

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG

Author of *The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN*, *RAFFLES*, Etc.
ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

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 Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

He had floundered to his feet as well. He was standing over her, feeling his way like a great fatuous coward, so some might have thought. But it really looked as though Blanche was not attending to what he did say; yet neither was she watching her little angles stamped in jet upon the silvery stream, nor even seeing any more of Nelly Potts in the Australian veranda. She had come home from Australia, and come in from the river, and she was watching the open door at the other end of the old schoolroom, listening to those confounded steps coming nearer and nearer—and Cazalet was gazing at her as though he really had said something that deserved an answer.

"Why, Miss Blanche!" cried a voice. "And your old lady-in-waiting figured I should find you flow!"

Hilton Toye was already a landman and a Londoner from top to toe. He was perfectly dressed—for Bond Street—and his native simplicity of bearing and address placed him as surely and firmly in the present picture. He did not look the least bit out of it. But Cazalet did, in an instant; his old bush clothes changed at once into a merely shabby suit of despicable cut; the romance dropped out of them and their wearer, as he stood like a trussed turkey-cock, and watched a bunch of Lothouse flowers presented to the lady with a little gem of a natural, courteous, and yet characteristically racy speech.

To the lady, mark you; for she was one, on the spot; and Cazalet was a man again, and making a mighty effort to behave himself because the hour of boy and girl was over.

"Mr. Cazalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what in thunder I'm doing on your tracks so soon. It's hog-luck, sir, because I wanted to see you quite a lot, but I never thought I'd strike you right here. Did you hear the news?"

"No! What?"

There was no need to inquire as to the class of news; the immediate past had come back with Toye into Cazalet's life; and even in Blanche's presence, even in her schoolroom, the old days had flown into their proper place and size in the perspective.

"They've made an arrest," said Toye; and Cazalet nodded as though



"Mr. Cazalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what I'm doing on your track."

he had quite expected it, which set Blanche off trying to remember something he had said at the other house; but she had not succeeded when she noticed the curious pallor of his chin and forehead.

"Scruton?" he just asked.

"Yes, sir! This morning," said Hilton Toye.

"You don't mean the poor man?" cried Blanche, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, he does," said Cazalet gloomily. He stared out at the river, seeing nothing in his turn, though one of the anglers was actually busy with his reel.

"But I thought Mr. Scruton was still—!" Blanche remembered him, remembered dancing with him; she did not like to say, "in prison."

"He came out the other day," sighed Cazalet. "But how like the police all over! Give a dog a bad name, and trust them to hunt it down and shoot it at sight!"

"I judge it's not so bad as all that in this country," said Hilton Toye. "That's more like the police theory

about Scruton, I guess, bar drawing the bead."

"When did you hear of it?" said Cazalet.

"It was on the tape at the Savoy when I got there. So I made an inquiry, and I figured to look in at the Kingston Court on my way to call upon Miss Blanche. You see, I was kind of interested in all you'd told me about the case."

"Well?"

"Well, that was my end of the situation. As luck and management would have it between them, I was in time to hear your man—"

"Not my man, please! You thought of him yourself," said Cazalet sharply. "Well, anyway, I was in time to hear the proceedings opened against him. They were all over in about a minute. He was remanded till next week."

"How did he look?" and, "Had he a beard?" demanded Cazalet and Blanche simultaneously.

"He looked like a sick man," said Toye, with something more than his usual deliberation in answering or asking questions. "Yes, Miss Blanche, he had a beard worthy of a free citizen."

"They let them grow one, if they like, before they come out," said Cazalet, with the nod of knowledge.

"Then I guess he was a wise man not to take it off," rejoined Hilton Toye. "That would only prejudice his case, if it's going to be one of identity, with that head gardener playing lead in the witness-stand."

"Old Savage!" snorted Cazalet. "Why, he was a dotard in our time; they couldn't hang a dog on his evidence!"

"Still," said Blanche, "I'd rather have it than circumstantial evidence, wouldn't you, Mr. Toye?"

"No, Miss Blanche, I would not," replied Toye, with unhesitating candor. "The worst evidence in the world, in my opinion, and I've given the matter some thought, is the evidence of identity." He turned to Cazalet, who had betrayed a quickened interest in his views. "Shall I tell you why? Think how often you're not so sure if you have seen a man before or if you never have! You kind of shrink from nodding, or else you nod wrong; if you didn't ever have that feeling, then you're not like any other man I know."

