

# BLIND-FOLDED

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## SYNOPSIS.

Oliver Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he had been told to meet in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied him to the city. The mysterious task was to find the murderer of a young man named Dudley, who had been killed in a mysterious way. Dudley was a young man of great ability and had been a student at the University of California. He had been killed in a mysterious way, and his death had caused a great deal of speculation. Dudley was a young man of great ability and had been a student at the University of California. He had been killed in a mysterious way, and his death had caused a great deal of speculation. Dudley was a young man of great ability and had been a student at the University of California. He had been killed in a mysterious way, and his death had caused a great deal of speculation.

12:30. Come alone and armed. It is important. There was no signature. If it meant anything it meant that I was to meet the Unknown, and perhaps to search the heart of the mystery. I had been heavy with fatigue and drowsy with want of sleep, but at this thought the energies of life were once more fresh within me. The men had waited a minute for me as I read the note. "Go to your rooms and get some rest," said I. "I am called away. Treat will be in charge, and I will send word to him if I need any of you." They looked at me in blank protest. "You're not going alone, sir?" cried Owens in a tone of alarm. "Oh, no. But I shall not need a guard." I hoped heartily that I did not.

The men shook their heads doubtfully and I continued. "Corson will be down from the Central station in 15 or 20 minutes. Just tell him I've been sent for and to come to morrow if he can make it in his way." And bidding them good night I ran hastily down the stairs before any of the men could frame his protest into words. "Are you ready, sir?" asked the messenger. "It is close on half past twelve," I answered. "Where is she?" "It's not far away," said my guide evasively. I understood the danger of speech and did not press for an answer. We plunged down Montgomery street in the teeth of the wind that dashed the spray in our faces at one moment, lulled an instant the better to deceive the unwary and then leaped at us from behind corners with the im-

portant of a short gasp, and a soft, mournful voice broke on my ear. "Mr. Dudley—can you forgive me?" The astonishment I felt to hear my own name once more—the name that seemed now to belong to a former state of existence—was swallowed up as the magnetic tones carried their revelation to my mind. I was stricken dumb for a moment at the discovery they had brought. Then I gasped: "Mrs. Knapp?" "Yes, Mrs. Knapp," she said with a mournful laugh. "Did you never suspect?" "I was lost in wonder and confusion, and even yet could not understand it." "What brings you out in this storm?" I asked, completely mystified. "I thought I was to meet another person." "Indeed?" said Mrs. Knapp, with a spark of animation. "Well, I am the other person." "You?" I exclaimed at last. "Are you the protector of the boy?" The employer—"Then I stopped, the tangle in mind beginning to straighten out. "I am she," said Mrs. Knapp quietly. "Then," I cried, "who is he? What's he? What's the whole dreadful affair about, and what's he?" Mrs. Knapp interrupted me. "First tell me what has become of Henry Wilton?" she said with sorrow in her voice. "The dreadful scene in the alley flashed before my mind. "He is dead." "Dead? And how?" "Murdered." "I feared so! It was certain, or he would have let me know. You have much to tell me. But first, did he leave no papers in your hands?" I brought out the slip that bore the blind diagram and the blinder description that accompanied it. Nothing could be made of it in the darkness, so I described it as well as I could. "We are on the right track," said Mrs. Knapp. "Oh, why didn't I have that yesterday? But here—we are at the wharf." My guide was before us, and we followed him down the pier, struggling against the gusts. "Do we cross the bay?" I asked. "Mrs. Knapp crossed to my arm. "It's not safe for you in a small boat." "There's a tug waiting for us," Mrs. Knapp explained. A moment later we saw its lights,

