



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg for the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl, whom the millionaire explains is his granddaughter. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a drunken man in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with the stolen grip. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near M... and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Alison and kisses her. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought the Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing.

CHAPTER XXI.

McKnight's Theory.

I confess I was staggered. The people at the surrounding tables, after glancing curiously in my direction, looked away again. I got my hat and went out in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. That she would inform the police at once of what she knew I never doubted, and possibly she would give a day or two's grace in the hope that I would change my mind. I reviewed the situation as I waited for a car. Two passed me going in the opposite direction and on the first one I saw Bronson, his hat over his eyes, his arms folded, looking moodily ahead. Was it imagination? or was the small man huddled in the corner of the rear seat Hotchkiss? As the car rolled on I found myself smiling. The alert little man was for all the world like a terrier, ever on the scent, and scouring about in every direction. I found McKnight at the incubator, with his coat off, working with enthusiasm and a manœuvre file over the horn of his auto. "It's the worst horn I ever ran across," he groaned, without looking up, as I came in. "The blankety-blank thing won't blow." He punched it savagely, finally eliciting a faint throuy croak. "Sounds like croup," I suggested. "My sister-in-law uses camphor and goose grease for it; or how about a spice poultice?" But McKnight never sees any jokes but his own. He flung the horn clattering into a corner and collapsed sulkily into a chair. "Now," I said, "if you're through manœuvring that horn, I'll tell you about my talk with the lady in black." "What's wrong?" asked McKnight, languidly. "Police watching her, too?" "Not exactly. The fact is, Rich, there's the mischief to pay." Stogie came in, bringing a few additions to our comfort. When he went out I told my story. "You must remember," I said, "that I had seen this woman before the morning of the wreck. She was buying her Pullman ticket when I did. Then the next morning, when the murder was discovered, she grew hysterical and I gave her some whisky. The third and last time I saw her, until to-night, was when she crouched beside the road, after the wreck." McKnight slid down in his chair until his weight rested on the small of his back and put his feet on the big reading table. "It's rather a queer," he said. "It's really too good a situation for a commonplace lawyer. It ought to be dramatized. You can't agree, of course; and by refusing you run the chance of jail, at least, and of having Alison brought into publicity, which is out of the question. You say she was at the Pullman window when you were?" "Yes; I bought her ticket for her. Gave her lower eleven." "And you took ten?" "Lower ten." McKnight straightened up and looked at me. "Then she thought you were in lower ten." "I suppose she did, if she thought at all." "But listen, man," McKnight was growing excited. "What do you figure out of this? The Conway woman knows you have taken the notes to Pittsburg. The probabilities are that she follows you there, on the chance of an opportunity to get them, either for Bronson or herself. "Nothing doing during the trip over or during the day in Pittsburg; but she learns the number of your berth as you buy it at the Pullman ticket office in Pittsburg and she thinks she sees her chance. No one could have foreseen that that drunken fellow would have crawled into your berth. "Now, I figure it out this way: She wanted those notes desperately—does at—-not for Bronson, but to hold over