"I have!" cried Cazalet. "I've had it all my life, even in the wilds; but I never thought of it before."

"Think of it now," said Toye, "and you'll see there may be flaws in the best evidence of identity that money can buy. But circumstantial evidence can't lie, Miss Blanche, if you get enough of it. If the links fit in, to prove that a certain person was in a certain place at a certain time, I guess that's worth all the oaths of all the eye-witnesses that ever saw daylight!"

Cazalet laughed harshly, as for no apparent reason he led the way into the garden. "Mr. Toye's made a study of these things," he fired over his shoulder. "He should have been a Sherlock Holmes, and rather wishes he was one!"

"Give me time," said Toye, laughing. "I may come along that way yet."

Cazalet faced him in a frame of tangled greenery. "You told me you wouldn't!"

"I did, sir, but that was before they put salt on this poor old crook. If you're right, and he's not the man, shouldn't you say that rather altered the situation?"

CHAPTER VI.

Voluntary Service.

"And why do you think he can't have done it?"

Cazalet had trundled the old canoe over the rollers, and Blanche was hardly paddling in the glassy strip alongside the weir. Below the lock there had been something to do, and Blanche had done it deftly and silently, with almost equal capacity and grace. It had given her a charming flush and sparkle; and, what with the sun's bare hand on her yellow hair, she now looked even bonnier than indoors, yet not quite, quite such a girl. But then every bit of the boy had gone out of Cazalet. So that hour stolen from the past was up forever.

"Why do the police think the other thing?" he retorted. "What have they got to go on? That's what I want to know. I agree with Toye in one thing. Blanche looked up quickly. "I wouldn't trust old Savage an inch. I've been thinking about him and his previous evidence. Do you realize that it's quite dark now soon after seven? It was pretty thick saying his man was bareheaded, with neither hat nor cap left behind to prove it! Yet now it seems he's put a beard to him, and next we shall have the color of his eyes!"

Blanche laughed at his vigor of phrase; this was more like the old, hot-tempered, sometimes rather overbearing Sweep. Something had made him jump to the conclusion that Scruton could not possibly have killed Mr. Craven, whatever else he might have done in days gone by. So it simply

was impossible, and anybody who looks the other side would have to reckon henceforth with Sweep Cazalet.

Mr. Toye already had reckoned with him, in a little debate begun outside the old summer schoolroom at Littleford, and adjourned rather than finished at the iron gate into the road. In her heart of hearts Blanche could not say that Cazalet had the best of the argument. Toye had advanced a general principle with calm ability, but Cazalet could not be shifted from the particular position he was so eager to defend, and would only enter into abstract questions to beg them out of hand.

Blanche rather thought that neither quite understood what the other meant; but she could not blink the fact that the old friend had neither the dialectical mind nor the unflinching courtesy of the new. That being so, with her perception she might have changed the subject; but she could see that Cazalet was thinking of nothing else; and no wonder, since they were approaching the scene of the tragedy and his own old home, with each long dip of her paddle.

It had been his own wish to start upstream; but she could see the wistful pain in his eyes as they fell once more upon the red turrets and the smooth green lawn of Uplands; and she neither spoke nor looked at him again until he spoke to her.

"I see they've got the blinds down still," he said detachedly. "What's happened to Mrs. Craven?"

"I hear she went into a nursing home before the funeral."

"I expect we should find Savage somewhere. Would you very much



He Clutched Her Hand, but Only as He Might Have Clutched a Man's.

mind, Blanche? I should rather like— if it was just setting foot—with you—"

But even that effective final pronoun failed to bring any buoyancy back into his voice; for it was not in the least effective as he said it, and he no longer looked her in the face. But this all seemed natural to Blanche, in the manifold and overlapping circumstances of the case. She made for the inlet at the upper end of the lawn. And her prompt questioning acquiescence shamed Cazalet into further and franker explanation, before he could let her land to please him.

"You don't know how I feel this!" he exclaimed quite miserably. "I mean about poor old Scruton; he's gone through so much as it is, whatever he may have done to deserve it long ago. Is it conceivable that he should go and do a thing like this the very moment he gets out? I ask you, is it even conceivable?"

Blanche understood him. And now she showed herself golden to the core, almost as an earnest of her fitness for the floor before her.

"Poor fellow," she cried, "he has a friend in you, at any rate! And I'll help you to help him, if there's any way I can."