"They are ahead of us," she said in alarm. "They have started first, I suppose," was my suggestion. "And they have the right road." "The canary birds are it that they may not know the right place." "God grant it," said Mrs. Knapp. She was silent for a few minutes, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Then she said, "Now tell me about Henry Wilton—how he died and when." I told the tale as it had happened, and as I told it I read in the face before me the varying emotions of alarm, horror and grief that were stirred by its incidents. But one thing I could not tell her. The wolf-face I had seen in the lantern flash in the alley I could not name nor describe to the wife of Doddridge Knapp. Mrs. Knapp bowed her head in deep, gloomy thought. "You're not to be wretched or listen to my warnings," she murmured. "He would work his own way. Then she looked me suddenly straight in the face. "And why did you take his place his name? Why did you try to do his work when you had seen the dreadful and what?" I confessed that it was half through the insistence of Detective Coogan that I was Henry Wilton, half through the hope that it would seem to make it the easiest road to reach the vengeance that I had vowed to bring the murderer of my friend. "You are bent on avenging him," asked Mrs. Knapp thoughtfully. "I have promised it." "I am marveled at you," said Mrs. Knapp. "You are a man of great courage, you yet. You have carried out your part well." "Not well enough, it seems, to detect the murderer of my friend." "You should not have expected to deceive me," said Mrs. Knapp. "But you can imagine the shock I had when I saw after a pause that I was Henry Wilton. I was not the man who had come among us that first night when I called you from Mrs. Knapp's room." "You certainly succeeded in concealing any surprise you may have felt," I said. "You are a better actor than I. Knapp smiled. "It was more than surprise—it was consternation," she said. "I had been anxious at receiving no word from Henry. I suppose you got my notes. And when I saw you I was torn with doubts, wondering whether anything had happened to Henry." "I didn't suppose it was quite so poor an impostor," I said apologetically, with a qualm at the word. "Though I did get some hint of it," I added, with a painful recollection of the candid statement of opinion I had received from the daughter of the house. "Oh, you did very well," said Mrs. Knapp. "But no one could have been successful in that house. Luella was quite outraged over it, but I managed to quiet her." "I suppose you have not retained the unfavorable impressions of—" "I stammered in much confusion." Mrs. Knapp gave me a keen glance. "You know she has not," she said. "Well," continued Mrs. Knapp. "I saw you and guessed that something had happened to Henry Wilton, and found that you knew little of what was going on, I changed the plan of campaign. I did not know that you were one to be trusted, but I saw that you could be used to keep the others on a false scent, for you deceived everybody but us." "I would have spoken when I found you for what you are," said Mrs. Knapp, "but I thought until the Liverpool trip that you could serve me best as you were doing." "It was blind work," I said. "It was blind enough for you, not for me. I was deceived in one thing, however. I thought that you had no papers—nothing from Henry that could help or hurt. The first night you came to me I had Henry's room thoroughly searched." "Oh, I was indebted to you for that attention," I exclaimed. "I gave our friends of the other house the credit." Mrs. Knapp smiled again. "I thought it necessary. It was the chance that you did not sleep that night that kept this paper out of my hands weeks ago." "I have always kept it with me," I said. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### FILLED SHIP WITH CANARIES.

#### Remarkable Experience of Liner in a Tropical Storm.

It happened in the night, and, according to the yarn spun by Capt. Sandberg of the Panama liner City of Para, it must have been a night of terror. The ship was midway between Acapulco and the Gulf of Guatemala, which is a latitude in which the usual is expected. The time was between one and two o'clock in the morning and the sea was very dark. Suddenly an electric storm of great ferocity came up from a revolutionary republic on the starboard quarter, accompanied by waterpots, St. Elmo's fire, and a great flock of canary birds. Everyone knew that St. Elmo's fire and waterpots are common off the coast of Acapulco, but the canary birds are a novelty. At the first stroke the lightning blew out the fuse in the ship's dynamo and she became as dark as an abandoned trolley car. Then the St. Elmo's fire lit on the fore-topmast and split the gill ball at the top of the topmast exactly into two halves. One of these halves fell into the water and the other struck the bridge and almost hit Second Officer Hecker. The Officer Cook, who had been off watch below, ran on deck. All the passengers followed Zulu to the deck, and the captain saw that the passengers thought the end of the world had come. The storm was bad enough, but it was the birds that flew in the faces of the startled passengers that caused the most terror. "I lasted for an hour, and in the morning, when the storm had passed and the sun rose, there on the decks, covering the awnings and almost filling the boats, lay on the upper deck, were thousands of dead and dying canary birds. Capt. Sandberg says there were thousands of them. Some of them had blinded into the state rooms in the darkness after the electric lights were out. "So the City of Para came safely through the storm when it rained canary birds, all save the gill ball at the top of the foretopmast, half of which was left overboard.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### EXCELLENT WEATHER AND MAGNIFICENT CROPS

