



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh 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. Standing in line to buy a Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy her one. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his bag and clothing missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Some one was on the floor at our feet, face down, head peering under the berth. Now he got up without apology, revealing the man who had summoned the conductor. He was dusty, alert, cheerful, and he dragged up with him the dead man's suit-case. The sight of it brought back to me at once my own predicament.

"I don't know whether there's any connection or not, conductor," I said, "but I am a victim, too, in less degree. I've been robbed of everything I possess, except a red and yellow bathrobe. I happened to be wearing the bathrobe, which was probably the reason the thief overlooked it."

There was a fresh murmur in the crowd. Somebody laughed nervously. The conductor was irritated.

"I can't bother with that now," he snarled. "The railroad company is responsible for transportation, not for clothes, jewelry and morals. If people want to be stabbed and robbed in the company's cars, it's their affair. Why didn't you sleep in your clothes? I do."

I took an angry step forward. Then somebody touched my arm, and I unclenched my fist. I could understand the conductor's position, and beside, in the law, I had been guilty myself of contributory negligence.

"I'm not trying to make you responsible," I protested, as amiably as I could, "and I believe the clothes the thief left are as good as my own. They are certainly newer. But my valise contained valuable papers, and it is to your interest as well as mine to find the man who stole it."

"Why, of course," the doctor said shrewdly. "Find the man who skipped out with this gentleman's clothes, and you've probably got the murderer."

"I went to bed in lower nine," I said, my mind full again of my lost papers, "and I awakened in number seven. I was up in the night prowling around, as I was unable to sleep, and I must have gone back to the wrong berth. Anyhow, until the porter awakened me this morning I knew nothing of my mistake. In the interval the thief—murderer, too, perhaps—must have come back, discovered my error, and taken advantage of it to further his escape."

The inquisitive man looked at me from between narrowed eyelids, ferret-like.

"Did anyone on the train suspect you of having valuable papers?" he inquired. The crowd was listening intently.

"No one," I answered promptly and positively.

The doctor was investigating the murdered man's effects. The pockets of his trousers contained the usual miscellany of keys and small change, while in his hip pocket was found a small pearl-handled revolver of the type women usually keep around. A gold watch with a Masonic charm had slid down between the mattress and the window, while a showy diamond stud was still fastened in the bosom of his shirt. Taken as a whole, the personal belongings were those of a man of some means, but without any particular degree of breeding. The doctor heaped them together.

"Either robbery was not the motive," he reflected, "or the thief overlooked these things in his hurry."

The latter hypothesis seemed the more tenable, when, after a thorough search, we found no pocketbook and less than a dollar in small change.

The suit-case gave no clew. It contained one empty leather-covered flask and a pint bottle, also empty, a change of linen and some collars with the laundry mark, S. H. In the leather tag on the handle was a card with the name Simon Harrington, Pittsburg.

The conductor sat down on my unmade berth, across, and made an entry of the name and address. Then, on an old envelope, he wrote a few words and gave it to the porter, who disappeared.

"I guess that's all I can do," he said. "I've had enough trouble this trip to last for a year. They don't need a conductor on these trains any more; what they ought to have is a sheriff and a posse."

The porter from the next car came in and whispered to him. The conductor rose unhappily.

"Next car's caught the disease," he grumbled. "Doctor, a woman back there has got mumps or bubonic plague, or something. Will you come back?"

The strange porter stood aside

The Man in Lower Ten by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS by M. G. KETTNER



"Did Anyone Suspect You of Having Valuable Papers?"

"Lady about the middle of the car," he said, "in black, sir, with queer-looking hair—sort of copper color, I think, sir."

CHAPTER V.

The Woman in the Next Car.

With the departure of the conductor and the doctor, the group around lower ten broke up, to reform in smaller knots through the car. The porter remained on guard. With something of relief I sank into a seat. I wanted to think, to try to remember the details of the previous night. But my inquisitive acquaintance had other intentions. He came up and sat down beside me. Like the conductor, he had taken notes of the dead man's belongings, his name, address, clothing and the general circumstances of the crime. Now with his little notebook open before him, he prepared to enjoy the minor sensation of the robbery.

"And now for the second victim," he began cheerfully. "What is your name and address, please?"

I eyed him with suspicion. "I have lost everything but my name and address," I parried. "What do you want them for? Publication?"

"Oh, no; dear, no!" he said, shocked at my misapprehension. "Merely for my own enlightenment. I like to gather data of this kind and draw my own conclusions. Most interesting and engrossing. Once or twice I have forestalled the results of police investigation—but entirely for my own amusement."

I nodded tolerantly. Most of us have hobbies; I knew a man once who carried his handkerchief up his sleeve and had a mania for old colored prints cut out of Godey's Lady Book.

