

The MAN in LOWER TEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 10 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 10 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Alison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds 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. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan, Mrs. Conway the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan, whom she was on her way to marry when the wreck came. It is planned to give Mrs. Conway the forged notes in exchange for Sullivan. Mrs. Conway kills herself and Bronson, and the ashes of the forged notes are found in the room. Sullivan is found and explains how he got in the power of Bronson, who ordered him to steal the forged notes from Blakeley.

"Where did you find that chain?" Sullivan asked, hoarsely, looking for the first time at Alison.

"On the floor, near the murdered man's berth."

"Now, Mr. Sullivan," said the detective, civilly, "I believe you can tell us, in the light of these two exhibits, who really did murder Simon Harrington."

Sullivan looked again at the dagger, a sharp little bit of steel with a Florentine handle. Then he picked up the lock and pressed a hidden spring under one of the cameos. Inside, very neatly engraved, was the name and a date.

"Gentlemen," he said, his face ghastly. "It is of no use for me to attempt a denial. The dagger and necklace belonged to my sister, Alice Curtis!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

And Only One Arm.

Hotchkiss was the first to break the tension.

"Mr. Sullivan," he asked suddenly, "was your sister left-handed?"

"Yes."

Hotchkiss put away his notebook and looked around with an air of triumphant vindication. It gave us a chance to smile and look relieved.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"He would probably be accused of the crime. So, although when the wreck occurred I supposed everyone connected with the affair had been killed, there was a chance that you had survived. I've not been of much account, but I didn't want a man to swing because I left him in my place. Besides, I began to have a theory of my own.

"As we entered the car a tall, dark woman passed us, with a glass of water in her hand, and I vaguely remembered her. She was amazingly like Blanche Conway.

"If she, too, thought the man with the notes was in lower ten, it explained a lot, including that piece of a woman's necklace. She was a fury, Blanche Conway, capable of anything."

"Then why did you countermand that message?" I asked curiously.

"When I got to the Carter house, and got to bed—I had sprained my ankle in the jump—I went through the alligator bag I had taken from lower nine. When I found your name, I sent the first message. Then, soon after, I came across the notes. It seemed too good to be true, and I was crazy for fear the message had gone.

"At first I was going to send them to Bronson; then I began to see what the possession of the notes meant to me. It meant power over Bronson, money, influence, everything. He was a devil, that man."

"Well, he's at home now," said McKnight, and we were glad to laugh and relieve the tension.

Alison put her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of the man she had so nearly married, and I furtively touched one of the soft little curls that nestled at the back of her neck.

"When I was able to walk," went on the sullen voice, "I came at once to Washington. I tried to sell the notes to Bronson, but he was almost at the end of his rope. Not even my threat to send them back to you, Mr. Blakeley, could make him meet my figure. He didn't have the money."

McKnight was triumphant.

"I think you gentlemen will see reason in my theory now," he said. "Mrs. Conway wanted the notes to force a legal marriage, I suppose?"

"Yes."

The detective with the small package carefully rolled off the rubber band, and unwrapped it. I held my breath as he took out, first, the Russia leather wallet.

"These things, Mr. Blakeley, we found in the sealskin bag Mr. Sullivan says he left you. This wallet, Mr. Sullivan—is this the one you found on the floor of the car?"

Sullivan opened it, and, glancing at the name inside, "Simon Harrington," nodded affirmatively.

"And this," went on the detective—"this is a piece of gold chain?"

"It seems to be," said Sullivan, recoiling at the blood-stained end.

"This, I believe, is the dagger." He held it up, and Alison gave a faint cry of astonishment and dismay. Sullivan's face grew ghastly, and he sat down weakly on the nearest chair.

The detective looked at him shrewdly, then at Alison's agitated face.

"Where have you seen this dagger before, young lady?" he asked, kindly enough.

"Oh, don't ask me!" she gasped, breathlessly, her eyes turned on Sullivan. "It—it's too terrible!"

"Tell him," I advised, leaning over to her. "It will be found out later, anyhow."

"Ask him," she said, nodding toward Sullivan.

The detective unwrapped the small box Alison had brought, disclosing the trampled necklace and broken chain. With clumsy fingers he spread it on the table and fitted into place the bit of chain. There could be no doubt that it belonged there.



