

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Casimir, a former neighbor and playmate.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

It was a sorry sample of his talk. Hilton Toye did not usually mix the ready metaphors that nevertheless had to satisfy an inner censor, of some sterility, before they were allowed to leave those deliberate lips. Yet in his strange excitement, word for word alike were on the level of stage American's. It was not less in extraordinary.

"You don't mean"—Cazalet seemed to be swallowing—"about Henry Craven?"
"Yes."
"You don't mean to say he's—dead?"
"Last Wednesday night!" Toye said at his paper. "No, I guess I'm wrong. Seems it happened Wednesday, but he only passed away Sunday morning."

Cazalet still sat staring at him—re was not room for two of them on the feet—but into his heavy stare came a gleam of leaden wisdom. "It was Thursday morning," he said, "so I didn't dream of it when it opened, after all."

"You dreamed you saw him lying dead, and so he was," said Toye. "The dead's been today. I don't know that seems to me just about the next nearest thing to seeing the crime perpetrated in a vision."

"Crime!" cried Cazalet. "What crime?"
"Murder, sir!" said Hilton Toye. "Willful, brutal, bloody murder! Here's the paper; better read it for yourself. I'm glad he wasn't a friend of yours, or mine either, but it's a bad end even for your worst enemy."

The paper fluttered in Cazalet's clutch as it had done in Toye's; but that was as natural as his puzzled frown over the cryptic allusions of a journal that had dealt fully with the ascertainable facts in previous issues. Some few emerged between the lines. Henry Craven had received his fatal injuries on the Wednesday of the previous week. The thing had happened in his library, at or about half past seven in the evening; but how a crime, which was apparently a profound mystery, had been timed to within a minute of its commission did not appear among the latest particulars. No arrest had been made. No clue was mentioned, beyond the statement that the police were still searching for a definite instrument with which it was evidently assumed that the deed had been committed. There was in fact a close description of an unusual weapon, a special constable's very special truncheon. It had hung as a cherished trophy on the library wall, from which it was missing, while the very imprint of a silver shield, mounted on the thick end of the weapon, was stated to have been discovered on the scalp of the fractured skull. But that was a little bit of special reporting, typical of the enterprising sheet that Toye had procured. The inquest, merely opened on the Monday, had been adjourned to the day of issue.

"We must get hold of an evening paper," said Cazalet. "Fancy his own famous truncheon! He had it mounted and inscribed himself, so that it shouldn't be forgotten how he'd fought for law and order at Trafalgar Square! That was the man all over!"

His voice and manner achieved the excessive indifference which the English type holds due from itself after any excess of feeling. Toye also was himself again, his alert mind working keenly yet darkly in his acute eyes.

"I wonder if it was a murder?" he speculated. "I bet it wasn't a deliberate murder."
"What else could it have been?"
"Kind of manslaughter. Deliberate murderers don't trust to chance weapons hanging on their victims' walls."

"You forget," said Cazalet, "that he was robbed as well."
"Do they claim that?" said Hilton Toye. "I guess I skipped some. Where does it say anything about his being robbed?"

"Here!" Cazalet had scanned the paper eagerly; his finger drummed upon the place. "The police," he read out, in some sort of triumph, "have now been furnished with a full description of the missing watch and trinkets and the other articles believed to have been taken from the pockets of the deceased." "What's that but robbery?"

"You're dead right," said Toye. "I missed that somehow. Yet who in thunder tracks a man down to rob and murder him in his own home? But when you've brained a man, because you couldn't keep your hands off him, you might deliberately do all the rest to make it seem like the work of thieves."

Hilton Toye looked a judge of deliberation as he measured his irrefutable words. He looked something more. Cazalet could not tear his blue

eyes from the penetrating pair that met them with a somber twinkle, an enlightened gusto, quite uncomfortably suggestive at such a moment.

"You aren't a detective, by any chance, are you?" cried Cazalet, with clumsy humor.
"No, sir! But I've often thought I wouldn't mind being one," said Toye, chuckling. "I rather figure I might do something at it. If things don't go my way in your old country, and they put up a big enough reward, why, here's a man I know and a place I know, and I might have a mind to try my hand."

