



"I Have Not Forgotten—Anything."

The MAN in LOWER TEN

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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 Allison 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. He finds that he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Shadow of a Girl.
Certain things about the dinner at the Dallas house will always be obscure to me. Dallas was something in the fish commission, and I remember his reeling off fish eggs in billions while we ate our caviar. He had some particular stunt he had been urging the government to for years—something about forbidding the establishment of mills and factories on riverbanks—it seems they kill the fish, either the smoke, or the noise, or something they pour into the water.
Mrs. Dallas was there, I think. Of course, I suppose she must have been; and there was a woman in yellow; I took her in to dinner, and I remember she loosened my claims for me so I could get them. But the only real person at the table was a girl across in white, a sublimated young woman who was as brilliant as I was stupid, who never by any chance looked directly at me, and who appeared and disappeared across the candles and orchids in a sort of halo of radiance.
When the dinner had progressed from salmon to roast, and the conversation had done the same thing—from fish to scandal—the yellow gown turned to me.
"We have been awfully good, haven't we, Mr. Blakeley?" she asked. "Although I am crazy to hear, I have not said 'wreck' once. I'm sure you must feel like the survivor of Waterloo, or something of the sort."
"If you want me to tell you about the wreck," I said, glancing across the table, "I'm sorry to be disappointing, but I don't remember anything."
"You are fortunate to be able to forget it." It was the first word Miss West had spoken directly to me, and it went to my head.
"There are some things I have not forgotten," I said, over the candles. "I recall coming to myself some time after, and that a girl, a beautiful girl—"
"Ah!" said the lady in yellow, leaning forward breathlessly. Miss West was staring at me coldly, but, once started, I had to stumble on.
"That a girl was trying to rouse me, and that she told me I had been on fire twice already." A shudder went around the table.
"But surely that isn't the end of the story," Mrs. Dallas put in aggressively. "Why, that's the most tantalizing thing I ever heard of."
"I've said that all," I said. "She

thought she raised her head to listen. "Look at this hand," he was saying. "Regular planola; you could play it with your feet."
"He's a dear, isn't he?" Alison said unexpectedly. "No matter how depressed and downhearted I am, I always cheer up when I see Richey."
"He's more than that," I returned warmly. "He is the most honorable fellow I know. If he wasn't so much that way, he would have a career before him. He wanted to put on the doors of our offices, Blakeley and McKnight, P. B. H., which is Poor But Honest."
From my comparative poverty to the wealth of the girl beside me was a single mental leap. From that wealth to the grandfather who was responsible for it was another.
"I wonder if you know that I had been to Pittsburg to see your grandfather when I met you?" I said.
"You!" She was surprised.
"Yes. And you remember the alligator bag that I told you was exchanged for the one you cut off my arm?" She nodded expectantly. "Well, in that valise were the forged Andy Bronson notes, and Mr. Gilmore's deposition that they were forged."
She was on her feet in an instant. "In that bag!" she cried. "Oh, why didn't you tell me that before? Oh, it's so ridiculous, so—so hopeless. Why, I could—"
She stopped suddenly and sat down again. "I do not know that I am sorry, after all," she said after a pause. "Mr. Bronson was a friend of my father's. I—I suppose it was a bad thing for you, losing the papers?"
"Well, it was not a good thing," I conceded. "While we are on the subject of losing things, do you remember—do you know that I still have your gold purse?"
She did not reply at once. The shadow of a column was over her face, but I guessed that she was staring at me.
"You have it!" She almost whispered.
"I picked it up in the street car," I said, with a cheerfulness I did not feel. "It looks like a very opulent little purse."
Why didn't she speak about the necklace? For just a careless word to make me sane again!
"You!" she repeated, horror-stricken. And then I produced the purse and held it out on my palm.
"I should have sent it to you before, I suppose, but, as you know, I have been laid up since the wreck."
We both saw McKnight at the same moment. He had pulled the curtains aside and was standing looking out at us. The tableau of give and take was unmistakable; the gold purse, her outstretched hand, my own attitude. It was over in a second; then he came out and lounged on the balcony railing.
"They're mad at me in there," he said airily, "so I came out. I suppose the reason they call it bridge is because so many people get cross over it."
The heat broke up the card group soon after, and they all came out for the night breeze. I had no more words alone with Allison.
I went back to the incubator for the night. We said almost nothing on the way home; there was a constraint between us for the first time that I could remember. It was too early for bed, and so we smoked in the living room and tried to talk of trivial things. After a time even those failed, and we sat silent. It was McKnight who finally broached the subject.
"And so she wasn't at Seal Harbor at all?"
"No."
"Do you know where she was, Lollie?"
"Somewhere near Cresson."
"And that was the purse—her purse with the broken necklace in it?"
"Yes, it was. You understand, don't you, Rich, that, having given her my word, I couldn't tell you?"
"I understand a lot of things," he said, without bitterness.
We sat for some time and smoked. Then Richey got up and stretched himself. "I'm off to bed, old man," he said. "Need any help with that game arm of yours?"
"No, thanks," I returned.
I heard him go into his room and lock the door. It was a bad hour for me. The first shadow between us, and the shadow of a girl at that.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the Farm House Again.
McKnight is always a sympathizer with the early worm. It was late when he appeared. Perhaps, like myself, he had not slept well. But he was apparently cheerful enough, and he made a better breakfast than I did. It was one o'clock before we got to Baltimore. After a half hour's wait we took a local for M—, the station near which the cinematograph picture had been taken.
We passed the scene of the wreck. McKnight with curiosity, I with a sickening sense of horror. Back in the fields was the little farm house where Allison West and I had intended getting coffee, and winding away from the track, maple trees shading it on each side, was the lane where we had stopped to rest, and where I had—It seemed presumption beyond belief now—where I had tried to comfort her by patting her hand.
We got out at M—, a small place with two or three houses and a general store. The station was a one-roomed affair, with a railed-off place at the end, where a scale, a telegraph instrument and a chair constituted the entire furnishing.
The station agent was a young man with a shrewd face. He stopped hammering a piece of wood over a hole in the floor to ask where we wanted to go.

