



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 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 McKeen and sprained his ankle. He stayed some time at the Carter place. While making inquiries at Carter's, Blakeley finds Allison and kisses her. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought the Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing.

CHAPTER XXI.

McKnight's Theory.

I confess I was staggered. The people at the surrounding tables, after glancing curiously in my direction, looked away again. I got my hat and went out in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. That she would inform the police at once of what she knew I never doubted, unless possibly she would give a day or two's grace in the hope that I would change my mind.

I reviewed the situation as I waited for a car. Two passed me going in the opposite direction and on the first one I saw Bronson, his hat over his eyes, his arms folded, looking moodily ahead. Was it imagination? or was the small man huddled in the corner of the rear seat Hotchkiss?

As the car rolled on I found myself smiling. The alert little man was for all the world like a terrier, ever on the scent, and scouring about in every direction.

I found McKnight at the incubator, with his coat off, working with enthusiasm and a manicure file over the horn of his auto.

"It's the worst horn I ever ran across," he groaned, without looking up as I came in. "The blankety-blank thing won't blow."

He punched it savagely, finally eliciting a faint throaty croak.

"Sounds like croup," I suggested. "My sister-in-law uses camphor and goose grease for it; or how about a spice poultice?"

But McKnight never sees any jokes but his own. He flung the horn clattering into a corner and collapsed sulkily into a chair.

"Now," I said, "if you're through manhandling that horn, I'll tell you about my talk with the lady in black."

"What's wrong?" asked McKnight, languidly. "Police watching her, too?"

"Not exactly. The fact is, Rich, there's the mischief to pay."

Stogie came in, bringing a few additions to our comfort. When he went out I told my story.

"You must remember," I said, "that I had seen this woman before the morning of the wreck. She was buying her Pullman ticket when I did. Then the next morning, when the murder was discovered, she grew hysterical and I gave her some whisky. The third and last time I saw her, until to-night, was when she crouched beside the road, after the wreck."

McKnight slid down in his chair until his weight rested on the small of his back and put his feet on the big reading table.

"It's rather a facer," he said. "It's really too good a situation for a commonplace lawyer. It ought to be dramatized. You can't agree, of course; and by refusing you run the chance of jail, at least, and of having Alison brought into publicity, which is out of the question. You say she was at the Pullman window when you were?"

"Yes; I bought her ticket for her. Gave her lower eleven."

"And you took ten?"

"Lower ten."

McKnight straightened up and looked at me.

"Then she thought you were in lower ten."

"I suppose she did, if she thought at all."

"But listen, man," McKnight was growing excited. "What do you figure out of this? The Conway woman knows you have taken the notes to Pittsburgh. The probabilities are that she follows you there, on the chance of an opportunity to get them, either for Bronson or herself."

"Nothing doing during the trip over or during the day in Pittsburgh; but she learns the number of your berth as you buy it at the Pullman ticket office in Pittsburgh and she thinks she sees her chance. No one could have foreseen that that drunken fellow would have crawled into your berth."

"Now, I figure it out this way: She wanted those notes desperately—does still—not for Bronson, but to hold over

# The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART  
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER  
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his head for some purpose. In the night, when everything is quiet, she slips behind the curtains of lower ten, where the man's breathing shows he is asleep. Didn't you say he snored?"

"He did," I affirmed. "But I tell you—"

"Now keep still and listen. She gropes cautiously around in the darkness, finally discovering the wallet under the pillow. Can't you see it yourself?"

He was leaning forward, excitedly, and I could almost see the grewsome tragedy he was depicting.

"She draws out the wallet. Then, perhaps she remembers the alligator bag and on the possibility that the notes are there, instead of in the pocketbook, she gropes around for it. Suddenly, the man awakes and clutches at the nearest object, perhaps her neck chain, which breaks."

"It is all in silence; the man is still stupidly drunk. But he holds her in a tight grip. Then the tragedy. She must get away; in a minute the car will be aroused. Such a woman, on such an errand, does not go without some sort of a weapon, in this case a dagger, which, unlike a revolver, is noiseless."

"With a quick thrust—she's a big woman and a bold one—she strikes. Possibly Hotchkiss is right about the left-hand blow. Harrington may have held her right hand, or perhaps she held the dirk in her left hand as she groped with her right. Then, as the man falls back and his grasp relaxes, she straightens and attempts to get away. The swaying of the car throws her almost into your berth, and, trembling with terror, she crouches behind the curtains of lower ten until everything is still. Then she goes noiselessly back to her berth."

