

THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

CHAPTER I

A FINANCIER DIES

GABRIEL WARDEN — capitalist, railroad director, owner of mines and timber lands, at twenty a cow-puncher, at forty-eight one of the predominant men of the Northwest Coast — paced with quick, uneven steps the great wicker-furnished living room of his home just above Seattle on Puget Sound. Twice within ten minutes he had used the telephone in the hall to ask the same question and, apparently to receive the same reply — that the train from Vancouver, for which he had inquired, had come in and that the passengers had left the station.

It was not like Gabriel Warden to show nervousness of any sort; Kondo, the Japanese doorman, who therefore had found something strange in this telephoning, watched him through the portières which shut off the living-room from the hall. Three times Kondo saw him — big, uncouth in the careless fit of his clothes, powerful and impressive in his strength of feature and the carriage of his well-shaped head — go to the window and, watch in hand, stand staring out. It was a Sunday evening toward the end of February — cold, cloudy and with a chill wind driving over the city and across