"I Understand Now What Puzzled Me Then."

After all, Mrs. Curtis was dead. It was the happiest solution of the unhappy affair. McKnight brought Sullivan some whisky and he braced up a little.

"I learned through the papers that my wife was in a Baltimore hospital and yesterday I ventured there to see her. I felt if she would help me to keep straight, that now, with her father and my sister both dead, we might be happy together.

"I understand now what puzzled me then. It seemed that my sister went into the next car and tried to make my wife promise not to interfere. But Ida—Mrs. Sullivan—was firm, of course. She said her father had papers, certificates and so on, that would stop the marriage at once.

"She said, also, that her father was in our car, and that there would be the mischief to pay in the morning. It was probably when my sister tried to get the papers that he awakened and she had to do what she did."

It was over. Save for a technicality or two, I was a free man. Alison rose quietly and prepared to go; the men stood to let her pass, save Sullivan, who sat crouched in his chair, his face buried in his hands.

McKnight saw her, with Mrs. Dallas, to their carriage and came back again. The gathering in the office was breaking up; Johnson had slipped away as unobtrusively as he came. Sullivan, looking worn and old, was standing by the window, staring at the broken necklace in his hand. When he saw me watching him, he put it back on the desk and picked up his hat.

"If I cannot do anything more—" he hesitated.

"I think you have done about enough," I replied, grimly, and he went out.

I believe that Richey and Hotchkiss led me somewhere to dinner and that, for fear I would be lonely without him, they sent for Johnson. And I recall a spirited discussion in which Hotchkiss told the detective that he could manage certain cases, but that he lacked induction. Richey and I

voices in the house behind us. "The world doesn't hold anyone but you," I said, reverently. "It is our world, sweetheart. I love you."

And I kissed her.

A boy was whistling on the pavement below. I let her go reluctantly and sat back where I could see her.

"I haven't done this the way I intended to at all," I confessed. "In books they get things all settled and then kiss the lady."

"Settled?" she inquired.

"Oh, about getting married and that sort of thing," I explained with elaborate carelessness. "We could go down to Bermuda—or—or Jamaica, say in December."

She drew her hand away and faced me squarely.

"I believe you are afraid!" she declared. "I refuse to marry you unless you propose properly. Everybody does it. And it is a woman's privilege: she wants to have that to look back to."

"Very well," I consented with an exaggerated sigh. "If you will promise not to think I look like an idiot, I shall do it, knee and all."

I had to pass her to close the door behind us, but when I kissed her again she protested that we were not really engaged.

I turned to look down at her. "It is a terrible thing," I said, exultantly, "to love a girl the way I love you and to have only one arm!" Then I closed the door.

From across the street there came a sharp crescendo whistle and a vaguely familiar figure separated itself from the park railing.

"Say," he called, in a hoarse whisper, "shall I throw the key down the elevator shaft?"

THE END.

Pungent Flavors.

"One of these food experts says that a cactus leaf is edible."

"Well," said the man who is not an epicure, "a cactus leaf is a little spicy. But I shouldn't think it would hurt any worse than horseradish or chile con carne."

SCREENS AND POINTS

Must Be Used in Thick Sand and Gravel Beds.

In Digging Wells for Irrigation Screens Should Not Be Ordered More Than Ten Feet in Length—Easier to Handle.

Screens or slotted points must be used in sand or gravel beds, especially if the beds are thick ones. In very thick beds two or more sections of screen, one above the other, should be used. Such screens are often made in sections, so that they can be screwed together on the spot. Completed screens are now regularly made by the well point manufacturers in considerable lengths, reaching to 20 feet or a full pipe length. The small size points are made from standard wrought pipe, in which holes have been punched, covered with brass wire cloth and perforated brass jacket to protect the cloth. The largest well point machines do not, as a rule, handle over 10-inch pipe. If larger than this, holes must be drilled, which increases cost rapidly. For convenience in handling, shipping and placing, screens should not be ordered over ten feet in length. This length is preferred by the trade, says the Pumps and Supplies.

If a single screen will not furnish water enough, or if the water bearing strata is not deep enough, two or more screen points may be sunk independent of each other and far enough apart so that they will not interfere or rob one another. These screens may then be connected to a common suction pipe or arranged to drain into a common central well. Screen points, as a rule, should never be less than two-thirds the diameter of the cylinder, and for work of this character it is always better if they are as large as the cylinder; the more screen surface the more water will come through.

