



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl, whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger.

CHAPTER II.

A Torn Telegram.

I lunched alone at the Gilmore house, and went back to the city at once. The sun had lifted the mists, and a fresh summer wind had cleared away the smoke pall. The boulevard was full of cars flying countryward for the Saturday half-holiday, toward golf and tennis, green fields and babbling girls. I gritted my teeth and thought of McKnight at Richmond. And then, for the first time, I associated John Gilmore's granddaughter with the "West" that McKnight had fritteringly fung at me.

I still carried my traveling bag, for McKnight's vision at the window of the empty house had not been without effect. I did not transfer the notes to my pocket, and, if I had, it would not have altered the situation later. Only the other day McKnight put this very thing up to me.

"I warned you," he reminded me, "I told you there were queer things coming, and to be on your guard. You ought to have taken your revolver."

"It would have been of exactly as much use as a bucket of snow in Africa," I retorted. "If I had never closed my eyes, or if I had kept my finger on the trigger of a six-shooter (which is novelesque for revolver), the result would have been the same. And the next time you want a little excitement with every variety of thrill thrown in, I can put you by way of it. You begin by getting the wrong berth in a Pullman car, and end—"

"Oh, I know how it ends," he finished shortly. "Don't you suppose the whole thing's written on my spinal marrow?"

But I am wandering again. That is the difficulty with the unprofessional story-teller: He yaws back and forth and can't keep in the wind; he drops his characters overboard when he hasn't any further use for them and drowns them; he forgets the coffee pot and the frying pan and all the other small essentials, and, if he carries a love affair, he mutters a fervent "Allah be praised" when he lands them, drenched with adventures, at the matrimonial dock at the end of the final chapter.

I put in a thoroughly unsatisfactory afternoon. Time dragged eternally. I dropped into a summer vaudeville, and bought some ties at a haberdasher's. I was bored but unexpectant; I had no premonition of what was to come. Nothing unusual had ever happened to me; friends of mine had sometimes sailed the high seas of adventure or skirted the coasts of chance, but all of the shipwrecks had occurred after a woman passenger had been taken on. "Ergo," I had always said "no women!" I repeated it to myself that evening almost savagely, when I found my thoughts straying back to the picture of John Gilmore's granddaughter. I even argued as I ate my solitary dinner at a downtown restaurant.

"Haven't you troubles enough," I reflected, "without looking for more? Hasn't Bad News gone lame, with a matinee race booked for next week? Otherwise aren't you comfortable? Isn't your house in order? Do you want to sell a pony in order to have the library done over in mission or the drawing room in gold? Do you want somebody to count the empty cigarette boxes lying around every morning?"

Lay it to the long idle afternoon, to the new environment, to anything you like, but I began to think that perhaps I did. I was confoundingly lonely. For the first time in my life its even course began to waver. The needle registered warning marks on the matrimonial seismograph, lines vague enough, but lines.

My alligator bag lay at my feet, still locked. While I waited for my coffee I leaned back and surveyed the people incuriously. There were the usual couples intent on each other; my new state of mind made me regard them with tolerance. But at the next table, where a man and woman dined together, a different atmosphere prevailed. My attention was first caught by the woman's face. She had been speaking earnestly across the table, her profile turned to me. I had noticed casually her earnest manner, her somber clothes, and the great mass of odd, bronze-colored hair on her neck. But suddenly she glanced toward me and the utter hopelessness—almost tragedy—of her expression struck me with a shock. She half closed her eyes and drew a long breath then she turned again to the man across the table.

Neither one was eating. He sat low in his chair, his chin on his chest, ugly folds of thick flesh protruding over his collar. He was probably 50, bald, grotesque, sullen, and yet not without a suggestion of power. But he

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER
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had been drinking; as I looked, he raised an unsteady hand and summoned a waiter with a wine list. The young woman bent across the table and spoke again quickly. She had unconsciously raised her voice. Not beautiful, in her earnestness and stress she rather interested me. I had an idle inclination to advise the waiter to remove the bottled temptation from the table. I wonder what would have happened if I had? Suppose Harrington had not been intoxicated when he entered the Pullman car Ontario that night!

