



SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg 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 12. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 11. He awakens in lower 1 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. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police. He learns that the affair between Alison and his partner is off. Alison tells Blakeley about the attention paid her by Sullivan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

"Married!" she said finally, in a small voice. "Why, I don't think it is possible, is it? I—I was on my way to Baltimore to marry him myself, when the wreck came."

"But you said you don't care for him!" I protested, my heavy masculine mind unable to jump the gaps in her story. And then, without the slightest warning, I realized that she was crying. She shook off my hand and fumbled for her handkerchief, and falling to find it, she accepted the one I thrust into her wet fingers.

Then, little by little, she told me from the handkerchief, a sordid story of a motor trip in the mountains without Mrs. Curtis, of a lost road and a broken car, and a rainy night when they—she and Sullivan, tramped eternally and did not get home. And of Mrs. Curtis, when they got home at dawn, suddenly grown conventional and deeply shocked. Of her own proud, half-dishonored consent to make possible the hackneyed compromising situation by marrying the rascal, and then—of his disappearance from the train. It was so terrible to her, such a Heaven-sent relief to me, in spite of my rage against Sullivan, that I laughed aloud. At which she looked at me over the handkerchief.

"I know it's funny," she said, with a catch in her breath. "When I think that I nearly married a murderer—and didn't—I cry for sheer joy." Then she buried her face and cried again. "Please don't," I protested unsteadily. "I won't be responsible if you keep on crying like that. I may forget that I have a capital charge hanging over my head, and that I may be arrested at any moment."

That brought her out of the handkerchief at once. "I meant to be so helpful," she said, "and I've thought of nothing but myself! There were some things I meant to tell you. If Jennie was—what you say, then I understand why she came to me just before I left. She had been packing my things and she must have seen what condition I was in, for she came over to me when I was getting my wraps on, to leave, and said, 'Don't do it, Miss West, I beg you won't do it; you'll be sorry ever after.' And just then Mrs. Curtis came in and Jennie slipped out."

"That was all?" "No. As we went through the station the telegraph operator gave her—Mr. Sullivan, a message. He read it on the platform, and it excited him terribly. He took his sister aside and they talked together. He was white with either fear or anger—I don't know which. Then, when we boarded the train, a woman in black, with beautiful hair, who was standing on the car platform, touched him on the arm and then drew back. He looked at her and glanced away again, but she reeled as if he had struck her."

"Then what?" "The situation was growing clearer. "Mrs. Curtis and I had the drawing-room. I had a dreadful night, just sleeping a little now and then. I saw his cigarette case in your hand. I had given it to him. You wore his clothes. The murder was discovered and you were accused of it! What could I do? And then, afterward, when I saw him asleep at the farmhouse, I—I was panic-stricken. I locked him in and ran. I didn't know why he did it, but—he had killed a man."

Some one was calling Alison through a megaphone, from the veranda. It sounded like Sam. "All-ee," he called. "All-ee! I'm going to have some anchovies on toast! All-ee!" Neither of us heard. "I wonder," I reflected, "if you would be willing to repeat a part of that story—just from the telegram on—to a couple of detectives, say on Monday. If you would tell that, and—how the end of your necklace got into the sealink bag?"

"My necklace!" she repeated. "But it isn't mine. I picked it up in the car."

"All-ee!" Sam again. "I see you down there. I'm making a julep!"

The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETTNER
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For at Half After Five Johnson and I Were on Our Way Through the Dust to the Station, Three Miles Away.

Alison turned and called through her hands. "Coming in a moment, Sam," she said, and rose. "It must be very late: Sam is home. We would better go back to the house."

"Don't," I begged her. "Anchovies and juleps and Sam will go on forever, and I have you such a little time. I suppose I am only one of a dozen or so, but—you are the only girl in the world. You know I love you, don't you dear?"

Sam was whistling, an irritating bird call, over and over. She pursed her red lips and answered him in kind. It was more than I could endure.

"Sam or no Sam," I said firmly, "I am going to kiss you!"

But Sam's voice came strident through the megaphone. "Be good, you two," he bellowed, "I've got the binoculars!" And so, under fire, we walked sedately back to the house. My pulses were throbbing—the little swish of her dress beside me on the grass was pain and ecstasy. I had but to put out my hand to touch her, and I dared not.

