



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he 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. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Alison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unthinking, puts it in his pocket. He returns home and learns from his landlady of strange happenings. Blakeley learns that a fellow victim of the wreck is in the hospital.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

And there was no one I could talk to about it, no one to tell me how hideously absurd it was, no one to give me a slap and tell me there are tons of fine gold chains made every year, or to point out the long arm of coincidence!

With my one useful hand I fumbled the things back into the bag and thrust it deep out of sight among the pillows. Then I lay back in a cold perspiration. What connection had Alison West with this crime? Why had she stared so at the gun-metal cigarette case that morning on the train? What had alarmed her so at the farmhouse? What had she taken back to the gate? Why did she wish she had not escaped from the wreck? And last, in heaven's name, how did a part of her necklace become torn off and covered with blood?

Downstairs McKnight was still at the telephone, and amusing himself with Mrs. Klopston in the interval of waiting.

"Why did he come home in a gray suit, when he went away in a blue?" he repeated. "Well, wrecks are queer things, Mrs. Klopston. The suit may have turned gray with fright. Or perhaps wrecks do as queer stunts as lightning. Friend of mine once was struck by lightning; he and the caddy had taken refuge under a tree. After the flash, when they recovered consciousness, there was my friend in the caddy's clothes, and the caddy in his. And as my friend was a large man and the caddy a very small boy—"

McKnight's story was interrupted by the indignant slam of the dining room door. He was obliged to wait some time, and even his eternal cheerfulness was ebbing when he finally got the hospital.

"Is Dr. Van Kirk there?" he asked. "Not there? Well, can you tell me how the patient is whom Dr. Williams, from Washington, operated on last night? Well, I'm glad of that. Is she conscious? Do you happen to know her name? Yes, I'll hold the line."

There was a long pause, then McKnight's voice:

"Hello—yes. Thank you very much. Good-by."

He came upstairs, two steps at a time.

"Look here," he said, bursting into the room, "there may be something in your theory, after all. The woman's name—it may be a coincidence, but it's curious—her name is Sullivan."

"What did I tell you?" I said, sitting up suddenly in bed. "She's probably a sister of that scoundrel in lower seven, and she was afraid of what he might do."

"Confound this arm," I said, paying for my energy with some excruciating throbs. "There's so much to be looked after, and here I am, bandaged, splintered, and generally useless. It's a beastly shame."

"Don't forget that I am here," said McKnight pompously. "And another thing, when you feel this way just remember there are two less desirable places were you might be. One is jail, and the other is—" He strummed on an imaginary harp, with devotional eyes.

But McKnight's light-heartedness jarred on me that morning. I lay and frowned under my helplessness. When by chance I touched the little gold bag, it seemed to scorch my fingers. Richey, finding me unresponsive, left to keep his luncheon engagement with Alison West. As he clattered down the stairs, I turned my back to the morning sunshine and abandoned myself to misery. By what strain on her frayed nerves was Alison West keeping up, I wondered?

But McKnight had not gone, after all. I heard him coming back, his voice preceding him, and I groaned with irritation.

"Wake up!" he called. "Somebody's sent you a lot of flowers. Please hold the box, Mrs. Klopston; I'm going out to be run down by an automobile."

I roused to feeble interest. My brother's wife is punctilious about such things; all the new babies in the

# The Man in Lower Ten

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER  
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family have silver rattles, and all the sick people flowers.

McKnight pulled up an armful of roses, and held them out to me.

"Wonder who they're from?" he said, fumbling in the box for a card.

"There's no name—yes, here's one."

He held it up and read it with exasperating slowness.

"Best wishes for an early recovery. A COMPANION IN MISFORTUNE."

"Well, what do you know about that?" he exclaimed. "That's something you didn't tell me, Lollie."

"It was hardly worth mentioning," I said mendaciously, with my heart beating until I could hear it. She had not forgotten, after all.

McKnight took a bud and fastened it in his buttonhole. I'm afraid I was not especially pleasant about it. They were her roses, and anyhow, they were meant for me. Richey left very soon, with an irritating final grin at the box.

"Good-by, sir woman-hater," he jeered at me from the door.

