



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brunson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady, Miss West, who is a Pullman ticket collector, gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 11. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and hat 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 goods. 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.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

Hotchkiss felt certain that it had been Sullivan, but I was not so sure. Why would he have crawled like a thief into his own house? If he had crossed the park, as seemed probable, when we did, he had not made any attempt to use the knocker. I gave it up finally, and made an effort to conciliate the young woman in the tower. We had heard no sound since our spectacular entrance into her room. I was distinctly uncomfortable, as alone this time, I climbed to the tower staircase. Reasoning from before, she would probably throw a chair at me. I stopped at the foot of the staircase and called.

"Hello up there," I said, in a de-bonair manner as I could summon. "Good morning. Wie geht es bei Ihnen?"

No reply. "Bon jour, mademoiselle," I tried again. "This time there was a movement of some sort from above, but nothing fell on me."

"I—want to apologize for rousing you so—unexpectedly this morning," I went on. "The fact is, we wanted to talk to you, and you—you were hard to waken. We are travelers, lost in your mountains, and we crave a breakfast and an audience."

She came to the door then. I could feel that she was investigating the top of my head from above. "Is Mr. Sullivan with you?" she asked. It was the first word from her, and she was not sure of her voice.

"No. We are alone. If you will come down and look at us you will find us two perfectly harmless people, whose horse—curses on him—departed without leave last night and left us at your gate."

She related somewhat then and came down a step or two. "I was afraid I had killed somebody," she said. "The housekeeper left yesterday, and the other maids went with her."

When she saw that I was comparatively young and lacked the earmarks of the highwayman, she was greatly relieved. She was inclined to fight shy of Hotchkiss, however, for some reason. She gave us a breakfast of a sort, for there was little in the house, and afterward we telephoned to the town for a vehicle. While Hotchkiss examined scratches and replaced the Bokhara rug, I engaged Jennie in conversation.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "who is managing the estate since Mrs. Curtis was killed?"

"No one," she returned shortly. "Has any member of the family been here since the accident?"

"No, sir. There was only the two, and some think Mr. Sullivan was killed as well as his sister."

"You don't?"

"No," with conviction. "Why?"

"She wheeled on me with quick suspicion. 'Are you a detective?' she demanded. 'No.' 'You told him to say you represented the law.' 'I am a lawyer. Some of them misrepresent the law, but I—' 'She broke in impatiently. 'A sheriff's officer?' 'No. Look here, Jennie; I am all that I should be. You'll have to believe that. And I'm in a bad position through no fault of my own. I want you to answer some questions. If you will help me, I will do what I can for you. Do you live near here?' Her chin quivered. It was the first sign of weakness she had shown. 'My home is in Pittsburgh,' she said, 'and I haven't enough money to get there. They hadn't paid my wages for two months. They don't pay anybody.' 'Very well,' I returned. 'I'll send you back to Pittsburgh. Pullman included, if you will tell me some things I want to know.' She agreed eagerly. Outside the window Hotchkiss was bending over, examining footprints in the drive. 'Now,' I began, 'there has been a Miss West staying here?' 'Yes.' 'Mr. Sullivan was attentive to her?' 'Yes. She was the granddaughter of a wealthy man in Pittsburgh. My aunt has been in his family for 20 years. Mrs. Curtis wanted her brother to marry Miss West.' 'Do you think he did marry her?' 'I could not keep the excitement out of my voice. There were reasons—she stopped abruptly. 'Do you know anything of the family? Are they—were they New Yorkers?' 'They came from somewhere in the south. I have heard Mrs. Curtis say her mother was a Cuban. I don't know much about them, but Mr. Sullivan had a wicked temper, though he

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER  
COPYRIGHT 1909 BY BOSS-MERRILL COMPANY



"I Was Afraid I Had Killed Somebody," She Said.

didn't look it. Folks say big, light-haired people are easy going, but I don't believe it, sir."

"How long was Miss West here?"

"Two weeks."

