

# LOWER TEN

BY MARY ROBERTS KINFORD  
 AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE  
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER

**SYNOPSIS.**

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Brown case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the hotel he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Allison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken. Together they go to the Carter farm for breakfast. The girl proves to be Allison West, his partner's sweetheart. Allison's peculiar actions mystify the lawyer. She drops her gold bag and Blakeley, unnoticed, puts it in his pocket. He returns home and learns from his landlady of strange happenings.

**CHAPTER XI—Continued.**

"Is she talking still? or again?" he asked, just before the door closed. There was a second's indecision with the knob, then, judging discretion the better part, Mrs. McKnight went away.

"Now, then," McKnight said, settling himself in a chair beside the bed, "split it out. Not the wreck—I know all I want about that. But the theft, I can tell you beforehand that it was a woman."

I had crawled painfully out of bed, and was in the act of pouring the egg-nog down the pipe of the washstand. I paused, with the glass in the air.

"A woman!" I repeated, startled.

"What makes you think that?"

"You don't know the first principles of a good detective yarn," he said scornfully. "Of course, it was the woman in the empty house next door. You said it was brass pipes, you will remember. Well—on with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

"So—I told the story; I had told it so many times that day that I did it automatically. And I told about the girl with the bronze hair, and my suspicions. But I did not mention Allison West. McKnight listened to the end without interruption. When I had finished he drew a long breath.

"Well," he said, "that's something of a mess, isn't it? If you can only prove your mild and childlike disposition, they couldn't hold you for the murder—anyhow. It is a regular ten-twenty-third crime, which is a regular ten-twenty-third crime, anyhow. But the notes—that's different. They are not burned, anyhow. Your man wasn't on the train—therefore, he wasn't in the wreck. If he didn't know what he was taking, as you seem to think, he probably reads the papers, and unless he is a fathead, he's awake by this time to what he's got. He'll try to sell them to Bronson, probably."

"Or to us," I put in.

We said nothing for a few minutes. McKnight smoked a cigarette and stared at a photograph of Candida over the mantel. Candida is the best pony for a heavy mount in seven states.

"I didn't go to Richmond," he observed finally. The remark followed my own thoughts so closely that I started. "Miss West is not home yet from Seal Harbor."

Receiving no response, he lapsed again into thoughtful silence. Mrs. Klopston came in just as the clock struck one, and made preparation for the night by putting a large gaudy comfortable into an arm chair in the dressing room, with a smaller, stiff-backed chair for her feet. She was wonderfully attired in a dressing gown that was reminiscent, in parts, of all the ones she had given me for a half dozen Christmases, and she had a purple veil wrapped around her head, to hide heaven knows what deficiency. She examined the empty egg-nog glass, inquired what the evening paper had said about the weather, and then stalked into the dressing room, and prepped, with much ostentatious creaking, to sit up all night.

We fell silent again, while McKnight traced a rough outline of the herbs on the white tablecover, and puzzled it out slowly. It was something like this:

2	10	8
TABLE		
11	9	7

"You think he changed the tags on seven and nine, so that when you went back to bed you thought you were crawling into nine, when it was really seven, eh?"

"Probably—yes."

"Then toward morning, when everybody was asleep, your theory is that he changed the numbers again and left the train?"

"I can't think of any thing else," I replied wearily.

"Jove, what a game of bridge that fellow would play! It was like guessing an eight-spot and winning out. They would scarcely have doubted you had the tags been reversed in the morning. He certainly left you in a bad way. Not a jury in the country would stand out against the stunts, the stunts, and the murdered man's pocket-book in your possession."

"Then you think Sullivan did it?" I asked.

"Of course," said McKnight confidently. "Unless you did it in your sleep. Look at the stains on his pillow, and the first streak into it. And didn't he have the mark Harrington's pocket-book?"

"But why did he go off without the money?" I persisted. "And where was the supposed girl come in?"

"Such a man," McKnight returned flippantly, "inflammation of the imagination on your part."

"Then there is the piece of telegram. It said lower ten, car seven. It's extremely likely that she had that telegram was about me, Richey."

"I'm getting a headache," he said, putting out his cigarette against the sole of his shoe. "All I'm certain of just now is that if there hadn't been a wreck, by this time you'd be sitting in an eight by ten cell, and feeling like the rhyme for it."

"But listen to this," I contended, as he picked up his hat, "this fellow Sullivan is a fugitive, and he's a lot more likely to make advances to Bronson than to us. We could have the case continued, release Bronson on bail and set a watch on him."