They went ashore together, and to the same hotel at Southampton for the night. Midnight found the chance pair with their legs under the same heavy Victorian mahogany, devouring cold beef, ham and pickles as phlegmatically as commercial travelers who had never been off the island in their lives. Yet surely Cazalet was less depressed than he had been before landing; the old English ale in a pewter tankard even elicited a few of those anecdotes and piquant comparisons in which his conversation was at its best. It was at its worst on general questions, or on concrete topics not introduced by himself; and into this category, perhaps not unnaturally, fell such further particulars of the Thames Valley mystery as were to be found in an evening paper at the inn. They included a fragmentary report of the adjourned inquest, and the actual offer of such a reward, by the dead man's firm, for the apprehension of his murderer, as

with thoughtful puckers about his somber eyes.
"If you ask me," he replied, "I should like to know what wasn't difficult connected with the telephone system in this country! Why, you don't have a system, and that's all there is to it. But it's not at that end they'll put the salt on their man."
"Which end will it be, then?"
"The river end. That hat, or cap. Do you see what the gardener says about the man who ran out bare-headed? If he went and left his hat or his cap behind him, that should be good enough in the long run. It's the very worst thing you can leave. Ever hear of Franz Muller?"

Cazalet had not heard of that important notoriety, nor did his ignorance appear to trouble him at all, but it was becoming more and more clear that Toye took an almost unhealthy interest in the theory and practice of violent crime.

"Franz Muller," he continued, "left his hat behind him, only that and nothing more, but it brought him to the gallows even though he got over to the other side first. He made the mistake of taking a slow steamer, and that's just about the one mistake they never did make at Scotland Yard. Give them a nice, long, plain-sailing stern-chase and they get there by bedtime—wireless or no wireless!"

But Cazalet was in no mind to discuss other crimes, old or new; and he closed the digression by asserting somewhat roundly that neither hat nor cap had been left behind in the only case that interested him.

"Don't be too sure," said Toye. "Even Scotland Yard doesn't show all its hand at once, in the first inquiry that comes along. They don't give out any description of the man that ran away, but you bet it's being circulated around every police office in the United Kingdom."

Cazalet said they would give it out fast enough if they had it to give. By the way, he was surprised to see that the head gardener was the same who had been at Uplands in his father's time; he must be getting an old man, and no doubt shakier on points of detail than he would be likely to admit. Cazalet instanced the alleged bearing of the gong as in itself an unconvincing statement. It was well over a hundred yards from the gates to the house, and there were no windows to open in the hall where the gong would be rung.

"I've dreamed of the old spot so often," he said at length. "I'm not thinking of the night before last—I meant in the bush—and now to think of a thing like this happening, there, in the old governor's den, of all places!"

"Seems like a kind of poetic justice," said Hilton Toye.
"It does. It is!" cried Cazalet, fetching moist yet fiery eyes from the fields. "I said to you the other night that Henry Craven never was a white man, and I won't unsay it now. Nobody may ever know what he's done to bring this upon him. But those who really knew the man, and suffered for it, can guess the kind of thing!"

"Exactly," murmured Toye, as though he had just said as much himself. His dark eyes twinkled with deliberation and debate. "How long is it, by the way, that they gave that clerk and friend of yours?"
"A keen look pressed the startling question; at least, it startled Cazalet."
"You mean Scruton? What on earth made you think of him?"

"Talking of those who suffered for being the dead man's friends, I guess," said Toye. "Was it fourteen years?"
"That was it."
"But I guess fourteen doesn't mean fourteen, ordinarily, if a prisoner behaves himself?"
"A little more than ten."
"Then Scruton may be out now?"
"Just."

Toye nodded with detestable aplomb. "That gives you something to chew on," said he. "Of course, I don't say he's our man."
"I should think you didn't!" cried Cazalet, white to the lips with sudden fury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fossilized Bacteria.
Marvelous as were the discoveries of such prehistoric monsters as the mammoth, the mastodon and the stegosaurus, they are now eclipsed by recent investigations which show the most minute microbes and bacteria in fossil form. The ancestors of our modern infectious disease germs and microbes have been found in fossils of the earliest life on earth. Fossil bacteria have been discovered in very ancient limestones collected by Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in Gallatin county, Montana. The bacteria consist of individual cells and apparent chains of cells which correspond in their physical appearance with the cells of micrococci, a form of bacteria of today. The world has believed that bacteria were modern forms of life, but now we are made to realize that they existed in the dawn of world history, many million years ago.

The Costly Elevator.
Elevator or vertical travel for the average multistory factory, floor to floor, is seldom over 15 feet, yet in traversing that distance, together with starting, stopping, and with the same loading and unloading time, we can travel in the same time an equivalent distance of 100 feet horizontally. One factory manager, of an inquiring turn of mind, estimated in his particular plant that the cost of elevator service, wages of operator, power, repairs and time consumed by men using the elevators, amounted to about 2 per cent of his payroll.—Engineering Magazine.