For they were about to make a journey, I gathered, and the young woman wished to go alone. I drank three cups of coffee, which accounted for my wakefulness later, and shamelessly watched the tableau before me. The woman's protest evidently went for nothing; across the table the man grunted monosyllabic replies and grew more and more lowering and sullen. Once, during a brief unexpected pianissimo in the music, her voice came to me sharply:

"If I could only see him in time!" she was saying. "Oh, it's terrible!"

In spite of my interest I would have forgotten the whole incident at once, erased it from my mind as one does the essentials and clutterings of memory, had I not met them again, later that evening, in the Pennsylvania station. The situation between them had not visibly altered: The same dogged determination showed in the man's face, but the young woman—daughter or wife? I wondered—had drawn down her veil and I could only suspect what white misery lay beneath.

I bought my berth after waiting in

passed the time until nearly 11 with cigarettes and a magazine.

The car was very close. It was a warm night, and before turning in I stood a short time in the vestibule. The train had been stopping at frequent intervals, and, finding the brakeman there, I asked the trouble.

It seemed that there was a hot-box on the next car, and that not only were we late, but we were delaying the second section, just behind. I was beginning to feel pleasantly drowsy, and the air was growing cooler as we got into the mountains. I said good-night to the brakeman and went back to my berth. To my surprise, lower ten was already occupied—a suit case projected from beneath, a pair of shoes stood on the floor, and from behind the curtains came the heavy, unmistakable breathing of deep sleep. I hunted out the porter and together we investigated.

"Are you asleep, sir?" asked the porter, leaning over deferentially. No answer forthcoming, he opened the curtains and looked in. Yes, the intruder was asleep—very much asleep—and an overwhelming odor of whisky proclaimed that he would probably remain asleep until morning. I was irritated. The car was full, and I was not disposed to take an upper in order to allow this drunken interloper to sleep comfortably in my berth.

"You'll have to get out of this," I said, shaking him angrily. But he merely grunted and turned over. As he did so, I saw his features for the first time. It was the quarrelsome man of the restaurant.

I was less disposed than ever to relinquish my claim, but the porter,



"Which Will You Have, Lower Ten or Eleven?"

a line of some eight or ten people. When, step by step, I had almost reached the window, a tall woman whom I had not noticed before spoke to me from my elbow. She had a ticket and money in her hand.

"Will you try to get me a lower when you buy yours?" she asked. "I have traveled for three nights in uppers."

I consented, of course; beyond that I hardly noticed the woman. I had a vague impression of height and a certain amount of stateliness, but the crowd was pushing behind me, and some one was standing on my foot. I got two lowers easily, and, turning with the change and berths, held out the tickets.

"Which will you have?" I asked. "Lower 11 or lower 10?"

"It makes no difference," she said. "Thank you very much indeed."

At random I gave her lower 11, and called a porter to help her with her luggage. I followed them leisurely to the train shed, and ten minutes more saw us under way.

I looked into my car, but it presented the peculiarly unattractive appearance common to sleepers. The berths were made up; the center aisle was a path between walls of dingy, breeze-repelling curtains, while the two seats at each end of the car were piled high with suit cases and umbrellas. The perspiring porter was trying to be in six places at once; somebody has said that Pullman porters are black so they won't show the dirt, but they certainly show the heat.

Nine-fifteen was an outrageous hour to go to bed, especially since I sleep little or not at all on the train, so I made my way to the smoker and

after a little quiet investigation, offered a solution of the difficulty. "There's no one in lower nine," he suggested, pulling open the curtains just across. "It's likely nine's his berth, and he's made a mistake, owing to his condition. You'd better take nine, sir."

I did, with a firm resolution that if nine's rightful owner turned up later I should be just as unwakable as the man opposite. I undressed leisurely, making sure of the safety of the forged notes, and placing my grip as before between myself and the window.

Being a man of systematic habits, I arranged my clothes carefully, putting my shoes out for the porter to polish, and stowing my collar and scarf in the little hammock swung for the purpose.

At last, with my pillows so arranged that I could see out comfortably, and with the unhygienic-looking blanket turned back—I have always a distrust of those much-used affairs—I prepared to wait gradually for sleep.

