The MAN in LOWER TEN

10

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14

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with 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 Alison 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. Blakeley learns that a man named Sullivan leaped from the train near M——— and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Allison and kisses her.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the Table Next.

McKnight and Hotchkiss were sauntering slowly down the road as I caught up with them. As usual, the little man was busy with some abstruse mental problem.

"The idea is this," he was saying, his brows knitted in thought, "if a left-handed man, standing in the position of the man in the picture, should jump from a car, would he be likely to sprain his right ankle? When a right-handed man prepares for a leap of that kind, my theory is that he would hold on with his right hand, and alight at the proper time, on his right foot. Of course—"

"I imagine, although I don't know," interrupted McKnight, "that a man either ambidextrous or one-armed, jumping from the Washington Flier, would be more likely to land on his head."

"Anyhow," I interposed, "what difference does it make whether Sullivan used one hand or the other? One pair of handcuffs will put both hands out of commission."

As usual when one of his pet theories was attacked, Hotchkiss looked aggrieved.

"My dear sir," he expostulated, "don't you understand what bearing this has on the case? How was the murdered man lying when he was found?"

"On his back," I said promptly, "head toward the engine."

"Very well," he retorted, "and what then? Your heart lies under your fifth intercostal space, and to reach it a right-handed blow would have struck either down or directly in.

"But, gentlemen, the point of entrance for the stiletto was below the heart, striking up! As Harrington lay with his head toward the engine, a person in the aisle must have used the left hand."

McKnight's eyes sought mine and he winked at me solemnly as I unostentatiously transferred the hat I was carrying to my right hand. Long training has largely counterbalanced heredity in my case, but I still pitch ball, play tennis and carve with my left hand. But Hotchkiss was too busy with his theories to notice me.

We were only just in time for our train back to Baltimore, but McKnight took advantage of a second's delay to shake the station agent warmly by the hand.

"I want to express my admiration for you," he said beamingly. "Ability of your order is thrown away here. You should have been a city policeman, my friend."

The agent looked a trifle uncertain.

"The young lady was the one who told me to keep still," he said.

McKnight glanced at me, gave the agent's hand a final shake, and climbed on board. But I knew perfectly that he had guessed the reason for my delay.

He was very silent on the way home. Hotchkiss, too, had little to say. He was reading over his notes intently, stopping now and then to make a penciled addition. Just before we left the train Richey turned to me. "I suppose it was the key to the door that she tied to the gate?"

"Probably. I did not ask her."

"Curious, her locking that fellow in," he reflected.

"You may depend on it, there was a good reason for it all. And I wish you wouldn't be so suspicious of motives, Rich," I said warmly.

"Only yesterday you were the suspicious one," he retorted, and we lapsed into strained silence.

It was late when we got to Washington. One of Mrs. Klopton's small tyrannies was exacting punctuality at meals, and, like several other things, I respected it. There are always some concessions that should be made in return for faithful service.

So, as my dinner hour of seven was long past, McKnight and I went to a little restaurant downtown where they have a very decent way of fixing chicken a la King. Hotchkiss had departed, economically bent, for a small hotel where he lived on the American plan.

"I want to think some things over," he said in response to my invitation to dinner, "and, anyhow, there's no use dining out when I pay the same, dinner or no dinner, where I am stopping."

The day had been hot, and the first floor dining room was sultry in spite of the palms and fans which attempted to simulate the verdure and breezes of the country.

It was crowded, too, with a typical summer night crowd, and, after sitting for a few minutes in a sweltering corner, we got up and went to the smaller dining room upstairs. Here it was not so warm, and we settled ourselves comfortably by a window.

Over in a corner half a dozen boys on their way back to school were ragging a perspiring waiter, a proceeding so exactly to McKnight's taste that he insisted on going over to join them. But their table was full, and somehow that kind of fun had lost its point for me.