"I hesitated about further questioning. Critical as my position was, I could not pry deeper into Alison West's affairs. If she had got into the hands of adventurers, as Sullivan and his sister appeared to have been, she was safely away from them again. But something of the situation in the car Ontario was forming itself in my mind: the incident at the farmhouse lacked only motive to be complete. Was Sullivan, after all, a rascal or a criminal? Was the murderer Sullivan or Mrs. Conway? The lady or the tiger again."

Jennie was speaking. "I hope Miss West was not hurt?" she asked. "We liked her, all of us. She was not like Mrs. Curtis."

I wanted to say that she was not like anybody in the world. Instead—"She escaped with some bruises," I said.

She glanced at my arm. "You were on the train?"

"Yes."

She waited for more questions, but none coming, she went to the door. Then she closed it softly and came back.

"Mrs. Curtis is dead? You are sure of it?" she asked.

"She was killed instantly, I believe. The body was not recovered. But I have reasons for believing that Mr. Sullivan is living."

"I knew it," she said. "I—think he was here the night before last. That is why I went to the tower room. I believe he would kill me if he could. As nearly as her round and comely face could express it, Jennie's expression was tragic at that moment. I made a quick resolution, and acted on it at once."

"You are not entirely frank with me, Jennie," I protested. "And I am going to tell you more than I have. We are talking at cross purposes. 'I was on the wrecked train, in the same car with Mrs. Curtis, Miss West and Mr. Sullivan. During the night there was a crime committed in that car and Mr. Sullivan disappeared. But he left behind a chain of circumstantial evidence that involved me completely, so that I may, at any time, be arrested.' Apparently she did not comprehend for a moment. Then, as if the meaning of my words had just dawned on her, she looked up and gasped: 'You mean—Mr. Sullivan committed the crime himself?' 'I think he did.' 'What was it?' 'It was murder,' I said deliberately. Her hands clenched involuntarily, and she shrank back. 'A woman?' She could scarcely form her words. 'No, a man; a Mr. Simon Harrington of Pittsburgh.' Her effort to retain her self-control was pitiful. Then she broke down and cried, her head on the back of a tall chair. 'It was my fault,' she said wretchedly, 'my fault. I should not have sent them the word.' After a few minutes she grew quiet. She seemed to hesitate over something, and finally determined to say it. 'You will understand better, sir, when I say that I was raised in the Harrington family. Mr. Harrington was Mr. Sullivan's wife's father!'"

CHAPTER XXV.

At the Station. So it had been the tiger, not the lady! Well, I had held to that theory all through. Jennie suddenly became a valuable person; if necessary she could prove the connection between Sullivan and the murdered man, and show a motive for the crime. I was triumphant when Hotchkiss came in. When the girl had produced a photograph of Mrs. Sullivan, and I had recognized the bronze-haired girl of the train, we were both well satisfied—which goes to prove the ephemeral nature of most human contentments.

Jennie either had nothing more to say, or feared she had said too much. She was evidently uneasy before Hotchkiss. I told her that Mrs. Sullivan was recovering in a Baltimore hospital, but she already knew it, from some source, and merely nodded. She made a few preparations for leaving, while Hotchkiss and I compared notes, and then, with the cat in her arms, she climbed into the trap from the town. I sat with her, and on the way down she told me a little, not much.

"If you see Mrs. Sullivan," she advised, "and she is conscious, she probably thinks that both her husband and her father were killed in the wreck. She will be in a bad way, sir."

"You mean that she still cares about her husband?"

The cat crawled over my knee, and rubbed its head against my hand invitingly. Jennie stared at the undulating line of the mountain crests, a colossal surf against a blue ocean of sky. "Yes, she cares," she said softly. "Women are made like that. They say they are cats, but Peter there in your lap wouldn't come back and lick your hand if you kicked him. If—if you have to tell her the truth, be as gentle as you can, sir. She has been good to me—that's why I have played the spy here all summer. It's a thankless thing, spying on people."

"It is that," I agreed soberly.