But sleep did not visit me. The train came to frequent, grating stops, and I surmised the hot box again. I am not a nervous man, but there was something chilling in the thought of the second section pounding along behind us. Once, as I was dozing, our locomotive whistled a shrill warning "You keep back where you belong." I screamed to my drowsy ears, and from somewhere behind came a chastened "All-right-I-will."

I grew more and more wide-awake. At Creason I got up on my elbow and blinked out at the station lights. Some passengers boarded the train there and I heard a woman's low tones, a southern voice, rich and full. Then



FOR \$3,000,000 CATHEDRAL

Archbishop Ireland's Life Dream Is Slowly Approaching Consummation in St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn.—Slowly rising upon the crest of a hill on fashionable Summit avenue, St. Paul, Minn., is a \$3,000,000 cathedral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop Ireland. Stone by stone and block by block, the great gray granite structure is taking form, and when com-



pleted will be the most magnificent Catholic cathedral in all America. No house of worship will surpass it, unless it be the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, which is being erected by the Episcopalians.

The beginning of this cathedral was in the mind of Archbishop Ireland on the evening of Holy Thursday, March 31, 1904. The next day he imparted his idea to some of his influential friends, and on April 9, following, the site was purchased at a cost of \$52,000.

Since then Archbishop Ireland has worked continuously for the consummation of his plans. In response to his requests for money, persons in his diocese have subscribed \$1,672,390. Of this sum \$415,209.10 has been paid in. Ground for the cathedral was broken in 1905, and the corner stone was laid June 2, 1907. The foundations are completed and material is arriving for the walls.

Four years have been spent in making the foundations for the building, and they are calculated to be of sufficient strength and durability to last 10,000 years.

The cathedral itself will be built in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome and flanked by towers. It will be 274 feet long, 214 feet wide, and the distance from the ground to the top of the cross which will rise over the topmost pinnacle will be 280 feet. The great dome will be 120 feet wide, the height of the facade 130 feet, and the height of the towers 150 feet. The building will be constructed of Minnesota white granite and will be Roman in architecture. It is planned to have it finished in three or four years, but the architect says that 50 years from now men will still be engaged in "putting on the finishing touches." When completed it will seat 3,400 persons.

There will be 12 chapels on the main floor. Close estimates of its cost and furnishing bring the figures to approximately \$3,000,000. Archbishop Ireland, through his own influence, expects to obtain this sum before he ceases.

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LEADING MISTAKES IN LIFE

Writer Has Recorded Ten, of Which Most of Us Assuredly Have Our Share.

Some of us may be glad to be told that there are only ten life mistakes, for there seem to be so many more, but a recent writer has catalogued them. Perhaps these are only the ten leading ones from which the smaller errors arise. Let's look over the list and see how many of them are ours: First, to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; second, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; third, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; fourth, to look for judgment and experience in youth; fifth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; sixth, to look for perfection in our own actions; seventh, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; eighth, to refuse to yield in immaterial matters; ninth, to refuse to alleviate, so far as it lies in our power, all which needs alleviation; tenth, to refuse to make allowance for the infirmities of others.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago Ill., June 29, 1909.

DESERVED IT.



Rastus—Playin' poker hands las' night I accidentally threw five aces. Sambo—What did de oddsers do? Rastus—Threw me outer de window.

More Serious.

"Mathilde Browne was very rude to an over-dressed old woman she met on the street the other day."

"I know the story. The old woman turned out to be Mathilde's very rich aunt, and now she's going to give all her money to a hospital for decrepit dogs."

"Nothing of the sort. In fact, it's worse. The old woman was the Brownes' new cook—and now they haven't any."

The Home of the Cod.

There is just one other great cod bank in the world besides those of Newfoundland. It lies off Cape Agulhas, which is the southern tip of Africa, and south of the Cape of Good Hope. The Agulhas plateau is said to be almost a duplicate in size and richness of the north cod banks. But this is too far off, so there is little promise of its appeasing the hungry appetite of the world for cod.

Initials.

"What are Mr. Wise's initials?" "Can't say. He has been taking so many college degrees that nobody can keep track of them."

For Breakfast— Post Toasties

with cream or milk

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