"I use that inductive method originated by Poe and followed since with such success by Conan Doyle. Have you ever read Gaboriau? Ah, you have missed a treat, indeed. And now, to get down to business, what is the name of our escaped thief and probable murderer?"

"How on earth do I know?" I demanded impatiently. "He didn't write it in blood anywhere, did he?"

The little man looked hurt and disappointed.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that the pockets of those clothes are entirely empty?"

"The pockets! In the excitement I had forgotten entirely the sealskin grip which the porter now sat at my feet, and I had not investigated the pockets at all. With the inquisitive man's pencil taking note of everything that I found, I emptied them on the opposite seat."

"Upper left-hand waist-coat, two lead pencils and a fountain pen; lower right waist-coat, matchbox and a small stamp book; right-hand pocket coat, pair of gray suede gloves, new, size seven and a half; left-hand pocket, gun-metal cigarette case studded with pearls, half-full of Egyptian cigarettes. The trousers pockets contained a gold penknife, a small amount of money in bills and change, and a handkerchief with the initial 'S' on it."

Further search through the coat discovered a card-case with cards bearing the name Henry Pinckney Sullivan, and a leather flask with gold mountings, filled with what seemed to be very fair whisky, and mono-grammed H. P. S.

"His name evidently is Henry Pinckney Sullivan," said the cheerful

follower of Poe, as he wrote it down. "Address as yet unknown. Blonde, probably. Have you noticed that it is almost always the blonde men who affect a very light gray, with a touch of red in the scarf? Fact, I assure you. I kept a record once of the summer attire of men, and 90 per cent. followed my rule. Dark men like you affect navy blue, or brown."

In spite of myself I was amused at the man's shrewdness.

"Yes; the suit he took was dark—a blue," I said.

He rubbed his hands and smiled at me delightedly.

"Then you wore black shoes, not tan," he said, with a glance at the aggressive yellow ones I wore.

"Right again," I acknowledged. "Black low shoes and black embroidered hose. If you keep on you'll have a motive for the crime, and the murderer's present place of hiding. And if you come back to the smoker with me, I'll give you an opportunity to judge if he knew good whisky from bad."

I put the articles from the pockets back again and got up. "I wonder if there is a diner on?" I said. "I need something sustaining after all this."

I was conscious then of some one at my elbow. I turned to see the young woman whose face was so vaguely familiar. In the very act of speaking she drew back suddenly and colored.

"Oh—I beg your pardon," she said hurriedly, "I—thought you were—some one else." She was looking in a puzzled fashion at my coat. I felt all the cringing guilt of a man who has accidentally picked up the wrong umbrella; my borrowed caller sat tight on my neck.

"I'm sorry," I said idly. "I'm sorry, but—I'm not. I have learned since that she has bright brown hair, with a loose wave in it that drops over her ears, and dark blue eyes with black lashes and—but what does it matter? One enjoys a picture as a whole; not as the sum of its parts."

She saw the flask then, and her errand came back to her. "One of the ladies at the end of the car has fainted," she explained. "I thought perhaps a stimulant."

I picked up the flask at once and followed my guide down the aisle. Two or three women were working over the woman who had fainted. They had opened her collar and taken out her hair pins, whatever good that might do. The stout woman was vigorously rubbing her wrists, with the idea, no doubt, of working up her pulse! The unconscious woman was the one for whom I had secured lower 11 at the station.

I poured a little liquor in a bungling masculine fashion between her lips as she leaned back, with closed eyes. She choked, coughed and rallied somewhat.

"Poor thing," said the stout lady. "As she lies back that way I almost think it was my mother; she used to faint so much."

"It would make anybody faint," chimed in another. "Murder and robbery in one night and on one car. I'm thankful I always wear my rings in a bag around my neck—even if they do get under me and keep me awake."

The girl in blue was looking at us with wide, startled eyes. I saw her pale a little, saw the quick, apprehensive glance which she threw at her traveling companion, the small woman



I had noticed before. There was an exchange—almost a clash—of glances. The small woman frowned. That was all. I turned my attention again to my patient.

She had revived somewhat, and now she asked to have the window opened. The train had stopped again and the car was oppressively hot. People around were looking at their watches and grumbling over the delay. The doctor bustled in with a remark about its being his busy day. The amateur detective and the porter together mounted guard over lower ten. Outside the heat rose in shimmering waves from the tracks; the very wood of the car was hot to touch. A Camberwell Beauty darted through the open door and made its way, in erratic plunges, great wings waving, down the sunny aisle. All around lay the peace of harvested fields, the quiet of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

The Girl in Blue.

