



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, Allison 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 Allison West, his partner's sweet-heart. Allison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, 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 tests 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 Allison 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. Klepton 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. Klepton. 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 stem of the dining room door. He was obliged to wait some time, and even his eternal cheerfulness was doing 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, leaning 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."

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
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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 her name, 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 went 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

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 indignantly. "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 had 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—unspeakable. 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 lazily. 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."

"Humorous—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



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

said pessimistically. "He'll clear out."

"Not he," McKnight pounced on my eye. "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 you 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 murderer'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 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."

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 muslin 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Uncle Sam's Bug Sleuths After Cats



WASHINGTON.—A bitter war on the house cat has been declared by the department of agriculture. Experts in the biological bureau of that department are making exhaustive investigations of the cat as a spreader of disease. Already they have found out enough to convince them that as much danger lurks in a cat as in a rat, and rats are known to be fatal distributors of plague.

Upon the completion of these investigations efforts will be made by the Federal authorities to have cat license laws passed. It is much more desirable, they say, to have a license for cats than a license for dogs.

"We know that cats carry disease," said H. W. Henshaw, chief of the bureau, in discussing the fight against tabby, "but we do not know to what extent. We are practically certain they carry diphtheria, scarlet fever and ringworm, and we suspect they carry tuberculosis. All this we want to find out. Of course the fight to bring about a cat license will be a hard one. Such a suggestion will be scoffed at. But in time people will come to realize what a menace cats are. That is what we hope to do—bring the people to such a realization."

Dr. A. K. Fisher, of the bureau of biology, is at work on a bulletin on the house cat. He has been studying the question for years and knows the general habits of cats thoroughly. "There are lots of fallacious theories regarding the usefulness of cats," says Dr. Fisher. "As a matter

of fact they do almost no good and a great deal of harm. The difficulty in following the question of the extent to which they carry disease is measured by the difficulty of following the cat. And yet there is no doubt in the world that many a child who, for no apparent reason and from no discernible cause, develops a case of diphtheria or scarlet fever owes its illness and often its death to the cat it has been fondling. Moreover, cats are as susceptible to hydrophobia as dogs.

"The highly pampered pet cat of the luxurious household never fails to get out and roam around with the ordinary alley cat. In many instances the alley cat, which grows all night long with the pet cat, has spent the day sleeping in some hut or hovel in an alley where smallpox, diphtheria or tuberculosis is hid.

"Recently there has been much attention paid to rats and the harm they do, both as destroyers and as spreaders of disease. In this connection the cat has been pointed out as a valuable aid in keeping down the rat. That is an error.

"I can state from my personal observation that only about 5 per cent. of cats are really mousers. I have seen cats that would tackle the biggest rat going and kill him, but such instances are rare. As a rule a cat cares little for a conflict with a rat.

"As a matter of fact cats prefer birds to mice. They will spend twice as much time hunting birds. If one keeps count of a cat's quarry during a year he will find that the birds killed will far outnumber the mice. Little harm would be done if the whole cat tribe were exterminated, but there would be too much opposition to that. Still we think that when some of the facts concerning cats are well known to the public, many mothers will be more careful about allowing their children to play with cats."

## When Britishers Burned the Capitol



SOMETIMES it does us good to remember a little bit, and this leads us to remark that 96 years ago, the British forces burned the capitol. There were about 6,000 in number landed from the British vessels on the Patuxent August 20, and on the 24th they reached the capitol. There were only about 3,200 men available for defense of Washington in the American army, and they only had 17 pieces of artillery. So when the British made their raid on Washington, although they were met with splendid resistance, the American army was compelled to retreat, and the red coats made a triumphant entry into Washington and began to carry out the threat of the commanding invader, who said: "I will make a cow pasture of these Yankee capitol grounds." Just as soon as the British got possession of the city they

set fire to the capitol, the White House and other public buildings. It was at this time that Dolly Madison cut the famous portrait of Washington from its frame, where it stood in the great east room of the White House, and, rolling it up, had it carted away with the few effects which she was able to remove from the White House. The British description of what went on in the capitol at that time is as follows:

"The blazing houses, ships and stores, the report of exploding magazines and the crash of falling roofs was one of the finest sights to be conceived. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by the conflagration. The scene was as striking and sublime as the burning of St. Sebastian's. Toward morning a violent storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, came on, whose flashes seemed to vie in brilliancy with the flames which burst from the roofs of burning houses, while the thunder drowned the noise of falling walls and was only interrupted by the occasional roar of cannon and of large deposits of gunpowder as they exploded, one by one." But we don't look much like a cow pasture now, don't you know.

## War Vessels to Go to the Scrap Heap



DO YOU remember how proud we were of our Spanish warships and now they are all in the scrap heap. The Boston, the Concord, the Winslow and the Detroit have all to go, as they are no longer fit to cope with modern armament on the high seas. A storm of protest has gone up in Washington, but it is not going to help matters a single bit. The United States government cannot afford to hang on to the old battleships, even if they are dear in memory. It will be remembered that the Boston, a protected cruiser, and the Concord, a gunboat, were in Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila. It was on the deck of the Winslow during the hottest cannon fire of the war, that Ensign Worth Bagley was killed among the achievements of the Detroit was the capture of the Catalina to the westward of Havana, and she took active

part in the bombardment of San Juan. Every man who joined in the movement for Cuba's freedom views with sadness the passing of these four battleships. Accompanying the scrapping of the four Spanish War vessels is the passing of the old sloop-of-war Portsmouth, forming the last chapter in the history of what is believed to be one of the most interesting ships in the old navy.