So he wore one of the roses she had sent me, to luncheon with her, and I lay back among my pillows and tried to remember that it was his game, anyhow, and that I wasn't even drawing cards. To remember that, and to forget the broken necklace under my head!

CHAPTER XIII.

Faded Roses.

I was in the house for a week. Much of that time I spent in composing and destroying letters of thanks to Miss West, and in growling at the doctor. McKnight dropped in daily, but he was less cheerful than usual. Now and then I caught him eyeing me as if he had something to say, but whatever it was he kept it to himself.

Once during the week he went to Baltimore and saw the woman in the hospital there. From the description I had little difficulty in recognizing the young woman who had been with the murdered man in Pittsburgh. But she was still unconscious. An elderly aunt had appeared, a gaunt person in black, who sat around like a buzzard on a fence, according to McKnight, and wept. In a mixed figure, into a damp handkerchief.

On the last day of my imprisonment he stopped in to thrash out a case that was coming up in court the next day, and to play a game of double solitaire with me.

"Who won the ball game?" I asked. "We were licked. Ask me something pleasant. Oh, by the way, Bronson's out to-day."

"I'm glad I'm not on his bond," I said pessimistically. "He'll clear out."

"Not he," McKnight pounced on my ace. "He's no fool. Don't you suppose he knows you took those notes to Pittsburgh? The papers were full of it. And he knows you escaped with your life and a broken arm from the wreck. What do we do next? The commonwealth continues the case. A deaf man on a dark night would know those notes were missing."

"Don't play so fast," I remonstrated. "I have only one arm to your two. Who is trailing Bronson? Did you try to get Johnson?"

"I asked for him, but he had some work on hand."

"The murder's evidently a dead issue," I reflected. "No, I'm not joking. The wreck destroyed all the evidence. But I'm firmly convinced those notes will be offered, either to us or to Bronson very soon. Johnson's a time."

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I roused to feeble interest. My brother's wife is punctilious about such things; all the new babies in the

blackguard, but he's a good detective. He could make his fortune as a game dog. What's he doing?"

McKnight put down his cards, and rising, went to the window. As he held the curtain back his customary grin looked a little forced.

"To tell you the truth, Lollie," he said, "for the last two days he has been watching a well-known Washington attorney named Lawrence Blakeley. He's across the street now."

It took a moment for me to grasp what he meant.

"Why, it's ridiculous," I asserted. "What would they trail me for? Go over and tell Johnson to get out of there, or I'll pot at him with my revolver."

"You can tell him that yourself," McKnight paused and bent forward.

"Hello, here's a visitor; a little man with string hair."

"I won't see him," I said firmly. "I've been bothered enough by reporters."

We listened together to Mrs. Klopston's expostulating tones in the lower hall and the creak of the boards as she came heavily up the stairs. She had a piece of paper in her hand torn from a pocket account-book, and on it was the name, "Mr. Wilson Budd Hotchkiss. Important business."

"Oh, well, show him up," I said resignedly. "You'd better put those cards away, Richey. I fancy it's the rector of the church around the corner."

But when the door opened to admit a curiously alert little man, adjusting his glasses with nervous fingers, my face must have shown my dismay.

It was the amateur detective of the Ontario!

I shook hands without enthusiasm. Here was the one survivor of the wrecked car who could do me any amount of harm. There was no hope that he had forgotten any of the incriminating details. In fact, he held in his hand the very note-book which contained them.

His manner was restrained, but it was evident he was highly excited. I introduced him to McKnight, who has the imagination I lack, and who placed him at once, mentally.

"I only learned yesterday that you had been—er—saved," he said rapidly. "Terrible accident—un-speakable. Dream about it all night and think about it all day. Broken arm?"

"No. He just wears the splint to be different from other people," McKnight drawled lastly. I glared at him; there was nothing to be gained by antagonizing the little man.

"Yes, a fractured humerus, which isn't as funny as it sounds."

"Humerus—humorous! Pretty good," he chuckled. "I must say you keep up your spirits pretty well, considering everything."

"You seem to have escaped injury," I parried. He was fumbling for something in his pockets.

