

BLIND-FOLDED

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALKER

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco from the interior of California to assist Henry Wilson, whom he was to assist in the case of the late Mrs. Dudley. He found the man who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley, and who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley, and who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley. He found the man who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley, and who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley, and who had been the partner of the late Mrs. Dudley.

lock a seat at his desk and motioned me to another.

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"When he had cleared his throat of the heavy liquor, the Wolf turned to me with a more composed and kindly expression.

"And now to business," said my employer, "you had better make a decision. Take down these orders."

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

I moved slowly down a step at a time, then from over-cast clouds tripped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a four-horse team.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced through the open door, and was stricken cold with astonishment. The room was empty!

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no one in the place had been occupied in months.



do I understand that I'm not to bid over them?"

"You're not to understand anything of the kind," he said, "with a little dig in his tone. 'You've got to get the stock. You've bought and sold enough to know how to do that. But don't start a boom for the price. Let her go down. Babey!'

I stepped into the room that I had seen crowded with eager friends and enemies, eating, drinking, ready for desperate deeds. My sleep echoed strangely with the echo of an untempered house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had been there.

CHAPTER IX.
A Day in the Market.

The King of the Street stood for a moment staring at me with that strange and fearsome gaze. What was there in that dramatic glance that struck a chill to the bone and that made the very fountains of life had been attacked? Was it the manifestation of the powerful will behind that mask that was terror or anger that was to be read in the fiery eyes that glared from beneath those bushy brows, and in the play of the cruel mouth, which from under that yellow-gray moustache saved the sign of the Wolf?

"I have you any orders, sir?" I asked in as calm a voice as I could command.

"Oh, they're in it," said the Wolf slowly, covering his face.

If I feared on me that the attack in the Horton den was of the planning, that would be his look, and that he had supposed me dead. It was thus that I could account for his startled gaze and evident discomfort.

He looked suspiciously at me as he checked. But there was no time to hesitate. I drew a check for the amount, signed Henry Wilson's name and tossed it over to Bockstein.

"All right," said the senior partner. "Just take it over first. Milder Eppner. He goes on for."

I knew well enough what was wanted. My financial standing was to be tested by the head of the firm, while the junior partner kept me amused.

"Excellent idea," said I. "For those who know too much or too little."

My eyes fell on the man, and could think of nothing to say. I was a little abashed, notwithstanding the tone of his indifference. I began to feel very young before this machine-like impersonation of the market.

It was easy to find Bockstein and Eppner, and these could be no mistaking the property of the firm. The indifference of the clerks to my presence, and the evident contempt with which an order for a hundred shares of something was being taken from an apologetic old gentleman were enough to assure of that.

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