I nodded.

"It seems to fit partly, at least," I said. "In the morning when she found that the crime had been not only fruitless, but that she had searched the wrong berth and killed the wrong man; when she saw me emerge, unharmed, just as she was bracing herself for the discovery of my dead body, then she went into hysterics. You remember, I gave her some whisky."

"It really seems a tenable theory. But, like the Sullivan theory, there are one or two things that don't agree with the rest. For one thing, how did the remainder of that chain get into Alison West's possession?"

"She may have picked it up on the floor."

"We'll admit that," I said; "and I'm sure I hope so. Then how did the murdered man's pocketbook get into the sealskin bag? And the dirk, how account for that, and the blood stains?"

"Now what's the use," asked McKnight aggrievedly, "of my building up beautiful theories for you to pill down? We'll take it to Hotchkiss. Maybe he can tell from the blood stains if the murderer's finger nails were square or pointed."

"Hotchkiss is no fool," I said warmly. "Under all his theories there's a good, hard layer of common sense. And we must remember, Rich, that neither of our theories includes the woman at Doctor Van Kirk's hospital, that the charming picture you have just drawn does not account for Alison West's connection with the case, or for the bits of telegram in the Sullivan fellow's pajamas pocket. You are like the man who put the clock together; you've got half of the works left over."

"Oh, go home," said McKnight, disgustedly. "I'm no Edgar Allan Poe. What's the use of coming here and

asking me things if you're so particular?"

With one of his quick changes of mood he picked up his guitar. "Listen to this," he said. "It is a Hawaiian song about a fat lady, oh, ignorant one! and how she fell off her mule."

But for all the lightness of the words, the voice that followed me down the stairs was anything but cheery.

There was a Kanaka in Balu did dwell, Who had for his daughter a monstrous fat girl—

he sang in a clear tenor. I paused on the lower floor and listened. He had stopped singing as abruptly as he had begun.

CHAPTER XXII.

At the Boarding House.

I had not been home for 36 hours, since the morning of the preceding day. Johnson was not in sight and I let myself in quietly with my latchkey. It was almost midnight and I had hardly settled myself in the library when the bell rang and I was surprised to find Hotchkiss, much out of breath, in the vestibule.

"Why, come in, Mr. Hotchkiss," I said. "I thought you were going home to go to bed."

"So I was, so I was." He dropped into a chair beside my reading lamp and mopped his face. "And here it is almost midnight and I'm wider awake than ever. I've seen Sullivan, Mr. Blakeley."

"You have!"

"I have," he said, impressively. "You were following Bronson at eight o'clock. Was that when it happened?"

"Something of the sort. When I left you at the door of the restaurant I turned and almost ran into a plain-clothes man from the central office. I know him pretty well; once or twice he has taken me with him on interesting bits of work. He knows my hobby."

"You know him, too, probably. It was the man Arnold, the detective whom the state's attorney has had watching Bronson."

Johnson being otherwise occupied, I had asked for Arnold myself.

I nodded.

"Well, he stopped me at once; said he'd been on the fellow's tracks since early morning and had had no time for luncheon. Bronson, it seems, isn't eating much these days. I at once jotted down the fact, because it argued that he was being bothered by the man with the notes."

"It might point to other things," I suggested. "Indigestion, you know."

Hotchkiss ignored me. "Well, Arnold had some reason for thinking that Bronson would try to give him the slip that night, so he asked me to stay around the private entrance there while he ran across the street and get something to eat. It seemed a fair presumption that, as he had gone there with a lady they would dine leisurely and Arnold would have plenty of time to get back."

"What about your own dinner?" I asked, curiously.

"Sir," he said, pompously, "I have given you a wrong estimate of Wilson Budd Hotchkiss if you think that a question of dinner would even obtrude itself on his mind at such a time as this."

He was a frail little man and tonight he looked pale with heat and over-exertion.

"Did you have any luncheon?" I asked.



He was somewhat embarrassed at that.

"I—really, Mr. Blakeley, the events of the day were so engrossing—"

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to see you drop on the floor from exhaustion. Just wait a minute."

I went back to the pantry, only to be confronted with rows of locked doors and empty dishes. Downstairs, in the basement kitchen, however, I found two unattractive looking cold chops, some dry bread and a piece of cake, wrapped in a napkin, and from its surreptitious and generally hand-dog appearance destined for the coachman in the stable at the rear. Trays there were none—everything but the chairs and tables seemed under lock and key and there was neither napkin, knife nor fork to be found.

