

The MAN in LOWER TEN

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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. The 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 places both Blakeley and the unknown man who had exchanged clothes with him, under suspicion of murder. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. They go to the Carter place for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allison 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.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Trap Door.

By Sunday evening, a week after the wreck, my forced inaction had goaded me to frenzy. The very sight of Johnson across the street or lurking, always within sight of the house, kept me constantly exasperated. It was on that day that things began to come to a focus, a burning-glass of events that seemed to center on me.

I dined alone that evening in no cheerful frame of mind. There had been a polo game the day before and I had lent a pony, which is always a bad thing to do. And she had wrenched her shoulder, besides helping to lose the game. There was no one in town; the temperature was 90 and climbing, and my left hand persistently cramped under its bandage.

Mrs. Klopton herself saw me served, my bread buttered and cut in tidbits, my meat ready for my fork. She hovered around me maternally, obviously trying to cheer me.

"The paper says still warmer," she ventured. "The thermometer is 92 now."

"And this coffee is 250," I said, putting down my cup. "Where is Euphemia? I haven't seen her around, or heard a dish smash all day."

"Euphemia is in bed," Mrs. Klopton said gravely. "Is your meat cut small enough, Mr. Lawrence?" Mrs. Klopton can throw more mystery into an ordinary sentence than any one I know. She can say, "Are your sheets damp, sir?" And I can tell from her tone that the house across the street has been robbed, or that my left hand neighbor has appendicitis. So now I looked up and asked the question she was waiting for.

"What's the matter with Euphemia?" I inquired idly.

"Frightened into her bed," Mrs. Klopton said in a stage whisper. "She's had three hot water bottles and she hasn't done a thing all day but moan."

"She oughtn't to take hot water bottles," I said in my severest tone. "One would make me moan. You need not wait, I'll ring if I need anything."

Mrs. Klopton sailed to the door, where she stopped and wheeled indignantly. "I only hope you won't laugh on the wrong side of your face some morning, Mr. Lawrence," she declared, with Christian fortitude. "But I warn you, I am going to have the police watch that house next door."

I was half inclined to tell her that both it and we were under police surveillance at that moment. But I like Mrs. Klopton, in spite of the fact that I make her life a torment for her, so I refrained.

"Last night, when the paper said it was going to storm, I sent Euphemia to the roof to bring the rugs in. Eliza had slipped out, although it was her evening in. Euphemia went up to the roof—it was 11 o'clock—and soon I heard her running downstairs crying. When she got to my room she just folded up on the floor. She said there was a black figure sitting on the parapet of the house next door—the empty house—and that when she appeared it rose and waved long black arms at her and spit like a cat."

I had finished my dinner and was lighting a cigarette. "If there was any one up there, which I doubt, they probably sneezed," I suggested. "But if you feel uneasy, I'll take a look around the roof to-night before I turn in. As far as Euphemia goes, I wouldn't be uneasy about her—doesn't she always have an attack of some sort when Eliza rings in an extra evening on her?"

So I made a superficial examination of the window locks that night, visiting parts of the house that I had not seen since I bought it. Then I went to the roof. Evidently it had not been intended for any purpose save to cover the house, for unlike the houses around, there was no staircase. A ladder and a trap-door led to it, and it required some nice balancing on my part to get up with my useless arm. I made it, however, and found this unexplored part of my domain rather attractive. It was cooler than downstairs, and I sat on the brick parapet and smoked my final cigarette. The roof of the empty house adjoined mine along the back wing, but investigation showed that the trap-door across the low dividing wall was bolted underneath.

There was nothing out of the ordinary anywhere, and so I assured Mrs. Klopton. Needless to say, I did not tell her that I had left the trap-door open to see if it would improve the temperature of the house. I went to bed at midnight, merely because there was nothing else to do. I turned on the night lamp at the head of my bed, and picked up a volume of Shaw at random (it was "Arms and the Man," and I remember thinking grimly that I was a good bit of a chocolate cream soldier myself), and prepared to go to sleep. Shaw always puts me to sleep. I have no apologies to make for what occurred that night, and not even an explanation that I am sure of. I did a foolish thing under impulse, and I have not been sorry.