Launched before the beginning of the Mexican war, the Portsmouth took an active part in that struggle, participated in the suppression of the African slave trade, fought in Chinese waters, and had a large share in the operations in the Gulf of Mexico during the Civil war.

The Portsmouth was built in 1843, and after a voyage of one year and a half arrived in San Francisco to protect the American citizens. War was declared soon afterward, and she took possession of San Francisco, and hoisted the stars and stripes there for the first time.

At present she is with the New Jersey naval militia, but in a few days will be towed from Hoboken to the navy yard in Brooklyn to end one of the most varied and interesting careers of the United States navy.

## Sight of \$7,000,000 on a Joy Ride



SEVEN million dollars on a joy ride through the streets of Washington is a sight to be seen every week day at the national capitol. And this stands less chance of getting hurt through the carelessness of the driver of the wagon than any joy rider, automobile or limousine, in the country. For the treasury has a new money wagon, a brand new vehicle, made of hardwood, iron and steel, with heavy locks and bars, to bring money from the bureau of engraving and printing, where it is made, to the vaults of the treasury, where it is stored for safe-keeping.

And not only is the new wagon nearly bombproof in itself, but just to make sure that some foolish person, with visions of a Jesse James hold-up scheme, will never succeed in accom-

plishing anything of the sort, eight heavily armed guards ride to and fro with the seven millions.

And this extra precaution is due to the change in the system of making money. Until recently the money was printed at the bureau of engraving and printing, but sent to the treasury minus the seal and the number, so that it was not real money until handled in the treasury.

Now one machine does all the work, including the stamping of the seal and number. These figures—the round seal to the right and the number to the left of the face of a paper bill, stamped in blue—are what make bills legal tender. Hence when the money passes through the wonderful cutting and stamping machine, which counts bills out in lots of 100 after it is through with them, it is ready to spend and anyone who got hold of it would have the real thing.

"It seems queer to some people that we should take such precautions to guard the money wagon," says Director Ralph of the bureau of engraving and printing, "but we think it necessary. A stitch in time saves nine, as we have been told from childhood."

## ENTRY OF TELEPOST TO OMAHA AWAKENS POPULAR INTEREST

NEW AUTOMATIC TELEGRAPH SYSTEM, WHICH TRANSMITS 2,000 WORDS A MINUTE FOR ONE CENT A WORD IS MAKING DEEP INROADS ON BUSINESS OF ITS BIG RIVALS.

Nothing in a long time has awakened more popular interest throughout the Middle West than the extension to Omaha, Kansas City and Louisville of the Telepost system of automatic telegraphy. This system, which is revolutionizing the telegraph industry of the country with its 2,000 words a minute service and rates of from one-quarter of a cent to one cent a word, regardless of time or distance, is making deep inroads into the business of the older companies in St. Louis, Sedalia, Mo.; Chicago, Springfield, Ill.; Terre Haute, and Indianapolis in the west and in Boston and other cities of New England where it is now commercially operating in competition with the hand operated system of the old companies.

Additional extensions of the system to Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh and other cities in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania, are near completion and it is expected will be ready to open shortly. Progress is being made in extending the system in still other directions, insuring the covering at an early date of more than half of the United States with Telepost service.

## OUT OF THE QUESTION.



Fred—I hear George and his wife never quarrel now.

Maud—No, you see they're one now, and it takes two to make a quarrel.

Public Want Ads.

Wanted—Several nice old gentlemen to represent us financially. Nothing to do but utter wise remarks and endorse dividend checks. Good wages, from fifty to one hundred millions a year.

Wanted—A financier who will guarantee to keep us supplied with half-colleges and half-libraries while we supply the other halves. No experience required. Good rake-off.

Wanted—At once. A large number of stockholders to take charge of our food supply and keep us from eating too much. No regular hours. Palm Beach in winter. Adirondacks in summer.

Wanted—A few select persons to represent us socially and do the things we haven't time for. No brains needed. All expenses paid. No worry.—Success.

Beware the Dog!

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Well, what you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leaded dog to wake up the big dog."—Everybody's.

Folled.

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"O, I feel blue," she replied. "No body loves me and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation. "For God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."—Success Magazine.

Carve the face within, not dress it from without. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow only from that side.—W. G. Gannett.

## Position Long in Family

Members Have Been Organist in English Church for More Than a Century.

A remarkable record has been commemorated at Teignmouth, England, by the presentation to Miss Linter, organist of the parish church of St. Michael, East Teignmouth, of an illuminated address and a purse of 130 sovereigns, subscribed by parishioners and others. The post of organist in the church has remained uninterrupted in the Linter family since the year 1809, when Miss Linter's father, William Linter, became organist of the church.

The pet dog show at the Royal Horticultural hall, in London, drew a great crowd, chiefly of women, and the old familiar scenes of luxury were witnessed in every avenue of the nearly 1,000 pens. But all records in this

direction were surpassed by the miniature iron bedstead, with mattress, sheets, blanket, quilt, hangings and all complete, in which a four-month-old Pekinese spaniel reposed. The smallest dog in the show was Messrs. Willson's miniature black-and-tan terrier. It weighed only two pounds two ounces, and was brought to the exhibition in a man's coat pocket. The lightest dog, however, was a Yorkshire terrier of one pound 14 ounces, with a delightfully groomed coat of silken fleece.

Consolation.

"That candidate insists that he was defeated by the trusts."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "whenever a man gets the worst of it he likes to console himself with the idea that he had a mighty big antagonist."

Let Us Cook Your Breakfast! Serve Post Toasties with cream or milk and notice the pleasure the family finds in the appetizing crispness and flavour of this delightful food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.