#### REPORTS FROM WESTERN CANADA ARE VERY ENCOURAGING.

A correspondent writes the Winipeg (Man.) Free Press: "The Pinch Creek district, near the Alberta, the original home of fall wheat, where it has been grown without failure, dry seasons and wet. For about 25 years, it is excellent this year. The yield and quality are both phenomenal, as has been the weather for its harvesting. Prow bushes in a common yield, and many fields go up to 50, 60 and over, and most of it No. 1 Northern. Even last year, which was less favorable, similar yields were in some cases obtained, but owing to the season the quality was not so good. It is probably safe to say that the average yield from the Old Man River to the boundary will be 47 or 48 bushels per acre, and mostly No. 1 Northern. One man has just made a net profit from a crop of 118.50 per acre, or 10 to 12 bushels more than the average yield. Little less than the selling price of land. Land here is too cheap at present, when a crop or two will pay for it, and furnish almost nothing. Nor is the district dependent on wheat, all other crops do well, also stock and dairying, and there is a large market at the docks in the mining towns up the Crown West Pass, and in British Columbia, for the abundant hay of the district, and poultry, pork, and garden produce. Canning is being done. Jim Hill has an eye on its advantages, and has invested here, and is bringing the Great Northern Railroad soon, which will be a great benefit to the wheat, oat and barley crop in other parts of Western Canada show splendid yields and will make the farmers of that country (and many of them are Americans) rich. The Canadian Government Agent for this district advises us that he will be pleased to give information to all who desire it about the new land regulations by which a settler may now secure 160 acres in addition to his 160 homestead acres, at \$100 an acre, and also how to reach these lands into which railways are being extended. It might be interesting to read what it said of that country by the Editor of the Marshall (Minn.) News-Messenger, who made a trip through portions of it in July, 1908. "We could see in Western Canada's agricultural lands, towering the northern and southern farming belts of the Province of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta with numerous drives through the great grain fields, we were made to realize not only the magnitude of the crop, but the magnitude, its measures, of the vast territory opening, and to be opened to farming immigration. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers there, and millions of acres under cultivation, but there is room for millions more, and other millions of acreage available. We could see in Western Canada a soil, product, topography or climate, little that is different from Minnesota, and with meeting at every point new types of men and farmers who went there from this state, it was difficult to realize one was beyond the boundary of the country."



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CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued. In the matter of description the enemy had the advantage, slight as it was. "Third round—cockeyed barn-iron cow," and the crowd of drunken letters and figures that Henry had written—I could make nothing of this. "From B—follow—1 1/2 m. The third round—2 or 5—this was at least half-intelligible. Then it came to me like a blow—was this the mysterious 'key' that the Unknown had demanded of me in his letter of this morning? I was roused from my reverie of fears by confused shouts from down the hall, and sprang hastily to the door, with the thought that the forces of the enemy were upon us. "Here he is! They've found him," cried an excited voice. "Yes, sir! here he comes!" It was truly the stalwart guard; but two days had made a sad change in him. White head wound in a bloody rag, and face of a wax yellow hue, he staggered limply out of one of the rear rooms between Corson and Owens. Barkhouse was propped up on the lounge in the guardroom, and with a few sips of whisky and a fresh bandage began to look like a more hopeful case. "Now, we must get out of here," I said. "Take turns by two in helping Barkhouse. We had better not risk staying here." "Right," said Corson; "and now we'll just take these three beauties along to the station." The men swore to this, but as their hands were bound behind them, and Corson walked with his club in one hand and his pistol in the other, they took up the march at command and the rest of us slowly followed.

