



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brown case to the disposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's home he is attracted by a picture of a young girl whom the millionaire explains to his grandnephew. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and returns lower ten and retires in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds his clothes and hat missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence places both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes at the scene of the murder. 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 other platform for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allison West, his partner's sweetheart. Her peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold box and Blakeley puts it in his pocket. Blakeley returns home and finds that he is under surveillance and hours of strange orders in the house next door.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

As we turned the corner I glanced back. Half a block behind us Johnson was moving our way slowly. When he saw me he stopped and proceeded with great deliberation to light a cigar. By hurrying, however, he caught the car that we took, and stood unobtrusively on the rear platform. He looked forward, and absent-mindedly paid our fares, to McKnight's delight.

"We will give him a run for his money," he declared, as the car moved countryward. "Conductor, let us off at the middlest line you can find."

At one o'clock, after a six-mile ramble, we entered a small country hotel. We had seen nothing of Johnson for a half hour. At that time he was a quarter of a mile behind us, and losing rapidly. Before we had finished our luncheon he staggered into the inn. One of his boots was under his arm, and his whole appearance was deplorable. He was coated with mud, streaked with perspiration, and he limped as he walked. He chose a table far from us and ordered Scotch. He yawned and touched his hat but paid no attention to us.

"I'm just getting my second wind," McKnight declared. "How do you feel, Mr. Johnson? Six or eight miles more and we'll all enjoy our dinners." Johnson put down the glass he had raised to his lips without replying.

The fact was, however, that I was like Johnson. I was soft from my week's inaction, and I was pretty well "one up." McKnight, who was a well-spring of vitality and high spirits, ordered a strange concoction, made of nearly everything in the bar, and sent it over to the detective, but Johnson refused it.

"I hate that kind of person," McKnight said pettishly. "Kind of a fellow that thinks you're going to poison his dog if you offer him a bone."

When we got to the car line, with Johnson a dragged and drooping tail to the kite, I was in better spirits. I had told McKnight the story of the three hours just after the wreck; I had not named the girl, of course; she had my promise of secrecy. But I told him everything else. It was a relief to have a fresh mind on it. I had puzzled so much over the incident at the farmhouse, and the necklace in the gold bag, that I had lost perspective.

He had been interested, but inclined to be amused, until I came to the broken chain. Then he had whistled softly. "But there are tons of fine gold chains made every year," he said. "Why in the world do you think that that—necklace piece came from that—sneaky?"

I had looked around. Johnson was far behind, scraping the mud off his feet with a piece of stick.

"I have the short end of the chain in the pocket," I reminded him. "When I couldn't sleep this morning I thought I would settle it, one way or the other. It was hell to go along the way I had been doing. And—there's no doubt about it, Rich. It's the same chain."

We walked along in silence until we caught the car back to town.

"Well," he said finally, "you know the girl, of course, and I don't. But if you like her—and I think myself you're rather hard hit, old man—I wouldn't give a whoop about the chain in the gold purse. It's just one of the little coincidences that hang people now and then. And as for last night—if she's the kind of a girl you say she is, and you think she had anything to do with that, you—you're added, that's all. You can depend on it, the lady of the empty house last week is the lady of last night. And yet your train acquaintance was in Altoona at that time."

Just before we got off the car, I reverted to the subject again. It was never far back in my mind.

"About the—young lady of the train, Rich," I said, with what I suppose was elaborate carelessness. "I don't want you to get a wrong impression. I am rather unlikely to see her again, but even if I do, I—I believe she is already 'bespoke,' or next thing to it."

"He made no reply, but as I opened the door with my latch-key he stood looking up at me from the pavement with his quizzical smile.

"Love is like the measles," he orated. "The older you get it, the worse the attack."

Johnson did not appear again that day. A small man in a raincoat took his place. The next morning I made my initial trip to the office, the raincoat still on hand. I had a short conference with Miller, the district attorney, at 11. Franson was under surveillance, he said, and any attempt to sell the notes to him would probably result in their recovery. In the meantime, as I knew, the Commonwealth

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER  
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had continued the case, in hope of such contingency.