Sam, armed with a megaphone and field glasses, bent over the rail and watched us with gleeful malignity. "Home early, aren't you?" Alison called, when we reached the steps. "Led a club when my partner had doubled no-trumps, and she fainted. Damn the heart convention!" he said cheerfully. "The others are not here yet."

Three hours later I went up to bed. I had not seen Alison alone again. The noise was at its height below, and I glanced down into the garden, still bright in the moonlight. Leaning against a tree, and staring interestedly into the billiard room, was Johnson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the Dining Room.

That was Saturday night, two weeks after the wreck. The previous five days had been full of swift-following events—the woman in the house next door, the picture in the theater of a man about to leap from the doomed train, the dinner at the Dalles, and Richey's discovery that Alison was the girl in the case. In quick succession had come our visit to the Carter place, the finding of the rest of the telegram, my seeing Alison there, and the strange interview with Mrs. Conway. The Cresson trip stood out in my memory for its serio-comic horrors and its one real thrill. Then—the discovery by the police of the sealink bag and the bit of chain; Hotchkiss' producing triumphantly Stuart for Sullivan and his subsequent discomfiture; McKnight at the station with Alison, and later the confession that he was out of the running.

And yet, when I thought it all over, the entire week and its events were two sides of a triangle that was narrowing rapidly to an apex, a point. And the said apex was at that moment in the drive below my window, resting his long legs by sitting on a carriage block, and smoking a pipe that made the night hideous. The sense of the ridiculous is very close to the sense of tragedy. I opened my screen and whistled, and Johnson looked up and grinned. We said nothing. I held up a handful of cigars, he extended his hat, and when I finally went to sleep, it was to a soothing breeze that wafted in salt air and a

faint aroma of good tobacco. I was thoroughly tired, but I slept restlessly, dreaming of two detectives with Pittsburg warrants being held up by Hotchkiss at the point of a splint, while Alison fastened their hands with a chain that was broken and much too short. I was roused about dawn by a light rap at the door, and, opening it, I found Forbes, in a pair of trousers and a pajama coat. He was as pleasant as most flashy people are when they have to get up at night, and he said the telephone had been ringing for an hour, and he didn't know why somebody else in the blankety-blank house couldn't have heard it. He wouldn't get to sleep until noon.

As he was palpably asleep on his feet, I left him grumbling and went to the telephone. It proved to be Richey, who had found me by the simple expedient of tracing Alison, and he was jubilant.

"You'll have to come back," he said. "Got a railroad schedule there?" "I don't sleep with one in my pocket," I retorted, "but if you'll hold the line I'll call out the window to Johnson. He's probably got one."

"Johnson!" I could hear the laugh with which McKnight comprehended the situation. He was still chuckling when I came back.

"Train to Richmond at 6:30 a. m.," I said. "What time is it now?" "Four. Listen, Lollie. We've got him. Do you hear? Through the woman at Baltimore. Then—the other woman, the lady of the restaurant—he was obviously avoiding names—'she is playing our cards for us—No—I don't know why, and I don't care. But you be at the Incubator to-night at eight o'clock. If you can't shake Johnson, bring him, bless him!'"

To this day I believe the Sam Forbeses have not recovered from the surprise of my unexpected arrival, my one appearance at dinner in Granger's clothes, and the note on my dresser which informed them the next morning that I had folded my tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. For at half after five Johnson and I, the former as unquiescent as ever, were on our way through the dust to the station, three miles away, and by four that afternoon we were in Washington. The journey had been uneventful. Johnson relaxed under the influence of my tobacco, and spoke at some length on the latest improvements in galleys, dilating on the absurdity of cutting out the former free passes to see the affair in operation. I remember, too, that he mentioned the curious anomaly that permits a man about to be hanged to eat a hearty meal. I did not enjoy my dinner that night.

Before we got into Washington I had made an arrangement with Johnson to surrender myself at two the following afternoon. Also, I had wired to Alison, asking her if she would carry out the contract she had made. The detective saw me home, and left me there.