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

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his head for some purpose. In the night, when everything is quiet, she slips behind the curtains of lower ten, where the man's breathing shows he is asleep. Didn't you say he snored?" "He did," I affirmed. "But I tell you—" "Now keep still and listen. She gropes cautiously around in the darkness, finally discovering the wallet under the pillow. Can't you see it yourself?" He was leaning forward, excitedly, and I could almost see the greyness of tragedy he was depicting. "She draws out the wallet. Then, perhaps she remembers the alligator bag and on the possibility that the notes are there, instead of in the pocketbook, she gropes around for it. Suddenly, the man awakes and clutches at the nearest object, perhaps her neck chain, which breaks. "It is all in silence; the man is still stupidly drunk. But he holds her in a tight grip. Then the tragedy. She must get away; in a minute the car will be aroused. Such a woman, on such an errand, does not go without some sort of a weapon, in this case a dagger, which, unlike a revolver, is noiseless. "With a quick thrust—she's a big woman and a bold one—she strikes. Possibly Hotchkiss is right about the left-hand blow. Harrington may have held her right hand, or perhaps she held the dirk in her left hand as she groped with her right. Then, as the man falls back and his grasp relaxes, she straightens and attempts to get away. The swaying of the car throws her almost into your berth, and, trembling with terror, she crouches behind the curtains of lower ten until everything is still. Then she goes noiselessly back to her berth." I nodded. "It seems to fit partly, at least," I said. "In the morning when she found that the crime had been not only fruitless, but that she had searched the wrong berth and killed the wrong man; when she saw me emerge, unhurt, just as she was bracing herself for the discovery of my dead body, then she went into hysterics. You remember, I gave her some whisky. "It really seems a tenable theory. But, like the Sullivan theory, there are one or two things that don't agree with the rest. For one thing, how did the remainder of that chain get into Alison West's possession?" "She may have picked it up on the floor." "We'll admit that," I said; "and I'm sure I hope so. Then how did the murdered man's pocketbook get into the sealskin bag? And the dirk, how account for that, and the blood stains?" "Now what's the use," asked McKnight aggrievedly, "of my building up beautiful theories for you to pull down? We'll take it to Hotchkiss. Maybe he can tell from the blood stains if the murderer's finger nails were square or pointed." "Hotchkiss is no fool," I said warmly. "Under all his theories there's a good, hard layer of common sense. And we must remember, Rich, that neither of our theories includes the woman at Doctor Van Kirk's hospital, that the charming picture you have just drawn does not account for Alison West's connection with the case, or for the bits of telegram in the Sullivan fellow's pajamas pocket. You are like the man who put the clock together; you've got half of the works left over." "Oh, so home," said McKnight, disgustedly. "I'm no Edgar Allan Poe. What's the use of coming here and

asking me things if you're so particular?" With one of his quick changes of mood he picked up his guitar. "Listen to this," he said. "It is a Hawaiian song about a fat lad, oh, ignorant one! and how she fell off her mule." But for all the lightness of the words, the voice that followed me down the stairs was anything but cheery. There was a Kanaka in Balu did dwell, Who had for his daughter a monstrous fat girl—he sang in a clear tenor. I paused on the lower floor and listened. He had stopped singing as abruptly as he had begun. CHAPTER XXII. At the Boarding House. I had not been home for 36 hours, since the morning of the preceding day. Johnson was not in sight and I let myself in quietly with my latch-key. It was almost midnight and I had hardly settled myself in the library when the bell rang and I was surprised to find Hotchkiss, much out of breath, in the vestibule. "Why, come in, Mr. Hotchkiss," I said. "I thought you were going home to go to bed." "So I was, so I was." He dropped into a chair beside my reading lamp and mopped his face. "And here it is almost midnight and I'm wider awake than ever. I've seen Sullivan, Mr. Blakeley." "You have!" "I have," he said, impressively. "You were following Bronson at eight o'clock. Was that when it happened?" "Something of the sort. When I left you at the door of the restaurant I turned and almost ran into a plain-clothes man from the central office. I know him pretty well; once or twice he has taken me with him on interesting bits of work. He knows my hobby." "You know him, too, probably. It was the man Arnold, the detective whom the state's attorney has had watching Bronson." Johnson being otherwise occupied, I had asked for Arnold myself. I nodded. "Well, he stopped me at once; said he'd been on the fellow's tracks since early morning and had had no time for luncheon. Bronson, it seems, isn't eating much these days. I at once jotted down the fact, because it argued that he was being bothered by the man with the notes." "It might point to other things," I suggested. "Indigestion, you know." Hotchkiss ignored me. "Well, Arnold had some reason for thinking that Bronson would try to give him the slip that night, so he asked me to stay around the private entrance there while he ran across the street and get something to eat. It seemed a fair presumption that, as he had gone there with a lady they would dine leisurely and Arnold would have plenty of time to get back." "What about your own dinner?" I asked, curiously. "Sir," he said, pompously, "I have given you a wrong estimate of Wilson Budd Hotchkiss if you think that a question of dinner would even obtrude itself on his mind at such a time as this." He was a frail little man and tonight he looked pale with heat and over-exertion. "Did you have any luncheon?" I asked. "Suddenly the Man Awakes and Clutches at the Nearest Object."



