A BLIND LEAD

BY

LAWRENCE L. LYNCH

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SHE DECLARED HER BELIEF THAT TO HUNT FOR HER ABDUCTORS WOULD BE USELESS.

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A BLIND LEAD

DARING AND THRILLING ADVENTURES
CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK

BY

LAWRENCE L. LYNCH

[E. M. VAN DEVENTER]

Author of "Shadowed by Three," "The Sealed Verdict," "Dangerous Ground," "Out of a Labyrinth," "A Mountain Mystery," "The Lost Witness," "A Slender Clue," "High Stakes," "Man and Master," "The Unseen Hand," "The Danger Line," "The Woman Who Dared," "The Doverfields' Diamonds," "Under Fate's Wheel," "The Diamond Coterie," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

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"RELEASE MY WRIST AT ONCE!" COMMANDED THE GIRL.

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BLIND LEAD

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF THEM.

"What a gathering! and what does it mean?"

The girl paused upon the step of the limousine and looked about her doubtfully, almost with hesitation; and a look of half-veiled surprise crossed the face of her escort as he replied, after a hasty glance about him.

"Why, Iris! One would almost take you for a stranger in New York—and at the Waldorf! and 'pon my word, I *had* quite forgotten that there's a little gathering of politicians due here, to meet and greet Senator Latimer just back from his last continental tour. "Back, sir!" as a man in shabby garments pressed close to the car on the side nearest the lady. "Ah, you scoundrel!" as the man pushed even closer, lurching and seeming to stumble almost against her. "Are you *hurt*, Iris? Shall we turn back. You are pale! Really—"

"I was only startled," she replied, cutting in upon his solicitous speech, which evidently annoyed—or disturbed her. "It was silly of me. Let's go in—of course, out of this crowd," and she stepped quietly to the curb, just as a big spick and span policeman pressed to their side, eagerly attentive, and anxious for their welfare.

"Surely! What is it, officer? A thief? No, I hardly think it. Only a hoodlum—and drunk, I fancy,—crowding to get a look at the Senator. Why where *is* the fellow?" And the tall young man stared at him amazed.

"He's gone, Mister," volunteered a small sharp-faced urchin, wedged close to the curb. "Dodged into the crowd *that* way; guess you won't get him *this* time," and the boy grinned, maliciously.

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AND THEN OCCURRED THAT WHICH, SEEN ON THE STAGE, WOULD HAVE STAMPED THE PLAY AS MELODRAMA.

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