



"By the Way, Mrs. Conway Dropped in the Office Yesterday, While you Were Away."



The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
COPYRIGHT 1929 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and retains lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 11 and retreats in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag 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 grip. 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. From a servant Blakeley learns that Alison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the murdered man.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

Against both of these theories, I accuse a purely chimerical person named Sullivan, who was not seen by any of the survivors—save one, Alison, whom I could not bring into the case. I could find a motive for his murdering his father-in-law, whom he hated, but again—I would have to drag in the girl.

And not one of the theories explained the telegram and the broken reel.

Outside the office force was arriving. They were comfortably ignorant of my presence, and over the transom floated scraps of dialogue and the stenographer's gurgling laugh. McKnight had a relative, who was reading law with him, in the intervals between calling up the young women of his acquaintance. He came in singing, and the office boy joined in with the uncertainty of voice of 15. I smiled grimly. I was too busy with my own troubles to find any joy in opening the door and startling them into silence. I even heard, without resentment, Robs of the uncertain voice inquire when "Blake" would be back.

I hoped McKnight would arrive before the arrest occurred. There were many things to arrange. But when at last, impatient of his delay, I telephoned, I found he had been gone for more than an hour. Clearly he was not coming directly to the office, and with such resignation as I could muster I paced the floor and waited.

I felt more alone than I have ever felt in my life. "Born an orphan," as Richey said, I had made my own way, carved out myself such success as had been mine. I had built up my house of life on the props of law and order, and now some unknown hand had withdrawn the supports, and I stood among ruins.

I suppose it is the maternal in a woman that makes a man turn to her when everything else fails. The eternal boy in him goes to have his wounded pride bandaged, his lattered self-respect repaired. If he loves the woman, he wants her to kiss the hurt.

The longing to see Alison, always with me, was stronger than I was that morning. It might be that I would not see her again. I had nothing to say to her save one thing, and

pompously, one foot in the hall, "that you were something you oughtn't to be, Mr. Lawrence. They acted as though you had committed a crime."

"I'm not sure that I didn't, Mrs. Klopton," I said wearily. "Somebody did, and the general verdict seems to point my way."

She stared at me in speechless indignation. Then she founced out. She came back once to say that the paper predicted cooler weather, and that she had put a blanket on my bed, but, to her disappointment, I refused to reopen the subject.

At half-past eleven McKnight and Hotchkiss came in. Richey has a habit of stopping his car in front of the house and honking until some one comes out. He has a code of signals with the horn, which I never remember. Two long and a short blast mean, I believe, "Send out a box of cigarettes," and six short blasts, which sound like a police call, mean "Can you lend me some money?" Tonight I knew something was up, for he got out and rang the door-bell like a Christian.

They came into the library, and Hotchkiss wiped his collar until it gleamed. McKnight was aggressively cheerful.

"Not pinched yet?" he exclaimed. "What do you think of that luck! You always were a fortunate devil, Lawrence."

"Yes," I assented with some bitterness, "I hardly know how to contain myself for joy sometimes. I suppose you know"—to Hotchkiss—"that the police were here while we were at Cresson, and that they found the bag that I brought from the wreck?"

"Things are coming to a head," he said thoughtfully, "unless a little plan that I have in mind—" he hesitated. "I hope so, I am pretty nearly desperate," I said, doggedly. "I've got a mental toothache, and the sooner it's pulled the better."

"Tut, tut," said McKnight, "think of the disgrace to the firm if its senior member goes up for life, or—" he twisted his handkerchief into a noose, and went through an elaborate pantomime.

"Although jail isn't so bad, anyhow," he finished, "there are fellows that get the habit and keep going back and going back." He looked at his watch, and I fancied his cheerfulness was strained. Hotchkiss was nervously fumbling his book.

"Did you ever read the Purloined Letter, Mr. Blakeley?" he inquired.

"Probably, years ago," I said. "Poor isn't it?"

"He was choked at my indifference. It is a masterpiece," he said, with enthusiasm. "I re-read it to-day."

"And what happened?"

"Then I inspected the rooms in the house of Washington Circle. I—I made some discoveries, Mr. Blakeley. For one thing, our man there is left-handed." He looked around for our approval. "There was a small cushion on the dresser, and the scarfpins in it had been stuck in with the left hand."

"Somebody may have twisted the cushion," I objected, but he looked hurt, and I desisted.

"There is only one discrepancy," he admitted, "but it troubles me. According to Mrs. Carter, at the farmhouse, our man wore gaudy pajamas, while I found here only the most severely plain night-shirts."

"Any buttons off?" McKnight inquired, looking again at his watch.

"The buttons were there," the amateur detective answered gravely, "but the buttonhole next the top one was torn through."