Mrs. Klopston received me with dignified reserve. The very tone in which she asked me when I would dine told me that something was wrong. "Now—what is it, Mrs. Klopston?" I demanded finally, when she had informed me, in a patient and long-suffering tone, that she felt worn out and thought she needed a rest.

"When I lived with Mr. Justice Springer," she began acidly, her mended



ing basket in her hands, "it was an orderly, well-conducted household. You can ask any of the neighbors. Meals were cooked and, what's more, they were eaten; there was none of this 'here one day and gone the next' business."

"Nonsense," I observed. "You're tired, that's all, Mrs. Klopston. And I wish you would go out; I want to bathe."

"That's not all," she said with dignity, from the doorway. "Women coming and going here, women whose shoes I am not fit to—mean, women who are not fit to touch my shoes—coming here as insolent as you please, and asking for you."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "What did you tell them—her, whichever it was?"

"Told her you were sick in a hospital and wouldn't be out for a year!" she said triumphantly. "And when she said she thought she'd come in and wait for you, I slammed the door on her."

"What time was she here?" "Late last night. And she had a light-haired man across the street. If she thought I didn't see him she don't know me." Then she closed the door and left me to my bath and my reflections.

At five minutes before eight I was at the Incubator, where I found Hotchkiss and McKnight. They were bending over a table, on which lay McKnight's total armament—a pair of pistols, an elephant gun and an old cavalry sabre.

"Draw up a chair and help yourself to pie," he said, pointing to the arsenal. "This is for the benefit of our friend Hotchkiss here, who says he is small and fond of life."

Hotchkiss, who had been trying to get the wrong end of a cartridge into the barrel of one of the revolvers, straightened himself and mopped his face.

"We have desperate people to handle," he said pompously, "and we may need desperate means."

"Hotchkiss is like the small boy whose one ambition was to have people grow ashen and tremble at the mention of his name," McKnight jibed. But they were serious enough, both of them, under their teeth, and when they had told me what they planned, I was serious, too.

"You're compounding a felony," I remonstrated, when they had explained. "I'm not eager to be locked away, but, by Jove, to offer her the stolen notes in exchange for Sullivan!"

"We haven't got either of them, you know," McKnight remonstrated, "and we won't have, if we don't start. Come along, Fido," to Hotchkiss.

The plan was simplicity itself. According to Hotchkiss, Sullivan was to meet Bronson at Mrs. Conway's apartment at 8:30 that night with the notes. He was to be paid there and the papers destroyed. But just before that interesting finale, McKnight ended, "we will walk in, take the notes, grab Sullivan, and give the police a jolt that will put them out of the count."

I suppose not one of us, slewing around corners in the machine that night, had the faintest doubt that we were on the right track, or that Fate, scurvy enough before, was playing into our hands at last. Little Hotchkiss was in a state of fever; he alternately twitched and examined the revolver, and a fear that the two moments might be synchronous kept me uneasy. He produced and dilated on the scrap of pillow slip from the wreck, and showed me the stiletto, with its point in cotton batting for safekeeping. And in the intervals he implored Richey not to make such fine calculations at the corners.

We were all grave enough, and very quiet, however, when we reached the large building where Mrs. Conway had her apartment. McKnight left the power on, in case we might want to make a quick get-away, and Hotchkiss gave a final look at the revolver. I had no weapon. Somehow it all seemed melodramatic to the verge of farce. In the doorway Hotchkiss was a half dozen feet ahead; Richey fell back beside me. He dropped his affection of gayety, and I thought he looked tired. "Same old Sam, I suppose," he asked.

"Same, only more of him."

"I suppose Alison was there? How is she?" he inquired irrelevantly.

"Very well. I did not see her this morning." Hotchkiss was waiting near the elevator. McKnight put his hand on my arm. "Now, look here, old man," he said, "I've got two arms and a revolver, and you've got one arm and a splint. If Hotchkiss is right, and there is a row, you crawl under a table."

"The deuce I will!" I declared scornfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proof of Devotion. "Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her." "I suppose you neglect such attentions now." "Yes. I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."

NO WINDOW LAW AT THESE PLACES

ALL TOWNS UNDER 10,000 POPULATION EXEMPTED BY STATE CORPORATION COMMISSION.