It was something after two when the door-bell rang. It rang quickly, twice. I got up drowsily, for the maids and Mrs. Klopton always lock themselves beyond reach of the bell at night, and put on a dressing gown. The bell rang again on my way downstairs. I lit the hall light and opened the door. I was wide awake now, and I saw that it was Johnson. His bald head shone in the light—his crooked mouth was twisted in a smile.

"Good heavens, man," I said irritably. "Don't you ever go home and go to bed?"

He closed the vestibule door behind



The Wrist Was Slender.

him and cavalierly turned out the light. Our dialogue was sharp, staccato.

"Have you a key to the empty house next door?" he demanded. "Somebody's in there, and the latch is caught."

"The houses are alike. The key to this door may fit. Did you see them go in?"

"No. There's a light moving up from room to room. I saw something like it last night, and I have been watching. The patrolman reported queer doings there a week or so ago."

"A light?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean that you—"

"Very likely," he said grimly. "Have you a revolver?"

"All kinds in the gun rack," I replied, and going into the den, I came back with a Smith and Wesson. "I'm not much use," I explained, "with this arm, but I'll do what I can. There may be somebody there. The servants here have been uneasy."

Johnson planned the campaign. He suggested on account of my familiarity with the roof, that I go there and cut off escape in that direction. "I have Robison out there now—the patrolman on the beat," he said. "He'll watch below and you above, while I search the house. Be as quiet as possible."

I was rather amused. I put on some clothes and felt my way carefully up the stairs, the revolver swinging free in my pocket, my hand on the rail. At the foot of the ladder I stopped and looked up. Above me there was a gray rectangle of sky dotted with stars. It occurred to me that with my one serviceable hand holding the ladder, I was hardly in a position to defend myself, that I was about to hoist a body that I am rather careful of into a danger I couldn't see and wasn't particularly keen about anyhow. I don't mind saying that the seconds it took me to scramble up the ladder were among the most unpleasant that I recall.

I got to the top, however, without incident. I could see fairly well after the darkness of the house beneath, but there was nothing suspicious in sight. The roofs, separated by two feet of brick wall, stretched around me, unbroken save by an occasional chimney. I went very softly over to

the other trap, the one belonging to the suspected house. It was closed, but I imagined I could hear Johnson's footsteps ascending heavily. Then even that was gone. A near-by clock struck three as I stood waiting. I examined my revolver then, for the first time, and found it was empty!

I had been rather skeptical until now. I had had the usual tolerant attitude of the man who is summoned from his bed to search for burglars, combined with the artificial courage of firearms. With the discovery of my empty gun, I felt like a man on the top of a volcano in lively eruption. Suddenly I found myself staring incredulously at the trap-door at my feet. I had examined it early in the evening and found it bolted. Did I imagine it, or had it raised about an inch? Wasn't it moving slowly as I looked? No, I am not a hero; I was startled almost into a panic. I had one arm, and whoever was raising that trap-door had two. My knees had a queer inclination to bend the wrong way.

Johnson's footsteps were distinct enough, but he was evidently far below. The trap, raised perhaps two inches now, remained stationary. There was no sound from beneath it; once I thought I heard two or three gasping respirations; I am not sure they were not my own. I wanted desperately to stand on one leg at a time and hold the other up out of focus of a possible revolver.

I did not see the hand appear. There was nothing there, and then it was there, clutching the frame of the trap. I did the only thing I could think of; I put my foot on it!

There was not a sound from beneath. The next moment I was kneeling and had clutched the wrist just above the hand. After a second's struggle, the arm was still. With something real to face, I was myself again.

"Don't move, or I'll stand on the trap and break your arm," I panted. "What else could I threaten? I couldn't

shoot. I couldn't even fight. 'Johnson!' I called.

"And then I realized the thing that stayed with me for a month, the thing I cannot think of even now without a shudder. The hand lay ice cold, strangely quiescent. Under my fingers, an artery was beating feebly. The wrist was as slender as—I held the hand to the light. Then I let it drop.

"Good Lord," I muttered, and remained on my knees, staring at the spot where the hand had been. It was gone now; there was a faint rustle in the darkness below, and then silence.