It has been found that the coarsest sand and gravel is frequently at the bottom of the water-bearing strata; hence it is important that the screen point should reach into the bed of this coarse material. It is well understood that water flows more freely through the coarse sand and gravel and that the screen will not clog up. Then, too, deep driving protects the well against lowering of the water level by other wells in the immediate vicinity, or on the same vein some distance away. In river bottoms, where water-bearing sand is sometimes found 100 feet or more in thickness, it would not be necessary to put a screen point down to the bottom of the strata; but close attention should be given, however, in such case to the relative coarseness of the sand or gravel in which the screen point is lodged. Under no circumstances should it be set in anything but the coarsest.

The top of the screen point in any case should be some distance below the water level. The water level will be, of course, the height to which the water rises in the well, but on being pumped this level may drop—generally does so—hence it is necessary to put the screen so low that it will be below the water line even when supplying the greatest amount of water it can furnish. By keeping the screen sufficiently low, any danger from the admission of air will be avoided.

Properly Balanced Food.

Even silage from mature corn is not a properly balanced food, and clover or alfalfa hay and a little bran should be fed with it. Alfalfa hay is better than clover to feed with corn silage, and with it it is possible to omit the bran. Alfalfa is a wonderful plant, and some one of the varieties will grow almost anywhere in the United States, while it is nearly drought proof. Every dairyman who has not done so already should try it in a small way; if he can make one acre a success he can then try a larger field. Corn is our other drought resisting crop, and if the moisture in the ground be conserved by about two inches of loose fine dirt mulch, it is surprising how little rain is required to make a good crop. In times of drought and when the corn has grown too tall for the two-horse cultivator, a fine tooth single walking cultivator will go far toward irrigating the fields.

The Kieffer Pear.

Sixteen years ago we planted a Kieffer hybrid pear tree. It began to bear the third or fourth year and has borne some fruit every year since. If the first bloom got killed it would bloom again and bear fruit. There have been only two real heavy crops, one about six years ago and the other this year. Not counting the windfalls and the ones that dropped from the tree and got bruised I have gathered 22 bushels of marketable pears from the tree. After reserving 8 1/2 bushels for home use I have sold 13 1/2 bushels for \$12, says a writer in an exchange. The pears were sold right from the tree without my having the trouble of taking them to market.

Feed for Adult Birds.

The feed of all adult birds, whether pullets or not, consists of two essential parts: (a) the whole or cracked grains scattered in the litter, and (b) the mixture of dry ground grains which has come to be generally known as a dry mash.

Field Mice.

Field mice do not attack old trees if they can get the bark of young trees, and they sometimes do much damage to orchards. Wrap the trees with tarred paper, extending the paper several inches into the ground. This method not only prevents the depredations of mice, but also serves to protect against the borers. The paper need not extend over a foot above ground.

Crowding Fowls.

One of the things that will surely cause sickness among chickens is crowding 150 fowls into a house large enough for only 50 or at most 75.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

The chillier the pig, the thinner the ham.

Build floors of fattening pens on an incline.

Be kind but firm with the colts and tie them with strong halters.

Irregularity in time of feeding and quantity will cause indigestion.

An animal that is sluggish and clumsy is not in perfect condition.

The animal with broad and deep fore quarters has a good constitution. Encourage exercise by placing feed some distance from the sheds on fine days.

Plenty of exercise is one very important item for keeping a flock healthy.

Be sure that the sheep barn has a tight roof, a dry floor, good ventilation and no drafts.

The boar of mixed and unknown breeding is to be shunned as a snare and a delusion.

An ignorant, ill-tempered, loud-voiced man should never be tolerated in any stable.

Hold on to some of the clover for spring feeding. It is great when the sheep get tired of timothy.

The dished face and slightly drooping ear are said to be signs of an easy keeper and a contented disposition.

We don't need a stove in the barn or hog house, but those buildings should be tight, comfortable and free from drafts.

The larger pigs are always at the spout end of the trough, and because they are always at the spout end they are the larger.

A little shelled corn mixed in with the ground feed you give your horses will help to keep them from swallowing their food too fast.