At noon I left the office and took a veterinarian to see Candida, the injured pony. By one o'clock my first day's duties were performed, and a long Sahara of hot afternoon stretched ahead. McKnight, always glad to escape from the grind, suggested a vaudeville, and in sheer ennui I consented. I could neither ride, drive nor golf, and my own company bored me to distraction.

"Coolest place in town these days," he declared. "Electric fans, breezy Johnson, airy costumes. And there's McKnight just behind—the coolest proposition in Washington." He gravely bought three tickets and presented the detective with one. Then we went in. Having lived a normal, busy life, the theater in the afternoon is to me about as par with ice cream for breakfast. Up on the stage a very stout woman in short pink skirts, with a smile that McKnight declared looked like a slash in a roll of butter, was singing nasally, with a laborious kick at the end of each verse. Johnson, two rows ahead, went to sleep. McKnight prodded me with his elbow.

"Look at the first box to the right," he said, in a stage whisper. "I want you to come over at the end of this act."

It was the first time I had seen her since I put her in the cab at Baltimore.



"And There's Johnson Just Behind, the Coolest Proposition in Washington."

more. Outwardly I presume I was calm, for no one turned to stare at me, but every atom of me cried out at the sight of her. She was leaning, bent forward, lips slightly parted, gazing rapidly at the Japanese conjurer who had replaced what McKnight disrespectfully called the Columns of Hercules. Compared with the dragged lady of the farm house, she was radiant.

For that first moment there was nothing but joy at the sight of her. McKnight's touch on my arm brought me back to reality.

"Come over and meet them," he said. "That's the cousin Miss West is visiting, Mrs. Dallas."

But I would not go. After he went I sat there alone, painfully conscious that I was being pointed out and stared at from the box. The abominable Japanese gave way to yet more atrocious performing dogs.

"How many offers of marriage will the young lady in the box have?" The dog stopped sagely at "none," and then pulled out a card that said eight. Wild shouts of glee by the audience. "The fools," I muttered.

After a little I glanced over. Mrs. Dallas was talking to McKnight, but she was looking straight at me. She was flushed, but more calm than I, and she did not bow. I fumbled for my hat, but the next moment I saw that they were going, and I sat still. When McKnight came back he was triumphant.

"I've made an engagement for you," he said. "Mrs. Dallas asked me to bring you to dinner tonight, and I said I knew you would fall all over yourself to go. You are requested to bring along the broken arm, and any other souvenirs of the wreck that you may possess."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I declared, struggling against my inclination. "I can't even tie my necktie, and I have to have my food cut for me."

"Oh, that's all right," he said easily. "I'll send Stogie over to fix you up, and Mrs. Dal knows all about the arm. I told her."

(Stogie is his Japanese factotum, so called because he is lean, a yellowish brown in color, and because he claims to have been shipped into this country in a box.)

The cinematograph was finishing the program. The house was dark and the music had stopped, as it does in the circus just before somebody risks his neck at so much a neck in the dip of death, or the hundred-foot dive.

Then, with a sort of shock, I saw on the white curtain the announcement:

THE NEXT PICTURE IS THE DOME WASHINGTON FLIER TAKEN A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE SCENE OF THE WRACK ON THE FATAL MORNING OF SEPTEMBER TENTH TWO MILES FARTHER ON IT MET WITH ALMOST COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

I confess to a return of some of the sickening sensations of the wreck; people around me were leaning forward with tense faces. Then the letters were gone and I saw a long level stretch of track, even the broken stone between the ties standing out distinctly. Far off under a cloud of smoke a small object was rushing toward us and growing larger as it came.

