The MAN in LOWER TEN

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KENDALL

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SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Brompton case to take the deposition of the chief witness for the prosecution, John Gilmore, a millionaire. In the latter's house the lawyer is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. Standing in line to buy a Pullman ticket Blakeley is requested by a lady to buy her one. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and retires in lower nine.

CHAPTER III.

Across the Aisle.

No solution offering itself, I went back to my berth. The snorer across had apparently strangled, or turned over, and so after a time I dropped asleep, to be awakened by the morning sunlight across my face.

I felt for my watch, yawning prodigiously. I reached under the pillow and failed to find it, but something scratched the back of my hand. I sat up irritably and nursed the wound, which was bleeding a little. Still drowsy, I felt more cautiously for what I supposed had been my scarf pin, but there was nothing there. Wide awake now, I reached for my traveling bag, on the chance that I had put my watch in there. I had drawn the satchel to me and had my hand on the lock before I realized that it was not my own!

Mine was of alligator hide. I had killed the beast in Florida, after the expenditure of enough money to have bought a house and enough energy to have built one. The bag I held in my hand was a black one, sealskin, I think. The staggering thought of what the loss of my bag meant to me put my finger on the bell and kept it there until the porter came.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked, poking his head through the curtains obsequiously. McKnight objects that nobody can poke his head through a curtain and be obsequious. But Pullman porters can and do.

"No," I snapped. "It rang itself. What in thunder do you mean by exchanging my valise for this one? You'll have to find it if you waken the entire car to do it. There are important papers in that grip."

"Porter," called a feminine voice from an upper berth near by. "Porter, am I to dangle here all day?"

"Let her dangle," I said savagely. "You find that bag of mine."

The porter frowned. Then he looked at me with injured dignity. "I brought in your overcoat, sir. You carried your own valise."

The fellow was right. In an excess of caution I had refused to relinquish my alligator bag, and had turned over my other traps to the porter. It was clear enough then. I was simply a victim of the usual sleeping car robbery. I was in a lather of perspiration by that time: The lady down the car was still dangling and talking about it; still nearer a feminine voice was giving quick orders in French, presumably to a maid. The porter was on his knees, looking under the berth.

"Not there, sir," he said, dusting his knees. He was visibly more cheerful, having been absolved of responsibility. "Reckon it was taken while you was wanderin' around the car last night."

"I'll give you $50 if you find it," I said. "A hundred. Reach up my shoes and, I'll—"

I stopped abruptly. My eyes were fixed in stupefied amazement on a coat that hung from a hook at the foot of my berth. From the coat they traveled, dazed, to the soft-bosomed shirt beside it, and from there to the collar and cravat in the net hammock across the windows.

"A hundred!" the porter repeated, showing his teeth. But I caught him by the arm and pointed to the foot of the berth.

"What—what color's that coat?" I asked unsteadily.

"Gray, sir." His tone was one of gentle reproof.

"And—the trousers?"

He reached over and held up one crossed leg. "Gray, too," he grinned.

"Gray!" I could not believe even his corroboration of my own eyes! "But my clothes were blue!" The porter was amused; he dived under the curtains and brought up a pair of shoes. "Your shoes, sir," he said with a flourish. "Reckon you've been dreaming, sir."

Now, there are two things I always avoid in my dress—possibly an idiosyncracy of my bachelor existence. These taboed articles are red neckties and tan shoes. And not only were the shoes the porter lifted from the floor of a gorgeous shade of yellow, but the scarf which was run through the turned over collar was a gaudy red. It took a full minute for the real import of things to penetrate my dazed intelligence. Then I gave a vindictive kick at the offending ensemble.

"They're not mine, any of them," I snarled. "They are some other fellow's. I'll sit here until I take root before I put them on."

"They're nice lookin' clothes," the porter put in, eying the red tie with appreciation. "Ain't everybody would have left you anything."