"Yes, I escaped," he replied abstractedly. "Remarkable thing, too. I haven't a doubt I would have broken my neck, but I landed on—you'll never guess what? I landed head first on the very pillow which was under inspection at the time of the wreck. You remember, don't you? Where did I put that package?"

He found it finally and opened it on a table, displaying with some theatricalism a rectangular piece of mullin and a similar patch of striped ticking.

"You recognize it?" he said. "The



stains, you see, and the hole made by the dirk. I tried to bring away the entire pillow, but they thought I was stealing it, and made me give it up."

Richey touched the pieces gingerly. "By George," he said, "and you carry that around in your pocket! What if you should mistake it for your handkerchief?"

But Mr. Hotchkiss was not listening. He stood bent somewhat forward, leaning over the table, and fixed me with his ferret-like eyes.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Mr. Blakeley?" he inquired.

I glanced to where they lay unopened, and shook my head.

"Then I have a disagreeable task," he said with evident relish. "Of course, you had considered the matter of the man Harrington's death closed, after the wreck. I did myself. As far as I was concerned, I meant to let it remain so. There were no other survivors, at least none that I knew of, and in spite of circumstances, there were a number of points in your favor."

"I verified your identity, for instance, as soon as I recovered from the shock. Also—I found on inquiring of your tailor that you invariably wore dark clothing."

McKnight came forward threateningly. "Who are you, anyhow?" he demanded. "And how is this any business of yours?" Mr. Hotchkiss was entirely unflinched.

"I have a minor position here," he said, reaching for a visiting card. "I am a very small patch on the seat of government, sir."

McKnight muttered something about certain offensive designs against the said patch and retired grumbling to the window. Our visitor was opening the paper with a tremendous expenditure of energy.

"Here it is. Listen." He read rapidly aloud:

"The Pittsburgh police have sent to Baltimore two detectives who are looking up the survivors of the ill-fated Washington Flier. It has transpired that Simon Harrington, the Wood street merchant of that city, was not killed in the wreck, but was murdered in his berth the night preceding the accident. Shortly before the collision, John Flanders, the conductor of the Flier, sent this telegram to the chief of police:

"Body of Simon Harrington found stabbed in his berth, lower ten, Ontario, at 6:30 this morning."

"JOHN FLANDERS, Conductor."

"It is hoped that the survivors of the wrecked car Ontario will be found, to tell what they know of the discovery of the crime."

"Mr. John Gilmore, head of the steel company for which Mr. Harrington was purchasing agent, has signified his intention of sifting the matter to the bottom."

"So you see," Hotchkiss concluded, "there's trouble brewing. You and I are the only survivors of that unfortunate car."

I did not contradict him, but I knew of two others, at least: Alison West, and the woman we had left beside the road that morning, babbling incoherently, her black hair tumbling over her white face.

"Unless we can find the man who occupied lower seven," I suggested.

"I have already tried and failed. To find him would not clear you, of course, unless we could establish some connection between him and the murdered man. It is the only thing I see, however. I have learned this much," Hotchkiss concluded. "Lower seven was reserved from Cresson."

Cresson! Where Alison West and Mrs. Curtis had taken the train!

McKnight came forward and suddenly held out his hand. "Mr. Hotchkiss," he said, "I'm sorry if I have been offensive. I thought when you came in, that, like the Irishman and the government, you were 'forinist' us. If you will put those cheerful relics out of sight somewhere, I should be glad to have you dine with me at the incubator." (His name for his bachelor apartment.) "Compared with Johnson, you are the great original protoplasm."

The strength of this was lost on Hotchkiss, but the invitation was clear. They went out together, and from my window I watched them get into McKnight's car. It was raining, and at the corner the Cannonball skidded. Across the street my detective, Johnson, looked after them with his crooked smile. As he turned up his collar he saw me, and lifted his hat.

I left the window and sat down in the growing dusk. So the occupant of lower seven had got on the car at Cresson, probably with Alison West and her companion. There was some one she cared about enough to shield. I went irritably to the door and summoned Mrs. Klopston.

"You may throw out those roses," I said, without looking at her. "They are quite dead."