"You Aren't a Detective, by Chance, Are You?" Cried Cazalet.

CHAPTER III.

In the Train.
Discussion was inevitable on the way up to town next morning. The two strange friends, planted opposite each other in the first-class smoker, traveled inland simultaneously engrossed in a copious report of the previous day's proceedings at the coroner's court.

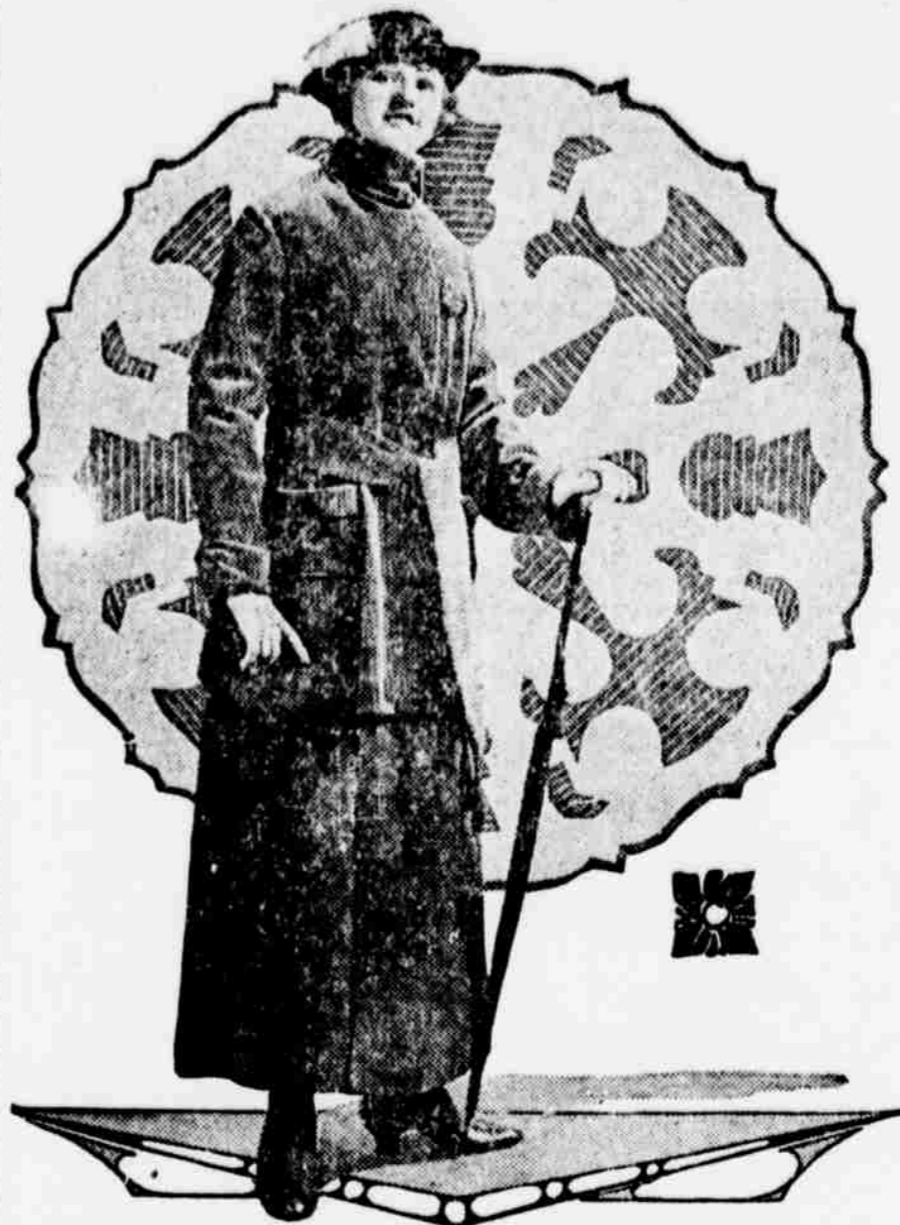
The medical evidence was valuable only as tracing the fatal blow to some such weapon as the missing truncheon; the butler's evidence explained that the dinner-hour was seven thirty; that, not five minutes before, he had seen his master come down-stairs and enter the library, where, at seven fifty-five, on going to ask if he had heard the gong, he had obtained no answer but found the door locked on the inside; that he had then hastened round by the garden, and in through the French window, to discover the deceased gentleman lying in his blood.