"Not my watch," McKnight protested. "It's a family heirloom."

"You'd better go home," I said firmly. "Go home and go to bed. You're sleepy. You can have Sullivan's red necktie to dream over if you think it will help any."

Mrs. Klopston's voice came drowsily from the next room, punctuated by a yawn. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," she called, with the suspicious flap which characterizes her at night, "somebody called up about noon, Mr. Lawrence. It was long distance, and he said he would call again. The name was—"

**CHAPTER XII.**

The Gold Bag.

I have always smiled at those cases of spontaneous combustion which, like fusing the component parts of a self-lit powder, unite two people in a bubbling ephemeral ecstasy. But surely there is possible, with but a single meeting, an attraction so great,

ing to me, "and yesterday I ran over a sheep; nearly went into the ditch. But there's a Providence that watches over fools and lovers, and just now I know darned well that I'm one, and I have a sneaking idea I'm both."

"You are both," I said with disgust.

"If you can be rational for one moment, I wish you would tell me why that man Sullivan called me over the telephone yesterday morning."

"Probably hadn't yet discovered the Bronson notes—providing you hold your theory that the theft was incidental to the murder. May have wanted his own clothes again, or to thank you for yours. Search me; I can't think of anything else." The doctor came in just then.

"Pretty good shape," he said. "How did you sleep?"

"Oh, occasionally," I replied. "I would like to sit up, doctor."

"Nonsense. Take a rest while you have an excuse for it. I wish to thun-

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Some things were mine, however, and I would hold them: The halcyon breakfast, the queer hat, the pebble in her small shoe, the gold bag with the broken chain—the bag! Why, it was in my pocket at that moment.

I got up painfully and found my coat. Yes, there was the purse, bulging with an opulent suggestion of wealth indeed. I went back to bed again, somewhat dazed, between effort and the touch of the trinkets, so listlessly held it up by its broken chain and gloated over it. By careful attention to orders, I ought to be out in a day or so. Then—I could return it to her. I really ought to do that; it was valuable, and I wouldn't care to trust it to the mail. I could run down to Richmond, and see her once—there was no disloyalty to Rich in that.

I had no intention of opening the

little bag. I put it under my pillow, which was my reason for getting up. I had the lines slips changed, to Mrs. Klopston's dismay. And sometimes during the morning, while I lay under virgin folds of white, ornamented with strange flowers, my cigarettes hidden beyond discovery, and Science and Health on a table by my elbow, as if by the merest accident, I slip my hand under my pillow and touch it reverently.

McKnight came in about 11. I heard his car at the curb, followed almost immediately by his usual clamor on the stairs. He had a bottle under his arm, rightly surmising that I had been forbidden stimulant, and a large box of cigarettes in his pocket, suspecting my deprivation.

"Well," he said cheerfully. "How did you sleep after keeping me up half the night?"

I slipped my hand around; the purse was well covered.

"Have it now, or wait till I get the cork out," he rattled on.

"I don't want anything," I protested.

"I wish you wouldn't be so darned cheerful, Richey." He stopped whittling to stare at me.

"I am sadder when I sing!" he quoted unctuously. "It's pure reaction, Lollie. Yesterday the sky was low; I was digging for my best friend. To-day—he lies before me, his peevish self. Yesterday I thought the notes were burned; to-day—I look forward to a good cross-country chase, and with luck we will draw." His voice changed suddenly. "Yesterday—she was in Seal Harbor. To-day—she is here."

"Here in Washington?" I asked, as naturally as I could.

"Yes. Going to stay a week or two."

"Oh, I had a little here and she had a wooden leg. And nearly every morning she used to lay an egg."

"Will you stop that racket, Rich! It's the real thing this time, I suppose?"

"Well," he said judicially, "since you drag it from me, I think perhaps it is. You—you're such a confirmed woman-hater that I hardly knew how you would take it."

"Nothing of the sort," I denied traitorily. "Because a man reaches the age of 30 without making maudlin love to every—"

"I've taken to long country rides," he went on reflectively, without listen-

ing to me, "and yesterday I ran over a sheep; nearly went into the ditch. But there's a Providence that watches over fools and lovers, and just now I know darned well that I'm one, and I have a sneaking idea I'm both."

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with hands and feet tied. Five years ago he swam from Putney Pier to Tower Bridge, a distance of nine miles. In just over two hours, with wrists and hands manacled together, and has dived from London Bridge at high water similarly handicapped.