I held up my own hand in the starlight and stared at a long scratch in the palm. "A woman!" I said to myself stupidly. "By all that's ridiculous, a woman!"

Johnson was striking matches below and swearing softly to himself. "How the devil do you get to the roof?" he called. "I think I've broken my nose!"

He found the ladder after a short search and stood at the bottom, looking up at me. "Well, I suppose you haven't seen him?" he inquired. "There are enough darned cubbyholes in this house to hide a patrol wagon load of thieves." He lighted a fresh match. "Hello, here's another door!"

By the sound of his diminishing footsteps I supposed it was a rear staircase. He came up again in ten minutes or so, this time with the policeman.

"He's gone, all right," he said ruefully. "If you'd been attending to your business, Robison, you'd have watched the back door."

"I'm not twins," Robison was surly. "Well, I broke in, as cheerfully as I could. 'If you are through with this jolly little affair, and can get down my ladder without having my house-keeper ring the burglar alarm, I have some good Monongahela whiskey—eh?' They came without a second invitation across the roof, and with them safely away from the house I breathed more freely. Down in the den I fulfilled my promise, which Johnson drank to the toast, 'Coming through the rye.' He examined my gun rack with the eye of a connoisseur, and even when he was about to go he cast a loving eye back at the weapons.

"Ever been in the army?" he inquired.

"No," I said with a bitterness that he noticed but failed to comprehend. "I'm a chocolate cream soldier—you don't read Shaw, I suppose, Johnson?"

"Never heard of him," the detective said indifferently. "Well, good night, Mr. Blakeley. Much obliged." At the door he hesitated and coughed.

"I suppose you understand, Mr. Blakeley," he said awkwardly, "that this—er—surveillance is all in the day's work. I don't like it, but it's duty. Every man to his duty, sir."

"Sometime when you are in an open mood, Johnson," I returned, "you can explain why I am being watched at all."

CHAPTER XV.

The Cinematograph.

On Monday I went out for the first time. I did not go to the office. I wanted to walk. I thought fresh air and exercise would drive away the blue devils that had me by the throat. McKnight insisted on a long day in his car, but I refused.

"I don't know why not," he said sulkily. "I can't walk. I haven't walked two consecutive blocks in three years. Automobiles have made legs mere ornaments—and some not even that. We could have Johnson out there chasing us just over the country at \$5 an hour!"

"He can chase us just as well at five miles an hour," I said. "But what gets me, McKnight, is why I am under surveillance at all. How do the police know I was accused of that thing?"

"The young lady who sent the flowers—she isn't likely to talk, is she?"

"No. That is, I didn't say it was a lady." I groaned as I tried to get my splintered arm into a coat. "Anyhow, she didn't tell." I finished with conviction, and McKnight laughed.

It had rained in the early morning, and Mrs. Klopton predicted more showers. In fact, so firm was her belief and so determined her eye that I took the umbrella she proffered me.

"Never mind," I said. "We can leave it next door! I have a story to tell you, Richey, and it requires proper setting."

McKnight was puzzled, but he followed me obediently around to the kitchen entrance of the empty house. It was unlocked, as I had expected. While we climbed to the upper floor I retailed the events of the previous night.

"It's the finest thing I ever heard of," McKnight said, staring up at the ladder and the trap. "What a vaudeville skit it would make! Only you ought not to have put your foot on her hand. They don't do it in the best circles."

I wheeled on him impatiently. "You don't understand the situation at all, Richey!" I exclaimed. "What would you say if I tell you it was the hand of a lady? It was covered with rings."

"A lady!" he repeated. "Why, I'd say it was a darned compromising situation, and that the less you say of it the better. Look here, Lawrence, I think you dreamed it. You've been in the house too much. I take it all back; you do need exercise."

"She escaped through this door, I suppose," I said as patiently as I could. "Evidently down the back staircase. We might as well go down that way."

"According to the best precedents in these affairs, we should find a glove about here," he said as we started down. But he was more impressed than he cared to own. He examined the dusty steps carefully, and once, when a bit of loose plaster fell just behind him, he started like a nervous woman.