"Call the conductor," I said shortly. Then a possible explanation occurred to me. "Oh, porter—what's the number of this berth?"

"Seven, sir. If you cain't wear those shoes—"

"Seven!" In my relief I almost shouted it. "Why, then, it's simple enough. I'm in the wrong berth, that's all. My berth is nine. Only—where the deuce is the man who belongs here?"

"Likely in nine, sir." The darky was enjoying himself. "You and the other gentleman just got mixed in the night. That's all, sir." It was clear that he thought I had been drinking.

I drew a long breath. Of course, that was the explanation. This was number seven's berth, that was his soft hat, this his umbrella, his coat, his bag. My rage turned to irritation at myself.

The porter went to the next berth and I could hear his softly insinuating voice. "Time to get up, sir. Are you awake? Time to get up."

There was no response from number nine. I guessed that he had opened the curtains and was looking in. Then he came back.

"Number nine's empty," he said.

"Empty! Do you mean my clothes aren't there?" I demanded. "My valise? Why don't you answer me?"

"You doan' give me time," he retorted. "There ain't nothin' there. But it's been slept in."

The disappointment was the greater for my few moments of hope. I sat up in a white fury and put on the clothes that had been left me. Then, still raging, I sat on the edge of the berth and put on the obnoxious tan shoes. The porter, called to his duties, made little excursions back to me, to offer assistance and to chuckle at my disconsolate. He stood by, outwardly decorous, but with little irritating grins of amusement around his mouth, when I finally emerged with the red tie in my hand.

"Bet the owner of those clothes did not become them any more than you do," he said, as he plied the ubiquitous whisk broom.

"When I get the owner of these clothes," I retorted grimly, "he will need a shroud. Where's the conductor?"

The conductor was coming, he assured me; also that there was no bag answering the description of mine on the car. I slammed my way to the dressing room, washed, choked my fifteen and a half neck into a fifteen collar, and was back again in less than five minutes. The car, as well as its occupants, was gradually taking on a daylight appearance. I hobbled in, for one of the shoes was abominably tight, and found myself facing a young woman in blue with an unforgetable face. "Three women already," McKnight says: "That's going some, even if you don't count the Gilmore nurse." She stood, half-turned toward me, one hand idly drooping, the other, steadying her as she gazed out at the flying landscape. I had an instant impression that I had met her somewhere, under different circumstances, more cheerful ones, I thought, for the girl's dejection now was evident. Beside her, sitting down, a small dark woman, considerably older, was talking in a rapid undertone. The girl nodded indifferently now and then. I fancied, although I was not sure, that my appearance brought a startled look into the young woman's face. I sat down, and, hands thrust deep into the other man's pockets, stared ruefully at the other man's shoes.

"The Man's Been Murdered!"

The stage was set. In a moment the curtain was going up on the first act of the play. And for a while we would all say our little speeches and sing our little songs, and I, the villain, would hold center stage while the gallery hissed.

The porter was standing beside lower ten. He had reached in and was knocking vaguely. But his efforts met with no response. He winked at me over his shoulder; then he unfastened the curtains and bent forward, behind him, I saw him stiffen, heard his muttered exclamation, saw the bluish pallor that spread over his face and neck. As he retreated a step the interior of lower ten lay open to the day.

The man in it was on his back, the early morning sun striking full on his upturned face. But the light did not disturb him. A small stain of red dyed the front of his night clothes and trailed across the sheet, his half-open eyes were fixed, without seeing, on the shining wood above.

I grasped the porter's shaking shoulders and stared down to where the train imparted to the body a grisly suggestion of motion. "Good Lord," I gasped, "the man's been murdered!"

CHAPTER IV.

Numbers Seven and Nine.

Afterward, when I tried to recall our discovery of the body in lower ten, I found that my most vivid impression was not that made by the revelation of the opened curtain. I had an instantaneous picture of a slender blue-gowned girl who seemed to sense my words rather than hear them, of two small hands that clutched desperately at the seat beside them. The girl in the aisle stood, bent toward us, perplexity and alarm fighting in her face.