Not far from us a very stout, middle-aged man, apoplectic with the heat, was elephantinely jolly for the benefit of a bored-looking girl across the table from him, and at the next table a newspaper woman ate alone, the last edition propped against the water bottle before her, her hat, for coolness, on the corner of the table. It was a motley Bohemian crowd.

I looked over the room casually, while McKnight ordered the meal. Then my attention was attracted to the table next to ours. Two people were sitting there, so deep in conversation that they did not notice us. The woman's face was hidden under her hat, as she traced the pattern of the cloth mechanically with her fork. But the man's features stood out clear in the light of the candles on the table. It was Bronson!

"He shows the strain, doesn't he?" McKnight said, holding up the wine list as if he read from it. "Who's the woman?"

"Search me," I replied, in the same way.

When the chicken came, I still found myself gazing now and then at the abstracted couple near me. Evidently the subject of conversation was unpleasant. Bronson was eating little, the woman not at all. Finally he got up, pushed his chair back noisily, thrust a bill at the waiter and stalked out.

"I Beg Your Pardon, Sir; the Lady in Black, Sir, Would Like to Speak to You."

The woman sat still for a moment; then, with an apparent resolution to make the best of it, she began slowly to eat the meal before her.

But the quarrel had taken away her appetite, for the mixture in our chafing dish was hardly ready to serve before she pushed her chair back a little and looked around the room.

I caught my first glimpse of her face then, and I confess it startled me. It was the tall, stately woman of the Ontario, the woman I had last seen cowering beside the road, rolling pebbles in her hand, blood streaming from a cut over her eye. I could see the scar now, a little affair, about an inch long, gleaming red through its layers of powder.

And then, quite unexpectedly, she turned and looked directly at me. After a minute's uncertainty, she bowed, letting her eyes rest on mine with a calmly insolent stare. She glanced at McKnight for a moment, then back to me. When she looked away again I breathed easier.

"Who is it?" asked McKnight under his breath.

"Ontario." I formed it with my lips rather than said it. McKnight's eyebrows went up and he looked with increased interest at the black-gowned figure.

I ate little after that. The situation was rather bad for me, I began to see. Here was a woman who could, if she wished, and had any motive for so doing, put me in jail under a capital charge. A word from her to the police, and polite surveillance would become active interference.

Then, too, she could say that she had seen me, just after the wreck, with a young woman from the murdered man's car, and thus probably bring Alison West into the case.

It is not surprising, then, that I ate little. The woman across seemed in no hurry to go. She loitered over a demi-tasse, and that finished, sat with her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, looking darkly at the changing groups in the room.

The fun at the table where the college boys sat began to grow a little noisy; the fat man, now a purplish shade, ambled away behind his slim companion; the newspaper woman pinned on her business-like hat and stalked out. Still the woman at the next table waited.

It was a relief when the meal was over. We got our hats and were about to leave the room, when a waiter touched me on the arm.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but the lady at the table near the window, the lady in black, sir, would like to speak to you."

I looked down between the rows of tables to where the woman sat alone, her chin still resting on her hand, her black eyes still insolently staring, this time at me.

"I'll have to go," I said to McKnight hurriedly. "She knows all about that affair and she'd be a bad enemy."

"I don't like her lamps," McKnight observed, after a glance at her. "Better jolly her a little. Good-by."

CHAPTER XX.

The Notes and a Bargain.

I went back slowly to where the woman sat alone. She smiled rather oddly as I drew near, and pointed to the chair Bronson had vacated.

"Sit down, Mr. Blakeley," she said, "I am going to take a few minutes of your valuable time."

"Certainly." I sat down opposite her and glanced at a cuckoo clock on the wall. "I am sorry, but I have only a few minutes. If you—" She laughed a little, not very pleasantly, and opening a small black fan covered with spangles, waved it slowly.

"The fact is," she said, "I think we are about to make a bargain."

"A bargain?" I asked incredulously. "You have a second advantage of me. You know my name"—I paused suggestively and she took the cue.