Now it was on us, a mammoth in size, with huge drivers and a colossal tender. The engine leaped aside, as if just in time to save us from destruction, with a glimpse of a stooping fireman and a grimy engineer. The long train of sleepers followed. From a forward vestibule a porter in a white coat waved his hand. The rest of the cars seemed still wrapped in slumber. With mixed sensations I saw my own car, Ontario, fly past, and then I rose to my feet and gripped McKnight's shoulder.

On the lowest step of the fast car, one foot hanging free, was a man. His black derby hat was pulled well down to keep it from blowing away, and his

Johnson had dropped his hat and was stooping for it.

"This way," I motioned to McKnight, and we wheeled into the narrow passage behind us, back of the boxes. At the end there was a door leading into the wings, and as we went boldly through I turned the key and unlocked the door I had locked, a banging which, I judged, signified Johnson.

"I guess we've broken up his interference," McKnight chuckled. Stage hands were hurrying in every direction; pieces of the side wall of the last drawing room menaced us; a switchboard behind us was singing like a teakettle. Everywhere we stepped we were in somebody's way. At last we were across, confronting a man in his shirt sleeves, who by dots and dashes of profanity seemed to be directing the chaos.

"Well?" he said, wheeling on us. "What can I do for you?"

"I would like to ask," I replied, "if you have any idea just where the last cinematograph picture was taken."

"Broken board—picnickers—lake?" "No. The Washington Flier."

He glanced at my bandaged arm.

The announcement says two miles," McKnight put in, "but we should like to know whether it is railroad miles, automobile miles, or policeman miles."

"I am sorry I can't tell you," he replied, more civilly. "We get those pictures by contract. We don't take them ourselves."

"Where are the company's offices?" "New York." He stepped forward and grasped a super by the shoulder.

"What in blazes are you doing with that gold chair in a kitchen set? Take that piece of pink plush there and throw it over a soap box, if you have not got a kitchen chair."

I had not realized the extent of the shock, but now I dropped into a chair and wiped my forehead. The unexpected glimpse of Allison West followed almost immediately by the revelation of the picture, had left me limp and unnerve. McKnight was looking at his watch.

"He says the moving picture people have an office downtown. We can make it if we go now."

So he called a cab, and we started at a gallop. There was no sign of the detective. "Upon my word," Richey said, "I feel lonely without him."

The people at the downtown office of the cinematograph company were very obliging. The picture had been taken, they said, at M—, just two miles beyond the scene of the wreck. It was not much, but it was something to work on. I decided not to go home, but to send McKnight's Jap for my clothes, and to dress at the incubator. I was determined, if possible, to make my next day's investigations without Johnson. In the meantime, even if it was for the last time, I would see Her this night. I gave Stogie a note for Mrs. Kington, and with my dinner clothes there came back the gold bag wrapped in tissue paper.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why Dickens wrote "Christmas Carol." I noticed a statement in one of the papers recently that Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol" with the express object of reviving the popular interest in the Christmas season and its festivities. This is a pleasing fiction which had often been previously met with. The fact is that Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol" in the autumn of 1843 because he was short of money and in great need of \$5,000. The most candid chapter in Forster's "Life" is the one (in the second volume) which relates the tale of Dickens' disappointment and despair when he received the "Carol" accounts, for instead of the \$5,000 he "had set his heart and soul upon," the sum due to him was only \$1,150. Dickens wrote: "My year's bills, unpaid, are so terrific that all the energy and determination I can possibly exert will be required to clear me before I go abroad." Dickens ultimately cleared \$2,650 by the "Christmas Carol" on a sale of 15,000 copies.—London Truth.

He was flying open in the wind. His free hand gripping a small valise, every muscle tense for a jump.

"Good God, that's my man!" I said hoarsely, as the audience broke into applause. McKnight half rose; in his seat ahead Johnson stifled a yawn and turned to eye me.

I dropped into my chair limply, and tried to control my excitement. "The man on the last platform of the train," I said. "He was just about to leap; I'll swear that was my bag."

"Could you see his face?" McKnight asked in an undertone. "Would you know him again?"