With twitching hands the porter attempted to draw the curtains together. Then in a paralysis of shock, he collapsed on the edge of my berth and sat there swaying. In my excitement I shock him.

"For heaven's sake, keep your nerve, man," I said brusklY. "You'll have every woman in the car in hysterics. And if you do, you'll wish you could change places with the man in there." He rolled his eyes.

A man near, who had been reading last night's paper, dropped it quickly and tiptoed toward us. He peered between the partly open curtains, closed them quietly and went back, ostentatiously solemn, to his seat. The very crackle with which he opened his paper added to the bursting curosity of the car. For the passengers knew that something was amiss: I was conscious of a sudden tension.

With the curtains closed the porter was more himself; he wiped his lips with a handkerchief and stood erect.

"It's my last trip in this car," he remarked heavily. "There's something wrong with that berth. Last trip the woman in it took an overdose of some sleeping stuff, and we found her, jes' like that, dead! And it ain't more'n three months now since there was twins born in that very spot. No sir, it ain't natural."

At that moment a thin man with prominent eyes and a spare grayish goatee creaked up the aisle and paused beside me.

"Porter sick?" he inquired, taking in with a professional eye the porter's horror-struck face, my own excitement and the slightly gaping curtains of lower ten. He reached for the darky's pulse and pulled out an old-fashioned gold watch.

"Him! Only fifty! What's the matter? Had a shock?" he asked shrewdly.

"Yes," I answered for the porter. "We've both had one. If you are a doctor, I wish you would look at the man in the berth across, lower ten. I'm afraid it's too late, but I'm not experienced in such matters."

Together we opened the curtains, and the doctor, bending down, gave a comprehensive glance that took in the rolling head, the relaxed jaw, the ugly stain on the sheet. The examination needed only a moment. Death was written in the clear white of the nostrils, the colorless lips, the smoothing away of the sinister lines of the night before. With its new dignity the face was not unhandsome; the gray hair was still plentiful, the features strong and well cut.

The doctor straightened himself and turned to me. "Dead for some time," he said, running a professional finger over the stains. "These are dry and darkened, you see, and rigor mortis is well established. A friend of yours?"

"I don't know him at all," I replied. "Never saw him but once before."

"Then you don't know if he is traveling alone?"

"No, he was not—that is, I don't know anything about him," I corrected myself. It was my first blunder; the doctor glanced up at me quickly and then turned his attention again to the body. Like a flash there had come to me the vision of the woman with the bronze hair and the tragic face, whom I had surprised in the vestibule between the cars, somewhere in the small hours of the morning. I had acted on my first impulse—the masculine one of shielding a woman.

The doctor had unfastened the coat of the striped pajamas and exposed the dead man's chest. On the left side was a small punctured wound of insignificant size.

"Very neatly done," the doctor said with appreciation. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Right through the intercostal space; no time even to grunt."

"Isn't the heart around there somewhere?" I asked. The medical man turned toward me and smiled austerely.

"That's where it belongs, just under that puncture, when it isn't gadding around in a man's throat or his boots."

I had a new respect for the doctor, for any one indeed who could crack even a feeble joke under such circumstances, or who could run an impersonal finger over that wound and those stains. Odd how a healthy, normal man holds the medical profession in half contemptuous regard until he gets sick, or an emergency like this arises, and then turns meekly to the man who knows the ins and outs of his mortal tenement, takes his pills or his patronage, ties to him like a rudderless ship in a gale.

"Suicide, is it, doctor?" I asked.

He stood erect, after drawing the bed-clothing over the face, and, taking off his glasses, he wiped them slowly.

"No, it is not suicide," he announced decisively. "It is murder."