"I am Mrs. Conway," she said, and flicked a crumb off the table with an overmanicured finger.

The name was scarcely a surprise. I had already surmised that this might be the woman whom rumor credited as being Bronson's common-law wife. Rumor, I remembered, had said other things even less pleasant, things which had been brought out at Bronson's arrest for forgery.

"We met last under less fortunate circumstances," she was saying. "I have been fit for nothing since that terrible day. And you—you had a broken arm, I think."

"I still have it," I said, with a lame attempt at jocularity; "but to have escaped at all was a miracle. We have much, indeed, to be thankful for."

"I suppose we have," she said carelessly, "although sometimes I doubt it." She was looking somberly toward the door through which her late companion had made his exit.

"You sent for me—" I said.

"Yes, I sent for you." She roused herself and sat erect. "Now, Mr. Blakeley, have you found those papers?"

"The papers? What papers?" I parried. I needed time to think.

"Mr. Blakeley," she said quietly, "I think we can lay aside all subterfuge. In the first place let me refresh your mind about a few things. The Pittsburg police are looking for the survivors of the car Ontario; there are three that I know of—yourself, the young woman with whom you left the scene of the wreck, and myself. The wreck, you will admit, was a fortunate one for you."

I nodded without speaking.

"At the time of the collision you were in rather a hole," she went on, looking at me with a disagreeable smile. "You were, if I remember, accused of a rather atrocious crime. There was a lot of corroborative evidence, was there not? I seem to remember a dirk and the murdered man's pocket-book in your possession, and a few other things that were—well, rather unpleasant."

I was thrown a bit off my guard.

"You remember, also," I said quickly, "that a man disappeared from the car, taking my clothes, papers and everything."

"I remember that you said so." Her tone was quietly insulting, and I bit my lip at having been caught. It was no time to make a defense.

"You have missed one calculation," I said coldly, "and that is the discovery of the man who left the train."

"You have found him?" She bent forward, and again I regretted my hasty speech. "I knew it; I said so."

"We are going to find him," I asserted, with a confidence I did not feel. "We can produce at any time proof that a man left the Flier a few miles beyond the wreck. And we can find him, I am positive."

"But you have not found him yet?" She was clearly disappointed. "Well, so be it. Now for our bargain. You will admit that I am no fool."

I made no such admission, and she smiled mockingly.

"How flattering you are!" she said. "Very well. Now for the premises. You take to Pittsburg four notes held by the Mechanics' national bank, to have Mr. Gilmore, who is ill, declare his indorsement of them forged.

"On the journey back to Pittsburg two things happen to you: You lose your clothing, your valise and your papers, including the notes, and you are accused of murder. In fact, Mr. Blakeley, the circumstances were most singular, and the evidence—well, almost conclusive."

I was completely at her mercy, but I gnawed my lip with irritation.

"Now for the bargain." She leaned over and lowered her voice. "A fair exchange, you know. The minute you put those four notes in my hand—that minute the blow to my head has caused complete forgetfulness as to the events of that awful morning. I am the only witness, and I will be silent. Do you understand? They will call off their dogs."

My head was buzzing with the strangeness of the idea.

"But," I said, striving to gain time, "I haven't the notes. I can't give you what I haven't got."

"You have had the case continued," she said sharply. "You expect to find them. Another thing," she added slowly, watching my face, "if you don't get them soon, Bronson will have them. They have been offered to him already, but at a prohibitive price."

"But," I said, bewildered, "what is your object in coming to me? If Bronson will get them anyhow—"

She shut her fan with a click and her face was not particularly pleasant to look at.

"You are dense," she said insolently. "I want those papers—for myself, not for Andy Bronson."

"Then the idea is," I said, ignoring her tone, "that you think you have me in a hole, and that if I find those papers and give them to you you will let me out. As I understand it, our friend Bronson, under those circumstances, will also be in a hole."

She nodded.