The luncheon was not attractive in appearance, but Hotchkiss ate his cold chops and gnawed at his crusts as though he had been famished, while he told his story.

"I had been there only a few minutes," he said, with a chop in one hand and the cake in the other, "when Bronson rushed out and cut across the street. He's a tall man, Mr. Blakeley, and I had hard work keeping close. It was a relief when he jumped on a passing car, although being well behind, it was a hard run for me to catch him. He had left the lady."

"Once on the car, we simply rode from one end of the line to the other and back again. I suppose he was passing the time, for he looked at his watch now and then and when I did once get a look at his face it made me—er—uncomfortable. He could have crushed me like a fly-sir."

I had brought Mr. Hotchkiss a glass of wine and he was looking better. He stopped to finish it, declining with a wave of his hand to have it refilled, and continued:

"About nine o'clock or a little later he got off somewhere near Washington circle. He went along one of the residence streets there, turned to his left a square or two, and rang a bell. He had been admitted when I got there, but I guessed from the appearance of the place that it was a boarding house."

"I waited a few minutes and rang the bell. When a maid answered it, I asked for Mr. Sullivan. Of course there was no Mr. Sullivan there."

"I said I was sorry; that the man I was looking for was a new boarder. She was sure there was no such boarder in the house; the only new arrival was a man on the third floor—she thought his name was Stuart."

"My friend has a cousin by that name," I said. "I'll go up and see."

"She wanted to show me up, but I said it was unnecessary. So after telling me it was the bedroom and sitting-room on the third floor front, I went up."

"I met a couple of men on the stairs, but neither of them paid any attention to me. A boarding house is the easiest place in the world to enter."

"They're not always so easy to enter," I put in, to his evident irritation.

"When I got to the third story I took out a bunch of keys and posted myself by a door near the ones the girl had indicated. I could hear voices in one of the front rooms, but could not understand what they said."

"There was no violent dispute, but a steady hum. Then Bronson jerked the door open. If he had stepped into the hall he would have seen me fitting a key into the door before me. But he spoke before he came out."

"You're acting like a maniac," he said. "You know I can get those things some way; I'm not going to threaten you. It isn't necessary. You know me."

"It would be no use," the other man said. "I tell you I haven't seen the notes for ten days."

"But you will," Bronson said, savagely. "You're standing in your own way, that's all. If you're holding out expecting me to raise my figure you're making a mistake. It's my last offer."

"I couldn't take it if it was for a million," said the man inside the room. "I'd do it, I expect, if I could. The best of us have our price."

Bronson slammed the door then and flung past me down the hall.

"After a couple of minutes I knocked at the door and a tall man about your size, Mr. Blakeley, opened it. He was very blond, with a smooth face and blue eyes—what I think you would call a handsome man."

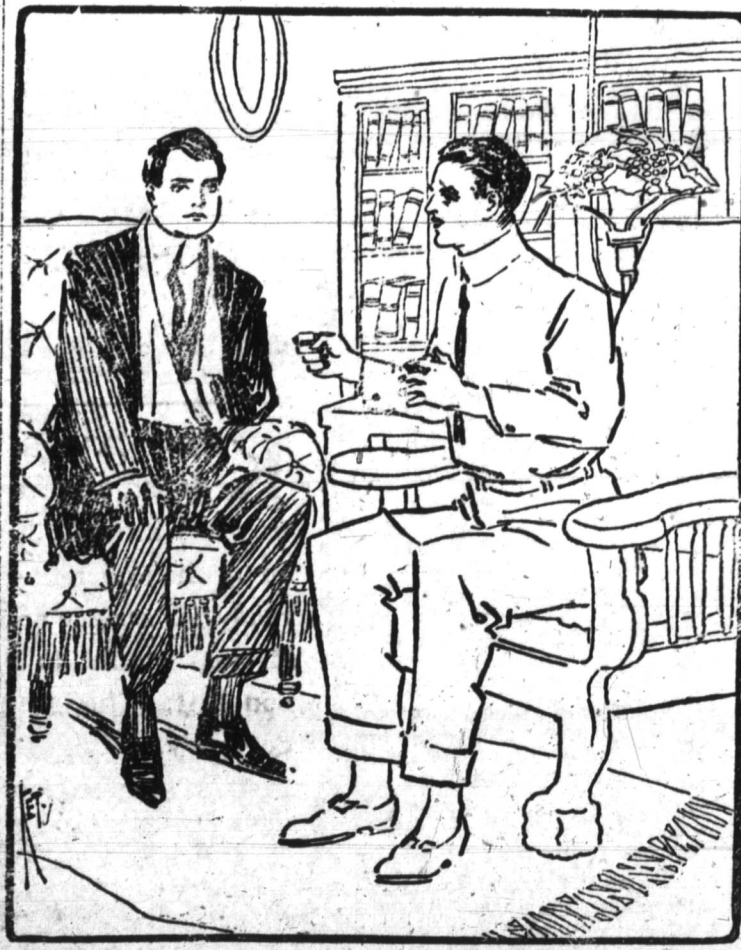
"I beg your pardon for disturbing you," I said. "Can you tell me which is Mr. Johnson's room? Mr. Francis Johnson?"