STATESVILLE LED THE LIST

Names of Stations Omitted From Provisions of Act Regulating Book Mileage Exchange For Tickets—New Bern Largest City Escaped.

Raleigh.—The list of towns of 2,000 and more inhabitants exempted by the corporation commission from the necessity of keeping open two windows at the stations for the service of travellers with mileage books has been made public, there being 21 on the Southern, 7 on the Atlantic Coast Line, 11 on the Norfolk and Southern and 5 on the Seaboard Air Line. The exemptions are subject to be revoked at any time.

No town of more than 10,000 population is exempted. New Bern is the largest town exempted, it having 9,961; High Point next with 9,525; towns of over 8,000 exempted include Elizabeth City and Concord. Of the towns exempted, Statesville, with an average of 36 tickets exchanged per day led the list, Gastonia next with 32.1, Concord 31.6, New Bern with 28. The list follows: Atlantic Coast Line: Tarboro, Greenville, Washington, Plymouth, Selma, Dunn, Kinston.

Norfolk and Southern: Belhaven, Beaufort, Edenton, Elizabeth City, Greenville, Kinston, Morehead City, Newbern, Plymouth, Washington, Wilson.

Seaboard Air Line: Laurinburg, Lincolnton, Sanford, Shelby, Rockingham.

Southern Railway: Albemarle, Burlington, Concord, Gastonia, Graham, Henderson, Hickory, King's Mountain, Mooresville, Morganton, Mt. Airy, Newton, Oxford, Reidsville, Shelby, Statesville, Thomasville, Waynesville, Lexington, Goldsboro, High Point.

The Concord exemption is for thirty days, to be supported by petitions that double window service is not needed.

Instructions to Tax Assessors.

In response to inquiries from county tax assessors under the new state machinery act as to the methods of assessing personal property in North Carolina for taxation the corporation commission instructs the assessors that the assessments must be at money value and that the assessment be that made personally by the assessor, or, if the valuation of the owner is taken, it must be entered as the owner's assessment. Also advises the assessors that there should be the greatest care as to getting in the assessments of income. That this is a fair and general law and that as far as possible it should be seen to that people with incomes over \$1,000 are gotten on the books for this tax. Correct assessments of farming lands is also another purpose of the act.

Salaries of Baptist Preachers.

The salaries of the Baptist ministers in North Carolina is made the subject of some interesting calculations by Statistical Secretary E. L. Middleton of the North Carolina Baptist State convention. He finds that in the latest complete reports from churches there are 1,590 churches reporting salaries to pastors, the total being \$278,400. He finds that there are 113 churches that maintain preaching every Sunday, 66 for half the time and 1,311 churches that have preaching only once each month. His estimate is—that this would give an average of 474 pastors for full time and that their average salary is \$587 a year. He thinks that there are mission funds paid to pastors in mission fields not included in the salaries reported—that would bring up the average salaries to \$600.

Mooresville.—No stone will be left unturned to secure the interurban line from Charlotte to Salisbury.

Lots of Foreign Capital Coming.

The American Agricultural and Mechanical society of New London, Connecticut, having \$50,000,000 capital domiciled in this state with principal Carolina headquarters at Wilmington for the manufacture of fertilizers and chemicals with by-products. R. E. Warren, Jr., is to be in charge of the enterprise.

Another notable domestication is the Dixie Realty company of Minnesota, capital \$250,000 and principal North Carolina headquarters at Clarendon, Columbus county.

Restores the Veteran's Bible.

There came to Adjutant General Leinater, of the North Carolina National Guard, a letter from Charles E. LeGrand to the effect that he has a small pocket Bible that was picked up on the civil-war battlefield around New Bern. It has on the fly-leaf the name of Lieutenant C. A. Boon, Company D, Thirty-fifth Regiment, North Carolina Infantry. The date is December '61, and there is inscribed: "Presented by Mrs. C. K. Caldwell." Lieutenant Boon is now living at Elon College.

WORK OF THE ODD FELLOWS

Grand Secretary Berry's Report Ready For the Grand Lodge—Interesting Statistics.