"The notes would be of no use to you for a limited length of time," I went on, watching her narrowly. "If they are not turned over to the state's attorney within a reasonable time there will have to be a nolle pros—that is, the case will simply be dropped for lack of evidence."

"A week would answer, I think," she said slowly. "You will do it, then."

I laughed, although I was not especially cheerful.

"No, I'll not do it. I expect to come across the notes any time now, and I expect just as certainly to turn them over to the state's attorney when I get them."

She got up suddenly, pushing her chair back with a noisy grating sound that turned many eyes toward us.

"You're more of a fool than I thought you," she sneered, and left me at the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Every Thing Looks Bad

Then Is the Time to Bring Out the Ginger Jar and Take a Good Dose of Its Contents.

Do you feel gloomy, melancholy, dejected? Do things look blue? Are collections slow and are bills piling up? Is your establishment stagnating from a lack of energy, ginger, enthusiasm? Then, says a writer in the Bookkeeper, ginger up!

Are you up against it in every sense of the term—eligible for membership in the Down-and-Out club? Does it seem as if the crack of doom is about to enter the city limits? Have you accepted failure as the inevitable end and do you now wait patiently, but fearfully, for the coming of the sheriff? Have you given up the battle? If you haven't, then don't! Don't do it anyhow.

But ginger up! Send the office boy scampering after the ginger jar. Get it out of that corner where it has been hidden for over a decade, untouched and covered with dust and cobwebs. Open it and take some goodly portions of its contents. There now! You feel better. A smile lights up your countenance. A determination has been inoculated in your system. You become enthusiastic. It is contagious and your employes are enthused, too. You rally; you fight. "I will" becomes your motto. "I can't" is thrown into the waste basket, where it belongs. You win! You must win! It's natural.

Led by the Nose.

An analytical chemist was retained as a skilled witness some years ago, where there are questions of analytical chemistry. There was one case where a farmer had bought some artificial manure, and he was being sued for the price of it. He resisted payment on the ground that the material had none of the qualities of manure at all. The expert chemist was one of the witnesses, and had stated that, although the substance had the smell, it had none of the chemical qualities of manure. Under cross-examination he was asked, if that was so, how did he account for hundreds of the best farmers having taken the manure for many years. "They must have been led by the nose," returned the witness.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Brood sows on the average farm may be almost entirely supported by waste products. And those same waste products form the best sort of balanced ration. Skim milk, butter milk, windfall apples, parings, a run in the orchard, with shade, and after the litters are weaned and growing nicely, a run in the stubble to clean up every kernel of grain, and in the clover fields after hay has been cut.

Sow some rye for fall green forage for the poultry. It lasts until snow comes and is there in the spring for early picking. It makes fine pasture for the turkeys even if at quite a distance from the house. It disinfects the soil and is a good crop to sow on the poultry runs this month to rid the soil of impurities.

Train the colts, don't break them. Many a good horse has been spoiled by breaking him when a colt. Get his mouth accustomed to the bit before a harness is put on him. Be gentle and patient and you can make a good horse out of almost any colt.

"Candling" eggs upon their arrival in the city results in throwing out many thousands of dozens each year. Five per cent. of them all are culled as "dirties" and sold at a reduced price causing the loss of millions of dollars every year.

The best medicine for poultry is good care. Cleanliness, light, warmth, dry houses, sound feet and pure water are better than the whole list of remedies. These are the "ounces of prevention" that save the "pounds of cure."

Unless free from lice, no flock will thrive as it ought, and the owner should help the chicks rid themselves of these pests by providing proper dust baths and occasionally dusting them himself with insect powder.

It is a good plan to give the young pigs a good start along early in life. Very many make the mistake of crimping the pigs, thereby expecting to get more lean meat. The muscles grow when the pigs grow.

There are yet a few dairymen who think they can judge a cow by her conformation. To satisfy yourself, keep the accurate record of every cow in the herd and see how form and performance coincide.