"I cannot say," he answered, civilly. "I've only been here a few days. I thanked him and left, but I had had a good look at him and I think I'd know him readily any place."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A High Jumper. Horseban—You don't mean to say you came off at that bit of a fence?

Recumbent Friend—Fence? Great Scott, man, no! I caught in the telegraph wires.—Tit-Bits.



"Suddenly the Man Awakes and Clutches at the Nearest Object."

## DEFEAT THROUGH DRUNKENNESS

Sunday School Lesson for Mar. 19, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 4:8-37. Memory verse 13.

GOLDEN TEXT—"It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink."—Prov. 31:4.

TIME—This lesson belongs between Lessons VIII and IX, during the latter part of Elijah's mission.

PLACE—The Syrian kingdom, with its capital at Damascus, adjoined Israel on the north. At this period, not long before the revived Assyrian power and aggression came in contact with Israel, Syria under Benhadad II was the most powerful nation on the Mediterranean coast, and was normally a bitter enemy of northern Israel. It was always a group of related, but not united, petty kingdoms or tribes.

Benhadad, the Syrian king, gathered together the 32 kings of the smaller tribes allied to his kingdom and made an overpowering raid upon Israel, destroying villages and farms and orchards, paralyzing business, ravaging the homes and driving the people to the more strongly fortified towns. They were like "a tempest of hail, a destroying storm, a flood of mighty waters overflowing, an overwhelming scourge." These epithets describe in vivid speech the irresistible violence, the devastating force with which the Syrians were about to overwhelm them. It is almost impossible for us to realize the devastating power of such half-savage hordes who lived upon the country, who ravaged villages, who murdered women and children, who had an unrestrained power. They were worse than the ten plagues of Egypt.

What the invaders sought was the wealth, the harvests and all kinds of valuables, without paying for them, and entirely without regard to the welfare of the people. Into our goodly country intemperance, from drinking alcoholic liquors, has come and is doing our country more damage, to its people, to its wealth and prosperity, than the Syrians did to Palestine, the Promised Land, by their invasion. King Alcohol comes with an army of tributaries and allies, such as the 240,000 saloons, the distilleries, breweries, hotels, clubs, personal invitations to drink, advertisements in magazines and papers, cocaine and opium habits. All invading us for the sake of their own personal gain at the expense of the community.

When the invaders had reached the capital with their army and horses and chariots in an unresisted march, Benhadad sent messengers to Ahab demanding that he yield up his throne, which is implied in his imperious conceit of power; Thy silver and thy gold is mine; thy wives also and thy children, even the goodliest, are mine. And Ahab was so overwhelmed at the power backing the demand that he basely yielded and replied: My lord, O king, according to thy saying, I am thine, and all that I have. Such are the demands of King Alcohol!

The cost of liquors each year in this country is nearly \$1,400,000,000. The drink bill in England in 1908 was over \$800,000,000. Take the national liquor bill and divide it by the number of saloons and \$5,945 becomes the average cost to the people of each saloon. On the average the saloon pays back for nation, state and city taxes \$500. This \$500 is eagerly taken from a grateful country in lieu of \$5,945. Thus King Alcohol demands our homes, our wives, our husbands, our silver and gold. And we have yielded too easily to his demands.

Benhadad then sent word that his officers were coming and would search Ahab's house for every pleasant thing he had and would take it away. And not only Ahab's house, but the houses of his officers and leaders. This caused a revolt. The king summoned his leading people to a conference and they decided not to yield to the demands of Benhadad. The weak Ahab declared that for himself he would yield all he had promised, but he must deny the increased demand.

King Alcohol became so greedy in his demands, the results of his evil work became so great, that the people were aroused in indignation against him. At first it was agreed to allow wine and beer and moderate drinking, but to resist the ravages of the more fiery drinks. But this was a failure. Temperance societies were formed. Local and state prohibition were inaugurated. Investigations made. Pledges taken.