To fatten western lambs or yearling wethers, they must never be allowed to go hungry. Give all they will eat up clean every day.

The herd which shows uniformity of breeding and contains animals with good forms and constitutions is a safe one from which to select breeders.

It is cheaper to feed sheep with bran at \$20 per ton than all corn at 40 or 50 cents. A good combination is about one part bran to three parts corn by weight.

IRRIGATION ROAD TO RICHES

It is Magic Key for Unlocking Wondrous Wealth to Soil Tiller—Insures Crop.

Irrigation is the magic key for unlocking wondrous riches to the soil tiller, writes William R. Draper in an exchange. It is the surest crop insurance. He who sows must also reap bountifully. Caprices of the elements cannot injure those who secure their rainfall from irrigation canals. In such districts wet seasons are unknown. The dry, sunbiny climate of an irrigation district means healthful conditions to all.

There are seventy or more government and private irrigation districts in the west. The United States reclamation service is now spending millions of dollars every year in conquering mountain streams, making them pour their waters of wealth upon semi-arid land, stunted by insufficient precipitation, otherwise blessed by deep, rich soil and ideal growing seasons.

The farm wealth of this country has already been increased several billion dollars through the reclamation work of five years, and since crop returns from the newly developed irrigation districts have exceeded even the dreams of the most optimistic reclamation advocates, this new and great irrigation work naturally gathers friends and force.

It will transform the waste places of our country into garden spots. The wondrous workers back of this new wealth-giving department of our government are resourceful and indefatigable. So those who seek out in the west and southwest opportunities in land investment must not overlook irrigable lands.

"Irrigation of Orchards" and "Methods of Applying Water to Crops," by Samuel Fortier, chief of irrigation investigation, United States department of agriculture, can be had on application to the superintendent of documents, Washington, D. C.

The pamphlets are printed by the United States government and can be had immediately on request to the government.

Shearing Sheep.

Some large flockowners say that when they shear closely they save so much more wool, an eighth of an inch or so on every sheep. As a matter of fact the growth of wool is about so much each year, and if one gets an eighth of an inch more this year, he gets just that eighth inch less next. So the only time when it would make a difference would be when a man was going to sell his sheep before another shearing.

Breaking It Gently.

Callahan was stopped on the street by Father Clancy. The good priest's countenance took on a sad expression.

"What's this, I hear, Callahan," asked he, "about your breaking Hogan's head last night? And the two of you friends for years!"

Callahan seemed somewhat taken back. "Sure, I was compelled to do it, your reverence," he explained apologetically, "but out of consideration for that same frindliness, I broke it gently, your reverence."—Lippincott's.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

It would be easier to see good in others if we didn't have so many faults of our own.

MORPHINE RELIEVED PAIN—THE GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY RESTORES TO HEALTH

For the past few years I suffered greatly from what three physicians called neuralgia of the stomach. The doctors treated me without any success and I called in a fourth doctor, who pronounced my disease as kidney stones. I suffered intense pain and the only relief the doctor could give me was by injections of morphine. I was so completely discouraged that I had almost given up hope when a neighbor told me about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. I decided to try it and began its use at once and after taking nine bottles was completely cured, not having a spell of sickness in over two years.

I have so much confidence in Swamp-Root that I never fail to recommend it to my friends who may have kidney trouble of any kind. I feel certain that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root saved my life, why should it not do likewise for others who take it in time?

You are at liberty to use this testimony at any time.

Yours truly,
MRS. ELLA HENRY,
816 Schaefer Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

State of Missouri }
County of Jackson } ss.
On this 28th day of July, A. D. 1909, personally appeared before me, a Notary Public within and for said County and State, Mrs. Ella Henry, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true.

HENRY C. EMERY,
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

You will find the Bitters worthy of your confidence in cases of Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. It has given satisfaction for over 57 years. Try a bottle and be convinced.



Kow-Kure

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made from the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Burdensome, retained afterbirth, abortion, scours, calving difficulty, and all similar ailments positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without Kow-Kure. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "What to Do When Your Cows Are Sick," sent free. Ask your local dealer for Kow-Kure, or send to the manufacturers, Dairy Association Co., Lyndonville, Vt.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Breath's Food*

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