A poultry house need not be artificially heated to be warm enough for the hens to be comfortable and lay eggs, but it should be built very tight and snug, so as to exclude all drafts of cold air.

It is easier to make a man a better dairy feeder by suggestion than by command. That's why the test association is so valuable. When he sees how it helps he is a willing learner.

Mulch dahlias, cannas, caladiums and like plants with coarse manure and deluge with water. If water cannot be had, withhold the manure, as manure alone is drying.

Eggs and meat are the foundation of the poultry business. Let us aim for this standard more, then we will have better "standard breed" and more profitable poultry.

The safest rule is to commence feeding in good season if the pastures begin to fail and not wait until the cows actually begin to fail in milk production.

To supply good food for the dairy it is necessary to exercise forethought and plan for the fall season which is sure to come every year.

Many horses have sore shoulders because their owners try to fit their horses into their collars rather than getting collars to fit their horses.

There are bee-keepers all over the United States who, with a favorable locality and good management are making an excellent living.

Probably no single cause tends more to check milk secretion than the failure to remove all the milk secreted at the time of milking.

A tread-power rigged up to run the separator will save a lot of hand labor and give the ram or bull much needed exercise.

Ducks and geese should have plenty of fresh water to drink as soon as they are hatched.

There is no one stated ration that should be fed to poultry or laying hens in winter.

Are you getting the best possible results from your bees?

A cow that has a good appetite, eats heartily and keeps thin in flesh while giving milk is usually a good one to keep.

To make butter of good quality the fundamental principles of cream ripening must be understood.

Whole grain fed constantly to young chicks will sooner or later give them leg weakness.

Cheviot ewes rank above the average in their prolific qualities.

Cows that are expected to return a profit must have liberal rations of the kinds of food adapted to their needs. They must have dry, comfortable and well ventilated sleeping places and be kept free from excitement caused by exposure and neglect. The practise of allowing the dairy herd to run over the farm and be herded by dogs and children and compelled to eat frosty clover and forage cannot be made to return a profit, even though they may consume waste fodders and forage.

Saving the best ewes is not the only thing. He must not in-breed, but must buy the best sire he can find, not only in blood-lines, but also in individuality, a ram that looks like a sire, with strong head, well-sprung ribs, and large heart girth, a ram with a strong bone, two good ends and a good straight back. The breeder must not consider his pocketbook.

Potato growers who "feed" their potatoes well, and give them good care, and select the best potatoes for planting do not need to change their seed stock every few years in order to maintain the yield, because by so doing they maintain the yielding power in the potatoes they already have.

Every thinking farmer knows that there are certain essentials that cannot be neglected at any season of the year if the cows are kept in condition to give milk, and that if any or all of these essentials are neglected there is sure to be a falling away in the milk yield.

In making a kerosene "emulsion" of any kind for the eradication of lice, mites, flies, etc., great care must be taken to see that the combination is surely emulsified or serious results may follow and more hide be "eradicated" than anything else.

Two things that deserve constant attention at this time are the bits and the blankets. Never allow a frosty bit to come in contact with the horse's mouth and never leave the team without being well and comfortably blanketed.

For the average dairyman it is cheaper to raise his own cows than to buy them. Besides, if he has good cows to begin with he can more wisely select the calves because of an intimate knowledge of the work of the mothers.

The black rot of tomatoes is a difficult disease to control. Applications of Bordeaux Mixture, if begun when the tomatoes are just forming and continued until they are fairly well grown, will prevent the disease.

It has been predicted by an authority that the time is not far distant when the small dairyman will not be able to afford pasture. If this time should come, then indeed would the silo come into its own.

While the value of the birds to the farmer, orchardist and planter has for years been recognized, it is believed by the authorities that their importance in preserving the forests is not generally known.

A hen should be fed some grain that she doesn't have to scratch for. Although exercise is necessary to keep her in good health, she needs time to rest and dust herself in the middle of the day.