In their great distress a prophet came to King Ahab, with a message from Jehovah: Hast thou seen all this great multitude? I will deliver it into thine hand this day. Why? And thou shalt know I am the Lord. The victory was wrought to bring them back to the true God, to obedience and worship; which was vastly more important to their true welfare than the loss of all their property could have been.

And Ahab said, By whom? And he said, Thus saith the Lord, by the young men of the princes of the provinces. Who shall order the battle? And he answered, thou—the king, the head of the nation. He numbered, mustered, 232 of the young princes.

God, the true religion, is the one source of victory over the power of intemperance. Religious motives and inspiration, love of God and love to man, the spirit of service, loyalty to the coming of the kingdom of God—these are the sources of salvation from the curse of strong drink. The leader, Jesus Christ the ever-living, the transforming power of the Holy Spirit, the Great Cause and aim of the Christian, the transformation of this world into the kingdom of God—these are and always have been the source of victory over all the principalities and powers of evil.



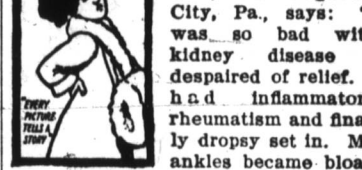
First Lady—How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful.

Second Lady—Hush! That's not the bridegroom; that's a gentleman the bride fitted six months ago.

### WEAK BACKS MADE STRONG.

Backache in most cases is kidney-ache, and usually accompanied by irregularities of the urine. To remove the pain and weakness you must cure the kidneys. Do so with Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. Perry Hillman, Monongahela City, Pa., says: "I was so bad with kidney disease I despaired of relief. I had inflammatory rheumatism and finally dropsy set in. My ankles became bloated, my heart was affected and the doctors gave me no relief. Soon after using Doan's Kidney Pills, I grew stronger and ere long I was able to do my housework."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Brought to Tears. An unusual incident marked a recent fire in New York. The fire started in the cellar of a five-story tenement and before it was extinguished the 18 families in the building and all the firemen were weeping copiously from inflamed eyes. In the cellar many bags of onions had been stored. The chief fireman allowed the tenants to remain in the building, assuring them that the fire was confined to the cellar. They did not stay, however, when the onions had got well afire.

Dare to Be Happy. Let us never be afraid of innocent joy; God is good and what he does is well done; resign yourself to everything, even to happiness; ask for the spirit of sacrifice, of detachment, of renunciation, and above all, for the spirit of joy and gratitude, the genuine and religious optimism which sees in God a Father, and asks no pardon for his benefits. We must dare to be happy and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors of our own joy.—Amiel.

Home and School. Home and school are two different spheres and have of necessity different duties to perform and different work to accomplish in the training and teaching of the child. But unless the ideals are the same and unless there is a systematic attitude of mind between parents and teachers, the best result cannot be achieved and the child must suffer.—Mrs. E. L. Franklin, Secretary Parents' National Educational Union, England.

EDITOR BROWNE  
Of The Rockford Morning Star.

"About seven years ago I ceased drinking coffee to give you Postum a trial."

"I had suffered acutely from various forms of indigestion and my stomach had become so disordered as to repel almost every sort of substantial food. My general health was bad. At close intervals I would suffer severe attacks which confined me in bed for a week or more. Soon after changing from coffee to Postum the indigestion abated, and in a short time ceased entirely. I have continued the daily use of your excellent Food Drink and assure you most cordially that I am indebted to you for the relief it has brought me."

"Wishing you a continued success, I am  
Yours very truly,  
J. Stanley Browne,  
Managing Editor."

Of course, when a man's health shows he can stand coffee without trouble, let him drink it, but most highly organized brain-workers simply cannot.

The drugs natural to the coffee berry affect the stomach and other organs and thence to the complex nervous system, throwing it out of balance and producing disorders in various parts of the body. Keep up this daily poisoning and serious disease generally supervenes. So when man or woman finds that coffee is a smooth but deadly enemy and health is of any value at all, there is but one road—quit.

It is easy to find out if coffee be the cause of the troubles, for if left off 10 days and Postum be used in its place and the sick and diseased conditions begin to disappear, the proof is unanswerable.

Postum is not good if made by short boiling. It must be boiled full 15 minutes after boiling begins, when the crisp flavor and the food elements are brought out of the grains and the beverage is ready to fulfill its mission of palatable comfort and renewing the cells and nerve centers broken down by coffee.

"There's a Reason."  
Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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