd and hard, broad at the temples and tapering to a strong jaw, a yellow-gray mustache, a high, half-hiding and half-revealing the firm lines of the mouth, with the mark of the wolf struck upon the whole. It was a man never to be forgotten as long as I should hold memory at all. It was the face I had seen twelve hours before in the lantern flash in the dreadful alley, and from the flash of murder fixing in my ears. Then it was lighted by the fierce fires of rage and hatred, and marked with the charn of baffled plans. Now it was cool, good-humored, alert for the battle of the Exchange that had already begun. But I knew it for the same, and was near crying aloud that here was a murderer.

"It's very kind of you," I said, allowing my astonishment with an effort. "Well," said Knapp, "the way you handled that Ophir matter was perfectly satisfactory; but I'll tell you that it's on Mrs. Knapp's say-so, as much as on your own doings, that I selected you for this job." "I'm much obliged to Mrs. Knapp," I said politely. "I was in deep waters. It was plainly unsafe to do anything but drift."

"Oh, you can settle that with her at your next call," he said good humoredly. The faded nerves of surprise refused to respond further. If I had received a telegram informing me that the dispute over the presidency had been settled by shoving both Hayes and Tilden and giving the unanimous vote of the electors to me, I should have accepted it as a matter of course. I took my place unquestioningly as a valued acquaintance of Doddridge Knapp's and a particular friend of Mrs. Knapp's.

CHAPTER VI.
A Night at Boston.

Room 15 was a plain, comfortable office in a plain, comfortable building on Clay Street, not far from the heart of the business district. It was on the second floor, and its one window opened to the rear, and faced a double row of law books. The place looked as though it had belonged to a lawyer in reduced circumstances, and could have been a desk, a few chairs and a shelf of law books. The door opening into the hall, the door into Room 16, and the window furnished the three avenues of possible attack or retreat.

The depression of spirits that progressed with my survey of the room deepened into gloom as I flung myself into the arm-chair before the desk, and tried to plan my strategy against him. In a single hand, to contend against the power of the richest man in the city, and to bring home to him the murder of Henry Wilton? I could look for no assistance from the police. The words of Detective Coogan were law, and provided proof of guilt, backed by fear of public sentiment, could bring the department into this affair, and even compel it. And how could I hope to rouse that public sentiment? What would my word count against that of the King of the Street?

Where was the motive for the crime? Until that was made clear I could not hope to piece together the scraps of evidence. Yours is Roddridge Knapp, and what motive could there be that would reconcile the Doddridge Knapp who sought the life of Henry Wilton, with the Doddridge Knapp of this morning, who was ready to engage him in his confidential business? And had I the right to accept any part in his business? Fatigue and loss of sleep deepened the dejection of mind that oppressed me. I was weary, and I was tired, and I vainly struggled against it, carried me at last into the oblivion of dreamless slumber.

"You can depend on me," I said. "The next half hour would determine whether I was to take up arms. Wilton's work or to find my way in safety back to my own name and person. My unconscious guide led the way along Montgomery Street into an office building, up a flight of stairs, and into a back hallway. "Stay a moment," I said, as he had his hand on the door knob. "On second thoughts you can wait down stairs." He turned back, and as his foot-prints echoed down the stair I opened the door and entered the office. As I crossed the threshold my heart gave a great bound, and I stopped short. Before me sat Doddridge Knapp, the King of the Street, the man for whom above all others in the world I felt a loathing and fear. Doddridge Knapp finished signing his name to a paper on his desk before he looked up.

DUCK DIED AT PRAYER

MR. SHONTS DENIES STORIES ABOUT DE CHAULNES.

INFAMOUS LIBEL, HE SAYS

Nobleman Was Kneeling by His Wife When Stricken—Duke's Death in Placate Was Inevitable

New York—On his return from Paris Tuesday Theodore P. Shonks, president of the Interborough Metropolitan company, declared that the reports that the death of his son-in-law, Duke de Chaules, was due to indulgence in opiates were infamous libels.

Mr. Shonks said that the duke's death was caused by heart disease and that he was not addicted to the use of drugs.

"The duke and my daughter were kneeling at his bedside in prayer," said Mr. Shonks, "when the stroke came upon him that carried him off before medical aid could be summoned."

"The memory of the duke has been grossly maligned, and outraged reports were printed about the manner and cause of his death. The facts are these: On the afternoon of the day on which he died, the duke and my daughter were out riding. They dined together and then retired to their apartment early."

"They were kneeled close together and the duke held one arm about his wife's shoulders. Suddenly he lurched forward and then became unconscious at my daughter's feet. He was hit man and she a slight girl, but she lifted him bodily on the bed and screamed for aid. He was dead before anything could be done for him."

"Upon my arrival in Paris I found my daughter in an alarming condition. Until two weeks ago we feared that her reason had gone."

MRS. W. B. LEEDS LOSTS.
Must Pay 60 Per Cent. Duty on \$340,000 Pearl Necklace.

New York—Customs duties of 60 per cent. must be paid on the \$340,000 pearl necklace imported from France by Mrs. William B. Leeds, under a decision rendered by Judge Lacombe in the United States court Tuesday.

After the necklace was purchased in Paris the pearls were separated and brought to this country as individual gems in the belief that they would be admitted upon the payment of ten per cent. duty, which the law provides for individual pearls. The collector of the port ruled, however, that as the pearls had been used as a necklace, and were intended to be used in that form again, the full duty of 60 per cent. should be levied.

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Revised Homestead Regulations

Under the new regulations, the farmer, homestead, stock raiser, or any other settler, may now acquire 160 acres of land in any of the States of the Union, and also in Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii, under the Homestead Act.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA RAISIN VINEYARDS

We are planting Vineyards of the best quality of Raisin Vines, and are offering them at half their market value. We have also a large stock of Raisin Vines and Raisin Vines, and are offering them at half their market value.

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bought on easy terms, affording a comfortable income during your life. 200 acres of the best agricultural land in the world. Prices \$100 to \$200 per acre according to location. Agents wanted. Commission to agents.

HOME FARM

200 acres of the best agricultural land in the world. Prices \$100 to \$200 per acre according to location. Agents wanted. Commission to agents.



"YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME," I SAID.