Raleigh.—The grand secretary of the North Carolina Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows has rounded up his report for the annual session of the Grand Lodge. He finds that the value of property of the subordinate lodges has increased from \$103,725 to \$239,148 during the past decade. In addition there is the splendid property of the grand lodge in the orphanage at Goldsboro, valued at \$100,000, and that is now caring for 160 homeless children at an annual cost of about \$15,000. The grand secretary says the order in this state has observed a rigid watch over the standing of members and has eliminated members to the extent that in spite of the addition of 1,646 new members by initiation and 266 received by card and 358 reinstated, the total membership in the state shows a loss of 296. He says, though, that since the new year the gain is decided, 480 members having been added the past three months. The nine new lodges instituted the past year were at Raeford, Hoke county; Paulson, Cleveland county; Rock Creek, Wilkes county; Ola, Haywood county; Saw Mill, Caldwell county; Boone's Ford, Yancey county; Oval, Ashe county; Moxley, Wilkes county; Broadway, Lee county; White Oak Mills, Greensboro, and Walnut Cove. There have been suspended lodges reinstated at Clayton and Edenton. The order paid out last year for relief \$25,696, compared with \$112,954 ten years ago. The grand master is Frank Hackett of North Wilkesboro and the grand secretary is B. H. Wooddell and assistant grand secretary, J. D. Berry.

Products of County School Farms.

Reports from the farms operated in connection with the county schools during the year 1910 shows a total earning of \$898.20, or an average of about \$75 per farm. The farms yielded 5,036 pounds of lint cotton and 725 bushels of seed. The Wakelon High school planted an acre in Irish potatoes which yielded 50 bushels. Two farms planted in corn and one in cotton have made no report. This is the second year these farms have been operated in connection with the schools and the results are gratifying. The Bay Leaf High school products brought \$183.91, the highest of the farms. There were twelve farms.

Officers Academy of Science.

The North Carolina Academy of Science, in annual session, elected officers as follows: President—Dr. H. V. Wilson, professor of zoology, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Vice President—Dr. W. A. Withers, professor of chemistry, A. & M. college, Raleigh. Secretary Treasurer—Dr. E. W. Gudger, professor of biology and geology, State Normal college, Greensboro. Executive Committee—Dr. J. J. Wolfe, of Trinity college; Franklin Sherman, Jr., entomologist, Raleigh; Prof. N. H. Patterson, of Chapel Hill. North Carolina Branch, American Chemical society, re-elected all old officers.

Rich Chinaman Remains in U. S. A.

Washington.—The Ohinaman, Lee Thung, who has been figuring before the department of commerce and labor recently because the immigration officials held him up upon his return from a trip to China and threatened to send him back home, will not be deported.

On the contrary, he will be allowed to proceed to Wilmington to accumulate more bank stock, steam laundries, truck patches, etc., with which he is said to be well supplied. Thung owns stock in one of the strongest banks in Wilmington and has other property worth in all about \$25,000.

Important Decision on Tax Question.

The supreme court affirms the lower court in the case of Corporation Commission vs. Morrison, from Iredell county, involving the right of a corporation to deduct from the tax assessment of its capital stock holdings of the corporation in the stock of another corporation that pays its taxes. The corporation commission ruled that this could not be done and the supreme court affirms this ruling. The opinion is written by Justice Brown.

Two Big Events at Hendersonville.

The North Carolina Bankers' association and the North Carolina Merchant's association will both be in session at Hendersonville during the week of June 20. Ample accommodations will be provided.

Seaboard Hit for \$2,500.

A verdict for \$2,500 has been awarded to W. F. Wyatt in his suit against the Seaboard Air Line Railroad company for \$5,000 through the burning of the old Wyatt tannery near Raleigh. The case consumed two days.

Big Corporation Still Growing.

The Carolina Power & Light company of Raleigh, now the parent corporation of an aggregate of around twelve million dollars capital, has purchased the Standard Gas & Electric company, for many years Raleigh's source of gas.

Doctors' Commissions Renewed.

Governor Kitchin has recommissioned Dr. J. Howell Way, Waynesville, and Dr. W. O. Spencer, Winston-Salem as members of the state board of health.