"We're not going," said McKnight, "we're coming. Have a cigar?"
The agent took it with an inquiring glance, first at it and then at us.
"We want to ask you a few questions," began McKnight, perching himself on the railing and kicking the chair forward for me. "Or, rather, this gentleman does."
"Wait a minute," said the agent, glancing through the window. "There is a hen in that crate choking herself to death."
He was back in a minute, and took up his position near a sawdust-filled box that did duty as a cuspidor.
"Now fire away," he said.
"In the first place," I began, "do you remember the day the Washington Flier was wrecked below here?"
"Do!" he said. "Did Jonah remember the whale?"
"Were you on the platform here when the first section passed?"
"I was."
"Do you recall seeing a man hanging to the platform of the last car?"
"There was no one hanging there when she passed here," he said with conviction. "I watched her out of sight."
"Did you see anything that morning of a man about my size, carrying a small grip, and wearing dark clothes and a derby hat?" I asked eagerly.
McKnight was trying to look unconcerned, but I was frankly anxious. It was clear that the man had jumped somewhere in the mile of track just beyond.
"Well, yes, I did." The agent cleared his throat. "When the smash came the operator at MX sent word along the wire, both ways. I got it here, and I was pretty near crazy, though I knew it wasn't any fault of mine."
"I was standing on the track looking down, for I couldn't leave the office, when a young fellow with light hair limped up to me and asked me what that smoke was over there."
"That's what I mean," I said; "split to kindling wood because Raftery, on the second section, didn't want to be late."
"He put his hand out in front of him, and the satchel fell with a bang."
"My God!" he said, and dropped right on the track in a heap.
"I got him into the station and he came around, but he kept on groaning something awful. He'd sprained his ankle, and when he got a little better I drove him over in Carter's milk wagon to the Carter place, and I reckon he stayed there a spell."
"That's all, is it?" I asked.
"That's all—or, no, there's something else. About noon that day one of the Carter twins came down with a note from him asking me to send a long-distance message to some one in Washington."
"To whom?" I asked eagerly.
"I reckon I've forgot the name, but the message was that this fellow—Sullivan was his name—was at M—,"

"Do you recall seeing a Man Hanging to the Platform of the Last Car?"
and if the man had escaped from the wreck would he come to see him."
"He wouldn't have sent that message to me," I said to McKnight, rather crestfallen. "He'd have every object in keeping out of my way."
"There might be reasons," McKnight observed judicially. "He might not have found the papers then."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Russian Wheat Production.
An enormous crop of wheat has been grown in Russia this year, placing that land for the first time at the head of wheat-growing countries. Its harvest of 783,000,000 bushels exceeds that of the United States by 26,000,000 bushels, and is greater than its own previous record by about 100,000,000 bushels. The development of wheat growing has been most rapid along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway. As the home consumption is small in proportion to population, this has made Russia one of the great sources of supply for the rest of the world. France consumes much of the wheat that it grows. The present price of wheat in the United States, when placed against the surplus product of Russia, makes it more difficult for this country to hold its place as an exporter of that cereal.
Helps Poor Girls.
Mrs. James J. Storrow, wife of the Boston banker, is interested in a number of charities, among them being the girl's bowl shop. In the spare time which the girls have, they make pottery articles, which they sell, the money to be used for purposes of education. Mrs. Storrow has a girls' library club, and every summer she sends a number of girls to the country, 14 at a time.