He was somewhat embarrassed at that. "I—really, Mr. Blakeley, the events of the day were so engrossing—" "Well," I said, "I'm not going to see you drop on the floor from exhaustion. Just wait a minute." I went back to the pantry, only to be confronted with rows of locked doors and empty dishes. Downstairs, in the basement kitchen, however, I found two unattractive looking cold chops, some dry bread and a piece of cake, wrapped in a napkin, and from its surreptitious and generally hangdog appearance destined for the coachman in the stable at the rear. Trays there were none—everything but the chairs and tables seemed under lock and key and there was neither napkin, knife nor fork to be found. The luncheon was not attractive in appearance, but Hotchkiss ate his cold chops and gnawed at his crusts as though he had been famished, while he told his story. "I had been there only a few minutes," he said, with a chop in one hand and the cake in the other, "when Bronson rushed out and cut across the street. He's a tall man, Mr. Blakeley, and I had hard work keeping close. It was a relief when he jumped on a passing car, although being well behind, it was a hard run for me to catch him. He had left the lady." "Once on the car, we simply rode from one end of the line to the other and back again. I suppose he was passing the time, for he looked at his watch now and then and when I did once get a look at his face it made me—er—uncomfortable. He could have crushed me like a fly, sir." I had brought Mr. Hotchkiss a glass of wine and he was looking better. He stopped to finish it, declining with a wave of his hand to have it refilled, and continued: "About nine o'clock or a little later he got off somewhere near Washington circle. He went along one of the residence streets there, turned to his left a square or two, and rang a bell. He had been admitted when I got there, but I guessed from the appearance of the place that it was a boarding house. "I waited a few minutes and rang the bell. When a maid answered it, I asked for Mr. Sullivan. Of course there was no Mr. Sullivan there. "I said I was sorry; that the man I was looking for was a new boarder. She was sure there was no such boarder in the house; the only new arrival was a man on the third floor—she thought his name was Stuart. "My friend has a cousin by that name," I said. "I'll go up and see." "She wanted to show me up, but I said it was unnecessary. So after telling me it was the bedroom and sitting-room on the third floor front, I went up. "I met a couple of men on the stairs, but neither of them paid any attention to me. A boarding house is the easiest place in the world to enter. "They're not always so easy to leave," I put in, to his evident irritation. "When I got to the third story I took out a bunch of keys and posted myself by a door near the ones the girl had indicated. I could hear voices in one of the front rooms, but could not understand what they said. "There was no violent dispute, but a steady hum. Then Bronson jerked the door open. If he had stepped into the hall he would have seen me fitting a key into the door before me. But he spoke before he came out. "You're acting like a maniac," he said. "You know I can get those things some way; I'm not going to threaten you. It isn't necessary. You know me." "It would be no use," the other man said. "I tell you I haven't seen the notes for ten days." "But you will," Bronson said, savagely. "You're standing in your own way, that's all: if you're holding out expecting me to raise my figure you're making a mistake. It's my last offer." "I couldn't take it if it was for a million," said the man inside the room. "I'd do it, I expect, if I could. The best of us have our price." Bronson slammed the door then and flung past me down the hall. "After a couple of minutes I knocked at the door and a tall man about your size, Mr. Blakeley, opened it. He was very blond, with a smooth face and blue eyes—what I think you would call a handsome man. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you," I said. "Can you tell me which is Mr. Johnson's room? Mr. Francis Johnson?" "I cannot say," he answered, civilly. "I've only been here a few days." "I thanked him and left, but I had had a good look at him and I think I'd know him readily any place." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROPER CARE OF MATTRESS  
Bedding Not Hard to Keep in Condition, Though Constant Care is Necessary.  
An immaculate mattress is more than the sign of a good housewife. It is essential to good health. Even a clean sheet will not keep a sensitive person from shrinking if the mattress looks queer. There need be little excuse for any dust if care be taken. Every mattress should have a twilled muslin cover that buttons on, so that it can be frequently washed. If a mattress is for a big double bed it should be in two parts for easier turning. The extra-careful housewife pulls the mattress up over the foot-board each morning, so that it airs on all sides. It should at least be turned once a day, not always in the same direction. This prevents the ugly ridge when two are sleeping in the bed. Rubber sheeting should be used under the linen in cases of sickness. In an emergency folded newspapers are a good substitute. The easiest way to clean a mattress is by the vacuum cleaner. If it must be done at home, put it in a slightly dampened sheet and beat with a wicker carpet beater until all the dirt seems to be out; then take a new sheet, turn the mattress and repeat.