Particularly daring, however, was the feat of a certain music hall artist, who in October last, jumped from Westminster bridge into the river while manacled to an iron band round his neck, and with an iron chain to leg-ropes and five handkerchiefs stretched across his arms. He could not swim a stroke, but was quickly hauled into a boat waiting for him after he had struck the water.

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# Your Boys' Life's Work

## What Shall It Be?

**MAN-O-WAR'S MAN.**

If your boy enlists in the navy at seventeen and is a warrant officer by the time he is forty-seven he can retire on \$180 a month for life. Also, there's the possibility that he may rise to the commissioned ranks, as several high naval officers have done. The different trades that your boy can learn while a blue-jacket—the various promotions and the pay, together with the extras that may be earned in divers ways.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

THE glare and glitter of brass bands and military have unbounded attraction for the average full-blooded boy; but add to this the fascination of the sea and navy life, visiting the ports of the world, the envy of all their acquaintances on land with good living, good pay, and certain advancement, and you have a condition that would be even more appealing.

Just this life is open to every boy of seventeen, and practically as well as theoretically, he can keep going up as far as he likes, and at the same time will have the advantage of the best kind of direction and a good home; for Uncle Sam's navy department is a veritable father to his blue-jacket children.

These sound like strong statements, particularly in view of occasional criticisms that are made; but, to quote one of the government statements, in nearly all instances these "reports were circulated by men who have been discharged for bad conduct, or who have been punished on account of bad behavior and have left the navy for the navy's good."

Anyhow, by starting out your boy as a man-o-war's man, no matter what particular bent he may have he will find here the education and training and pay all the while, that will develop him into the highest possible efficiency he has in him. He can work up as a seaman, as a clerk, stenographer and bookkeeper; in hospital work; as a carpenter, machinist, plumber, painter, ship fitter, cooper, smith, blacksmith, or boiler maker; as a gunner, as an electrician, as a fireman, as a musician or as a baker. And, unlike conditions on the land, he will be sent to school by his employers, all the while under pay, and given every facility to enable him to improve in his work, ability and character. And after he has risen as high as he can, Uncle Sam lets him retire at about forty-seven to fifty, even though he hasn't succeeded in getting into the commissioned officer class by that time, on a life income of as high as \$180 a month.

At the same time that one of several of these lines of work are being mastered, the government fosters fencing and boxing matches, concerts on the ship every night and morning, dancing, minstrel shows by the crew's own troupe, use of the boats belonging to the warship for sailing or to go fishing, football, baseball, boat racing, furnishing everything necessary to enable the bluejackets to enjoy themselves. One-fourth of the crew is given shore leave daily after afternoon drill, and may remain away till the following morning, and on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sunday afternoons they may go earlier.

How to enlist for a life's work of this sort is best shown by quoting from one of the pamphlets issued by the bureau of navigation: "If you are between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five years, and have a height of five feet two to six feet three inches, and weigh 115 to 175 pounds, with chest measurement of 33 to 36 1/2 inches, write a letter to the bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., stating that you wish to enlist in the navy, and the bureau will immediately write you, giving you the address of the recruiting station nearest you, and this recruiting station will examine you physically and accept or reject you. The government pays your expenses from point of enlistment to training station or ship; but does not pay your expenses to the recruiting office." The only mental requirement is that the applicant be able to read and write the English language.

The recruit is first sent to the training school at Newport, Rhode Island, where he is given without charge a complete outfit of clothing valued at \$60, and is then ready for instruction in drills and manual of arms; in taking care of his clothing and hammock (the navyman's bed), how to swim, to box the compass, to heave the lead, to make knots, splice ropes, coil down gear, to make hitches and bowlines, to sail and row boats; how to take care of a rifle and revolver and to shoot, etc. If he is industrious, he may be promoted to be apprentice petty officer while he is still at training school at an increase of from \$1 to \$2.50 a month. His pay on the start is \$17.50 a month. After four months at the school he is given opportunity to take examination for ordinary seaman at \$20.00 a month.