"What I don't understand is why you let her go," he said, stopping once, puzzled. "You're not usually quixotic."

"When we get out into the country, Richey," I replied gravely. "I am going to tell you another story, and if you don't tell me I'm a fool and a craven, on the strength of it, you are no friend of mine."

We stumbled through the twilight of staircase into the blackness of the shuttered kitchen. The house had the moldy smell of closed buildings; even on that warm September morning it was damp and chilly. As we stepped into the sunshine McKnight gave a shiver.

"Now that we are out," he said, "I don't mind telling you that I have been there before. Do you remember the night you left, and the face at the window?"

"When you speak of it—yes."

"Well, I was curious about that thing," he went on, as we started up the street, "and I went back. The street door was unlocked, and I examined every room. I was Mrs. Klopton's ghost that carried a light, and clumb."

"Did you find anything?"

"Only a clean place rubbed on the window opposite your dressing room. Splendid view of an untidy interior. If that house is ever occupied, you'd better put stained glass in that window of yours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mistake Somewhere.

"Miss Fang's is a homeopathist, isn't she?" asked the hostess.

"Weally, I—aw don't think so," replied young Featherby. "At least she is—aw—nevah at home when I call, doncher know?"

In and Out.

Wigg—There seems to be quite a difference between a job and a situation.

Wagg—Oh, yes. For instance, when a fellow loses his job he often finds himself in an embarrassing situation.

NORTH CAROLINA.

SOUTHERN ASSEMBLY.

Completion Being Pushed of Chataqua Grounds at Waynesville.

The early completion of the Southern assembly—the chataqua grounds of the Southern Methodist church at Waynesville—is now an assured fact. The announcement a few days ago that Rev. James Cannon, former principal of Blackstone Female College in Virginia, had taken active charge of the chataqua grounds and development as superintendent and manager means that this big enterprise is to be pushed to an early completion. Mr. Cannon, Rev. George Stewart, the well known evangelist, and J. R. Pepper, a well known banker of Memphis, have made a trip over the assembly grounds and determined to have active operations begin as early in the spring as practicable.

The officers of the chataqua have employed J. W. Seaves, Jr., of Waynesville, a well-known engineer in that section, to take charge of the engineering department as chief engineer and to push the work. The development is to go forward at once. Among the immediate things contemplated is the grading and improvement of the road leading around the proposed lake and the dividing of the property adjacent to the lake into lots. Work on the lake will also be begun within a short while. A little later the hotel and the auditorium will be erected. The contract with the engineer provides for the completion of everything by the spring of 1913, so that a chataqua may be held that year.

The personnel of the men at the head of the company insures success. One of the prime movers is Bishop James Atkins, of Waynesville. The stock of the company is being sold at a rapid rate and it is believed that it will all soon be placed. The completion of the grounds and the opening of the chataqua will mean much to Waynesville; in fact, an expenditure of approximately \$1,000,000, while it will bring to Waynesville one of the most desirable classes of people to be found in the whole country.

NEVADA JOINS RHODE ISLAND.

Legislature Repeals "Bond Gift Act" North Carolina Grateful.

Despite the efforts of the carpet bag bond looters and the lobby maintained by them at Carson City the House of Representatives of Nevada has, by a unanimous vote, repealed the sneak "bond gift act," requiring the governor to accept donations of bonds that might be given the State. The Senate already having passed the act, it went at once to Governor Oddie, who signed the repealing act. In both Houses of the Nevada General Assembly only one vote was cast against the repeal of the act.

Almost at the very moment the law was repealed the North Carolina carpet bag bonds of the face value of \$400,000, which the looters have vainly endeavored to force on the State, were carried to the office of Governor Oddie by the Wells Fargo Express Company for delivery. The governor politely refused to receive the bonds and when asked if he desired to make any provisions in his refusal said that he did not.

The bonds were returned to the office of the express company at Carson City, to be shipped east to the looters, who have failed in their efforts to force them on the State.

Free Bulletins for Farmers.

For a number of years experiments have been in progress on the several test farms of the Department of Agriculture, located on type soils in different parts of the State, and on smaller areas of other type soils in a number of counties of the State, to determine the plant food or fertilizer needs of different crops, when grown on these different soils.