The head gardener, who lived in the lodge, had sworn to having seen a bare-headed man rush past his windows and out of the gates about the same hour, as he knew by the sounding of the gong up at the house; they often heard it at the lodge, in warm weather when the windows were open, and the gardener swore that he himself had heard it on this occasion.

The footman appeared to have been less positive as to the time of a telephone call he had answered, thought it was between four and five, but remembered the conversation very well. The gentleman had asked whether Mr. Craven was at home, had been told that he was out motoring, asked when he would be back, told he couldn't say, but before dinner some time, and what name should be given, whereupon the gentleman had rung off without answering. The footman thought he was a gentleman, from the way he spoke. But apparently the police had not yet succeeded in tracing the call.

"Is it a difficult thing to do?" asked Cazalet, touching on this last point early in the discussion, which even he showed no wish to avoid this morning. He had dropped his paper, to find that Toye had already dropped his, and was gazing at the flying English fields

Corduroy Featured in Winter Wraps



Besides fur-fabrics, which gave chance for a welcome variety in separate coats and jackets to be worn with cloth skirts, corduroy has increased its popularity for this purpose. Like fur-fabric it is more effectively used as a wrap, with skirt of a plain material, than in suits, and it makes a handsome full-length coat for either street or dressy wear.

Its adaptability to many purposes is explained by its manufacture in many colors and of cotton as well as wool or silk. The quieter colorings are chosen for utility coats, the brighter hues for sports coats, and the richer qualities provide wraps for evening. The last are almost always furnished with big fur collars and cuffs.

An effective model in a corduroy short coat is shown here. It is in taupe color with collar and cuffs of the material, and even the large flat buttons covered with it. The skirt is of the heavy, glossy woolen cloth known as "kitten's ear," matches it in shade, and it seems that no other color is quite so beautiful in these fabrics. But in the better qualities Russian green and warm brown leave nothing to be desired in harmony of color and material. They are very fine in corduroy.

The coat pictured is a loose-hanging garment with a little definition given the waist line by a sash of the corduroy drawn through narrow straps of it, that are sewed to the coat. The sash ends are finished with small silk tassels. A coat of this kind in any of the reserved or staple colors may be worn over dresses in almost any color.

Forecasting Short Jackets.

Short jackets will be worn this spring. Styles tend more toward the 1840 and 1850 periods. Skirts will be longer and ruffled and waists will be tighter.—Paris Letter to Harper's Bazaar.

Nothing is prettier than the gold dotted evening scarf for a debutante.

Advance Styles for the Small Boy



For the small boy recently arrived at the dignity of blouse and pants nothing radically new has made its appearance in the suits designed for spring. It is in little details of finishing and an occasional minor change in construction that novelty may be found. Those who wish to get the sewing for spring under way are safe in making up his washable suits and play rompers of the usual fabrics.

Belted blouses and bloomers, or straight pants, are made of colored chambrays or linens. Sometimes they combine a color with white, more often a plain and a striped pattern, and just about as often two colors, in the same suit. These serve, with his rompers, as in past seasons for his daily wear. White linen suits fill in his needs for more pretentious dress, and these or velvet suits bespeak his best effort to do honor to formal occasions.

Rompers that look trim are made of chambray or serge, with straight pants and long, plain body, cut in one piece. They open down the back and at the waist line and have a belt for the material that buttons in front. It is slipped through narrow straps of the fabric stitched to the body of the garment. The neck is round and split a little way down the front. It is finished with a narrow sailor collar and the sleeves with cuffs. A small patch pocket at the left side and two short straps across the split at the neck, fastened with a button at each end, give a bit of snappy finish.

A velvet and a linen suit are shown here. Both are made with straight pants and belted blouse. The velvet blouse is plaited, with slashes under the plaits through which the belt is slipped. The shallow V at the front of the neck is filled in with a white dickey, and the small sailor collar, wide cuffs and belt are all of linen.

Julia Bottumley

Fur on Transparent Raincoats.
The transparent raincoats that are made of a fine silk fabric treated with certain oils which render it waterproof have been worn a lot in the East this year at winter sports. They are often seen with fur collars and cuffs.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

Accounted For.

"Do you enjoy entertaining social parties?"

"In a way," replied Mr. Cumrox. "When we have a party at my own house so many people don't look me over and wonder how I happened to get invited."

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Jealous.

"What a beautiful complexion Mrs. Blank has tonight."

"Yes; I've noticed that, too. I wonder what druggist she is patronizing now."

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



Prof. Schmitz.

Better think three times before extracting a dollar from your pocket to invest in a get-rich-quick proposition.

A girl never looks older than she is unless she has her hair in curl papers.