Of course, I had expected that, but the word itself brought a shiver. I was just a bit dizzy. Curious faces through the car were turned toward us, and I could hear the porter behind me breathing audibly. A stout woman in negligee came down the aisle and queruously confronted the porter. She wore a pink dressing-jacket and carried portions of her clothing.

"Porter," she began, in the voice of the lady who had "dangled," "is there a rule of this company that will allow a woman to occupy the dressing-room for one hour and curl her hair with an alcohol lamp while respectable people haven't a place where they can hook their—"

She stopped suddenly and stared into lower ten. Her shining pink cheeks grew pasty, her jaw fell. I remember trying to think of something to say, and of saying nothing at all. Then—she had buried her eyes in the nondescript garments that hung from her arm and tottered back the way she had come. Slowly a little knot of men gathered around us, silent for the most part. The doctor was making a search of the berth when the conductor elbowed his way through, followed by the inquisitive man, who had evidently summoned him. I had lost sight for a time, of the girl in blue.

"Do it himself?" the conductor queried after a business-like glance at the body.

"No, he didn't," the doctor asserted. "There's no weapon here, and the window is closed. He couldn't have thrown it out, and he didn't swallow it. What on earth are you looking for, man?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEAT SCHEME OF REVENGE

Will Made by Maiden Lady Will Cause Her to Be Long if Not Gratefully Remembered.

An extraordinary will has been left by an elderly unmarried lady who recently died in Vienna. Her property, amounting to about $250,000, is appointed to be divided between her three nephews, now aged 24, 27 and 29, and her three nieces, aged 19, 21 and 22, in equal parts on the following conditions:

The six nephews and nieces must all live in the house formerly inhabited by their aunt, with the executor, a lawyer, whose business it will be to see that the conditions of the will are strictly observed. None of the nephews is to marry before reaching his fortieth year, nor the nieces before their thirtieth, under the penalty that the share of the one so marrying will be divided among the others.

Further, the six legatees are admonished never to quarrel among themselves. If one should do so persistently the executor is empowered to turn him or her out of the house and divide the share as in the case of marriage.

The executor is himself forbidden to marry or to reside elsewhere than in the house with the legatees as long as he holds his office, to which a handsome remuneration is attached.

The old maid is said to have made this peculiar will because her nephews and nieces continually worried her during her life by asking her to give them money to enable them to marry—requests she always refused.

Teetotaler Had Last Word.

On the shore at one of the narrowest parts of that dangerous waterway known as "The Inside Route" to Alaska there rests the hull of a wrecked ship. It is an object that immediately attracts the eyes of all who voyage that way. A whisky manufacturer decided that there was an excellent opportunity to advertise his bottled goods. So he had painted in huge letters on the side of the wrecked ship:

USE REDNOSE WHISKY.

And it was here that a teetotaler saw his opportunity for a short but vivid sermon. A few weeks later the side of the wrecked ship blossomed forth with these two additional words in equally big letters:

I DID.

MAYOR GAYNOR SHOT BY DOCK WATCHMAN

NEW YORK EXECUTIVE ATTACKED ON BOARD STEAMER ABOUT TO SAIL FOR EUROPE.

BULLET IN NECK CAUSES SERIOUS WOUND, BUT PHYSICIANS SEE NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.

Was About to Take a Well-Earned Vacation After Ten Months of Hard Work.

Mayor Gaynor of New York was shot and dangerously wounded Tuesday morning at he stood on the deck of the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse at the steamship's pier in Hoboken, N. J., about to start on a month's vacation in Europe. The shooting was done by a stranger, who later gave his name as Jules James Gallagher, living at 440 Third avenue, New York. He was later identified as a former city employe, who recently had been discharged.

Three shots were fired at the mayor. Two of them missed, and the third lodged in the fleshy portion of the left side of the neck. Blood gushed from the wound, and the first hasty examination led to the belief of serious and perhaps fatal consequences. The mayor retained consciousness and later examination by the physicians, when the mayor was taken to the hospital, gave a more hopeful outlook.