"No." His hat was pulled down and his head was bent. I'm going back to find out where that picture was taken. They say two miles, but it may have been forty."

The audience, busy with its wraps, had not noticed. Mrs. Dallas and Allison West had gone. In front of us

dusts and cooks with quiet enthusiasm and manages her household as if it were an important principle. Her cooking, be it whispered, is divine, and thus she claims reverent admiration from many masculine minds.

Her work seems a genuine delight to her. She toils with a merry heart, and when the time comes for play, she disports herself with an equality of simplicity and delightful pleasure. As a wife, the "homely girl" is, let it be known, pre-eminent. She wraps her heart and soul around home and husband. No detail is too small for her ardent attention.—Philadelphia Press.

Wedding Trip with Fifty Slaves. By the death of Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Summers some time ago Miss Somers lost one of its pioneers. Mrs. Summers was married to James P. Summers, also a Kentuckian, when she was 17 years old. On their wedding trip they came by steamboat to Missouri, bringing with them about fifty slaves.—Kansas City Times.

The "homely girl" is seen at her best, of course, in the home, smiling happily and wearing a big apron. She



## SOUTH CAROLINA FLORIST EXPERIMENTS WITH DAHLIA

Tells Interesting Story of Success With Flower of Double Variety From Seed—Some Very Beautiful.

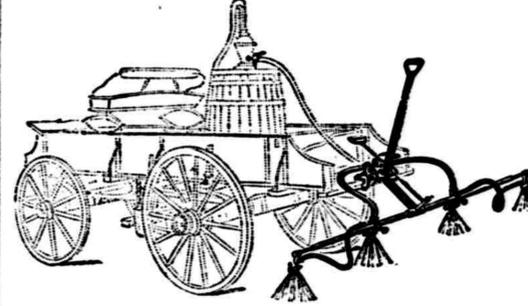


Double Dahlia.

I want the flower loving readers to know of the success I had with dahlias from seeds. I ordered one packet, and sowed it in a box, having no idea that I had such a glorious treat in store, writes a South Carolina Florist in Park's Floral Magazine. Within five days the seedlings had pushed up in little "humps," and soon were holding their heads up, looking strong and vigorous. As soon as they were large enough to transplant, I put them in good, loamy, well-worked soil, and I could actually see them grow. Within three weeks I noticed the color of some stalks was dark red, and others light green. The buds commenced to show soon, and then swell, and oh, the pleasure in watching the different colors show! Some grew faster than others, but all grew entirely to my satisfaction. There was one particular plant that grew and kept on growing and we encouraged this

growth just to see where it would go to. It finally decided to stop at the height of nine and a half feet, and then the exquisite bloom hung over in such a graceful way, showing a flower almost black with a bright, yellow center about the size of a 25-cent piece. The petals looked like heavy silk velvet, and the blooms were as large as my tubers produced. Some of the others were equally as beautiful, one being a magenta, with the back of the petals striped in white; another was a fawn shade and very odd; another was yellow outlined on each petal with red, and still another was a peculiar shade bordering on a brick-dust color, the back of the petals being yellow. This combination was perfectly beautiful, and thought by many who saw it to be the loveliest in the lot. In all, I secured 32 plants, and every one was a gem.

## MORE POTATOES BY SPRAYING



For a good many years the general farmer has contented himself with occasionally going over his potato plants with a bucket and a stick in an attempt to eradicate entirely the destructive potato beetle or "bug." In a way, this has answered the purpose, since the plants were saved from being entirely consumed by the hordes of insect pests that continually swarmed up from nowhere, but of course it was impossible to rid each plant of all the bugs that infested it. Some of the eggs were sure to remain and hatch.

Then there were the many varied plant diseases to which the tubers were subjected and a few years ago no methods were available to effectually control them, since no systematic study had been given to this branch of agriculture.

Realizing that more scientific methods should be adopted to successfully combat these different pests, the New York experiment station at Geneva made some very interesting and careful experiments in recent years, the results of which have lately been published in bulletin form.