"They have been quite dead for three days," she retorted spitefully. "Euphemism said you threatened to dismiss her if she touched them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FRANCIS JOSEPH AT EIGHTY

Aged Emperor of Austria, Nestor of the World's Rulers, Has Wonderful Virility and Endurance.

Vienna.—His majesty Francis Joseph, emperor of Austria and apostolic king of Hungary, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary. He was born in Vienna August 18, 1830, and became emperor December 2, 1848, when, at Vienna, he centralized the government of the heterogeneous nationalities composing his empire. On June 8, 1867, he was crowned at Budapest as king of Hungary and in December of the same year the emperor approved a new constitution, one of the most liberal of continental Europe, which was promulgated as the fundamental law of the empire. The



Emperor Francis Joseph.

policy of conciliation toward the nationalities of his dominions adopted by Emperor Francis Joseph cemented the various parts of his empire, and the love and veneration shown for their ruler by his people are not equaled in any other nation in the world. The relation of the octogenarian emperor to his people seems to partake of that of a father toward his children. The wonderful virility and physical strength of his majesty, at his advanced age, mark the beloved sovereign of Austria-Hungary as one of the most remarkable rulers Europe has ever known, and, happily, bid fair to a continuance of his reign for years to come.

When this nestor of the world's rulers was born, August 18, 1830, none of the present heads of great states had yet seen the light, although Diaz of Mexico came into being when Francis Joseph was an infant of six weeks.

The emperor is a true sportsman, and it is said of his majesty that he still possesses all of the enthusiasm of youth for hunting chamouls—that most difficult of all high mountain game to kill—and in stalking his quarry he exhibits an endurance and zest rarely equaled in men thirty years younger.

How strenuous this royal patriarch still is he proved when he planned a day's program for Theodore Roosevelt which included getting up in the middle of the previous night and being on the hunting grounds at sunrise to surprise the wily capercaillie or wood grouse. And this was the only proposition made to him during his triumphal return from Africa that seems to have soured a little too lively for the ex-president. At any rate, he declined, much to the disappointment of "Father Franz," who for two generations has been known as the mightiest nimrod among European royalty.

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## SNAKE BITES SLEEPING BOY.

Huge Copperhead Enters House and Attacks Child, Inflicting Serious Wounds.

Borden, Ind.—Asleep in bed in a house on J. W. Lovell's farm, two miles from Borden, 7-year-old Harrison Money was attacked by a huge Copperhead snake. The reptile thrust its fangs several times into the foot of the child, inflicting wounds which, it is feared, will result in death.

The screams of the child brought his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Money, who were occupying the adjoining room, to the bedside of the boy. As the parents entered the room they saw the snake wriggle away through an opening in the wall.

Having nothing in the house to administer as an antidote to the poison, which at once began to blacken the foot, the father hastened to Borden for a physician, leaving the mother with the child. In a few moments the foot had swollen to twice its natural size.

When the physician had arrived the poison had gone above the knee. Throughout a day and night the physician remained at the bedside administering antidotes every few moments.

The Moneys live at Bennettsville, Ind., and were picking berries on the farm of Mr. Lovell. The house in which they were sleeping consists of spright boards and a rudely constructed roof. It was ventilated by large cracks and holes in the walls.

Lightning Belies Proverb. Rehoboth, Del.—Struck by lightning last month, the house of Dr. William Mossick was again struck the other day.

## MUNYON'S WITCH SOAP HAZEL SOAP

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most skin eruptions. Munyon's Hair Invigorator cures dandruff, stops hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have Dyspepsia, or any liver trouble, use Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood.—MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## STOCKERS & FEEDERS

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National Live Stock Com. Co. At either Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., Omaha, Neb.

## TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

## DIDN'T "GET" THE QUOTATION

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most Newspaper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?"

"Who Art Thou?" replied the other.

"Boston reporter," replied the other. The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—at the cub's expense.—Youth's Companion.

"The Wish Is Father to the Thought." Dr. Robert L. Waggoner, the president of Baldwin university, said, in the course of an address on pedagogy at Berea, O.:

"And one of the most remarkable changes in the last 50 years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But a boy of the last generation—well!"