Mayor Gaynor was carried from the ship on a stretcher and placed in the ambulance of Undertaker Volk, which had been summoned by the police. He was carried to St. Mary's hospital in Willow avenue, Hoboken. When he reached the hospital he was still conscious. He was immediately taken to the operating room. Three shots were fired, two of which missed. One struck him in the neck.

The mayor was at first reported fatally wounded, but the doctors report that they do not believe his wound to be serious. Their examination shows that the bullet entered the right side of the neck and did not cut any of the important blood vessels. The mayor suffered somewhat from the gathering of blood in his throat, but this was relieved and he felt considerably better.

SLUMP IN AUTO BUSINESS

Bottom Seems to Have Dropped Out Notwithstanding Boosting Efforts of Manufacturers.

New York.—Indications point to the bottom having fallen out of the automobile business. The manufacturers, it is reported in trade circles, are making strenuous efforts to keep up a show of continued prosperity, but it is also said that they are not selling their product, but are storing machines throughout the country at their various agencies to prevent the public realizing the true conditions of the market.

Several large concerns are laying off men and giving all sorts of reasons for so doing except the statement that they are overstocked. Two or three of the largest factories recently closed entirely, ostensibly for the purpose of taking inventory, but the workmen were not given any definite time at which to again report for work, and it is not expected that these factories will again be in operation this year.

A well known automobile agent of this city said yesterday that all cars would undoubtedly be selling at from 25 per cent to 50 per cent less than present list prices within the next two or three months. He added:

"The trouble with the automobile business is that the farmers and people of the smaller cities and towns have not taken as kindly to the idea as was anticipated. The farmers find that the cost of keeping them in repair and operation is more than the cost of keeping horses to perform the same work, and while there was, for a time, a tendency among the farmers to invest in the machines, the demand for cars from this class of buyers has practically stopped, and I venture to say we will not again sell to the farmers to any extent until prices are materially reduced."

Crisis Near for Spain and Rome.

Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary, is trying through official, semi-official and private channels to reach an understanding with the Spanish government.

It is believed that the next note from the Vatican will announce an agreement or a definite rupture between Rome and Madrid.

A good omen was found in the presence of the Marquis de Gonzales, the Spanish charge d'affairs to the Vatican, and the staff of the Spanish embassy at the mass celebrated by Cardinal Merry del Val in honor of the anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius X.

In view of the strained relations between the holy see and Spain, the decision of the Spanish representatives to be present at the papal function or to absent themselves was awaited with great interest.

Disobedience of orders, according to the railroad officials, by a conductor, was responsible for the wreck between a passenger and a work train on the Northwestern Pacific near Ignacio, Cal., which took a known toll of 11 lives and resulted in the injury of about 20.

Cy Warman, of Montreal, was elected president of the American Press Humorists' association at the annual convention in session in Montreal. Col. W. G. Lampton, of the New York Herald is vice-president, and Newton Newkirk, of the Boston Post, secretary.

The National Independent Political league, in session at Atlantic City, N. J., represented by 50 different delegates from 29 states, adopted resolutions denouncing both the Republican and Democratic parties and urging the colored voters to "demand protection, education, equal opportunities and justice."

A great forest fire in the Clearwater country, about 15 miles from the Idaho and Montana divide, is reported. The fire has been raging for several days, but owing to its isolated position it is difficult for fire fighters to reach it. A large area has been burned over and the damage is great.

60 Bushels of Wheat

per acre is not unusual in England because the farmers there know the value of fertilizers and use them liberally. You can double your crops and preserve the fertility of your soil by using

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the Yield, Improve the Quality and Enrich the Soil. Every Harvest Proves It.

Armour Fertilizer Works, - Chicago

NOT JOKING THEN.

Helen—I never know when your friend Gruet is joking and when he is in earnest.