Hotchkiss and I arrived in Washington late that evening, and rather than arouse the household, I went to the club. I was at the office early the next morning and admitted myself. McKnight rarely appeared before half after ten, and our modest office force some time after nine. I looked over my previous day's mail and waited, with such patience as I possessed, for McKnight. In the interval I called up Mrs. Klopston and announced that I would dine at home that night. What my household subsists on during my numerous absences I have never discovered. Tea, probably, and crackers. Diligent search when I have made a midnight arrival, never reveals anything more substantial. Possibly I imagine it, but the announcement that I am about to make a journey always seems to create a general atmosphere of depression throughout the house, as though Euphemia and Eliza, and Thomas, the stableman, were already subsisting, in imagination, on Mrs. Klopston's meager fare.

So I called her up and announced my arrival. There was something unusual in her tone, as though her throat was tense with indignation. Always shrill, her elderly voice rapped my ear painfully through the receiver.

"The House Has Been Broken Into, Mr. Lawrence."

tents his? Since the police had the bit of chain it might mean involving Alison in the story. I sat down and buried my face in my hands. There was no escape. I figured it out despondently.

Against me was the evidence of the survivors of the Ontario that I had been accused of the murder at the time. There had been blood-stains on my pillow and a hidden dagger. Into the bargain, in my possession had been found a traveling-bag containing the dead man's pocketbook.

In my favor was McKnight's theory against Mrs. Conway. She had a motive for wishing to secure the notes, she believed I was in lower ten, and she had collapsed at the discovery of the crime in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"I have changed the butcher, Mr. Lawrence," she announced portentously. "The last roast was a pound short, and his mutton-chops—any self-respecting sheep would refuse to acknowledge them."

As I said before, I can always tell from the voice in which Mrs. Klopston conveys the most indifferent matters, if something of real significance has occurred. Also, through long habit, I have learned how quickest to bring her to the point.

"You are pessimistic this morning," I returned. "What's the matter, Mrs. Klopston? You haven't used that tone since Euphemia baked a pie for the team. What is it now? Somebody poison the dog?"

She cleared her throat. "The house has been broken into, Mr. Lawrence," she said. "I have lived in the best families, and never have I stood by and seen what I saw yesterday—every bureau drawer opened, and my—my most sacred belongings—"

"Did you notify the police?" I asked sharply.

"Police!" she sniffed. "Police! It was the police that did it—two detectives with a search warrant. I—I wouldn't dare tell you over the telephone what one of them said when he found the whisky and rock candy for my cough."

"Did they take anything?" I demanded, every nerve on edge.

"They took the cough medicine," she returned indignantly, "and they said—"

"Confound the cough medicine!" I was frantic. "Did they take anything else? Were they in my dressing-room?"

"Yes. I threatened to sue them, and I told them what you would do when you came back. But they wouldn't listen. They took away that black saskin bag you brought home from Pittsburgh with you!"

I knew then that my hours of freedom were numbered. To have found Sullivan and then, in support of my case against him, to have produced the bag, minus the bit of chain, had been my intention. But the police the bag, and, beyond knowing something of Sullivan's history, I was practically no nearer his discovery than before. Hotchkiss hoped he had his man in the house off Washington Circle, but on the very night he had seen him Jennie claimed that Sullivan had tried to enter the Laurels. Then—suppose we found Sullivan and proved the satchel and its con-

"The House Has Been Broken Into, Mr. Lawrence."

tent's his? Since the police had the bit of chain it might mean involving Alison in the story. I sat down and buried my face in my hands. There was no escape. I figured it out despondently.

Against me was the evidence of the survivors of the Ontario that I had been accused of the murder at the time. There had been blood-stains on my pillow and a hidden dagger. Into the bargain, in my possession had been found a traveling-bag containing the dead man's pocketbook.

In my favor was McKnight's theory against Mrs. Conway. She had a motive for wishing to secure the notes, she believed I was in lower ten, and she had collapsed at the discovery of the crime in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The House Has Been Broken Into, Mr. Lawrence."