To summarize the further promotions, after a year as ordinary seaman, by passing an examination, he is promoted as seaman at \$26.40 a month, then at once eligible to the position of third-class at \$38.50 to \$44 a month; one year more, and he is eligible to first-class petty officer at \$49.50 to \$55 a month, and in one more year to chief petty officer at \$77 a month, which appointment is still another year, or by the time he is 22, is made permanent and ir-

revocable except by court-martial. A chief petty officer who has been in the navy eight years is qualified for promotion to the rank of warrant officer at an annual salary of \$1,500 to \$2,400. From here opportunity is given to advance through the various ranks of commissioned officer. It is not easy to get into the higher grades; but to a boy of ambition and the necessary ability this is possible; the navy has several high officers who have advanced from the ranks.

There are numerous opportunities for the man-o-war's man to get extra pay. On re-enlisting (an enlistment is four years he is given an increase of \$5.50 a month, and of \$3.50 a month for each subsequent enlistment. This is increased still further by \$1.50 a month if he re-enlists within four months of his date of discharge, in which case he is given a bonus of four months' pay. Each medal for good conduct he receives carries with it an addition of 83 cents to his monthly salary. When detailed as coxswain of a launch he gets \$5 a month extra. When qualified as a submarine man he gets \$1 a day up to \$15 a month for every day served under water; when he is in charge of storerooms, or is messman to the crew, or a gun captain, there is an increase of \$5 a month. When serving as a gun pointer he gets \$2 to \$10 a month extra; as navy mail clerk from \$15 to \$25 a month extra; and ship's tailors receive \$20 a month above their rating.

Under the present law, a man-o-war's man, if physically disqualified, may retire on half-pay at the end of 20 years, and may voluntarily retire at the end of 30 years' service on three-fourths pay. If he has not reached the grade of warrant officer, he is also given \$15.75 a month additional in lieu of rations, clothing, etc. Thus, your boy, who enlists now at the age of seventeen and reaches the grade of warrant officer can leave the service by the time he is forty-seven with a salary of \$150 a month for life.

Courses of instruction in schools are provided for all those taking up special trades, such as in electricity, yomaniy, music, hospital work, the artificers' school, sea gunner, mechanics, etc.

The daily life of the man-o-war's man begins with turning out at 5:30 in the morning, tying up their hammocks and having coffee or cocoa with bread or hardtack, and smoking for half an hour. Then the men wash their own clothes. At 6:30 all blue-jackets clean the ship from end to end, and, after washing themselves, have breakfast at 7:30. From 8:30 to 9:30 the vessel is prepared for inspection, and then there is drill for two hours, with an intermission of 15 minutes. From 11:50 to 1 is the dinner. Then from 1:30 to 3 is devoted to instruction, after which the blue-jacket is on his own time except for 20 minutes at calisthenics. Supper is served at 5:30 and at 7:30 he must make up his hammock. Nine o'clock is the retiring hour, unless there is a concert or some other entertainment on board ship.

**Firemen Recover Pet.**

The pet cat belonging to the Kingsland firemen has been found and restored to its owners. The animal had been in the habit of going out to fires on the escapes and was lost at Stoke Newington a fortnight ago. Recently it was seen at Highbury, and being recognized by its collar studded with firemen's buttons, was taken to the nearest fire station and thence sent to Kingsland. They have a similarly intelligent cat at the general post office, Paris. He gets into the mail cart and accompanies the bags to the station and takes frequent long journeys in the mail van. Recently, however, he was scaled up in a mail bag and got as far as Marseilles.—London Globe.

**Finding Mummies in Mexico.**

Mummified remains of persons who existed hundreds of years ago have been dug up in the work of excavating that has been going on in the old catacombs of Guanajuato, Mexico. The people whose bodies were discovered must have lived long before the settlement of the republic, and the finds have occasioned much interest among scientific men. Some of the bodies were decked with beads and ivory trinkets that were in vogue before the coming of the Spaniards, so these people must have lived in that part of the country many centuries ago. The mummies were discovered under an old cemetery while excavations were being made by some prospecting miners.

**Hereditary Talent.**

From the postoffice steps Freeman Davis watched Professor Lane cross the road and enter the wheelwright's shop on the opposite side.

"Go in an' out free as you or me," Mr. Davis remarked to James Sewall, "an' nobody knows how many letters he is entitled to write after his name."

James nodded. "But what I can't just make out is how he come by all his smartness. Far's I know, none of his forbears ever amounted to much in a literary way."

"What you talkin' about?" Mr. Davis demanded warmly. "You know well I do that his father could spell Nebuchadnezzar quicker'n any other boy in school!"—Youth's Companion.

**Appropriate.**

"I see that banker has a most appropriate suit of clothes."

"How is it especially appropriate?"

"Don't you see it is a check suit?"