The Therapeutics of Joy

By RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., LL. D., Chicago, Illinois

The Bible is a wonderful therapeutic book. From the viewpoint of the new evangelism of health and happiness it is a new book. A flood of light is poured from its pages upon the surpassing problems of the spiritual regeneration of both the physical, mental and social life of man. These are the fundamental notes of the present mighty movement for the complete deliverance of the race from the thralldom of baleful unrest and inhibiting disease.
The inspired word chimes in with the latest teachings of science regarding the great influence of joy upon the human frame. Joy imparts strength, for it belongs to a happy family which numbers cheerfulness, gladness, mirthfulness, contentment, pleasure and delight among its members. It excites the whole muscular system. It increases the activity of all the vital functions. It quickens the pulse, brightens the eye, flushes the cheek, and nerves the arm. It makes play of work. It removes fatigue, while stimulating all the powers of body and mind.
Darwin has told us in the expression of the emotions in "Man and Animals" that with animals of all kinds the requirement of almost all their pleasures, with the exception of those of warmth and rest, have long been associated with active movements, as in hunting in the search after food and other kindred things.
Joy, therefore, naturally shows itself in manifestations of strength. The nostrils are dilated, the angles of the mouth, the eyelids and the eyebrows are raised, all indicative of potential actual energy.
Joy acts powerfully upon all the digestive processes and works a transformation upon the jaundiced dyspeptic. It expands the lungs which have been contracted as if by the strong grip of a giant hand through sadness or disappointment. The sigh of melancholy is changed to songs of gladness. With the change comes the deepening and expanding of these vital organs and the oxygenating and enriching of the blood.
While we Americans are an active people, we are, as a rule, a joyless people. We act as though we were driven like slaves to our tasks. We take our pleasures on a boveryah run. Observant foreigners have noticed this rarity of joy upon our faces. They see, as a keen philosophic writer among us has seen, "lines of thought, and of care and of fear—money lines, shrewd, grasping lines, but how few happy lines." It would seem as if the rarest feeling that lightened our countenances was the genuine contentment of a loving, joyful soul.
It looks also as though our religion did not agree with us. We make it of weights instead of wings. We have gloomy thoughts of ourselves, of God, of our earthly existence, of our fellow men, of the life to come. We hang our harps upon the willows. We think this world to be a prison house. We say we cannot sing the songs of Zion in this strange land.
But this world is our home, our school, our workshop, our temple. We have been placed in it by almighty wisdom, power and love. We are the children of the Heavenly Father. And the joy of Jehovah is to be our strength—the joy that He is the ever watchful, ever providing, ever loving one—God over all blessed forevermore.

Too many of us, as some one has said, "think black is the color of heaven and the more we can make our faces the color of midnight, the more evidence we have of grace." What a supreme mistake we are making. True religion is sunshine and love. The New Testament interprets and emphasizes the Old. The historical Christ, the real, human-divine Christ, not a Christ evaporated into nothingness by the wild speculations of an erratic philosopher, says: "These words have I spoken unto you that your joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." This fullness of joy in the heart makes life and death radiant with brightness.
I visited the home of a bereaved Christian who had forgotten the Christian teachings of that New Testament to "rejoice in the Lord always." The room on the north side of the house had every window darkened with heavy shades. She was clothed in garments of blackest black. The lines of her face were drawn down. The room was a fearsome, chilling tomb. Nothing could be more antithetical of a Christian's attitude and environment.
Not until I had thrown the curtains up and let the blessed light stream in could I speak the words of comfort, of hope and of assurance. Think of such a Christian's understanding of the command of the light-bringing Christ, "Let your light shine." Her light was turned to Egyptian darkness, which "could be felt."
There is no light to stream over land or sea like the light of joy. It must pour itself out amid sorrows and trials and tribulations. It is the one alchemy that can turn the basest metals into pure gold.
We were not made to live continually in the transports of joy. As God carries on His work by average men and carries on the processes of nature in average ways, so He means that our joys shall be on median lines. Ecstasies are only for rare occasions.

Preacher and Peril.
The preacher has his peril no less

The Weeds Return.
"Confound these election bets, anyway!" grumbled Harker.
"Lose heavily?" Inquired his friend.
"No, I won ten boxes of cigars and they were so rank I sold the whole lot to the corner tobacconist for a dollar."
"Well, you made a dollar, anyway."
"Yes, but that is not the worst of it. My wife saw the boxes in the window marked 'A Bargain, \$2.' and bought the whole lot to give me as a birthday present."

Bookkeeping.
"Is Blaggins a good bookkeeper?"
"He used to be. I never lend him any more."
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A friend in need is a friend we usually try to dodge.
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I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be if it be insensible to the pleasures of home.—Lex.

If a woman doesn't hate a man all of the time she is in great danger of loving him part of the time.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

It must be a lot of trouble to hunt for trouble all the time.

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