AMERICAN PATE DE FOI GRAS  
Imitation of European Delicacy That is Easily Within the Reach of All.  
Take 1 pound of beef liver, 1 large onion (cut into quarters), 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon of mixed herbs (1 use sage and sweet marjoram), 4 or 5 cloves, and 2 or 3 dashes of nutmeg. Cook slowly about 20 minutes. Be careful that it does not stick or burn. Strain off the liquid. There should be only a little. Now remove skin and coarse parts from liver—and run liver through meat grinder (or grade it if you have no grinder). It should be light and fluffy like meal. Add the liquid, a little white pepper, a pinch of cayenne and another teaspoon of mixed herbs. Knead together like dough and add one-half cup melted butter, salt to taste, put into a large cup (I use jelly glasses), and set in a pan of hot water on the stove for a few minutes. When hot through take up, cover with buttered paper and put on the cover of glass. Set in a cool place 3 or 4 hours. This will have the consistency of firm table butter.

Fish and Lemon Sauce.  
Take a three-pound fish. Clean, cut and sprinkle with salt. Leave for three hours; cut fine one good, medium-sized onion, let simmer in a tablespoonful of butter, add one pint of boiling water, pinch of ginger, pepper, mustard; put in the fish, boil slow 20 minutes. Sauce—Beat well the yolks of six eggs, juice of three lemons; add the hot gravy from fish to yolks and lemons, stirring well, so eggs will not curdle; then put back on stove, let come to a boil, and place fish in a dish, pour sauce over, put away to cool; garnish with lettuce leaves, add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley to sauce.

Sweet Pickled Pears.  
Ten pounds of good sound pears, not quite ripe. Wipe them and remove the blossom end. Peel and cook in boiling water until tender. Remove fruit and strain the water. Take 1 quart of this water, add to it 1 quart of vinegar, 5 pounds of sugar and ½ cup of mixed whole cloves, allspice, mace and stick cinnamon. Put it on to boil for half an hour, then add the pears, and when well scalded remove them and pack in glass jars. Boil sirup down until there is enough to cover the fruit. Pour it over and seal at once. Tie the cinnamon and mace in a muslin bag, but put cloves and allspice in whole.

Home Economy.  
To prevent raisins or currants from dropping to the bottom of the pan first put in a layer of dough without them, and then add the dough to which the raisins, well flavored, have been mixed. A splendid filling for soft cushions may be made by taking a dime's worth of cotton batting, cutting it into small squares, and heating it in a baking pan in the oven for half an hour, care being taken not to let it scorch. Each little square will puff up to twice its size, and will be as light and fluffy as a feather.

Artistic Cheese.  
The next time you have cheese with your salad try the effect of cutting tiny rounds of red pepper about a quarter of an inch thick and filling the center with cream cheese. These rings should be prepared several hours before using and be kept on the ice until very cold. Pass as ordinary cheese with crackers.

Scratched Paint.  
If you are distressed to find that some careless person has scratched the new white paint with a match try rubbing the darkened surface with part of a cut lemon. Unless the wood has been burned the discoloration is removed.

Cocoanut Cookies.  
One cup of grated cocoanut, 1½ cups of sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 large teaspoon of baking powder, ½ teaspoon extract vanilla, and flour enough to roll out.



His Defense.  
It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus red-handed. "Well, Rastus, you old rascal, you," said he, "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?" "Why, Marase Bill," said the old man, "I—I done heard such a cacklin' in dis yere coop, dat I—I thought mebbe de ole hen done gone lay an' an' I—I wanted ter git it fo' you' breakfas' while it was fresh, suh."—Harper's Weekly.

Cheering Up the Guide.  
"Remember, Henry," said the hunter who had arranged with the guide, "we're not hiring you—you're simply one of our party." "What's on your mind?" inquired the guide. "Well, you see, in case anything happens we don't want to be troubled with this new employers' liability law," admitted the cautious hunter.—Puck.

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Laying the Foundation.  
"Why are you always so careful to ask advice about what you are going to do?" "So that if things go wrong I can say 'I told you so.'"

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