Henry—He's in earnest when he tries to borrow money.

The Motive Power.

"A western editor says nobody was ever hurt while taking a 'joy ride' on the handles of a plow."

"That's where he's mistaken. Many a good man has been kicked by a mule."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes—Trial Size—Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Wrong Sort.

An old Irish peasant was one Sunday sitting in front of his cottage puffing away furiously at his pipe.

Match after match he lighted, pulling hard at the pipe the while, until at last the ground all round his feet was strewed with struck matches.

"Come in to your dinner, Patsy," at length called out his wife.

"Faith, and Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Molke Mulrooney has been a-telling me that if Oi smoked a bit av khlaks Oi cud see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Molke's been a-fooling me or whether Oi've got hold av the wrong kind of ghlass."—Scraps.

RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now.

"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Falin, Spears Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

TOOK A SECOND THOUGHT.

Aggrieved Visitor Agrees With Man Who Spoke About the Better Part of Valor.

Bishop William H. McVickar of the Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, has hundreds of Boston friends who will be interested in a story they are telling down in Providence about him. The bishop is as big physically as he is mentally. On a certain occasion some years ago, he preached a sermon on the need for missionary work in the back towns of the state, and especially mentioned the town of Foster, which certainly deserved as much as he said about it.

There are a good many fighters in Foster, and the worst of the lot announced to all who cared to hear that when he went to Providence he would make it his business to chastise the bishop. He didn't happen to visit the city until a month or so ago. On his return he joined the crowd about the stove in the village post-office.

"Well, Hi," said one of the great beards. "Did ye lick this here Parson McVickar when ye was down to Providence?"

Hi spat deliberately before he replied. "Lick him!" he said. "Say, he's eight foot tall and four foot broad. Lick him? I saw him."—Boston Traveler.

On a Stygian Ferryboat.

Charon was ferrying a passenger across the Styx.

"Fine scenery for my toothpowder ad," cried the shade.

Thus we see the ruling passion survive.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cure Sick Headache and Indigestion with CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They are based on Nature's laws.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Party Tickets Had Changed Somewhat Since the Old Gentleman Handed Out Advice.

Everybody who had known old Henry admired him for the charity of his tongue when he spoke of his neighbors. It was his most marked characteristic—except the independence which he manifested in his political affiliations. It made a young man who was visiting in the neighborhood curious, and one day he managed to lead up to the subject and ask the old man what had taught him to keep such a good watch on his tongue.

"It was my father," replied the old man, quietly. "A splendid man, as I remember him. He always disliked to hear folks gossiping unkindly about each other. I've seen him, when they began it, get on his feet, just like a cow grazing and gradually working toward a hole in the fence, and before any one knew it he'd be out of the room, so he couldn't hear 'em.

"He talked to me about it, 'Henry,' he'd say, 'when you're of age, never say anything about a man if you can't say good of him, and always vote the straight party ticket.'

"But, you don't vote that way."

"Well, sir," said Henry, "I'd see my father said the straight party ticket, and when I came along to vote, the peaky thing had got so crooked that I don't believe he'd have recognized it."

A BLUFFER ALWAYS.

Ella—A man is as old as he feels.

Stella—How about woman?

Ella—She is at youth's age she can bluff people into thinking she is.

An Unnecessary System.

"You ought to have a burglar alarm system in your house," said the electrical supply agent, "so that you will be awakened if a burglar raises one of the windows or opens a door at night."

"No, burglar can get in here while we are peacefully sleeping," replied Mr. Newpop. "We are weaning our baby."

I have been to feasts of arguments where the only result was a constipation of real original ideas.

No Trouble—

A Saucer,

A little Cream,

and

Post Toasties

right from the box.

Breakfast in a minute, and you have a meal as delightful as it is wholesome.

Post Toasties are crisp and flavoury—golden-brown, fluffy bits that almost melt in the mouth.

"The Memory Lingers"

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