CHAPTER XXVIII. The Chase in the Rain. When we reached the entrance to our quarters on Montgomery street the rain had once more begun to fall, gently now, but the gusts of damp wind from the south promised more and worse to follow. "A message for you, Mr. Wilton," said a voice suddenly from the recess of the doorway. "Give it to me," I said. A slip of paper was thrust into my hand, and I passed up the stairs. "It'll wait for you," said the messenger, and at the first gasp I let that burned at the head of the stairs I stopped to read the address. It was in the hand of the Unknown, and my fatigue and indifference were gone in a moment. I trembled as I tore open the envelope and read: "Follow the bearer of this note at

the fire of its engine room about a cheerful glow into the storm. The little vessel swung unsteadily at its berth as we made our way aboard, and with shouts of men and clang of bells it was soon tossing on the dark waters of the bay. The cabin of the tug was fitted with a shelf-table, and over it swung a lamp of brass that gave a dim light to the little room. Mrs. Knapp seated herself here, spread out the paper I had given her and studied the diagram and the jumble of letters with anxious attention. "It is the same," she said at last; "in part, at least." "The same as what?" I asked. "As the one I got word of to-night, you know," she replied. "Just," she continued, "this gives a different place. I was to go to the cross-road here—indicating the mark at the last branch. "I'm glad to hear that," said I, taking out the diagram I had found in the citadel of the enemy. "This seems to point to a different place, too, and I really hope that the gentleman who drew this map is a good way off from the truth." "Where did you get this?" exclaimed Mrs. Knapp. I described the circumstances in as few words as I could command.

### THE EARLY MILITARY BAND.

A little more than seventy years ago there was no such thing as a brass band in existence. The very first band entirely of brass dates, in fact, no further back than 1835. Prior to that time even our military music was produced almost entirely from instruments of wood, and as recently as 1783 a full regimental band consisted of two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. As showing the important part played by the "sounding brass" in our bands today, it is sufficient to mention that in an up-to-date first-class band of, say, 42 pieces, there would probably be found from eighteen to twenty horns to say nothing of saxophones, which are partly clarinet and partly horn. The Deadly Buffs. "Your speech did impress me as containing an new idea," remarked the friend, doubtfully. "That's good," answered Senator Sorghum; "a speech with new ideas is very liable to result in giving your enemies a chance to denounce you as the champion of some sort of an 'ism.'" The Proper Thing Now. "That oldest girl of mine is finally engaged. The young man called as a notification committee last night." "And how did you receive the news?" "Got the family together and cheered for 53 minutes by a reliable clock."

### FOR THE LADY OR THE AUTO.

Expressman—I don't know whether this comes here. It's all right if a housewife for the auto, or a new hat for the missus!

How'd This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. Hagar's Catarrh Cure.

Dr. J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known Dr. J. C. Henry for the last 15 years. Transactions and Exchanges are made with him. We can testify to the fact that he is a reliable man. WALTER, KRAMER & MARRIOTT, San Francisco, Cal. Dr. J. C. HENRY'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 50 cents per bottle. Take Hagar's Family Size for convenience.

Might Be. "I wrote to your father asking him for your hand," said the man. "I know it and I have been perfectly lovely ever since. I don't understand it. "He's being so tickled; I know he doesn't like you." "Maybe that's why he is tickled,"—Hickson Post.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that the signature of **Dr. J. C. Watson** is on the wrapper. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Author's Wife Most Enthusiast. Mrs. J. M. Barrie, wife of the author, is said to be one of the most expert motorists in Great Britain. She owns three cars, of which she takes long tours with her husband, but she always manages the car herself.

In Chicago. Ella—That man slipped on my foot. Stella—Why don't you put snakes on it?

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