I was growing more and more irritable. The thought of what the loss of the notes meant was fast crowding the murder to the back of my mind. The forced inaction was intolerable. The porter had reported no bag, answering the description of mine on the train, but I was disposed to make my own investigation. I made a tour of the cars, scrutinizing every variety of hand luggage, ranging from luxurious English bags with gold mountings to the wicker nondescript of the day coach at the rear. I was not alone in my quest, for the girl in blue was just ahead of me. Car by car she preceded me through the train, unconscious that I was behind her, looking at each passenger as she passed. I fancied the proceeding was distasteful, but that she had determined on a course and was carrying it through. We reached the end of the train almost together—empty-handed, both of us.

The girl went out to the platform. When she saw me she moved aside, and I stepped out beside her. Behind us the track curved sharply; the early sunshine threw the train, in long black shadow, over the hot earth. Forward somewhere they were hammering. The girl said nothing, but her profile was strained and anxious.

"I—if you have lost anything," I began, "I wish you would let me try to help. Not that my own success is anything to boast of."

She hardly glanced at me. It was not flattering.

"I have not been robbed, if that is what you mean," she replied quietly. "I am—perplexed. That is all."

There was nothing to say to that. I lifted my hat—the other fellow's hat—and turned to go back to my car. Two or three members of the train crew, including the conductor, were standing in the shadow talking. And at that moment, from a farmhouse near came the swift clang of the breakfast bell, calling in the hands from barn and pasture. I turned back to the girl.

"We may be here for an hour," I said, "and there is no buffet car on. If I remember my youth, that bell means ham and eggs and country butter and coffee. If you care to run the risk—"

"I am not hungry," she said, "but perhaps a cup of coffee—dear me, I believe I am hungry," she finished. "Only—" She glanced back at her.

"I can bring your companion," I suggested, without enthusiasm. But the young woman shook her head.

"She is not hungry," she objected, "and she is very—well, I know she wouldn't come. Do you suppose we could make it if we run?"

"I haven't any idea," I said cheerfully. "Any old train would be better than this one, if it does leave us behind."

"Yes. Any train would be better than this one," she repeated gravely. I found myself watching her changing expression. I had spoken two dozen words to her and already I felt that I knew the lights and shades in her voice—I, who had always known how a woman rode to hounds, and who never could have told the color of her hair.

I stepped down on the ties and turned to assist her, and together we walked back to where the conductor and the porter from our car were in close conversation. Instinctively my hand went to my cigarette pocket and came out empty. She saw the gesture.

"If you want to smoke, you may," she said. "I have a big cousin who smokes all the time. He says I am 'kippered.'"

I drew out the gun-metal cigarette case and opened it. But this most commonplace action had an extraordinary result: The girl beside me stopped dead still and stood staring at it with fascinated eyes.

"Is—where did you get that?" she demanded, with a catch in her voice; her gaze still fixed on the cigarette case.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Uneasy lies the head that wears an ice bag!"

DAN WEBSTER VASE

Among Rare Exhibits in Boston's Public Library.

Valuable Relic Is Made of Pure Coin Silver and Weighs at Least Thirty Pounds.

Boston.—The Daniel Webster vase, now the property of the city of Boston, has been placed among the list of rare exhibits in the fine arts department of the public library. It is made of pure coin silver, weighs at least thirty pounds, and is worth intrinsically a tidy fortune.

The vase was presented to Mr. Webster on October 12, 1835, at the Odéon, which was the name by which the old Federal street theater was then known, and a crowded house of interested spectators were treated to a responsive hour-and-a-half speech, in acknowledgment of the gift, by the foremost political orator of his time.

The current newspapers records of the event say that the money, to defray the cost of the vase was raised by small subscriptions. No one subscriber was permitted to contribute a sum in excess of one dollar. The result of such a restriction was a large list of contributors and no attempt seems to have been made to preserve the names. Neither was there any reference made to the aggregate of the sum which was raised.

"We shall say nothing descriptive of this massive piece of plate," said Editor Buckingham of the Courier of October 13, "until we can obtain a more exact account than we are now prepared to give."

The Courier also said that 3,000 persons witnessed the ceremony of presentation, a large estimate for the capacity of Boston's first theater, and listened to the speeches. Francis C. Gray spoke for the subscribers and referred in many complimentary phrases to the services of Senator Webster in his debate with Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina in 1832.

Mr. Webster, in closing his address, said: "Now I want you to go on, right on, straightforward in maintaining in your utmost zeal and with all your power the true principles of the best, the happiest, the most glorious



The Daniel Webster Vase.

constitution of a free government with which it has pleased providence in any age to bless any of the nations of the earth."

In 1865, or nearly thirteen years after the death of Mr. Webster, certain public-spirited citizens of Boston purchased the vase of the heirs of the Webster estate, and in a formal letter to Mayor F. W. Lincoln conveyed the "massive piece of plate" to the city of Boston. Among the list of subscribers to this enterprise, which was headed by George W. Lyman, were such prominent names as Henry J. Gardner, F. O. Prince, G. S. Hilliard, H. W. Paine, E. D. Jordan, Peter Butler, H. D. Parker, J. P. Healey, Leverett Saltonstall and Peter Harvey.