Some hens are born layers, others acquire the laying habit, others get credit for being good layers when they are not. The trap nest picks them out and leaves no guess work.

Do not run the risk of perpetuating weak characteristics in your herd by breeding animals that are uncertain. The progeny is sure to inherit all the fruits of the parents.

As a rule very little can be done for dopy chickens. The cause of this condition is usually constitutional weakness; lice, or, error in feeding and management.

Hill selection of potatoes may sometimes be beneficial for the purpose of selecting the best strain where the potatoes consist of two or more strains.

Selling the breeding stock because feed is dear is just as sensible as selling seed grain because you can get a good price for it. Think this over.

Is the binder properly stored away for the winter, or will the first snow storm still find it just where it was left when drawn out of the field?

During the hot months pansies will not bloom much; try cutting the plant back for fall flowering. Hot weather blooming weakens the plant.

One good cow is superior to three poor ones in the dairy; the difference is the cost of the feed and the product of the cows.

We would like to see more bee keepers at the state fairs, and have them put up a display of bees and honey.

Any good type of colt will sell for more per pound when three years old than a calf.

Better quarters for the poultry need not mean more elaborate or more expensive houses.

Hogging off the corn is a cheap way of corning off the hog.

When once pure bred stock has a place upon your farm you will wonder how you got along so many years without it.

Weighing the milk is the best means of registering the capabilities of a cow and her yield.

It's a bad policy to build such an elaborate barn that one has to buy ordinary cows to fill it.

Without the help of our wild birds, farming would be impossible.

RHEUMATISM

I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter what your friends may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon

Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

NEED MONEY FOR GOOD WORK

Plans of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

What "a Million for Tuberculosis from Red Cross Seals" will do in providing some of the 275,000 beds needed at once in the United States for consumptives, is explained in a recent bulletin of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. There is just about one bed for every ten indigent consumptives, and if all tuberculosis persons in the country are counted, both rich and poor, hardly one for every 25 or 30. If sufficient hospital accomodations are provided only for those who are too poor to pay the full price for their treatment, fully 275,000 more beds in special institutions for tuberculosis would be needed at once. The immense outlay necessary to provide and maintain so many beds in hospitals, make it imperative, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis declares, that such institutions be erected from public money, either municipal, county or state. In order to get appropriations for public hospitals for tuberculosis, agitation is necessary, and in order to create a campaign of agitation, organization is demanded. But in order that an organization may carry on an effective campaign, funds are needed.

These funds it is proposed to secure in as many communities as possible from the sale of Red Cross seals.

THE RIVAL CAPTIANS.

Chimmie—G'wan, you're no ball player. Yer couldn't ketch a foul if it was moultin'!

Patsy—Gittout, you couldn't ketch a fly if it was stuck on sticky fly-paper till it was dead as molasses!

Deadlock.

"Who is that man who has been sitting behind the bar day after day?" inquired the stranger in Crimson Gulch.

"That's Stage Coach Charley. He's in a peculiar predicament. He went to town last week and got his teeth fixed. Then he came here, and, bein' broke, ran up a bill on the strength of his seven dollars' worth of gold fillin'. Charley won't submit to havin' the nuggets pried out an' the proprietor won't let him git away with the collateral, and there you are!"

She Probably Could.

Senator La Follette, apropos of certain scandals, said at a dinner in Madison: "These things recall the legislator who remarked to his wife, with a look of disgust: 'One of those land lobbyists approached me today with another insulting proposition.'

"The wife, a young and pretty woman, clapped her hands. 'Oh, good!' she cried. 'Then I can have that sable stole, after all, can't I, dear?'"

A business firm advertises a shirt without buttons. That's no novelty. Many a bachelor has worn them for years.

When It's "What for Breakfast?"

Try

Post Toasties

Serve with cream or milk and every member of the family will say "ripping" good. And don't be surprised if they want a second helping.

"The Memory Lingers"

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