## OSTRICH FARMING NOW AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY

Constant Demand for High-Grade Plumage at Good Prices Makes Business Profitable—Considerable Progress in United States.



Feeding Ostriches on Arizona Farm.

(By J. M. BALTIMORE.) The great success which has attended ostrich farming in Cape Colony, has caused a number of other South African countries to take up the industry with great zest. This has caused some uneasiness in Cape Colony, as it is feared that there may be an overproduction of low-quality plumage. The market for high-grade feathers is capable of expansion.

The export of ostrich feathers from Cape Colony has increased year after year; it amounted last year to 792,725 pounds, valued at \$10,490,425. While the Cape Colony farms contain about 500,000 tame ostriches, there are but 30,000 tame birds in all other countries combined.

At the present time ostrich farming is carried on in Europe, Madagascar, Argentina, Australia, New Zealand, and in California, Arizona and Florida. The most dangerous rival to South Africa in this respect will be the United States.

It is not easy to arrive at a just estimate of the value of ostrich feathers annually imported into the United States, on account of their being included with other feathers in many cases. The direct imports from South Africa in 1909 amounted to \$1,193,255, while the direct imports into the United Kingdom from the colony during the same year amounted to \$1,723,254. Of the latter, \$780,876 worth

presumably South African feathers, were re-exported to the United States, making the total imports in to the United States of South African feathers \$1,974,234 in 1909. How much of the feathers imported into the United States in 1909 from France and Germany, under the head of "Natural, dressed, colored, or manufactured," \$1,794,529 and \$769,714, respectively, were ostrich feathers cannot be stated, but it is safe to say that the imports of ostrich feathers from all countries into the United States annually are considerably more than \$2,000,000.

Ostrich farming has made considerable progress in the United States. It was started about 25 years ago, and in 1905 there were 2,200 ostriches. The oldest and largest ostrich farm in California is not far from Los Angeles. This is the Cawston farm and was established more than 22 years ago.

There are hundreds of ostriches on this farm. The principle work on an ostrich farm is the hatching, care of the young ostriches, and the "shearing" of the old grown birds—that is, depriving them of their long, silky, and beautiful plumage.

This is done at certain intervals—whenever these long feathers mature. Where there are hundreds of these creatures to care for, and the plumage to pluck, it keeps the forces on the farm pretty busy the year round.

As these plumage are very much in demand all over the world, and bring a good price, the profits of ostrich farming are large. The industry has proved a very profitable one.

No Middleman. A farmer who lives within 150 miles of Pittsburgh is making a great deal of money by curing pork for city customers. He smokes and cures hams, shoulders and bacon in the good old-fashioned way, using no injurious chemicals but depending on molasses, black pepper and hickory wood smoke. He feeds his pigs to about 150 pounds and does not try to make them very fat. He sells all his pork to city people direct and pays no freight charges. He is now selling bacon at 20 cents delivered at his home station and has to buy all of his neighbors' pigs that are fit to supply his customers.

Lime Sulphur for Rabbit Pest. During the last year the lime-sulphur wash, which for a number of years has been employed to prevent damage to trees by the San Jose scale, was tried with great success in several localities as a protection of orchard tree trunks against the attacks of rabbits, says Secretary Wilson.

The remedy is cheap and as a rule a single treatment in the fall appears to protect trees for the entire winter. Its more extensive use is recommended.

Until a loader has been perfected, the style of wagon used in hauling fodder needs careful consideration. The rack should be as low as possible. A solid-wheel truck gives good satisfaction on smooth, level farms, with short hauls. The draft is too heavy for other conditions. The rack that is quite commonly used is shown in the illustration. It consists of two 4x6-inch bed pieces, 18 or 20 feet in length, bolted together at one end to form a "V." On top of these timbers is built a rack six feet in width. The bottom of this rack is about eight feet long. The end boards are four feet high, built flaring so they do not quite touch the wheels. The apex of the "V" is suspended below the front axle of an ordinary farm wagon by means of a long kirgibolt, the other

ends are attached below the hind axle by U-shaped devices. This rack can be easily made.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away. When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset. "I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time. "A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day. "Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pigs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## DOCTORS FAILED

Suffered Several Years With Kidney Trouble, "Peruna Cured Me."