He clutched her hand, but only as he might have clutched a man's."

"You can't do anything; but I won't forget that," he almost choked. "I meant to stand by him in a very different way. He'd been down to the depths, and I'd come up a bit; then he was good to me as a lad, and it was my father's partner who was the ruin of him. I seemed to owe him something, and now—now I'll stand by him whatever happens and—whatever has happened!"

Then they landed in the old, old inlet. Cazalet knew every knot in the post to which he tied Blanche's canoe. It was a very different place, this Uplands, from poor old Littleford on the lower reach. The grounds were five or six acres instead of about one, and a house in quite another class stood farther back from the river and very much farther from the road.

The inlet began the western boundary, which continued past the boat-house in the shape of a high hedge, a herbaceous border (not what it had been in the old days), and a gravel path. This path was screened from the lawn by a bank of rhododendrons, as of course were the back yard and kitchen premises, past which it led into the front garden, eventually debouching into the drive. It was the path along which Cazalet led the way this afternoon, and Blanche at his heels was so struck by something that she could not help telling him he knew his way very well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diplomacy.

"Look here, Charlie," said one young underdog to another, who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father, in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug, g-u-g!" "I know," said Charlie; "but you see I need the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute.)
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LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 27

THE SEVEN HELPERS.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 6. GOLDEN TEXT—Bare ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—Gal. 6:2.

It would be a source of great blessing if every teacher and scholar would read through the book of Acts several times during the year. Such reading will give vision, inspiration and a more comprehensive idea of the continuation of what Jesus "began" and which record is not yet fully written. The time of this lesson is about A. D. 35, though Ramsey places it at 32, 33; and the place, the city of Jerusalem.

I. The Occasion, vv. 1-2. For a time the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus continued in Jerusalem, but soon the pressure of circumstances thrust it forth as prophesied (1:8). There were two groups of men in the early church: those who had been born in Judea who spoke Hebrew (Aramaic), and those born in foreign cities and who spoke the Greek language. Trouble arose over the distribution of funds among certain of the dependent widows—the text suggests "secret displeasure." There was imperfection, selfishness, suspicion and jealousy in that early church.

II. The Method, vv. 3, 4. It does not appear that God gave the church a cut and dried program according to which it must act. Certainly the church had no precedent to follow, and step by step God was developing it. This lesson gives us a suggestion of those steps: (1) As the occasion demanded, (2) The Apostles refused to diminish their praying and preaching, literally it was "not pleasing" to God for the Apostles to "serve tables." Such work must be done, certainly, but it was not to be done by these God-appointed and selected leaders, their duty was clearly stated. The minister's business is praying and ministering the word. These things should fully engage his attention, and in them he is "to continue steadfastly." The minister cannot manifestly "know more about books than the schoolteacher; more about politics than the politician; more about medicine than the doctor; more about psychology than the college professor." No, that is out of the question, though he should be intelligent in these lines. But he should be pre-eminence in prayer and in the ministry of the word, and furthermore he should preach that word pre-eminently. (3) The church, not the apostles, must needs select these new officials. (4) The qualifications of these men, who were thus to care for these temporal affairs, were (a) "men of good report," not those bearing doubtful reputations, nor chosen because they were rich or shrewd in business. (b) "full of the spirit." It demands the Spirit-filled man to look after financial affairs as certainly as it does to teach or preach the word. (c) "full of wisdom." Men of common sense, a quality often sadly lacking among spiritually-minded men. Men meeting such qualifications will be men of "the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind" (literally sound sense). (II Tim. 1:7).

III. The Method of Choosing, vv. 5, 6. (1) The people did the choosing. The early church seems to have been remarkably democratic. (2) The choice was made after, and not before, prayer had been offered. This is a suggestion and a warning for present-day practice of choosing church officials. (3) It was a legal selection, not the selection of a minority, and it was confirmed by the laying on of the hands of the apostles.

IV. The Result, vv. 7, 8. First of all upon the people. (1) The word "increased." (2) The number of disciples "multiplied greatly," and (3) Some of the priests of the Jews were "obedient to the faith." Secondly, the result in the lives of the thus chosen and Spirit-anointed men gave evidence of the good hand of God. They were "full of grace" (Eph. 4:9. Acts 15:15); they were "full of power" (1:8). The first two of them soon became great and mighty preachers as well. Indeed as far as we can read they even outstripped the apostles themselves in real achievement for God. Stephen, of course, stands out pre-eminently. His character is suggested in verse eight. He was (a) "full of faith," (b) "full of the Holy Spirit," (c) "full of grace" (R. V.), (d) "full of power." How sad it is that so frequently our churches fail to make a wise and spirit-led choice of its leaders, and are content with few, or perhaps none, being added to its membership.