McKnight winked at me furtively. "I am convinced of one thing," Hotchkiss went on, clearing his throat, "the papers are not in that room. Either he carries them with him, or he has sold them."

A sound on the street made both my visitors listen sharply. Whatever it was it passed on, however. I was growing curious and the restraint was telling on McKnight. He has no talent for secrecy. In the interval we discussed the strange occurrence at Cresson, which lost nothing by Hotchkiss' dry narration.

"And so," he concluded, "the woman in the Baltimore hospital is the wife of Henry Sullivan and the daughter of the man he murdered. No wonder he collapsed when he heard of the wreck."

"Joy, probably," McKnight put in. "Is that clock right, Lawrence? Never mind, it doesn't matter. By the way, Mrs. Conway dropped in the office yesterday, while you were away."

"What!" I sprang from my chair.

"Sure thing. Said she had heard great things of us, and wanted us to handle her case against the railroad."

"I would like to know what she is driving at," I reflected. "Is she trying to reach me through you?"

Richey's flippancy is often a cloak for deeper feeling. He dropped it now. "Yes," he said, "she's after the notes, of course. And I'll tell you I felt like a poltroon—whatever that may be—when I turned her down. She stood by the door with her face white, and told me contemptuously that I could save you from a murder charge and wouldn't do it. She made me feel like a cur. I was just as guilty as if I could have obliged her. She hinted that there were reasons and she laid my attitude to beastly motives."

"Nonsense," I said, as easily as I could. Hotchkiss had gone to the window. "She was excited. There are no 'reasons,' whatever, she means."

Richey put his hand on my shoulder. "We've been together too long to let any 'reasons' or 'unreasons' come between us, old man," he said, not very steadily.

Hotchkiss, who had been silent, here came forward in his most im-

Spring Debility

Felt by so many upon the return of warm weather is due to the impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood which causes that tired feeling and loss of appetite as well as the pimples, boils and other eruptions so common at this season.

It is cured by the great constitutional

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

Absent-Minded Suffragette.
One of the Suffragettes—I've lost me best hatpin, Lizzie.
Another—Where did you leave it last?
The First—Oh, I remember now! I left it sticking in that policeman!—London Opinion.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the *Castorol* Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

His Hope.
"I suppose," the beautiful girl said, "you write for the mere love of writing?"
"Yes," the sad looking poet replied, "but I still hope to some day be able to write for at least fifteen cents a line."—Judge.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.
Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder, is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break In New Shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25 cents. Don't accept any substitutes. For FINEST special package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The pleasure of life is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.—Francis De Rochefoucauld.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough and all throat and lung troubles. At drugists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Why quarrel over religions when all men agree—all men, that is, at the same grade of intellect?

FOR COLDS AND GRIP.
Hick's CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. Its liquid effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

An institution must be propped up by precedent when it is no more uplifted by sap.

Garfield Tea assists overworked digestive organs, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and aids the blood of impurities.

The better you behave the better you'll get along. Now, try it.

FREE SAMPLE CURED OLD PERSON'S BOWEL TROUBLE

One of the most remarkable proofs of the unusual laxative merit contained in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is that it is effective not only in people in the prime of life, but at the extremes of ages. As many letters are received from mothers regarding the cures of children, as from men and women of sixty, seventy and eighty years of age. It must be truly a wonderful laxative.

In the cure of constipation and bowel trouble in old people it has no equal. It corrects the constipation, dispels the headache, biliousness, gas, drowsiness after eating, etc. People advancing in years should use it that their bowels move freely, and if they do not take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. You can pro-

long your life by healthy bowel action. Clogged bowels invite disease. Women about to pass the menstrual period cannot do better than use Syrup Pepsin several times a week until the system has settled to its future condition.

Among the strongest supporters of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are Mr. W. G. Zorn of New Decatur, Ala., and Mr. George S. Spaulding of the National Soldiers' Home, Kansas, both elderly men. The regular size bottles can be bought of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar, but a free sample bottle can be had by sending your address to the doctor.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Building, Monticello, Ill.

Tried Everything

"I suffered with my head and back for over six years," writes Mrs. R. L. Bell, of McAlester, Okla. "I never could get anything to do me any good, although I tried almost everything except Cardui. One day, while I was reading what other suffering women said it had done for them, I decided to try Cardui. Now I am on my third bottle, and I don't feel like the same person. I feel so much stronger and better! I recommend Cardui to all suffering women."

TAKE CARDUI

CC 66

The Woman's Tonic

This is just a single one of the thousands of letters we receive from grateful ladies, who want to thank us for the benefit they have received from Cardui.

All these ladies are glad now that they took it. If you suffer from pains in head, back, or side, are nervous and worn out, take Cardui. We know it will help you, and that you'll continue the treatment and get well.

Cardui is sold at all drug stores, with full directions for use, printed on the wrapper. Try it.