STOPS HIS BOUNTY ON FLIES

Middlesborough (England) Alderman Is Swamped With Insect Disease Spreaders.

London.—"Please have mercy on me and withdraw my offer to buy dead flies and bluebottles," writes Ald. Mattison of Middlesborough to a local newspaper. A few days ago Mr. Mattison, aware of the baleful influences of houseflies and bluebottles on the public health, proposed through the sanitary department to pay a penny (two cents) for every 50 flies and a penny for every 12 bluebottles delivered, impaled on pins, to the corporation offices. His offer stirred the wags in Middlesborough. One wrote to Mr. Mattison:

"Will you quote me a price on daddy longlegs? I can deliver a choice lot."

Another wrote: "What is your quotation today on gnats and fleas?"

This was the funny side of Mr. Mattison's adventure into practical philanthropy, but it also had its serious side for him.

Flies and bluebottles arrived at the corporation offices by the thousands. Every small boy in Middlesborough was busy and even men and women joined in the crusade. One boy delivered 1,200 dead flies in a single lot and the clerks had to leave their ordinary work to receive, count and pay for flies. The corporation office reeked with the odor of the disease breeders. Children besieged fifth heaps in looking for flies and their mothers are after Mr. Mattison's scalp. Hence the alderman's frantic cry to the newspapers to call off the hunt. He is out £15 (\$75) in cash.

"I don't mind that," he writes, "but I have 200,000 dead flies on my hands and have lost my reputation. I want to promote the public health, but I am afraid that I am going to give very boy in town some infectious disease."

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY KIDNEYS.

Weak kidneys fail to remove poisons from the blood and are the cause of backache, headache, urinary troubles and dizzy spells.

To insure good health, keep the kidneys well. Doan's Kidney Pills remove all kidney ills. Read what a physician says:

Dr. H. Green, 215 N. 9th St., No. Yakima, Wash., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills in my practice for years and they have given satisfaction. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills personally and pronounce them the best remedy I have prescribed in my long career as a physician and surgeon."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

When a girl marries for a home she seldom boasts of what she gets.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

Different Values. "There's a big difference in men." "I judge so, by studying the various rates for which Pittsburg councilmen were bought."

On a Stygian Ferryboat. Charon was ferrying a passenger across the Styx. "Fine scenery for my toothpowder ad," cried the shade. "Thus we see the ruling passion survives."

Fine School. "Your daughter should attend my school of education." "She shan't! She's attended one, and she's positively—"

"Ah, but I teach a new system. When my pupils are asked to recite they are trained to refuse."

THE BEST OF ITS KIND. Is always advertised, in fact it only pays to advertise good things. When you see an article advertised in this paper year after year you can be absolutely certain that there is merit to it because the continued sale of any article depends upon merit and to keep on advertising one must keep on selling. All good things have imitations, but imitations are not advertised. They have no reputation to sustain, they never expect to have any permanent sale and your dealer would never sell them if he studied your interests. Sixteen years ago Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic Powder for the feet, was first sold, and through newspaper advertising and through people telling each other what a good thing it was for tired and aching feet it has now a permanent sale, and nearly 500 so-called foot powders have been put on the market with the hope of profiting by the reputation which has been built up for Allen's Foot-Powder. When you ask for an article advertised in these papers see that you get it. Avoid substitutes.

His Soft Answer. And this is the sort of excuse you put up for coming home two hours late for dinner and in such a condition—that you and that disreputable Augustus Jones were out hunting mushrooms, you wretch? And where, pray, are the mushrooms?"

"Eere zay are, m' dear, in m' ves' pocket; and w'ile zay ain' so many of em, m' dear, we had lots of fun—GUS an' I—huntin' 'em."

119 Years Old When He Died. Paddy Blake, who was born at Ballygreen, parish of Kilmansnoagh, County Clare, Ireland, 119 years ago, has died in the Crofton Union hospital. Paddy had a clear memory of events that happened a hundred years ago and was one of those who went to see Daniel O'Connell passing through Bunratty Pike on his way to Ennis for the great election of 1828.

Reformation. "You say you are a reformer?" "Yep," replied the local boss; "of the deepest dye."

"But you were not always so." "No. The reformers reformed our town last year and I want to reform it back again."

Pretty Bad. Mrs. Hoyle—Does your husband use bad language at home?

Mrs. Doyle—He talks to me as if I were a fountain pen.

Some people need only a little hole of observation to take in all the important scandals of the age.

No Trouble

A Saucer, A little Cream, and

Post Toasties

right from the box.

Breakfast in a minute, and you have a meal as delightful as it is wholesome.

Post Toasties are crisp and flavory—golden-brown, fluffy bits that almost melt in the mouth.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.