**CHECK IT IN TIME.**

Most people realize the grave danger of neglecting the kidneys. The slightest kidney ailment may be Nature's warning of dropsy, diabetes or dreaded Bright's disease. If you have any kidney symptoms, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. Harvey Rogers, Church St., Pine Plains, N. Y., says: "I was often laid up for days with gravel and serious kidney trouble and the agony I endured when the stones were passing was awful. The best medical attention failed to help me and I grew worse instead of better. It was then I began with Doan's Kidney Pills and noticed 'Improvement.' Soon I was without a trace of the trouble."

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

**COULDN'T BE VERY WELL.**



Mrs. Stokson Bonds—Stockton, that stenographer of yours is whistling! Is she in the habit of whistling when alone?

Stockton Bonds—I don't know. I was never with her when she was alone!

**NURSE TELLS OF SKIN CURES.**

"I have seen the Cuticura Remedies used with best results during the past twenty years. In my work as a nurse, many skin disease cases came under my observation, and in every instance, I always recommended the Cuticura Remedies as they always gave entire satisfaction. One case in particular was that of a lady friend of mine who, when a child, was afflicted with eczema which covered her face and hands entirely, breaking out at intervals with severe eruptions. She could not go to school as the disfigurement looked terrible. I told her to get at once a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the use of only one set she was perfectly well."

"A grown lady friend was afflicted with salt rheum in one of her hands, and she was cured by the Remedies. Still another lady, salt rheum in both palms, was cured by the Remedies. She could scarcely wet her hands until she began to use the Cuticura Remedies which cured her. I have also seen them cure children of ringworm. The children's faces would be all circles and rings around the cheeks, and the neck, and after treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment they were completely cured. My husband had rheumatism on his arm and I used the Cuticura Ointment. It made his arm as limber and nice, whereas it was quite stiff before I began to apply the Ointment."

"Last May I had an ingrowing toe nail which was very painful, as the side of the nail was edging right down in the side of my toe. I cut the nail out of the cavity it made, and of course applied the Cuticura Ointment to the part affected. It soothed it and in less than ten nights it was all healed through constant use of the Ointment. Ten days ago I had my left hand and wrist burned with boiling lard, and Cuticura Ointment has completely cured them. I have just recommended the Cuticura Remedies to another friend, and she is pleased with the results and is recovering nicely. I will gladly furnish the names of the people referred to above if anybody doubts what I say." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Hederson, 77 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass., Oct. 1, 1910.

**The Wise Bishop.**

To the brilliant Episcopalian bishop of Tennessee, Dr. Thomas F. Gallor, a Memphis man, of rather narrow views, complained about charity balls.

"I doubt if I be quite reverent, Bishop," the man said, "to give a ball for the purpose of charity."

But Bishop Gallor, with a saving burst of common sense, laughed and replied:

"Why, my dear fellow, I'm sure, if it would do anybody any good, I'd dance the whole length of Memphis in full canonicals."

**Tetterine for Ring Worm and Skin Disease.**

Vernville, S. C., July 17, 1908.

My wife uses your Tetterine for Ringworm, also uses it in her family for all kind of skin diseases, and she thinks it a good medicine. There is no substitute.

L. R. Dowling.

Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Corns, Chills and every form of Scap and Skin Disease. Tetterine is sold by mail direct from The Shurtzoff Co., Savannah, Ga.

With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shurtzoff's 150 Liver Pills free.

**Of Course.**

"I see that the inmates of a New York lunatic asylum are going to issue a weekly paper."

"Yes, and I'll bet every fool outside will think he could edit it better than it is edited by the lunatic inside."

**Since the Price of Eggs Rose.**

Hewitt—How did he make his fortune?

Jewitt—He kept a hen—Doan's Home Companion.

**Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Molasses.**

It is Nature's great Air Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough and all throat and lung troubles. At drug stores, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Love may make the world go round, but it doesn't always seem to be able to make both ends meet.

# Daring Feats of Swimmers

**Two Remarkable Aquatic Performances That Have Aroused the World's Admiration.**

The aquatic feat performed by Jules Gautier recently is one of the most remarkable on record. With hands and feet manacled and his movements hampered by a rope attached round his waist to a waterman's skiff, he swam over the variety boat race course from Putney to Mortlake, London, England, a distance of four and a quarter miles, in an hour and a half. He finished quite fresh and clambered into a boat without assistance at the end of the swim.

It is not the first time, however, that Gautier has swum a long distance