These results are being published in bulletins giving the results of these tests with corn on the red clay soils of the State, and also a circular in which the results have been condensed in a popular way for the use of the farmer.

The farmers can have the publications, if they do not already get them, by writing for them.

Patent Plow For Farmers.

Mr. R. E. Haynes, of Spencer, has perfected a model of a motor plow for which he has made application for a patent. The plow is built on a rotary plan and carries eighteen small shovels, which operate on the principle of a circular saw. It is claimed that the machine, which is propelled by a gasoline motor, will work as well in dry hard ground as in any other and will thus afford the farmer immunity from drought in breaking ground.

Mystery Cleared Up.

The mystery surrounding the death of Sidney Barrier, a prominent farmer of Lenoir county who was shot and killed near Concord, was partially cleared, when it was learned that Barrier had a quarrel with a neighbor and invited the latter to a fight.

This challenge was declined and Barrier left alone. A moment later a shot was heard and this was the bullet, it is alleged, that caused his death. It is not known who fired the shot.

THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER GET UP

But Lady in Chriesman, Who Went to Bed With This Idea, Has Changed Her Mind.

Chriesman, Tex.—In a letter from this place, Lillie Gibson says: "About three years ago, I was just entering womanhood and was sick in bed for nearly nine months. I took medicines from four doctors, but it didn't help me. Sometimes, I would ache all over, and I would have such a headache, I had to go to bed."

"I was in a bad fix, and that is all there is to it. I thought I would try Cardul. Now I am cured of all my troubles, and I shall praise Cardul as long as I live. My sister said I never would get well, but now I am perfectly well, and I am thankful for what the medicine did for me."

Cardul is made from strictly vegetable ingredients. It acts gently on the womanly organs, stimulating them to do their proper work, relieving pain and restoring health.

Are you weak, tired, worn out? Do you suffer from any of the pains peculiar to weak women? Cardul has a record of more than fifty years in relieving just such troubles.

Will you try it?

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

Lucidly Expressed.

An old Pennsylvania German living in the mountains had a hard three hours' dusty walk to accomplish one morning and he rose very early to make his start. He had gone but a little way when he was overtaken by an automobile, which was probably the first that had passed along that way. The driver picked up the old man and they were at his destination in about 20 minutes.

"Danks so much awfully mit de ride. If I had known myself to be here already two hours in front of de clock yet I vud be at home fast asleep already to start unless I knew you vud not have picked me up since."

Very Tortuous Indeed.

The late Hugh J. Grant of New York once talked, at a political banquet, about a noted corporation lawyer.

"Oh, yes, he's a grand mind," he said. "A grand legal mind. He's got the most tortuous mind in America."

Mr. Grant shook his head. "A tortuous mind indeed," he repeated. "Why, if he swallowed a nail, he'd bring up a screw."

Free Blood Cure.

If you have pimples, offensive eruptions, old sores, cancer, itching, scratching, eczema, suppurating swellings, bone pains, hot skin, or if your blood is thin or impure, then Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) will heal every sore, stop all itching and make the blood pure and rich. Cures after all else fails. \$1.00 per large bottle at drug stores. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., Department B.

A "Friendly Match."

I speak of a "friendly match," not at all forgetting that dictation of the old Scot to whom his opponent, breaking some trivial rule, said: "I suppose you won't claim that in a friendly match?" "Friendly match!" was the reply. "There's no such thing as golf!"—London Telegraph.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You will be surprised to see how quickly Hamlin Wizard Oil will drive that stiffness out. One night, that's all.

Naturally.

"Does your husband go in for golf?" asks the caller.

"No," she answers. "He goes out for it."

For COLDS and GRIP.

Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

And people who do as they please seem to get along just about as well as those who are always trying to please others.

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

When the millennium comes there will be schools to which janitors and railway porters will be sent to learn something about ventilation.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

What a deal of grief, and care, and other harmful excitement does a healthy dullness and cheerful insensibility avoid.—Thackeray.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A woman's idea of a great financier is a man who can straighten out her expense account.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Men are known by the good they do rather than the goods they have.