Mr. John N. Watkins, 3123 Shenan don Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Among all the greatly advertised medicines for kidney and bladder troubles there is nothing which equals Peruna. I suffered for several years with this trouble, in spite of hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicine and all to no purpose until I took Peruna. "One bottle did me more good than all Mr. John N. Watkins. The others put together, as they only seemed to cure the system. Peruna cured me. I used it for four months before a complete cure was accomplished, but am truly grateful to you. The least I can do in return is to acknowledge the merits of Peruna, which I take pleasure in now doing."

Bladder Trouble. Mr. C. B. Newth, 10 Delaware street, Albany, N. Y., writes: "Since my advanced age I find that I have been frequently troubled with urinary ailments. The bladder seemed irritated, and my physician said that I was catarrh caused by a protracted cold which would be difficult to overcome on account of my advanced years. I took Peruna, hardly daring to believe that I would be helped, but found to my relief that I soon began to mend. The irritation gradually subsided, and the urinary difficulties passed away. I have enjoyed excellent health now for the past seven months. I enjoy my meals, sleep soundly, and am as well as I was twenty years ago. I give all praise to Peruna."

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—do not injure the system. Carefully prepared by Dr. J. C. Carter, Littleton, Colo. Sold everywhere. They do their duty. Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine Signature.



Its simplicity is a strong feature of the Oilette. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

## UNCLE CALHOUN SPOKE OUT

Answer No Doubt Truthful, but by No Means What the Orator Desired. Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he had made of his life, said with a smile: "I suppose I must be modest and declare that luck has had more to do with my progress, or otherwise I'd be a Senator Dash's shoe."

"Senator Dash of Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored people in the cotton fields. "Speaking at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said: "I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all, uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton field?" "You was a good man, senator," the aged negro replied; "you was a good man, for a fact; 'yo' su'at' didn't work much."

Not a Harmless Sport. Friend—You fought bareheaded? French Duellist—Yes, and got a fine sunstroke.—Journal Amusant.

Had Been Done. "I never saw such a versatile man; he can do anything." "Why stop at anything?"

HEALTH AND INCOME Both Kept Up on Scientific Food. Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away. When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time. "A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day. "Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pigs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## Not What Tommy Desires

Incident That Caused Youngster to Have Grave Doubts of the Efficacy of Prayer. The Sunday school lesson had been on the efficacy of prayer, and the teacher had done her best to instill into the youthful mind the belief that our prayers are answered. There was one doubting Thomas, however, who insisted that he knew better.

"Why, Tommy, I am surprised to hear you say you don't believe our prayers are answered," expostulated the teacher.

"I know they ain't," persisted Tommy, doggedly. "What makes you think so?" asked the teacher. "I don't think it; I know it," replied Tommy. "You know the angels brought a new baby to our house last week?" "Yes, I heard about that," said the teacher. "Now, surely, that was answered to prayer, wasn't it?" "It was, niter," replied Tommy dis-

## USEFUL WAGONS FOR FODDER

Until a loader has been perfected, the style of wagon used in hauling fodder needs careful consideration. The rack should be as low as possible. A solid-wheel truck gives good satisfaction on smooth, level farms, with short hauls. The draft is too heavy for other conditions. The rack that is quite commonly used is shown in the illustration. It consists of two 4x6-inch bed pieces, 18 or 20 feet in length, bolted together at one end to form a "V." On top of these timbers is built a rack six feet in width. The bottom of this rack is about eight feet long. The end boards are four feet high, built flaring so they do not quite touch the wheels. The apex of the "V" is suspended below the front axle of an ordinary farm wagon by means of a long kirgibolt, the other

ends are attached below the hind axle by U-shaped devices. This rack can be easily made.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away. When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset. "I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time. "A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts food which I did, making it a large part of at least two meals a day. "Today, I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income. Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pigs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.