Their research revealed that frequent sprays during the dry seasons of the year effected much better plant conditions and a proportionately increased potato crop.

Out of eleven volunteer experiments, there was shown an average gain per acre, due to spraying, of 66% bushels. The average net cost of spraying per acre was 84 cents and the average price of potatoes at digging time was 60 cents per bushel. A little mental arithmetic makes it self-evident that it pays to spray.

Milk as a Food. Analyses prove that one quart of milk containing five per cent. butter fat and costing in the market from 5 to 12 cents, is equal in food value to five-sixths of a pound of sirloin steak, costing from 15 to 20 cents, and, as meats are generally cooked, it is probably far more digestible and the comparative value greater than indicated.

Pea Straw. Pea straw is well liked by sheep and is ahead of all other fodders, with the possible exception of clover hay. From this experiment the pea crop is a general one, the straw is always saved for the sheep and is fed probably more extensively than any other fodder.

Prompt Work. A man may make some mistakes by doing things too early in the season, but being right "up on the bit" with the work invariably pays out best.

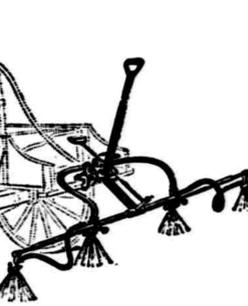
## SAVES LIVES OF CHICKENS

Kansas Poultry Raiser Has Discovered and Put Into Practice Means of Preventing Large Mortality Among Chicks.

A well-known Kansas City poultry man, Ernest Kellerstrass, has discovered and put into practise a new means of preventing the common large mortality of brooder chicks. The remedy is so simple that at first thought it appears almost ridiculous. It consists only in the use of black soil in the floor of the brooder.

Mr. Kellerstrass by accident, two or three years ago, noticed that a piece of sod placed on the floor of a brooder was quickly worked on by the chicks. They stood on it and scratched on it in preference to the wooden floor of the brooder. The entire floor of the brooder was then covered with sod, and it was found that the chicks on the sod covered floor were stronger,

## NOT YET INTRODUCED.



"Where do you live, my lass?" "Tee hee! No. 411 Steenth street, but mamma don't allow gentlemen to call on me just yet."

Flirting with Fashion. That innate tendency on the part of the fair consumer to flirt with fashion, playing fast and loose with various commodities, is responsible for the uncertainties that have prevailed during the month. There was such a lack of confidence as to the ultimate acceptance of the various lines prepared by distributors and consumer that buying was somewhat minimized. Prosperity or adversity has nothing to do with the millinery business. Fashion alone makes or breaks.—Millinery Trade Review.

A FOOD DRINK. Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes: "Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee."

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unlifting me for business during the day."

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and all yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous."

"There's a Reason."

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

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Munyon's Soap. Which Has No Equal. It is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic. Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

Your Liver is Clogged up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Spirits—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their work. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine makes Signature.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS.

## ATCHISON'S ORDER OF SPINS

Unmarried, and Contented Withal. They Have Mapped Out for Themselves a Pious City. There was called a meeting of the Ancient Order of Spins last evening, and papers were read on every subject, from removing grease from carpets to the sad memories that attach to a bunch of old letters. The Spins were having a hilarious time when a visiting Spin got up to make a few remarks. She said that, while they are happy now, there was a sad time coming. "Think of the day," she said, "when, having no husbands or children, you will be all alone." There was a sniff and then a snort as Spin after Spin recalled wives and mothers who are alone from daylight till dark, except when some member of the family wants waiting on. The sniffling and snorting increased in volume as Spin after Spin told of her freedom from worry, her independence in financial matters and the joy of doing as she pleased. "But we must not take offense at what our sister has said," one Spin remarked. "Let us show our good intentions by calling on every lonehome wife and mother we know." This was six weeks ago, and though the Spins have devoted every afternoon and evening since to this missionary work, they haven't made half the rounds yet.—Atchison Globe.