Dr. Waggoner smiled.

"The boys of the last generation," he said, "must have believed that their instructors all had for motto: 'The wish is father to the taught.'"

A Business Transaction. "So Mr. Pennwise married his typist!" said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes."

"I wonder whether she gains an allowance or he merely saves a salary?"—Washington Star.

Misdirected Energy. "How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull!"

"He did; but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Christian Advocate.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exact our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillips Brooks.

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

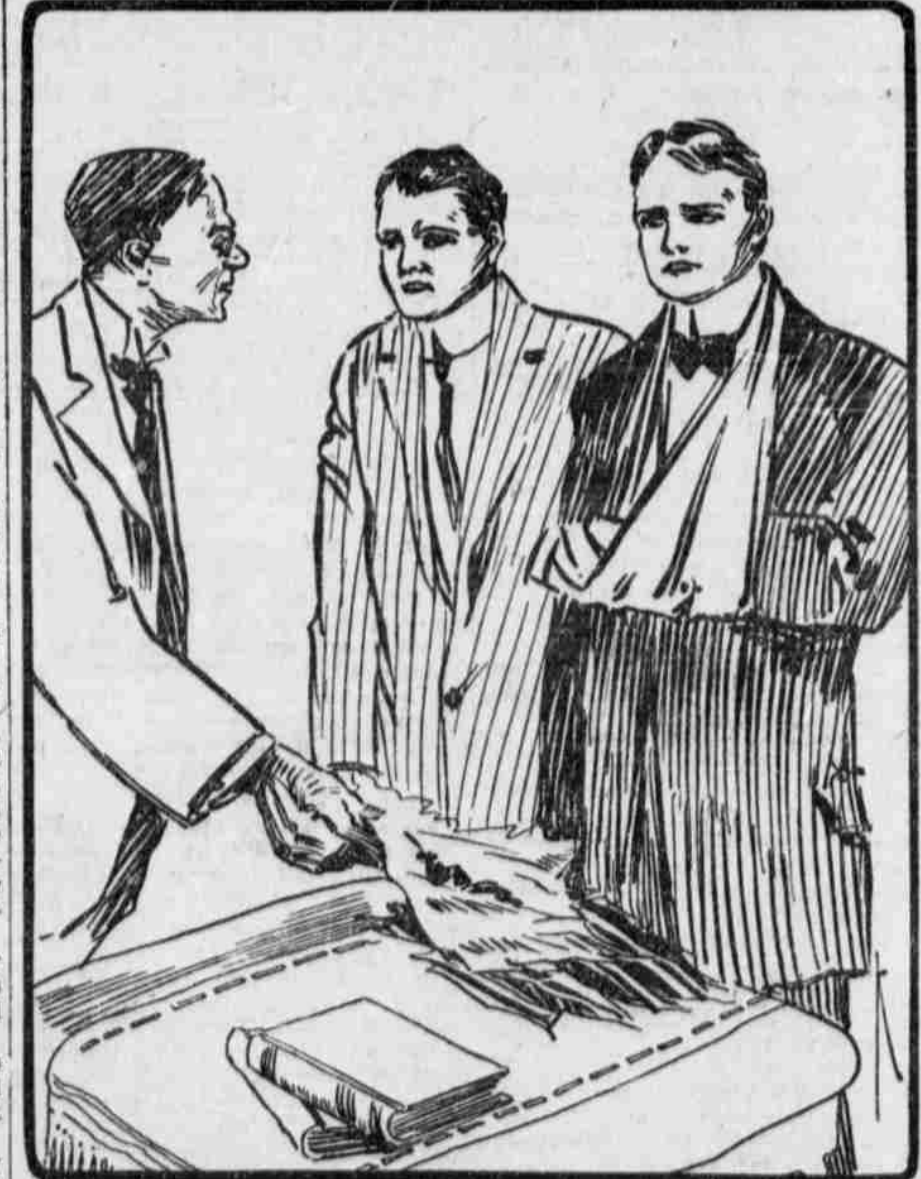
A superintendent of public schools in a Southern state says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but in a more marked degree in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."



"The Stains You See and the Hole Left by the Dirk."