No man is fit to be an officer in the church of Christ unless he is filled with the Holy Spirit. (Acts 1:8, Luke 24:49).

Such a man will always stir up opposition of the powers of evil, even as did Stephen.

Those who opposed Stephen were moral and religious men (v. 9). Frequently the opposition a Spirit-filled man encounters is not from the immoral, the worldly, or the utterly ungodly; but those who stand out against him, and reason against him (v. 10), and often seek to kill him, are moral and religious men.

SHE THOUGHT 'T WAS VOICE OF ANGELS

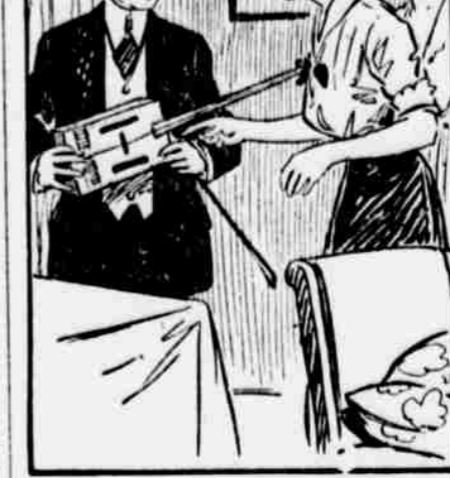
Mrs. Runkel Hears Music After Being Deaf for Twenty-seven Years.

Newport, Ky.—Here is the great adventure: It is to hear music when one hasn't heard a sound in a lifetime of twenty-seven years.

To Mrs. Hilda Runkel of this place, it was as though angels had spoken.

Until a week ago Mrs. Runkel neither heard a sound nor spoke a word. And she is twenty-seven.

One day last week she was visiting her downstairs neighbor—the Catillas. John Catilla had fashioned a homemade violin out of a cigar box. It



She Pointed to the Violin.

was a fairly good violin at that. It is good enough to produce "My Old Kentucky Home." And that was what Catilla was playing at the moment of the miracle.

Mrs. Runkel was seated. But suddenly she arose. In her eyes was a look of one to whom had been given a great revelation. She lifted her hand to her right ear and then she pointed to the violin, and then again to her ear. And thus she made it known that she had heard.

Each day since her hearing has improved. She is now learning to make the sounds she hears. In seven days she mastered fifty-two words. Mrs. Catilla is her teacher.

"Mother" was her first word and "father" was the second.

The words came painfully like those of a baby learning to talk.

HID HUSBAND'S FALSE TEETH

Jefferson Swears That is the Way His Wife Got Money from Him.

Pittsburgh.—It behooves all married tightwads who wear false teeth to beware. Often the subject of ridicule, artificial teeth have at last been found to serve a practical purpose in domestic life.

Frank Jefferson in divorce court told a harrowing story of the manner in which his wife had frequently forced him to "come across" with money by the simple expedient of taking his false teeth and hiding them.

The odd thing, to Jefferson's way of thinking, was that even when he waxed angry his wife would refuse to return his teeth. Only Uncle Sam's coin of the realm would persuade her that her husband's molars were essential and necessary to his daily existence.

Mrs. Jefferson's side of the case was terse and to the point—her husband had refused her the money she believed she was entitled to as lady of the house. Consequently she took these measures to get it.

ONE SPREE IN 101 YEARS

Mississippi Man Had Another Exciting Day When He Smoked a Cigar.

Columbus, Miss.—Harrison Johnston of this city has just passed his one hundred and first birthday and is an almost daily figure in the business section of this city. He is said to be the oldest member of the B. P. O. E. in the world.

"I was never intoxicated but once," Johnston says; "never took but one chew of tobacco, and have smoked but one cigar in my life." He is the sole pensioner on the rolls of the United States government for services in the Seminole war in 1834. Johnston made a fortune out of a cotton mill, and says he gave the mill away because the state persisted in an effort to collect back taxes on it.

IS NOT BAR TO TEACHING

Marriage Not Sufficient Cause for Dismissal of School Teacher, Says Court.

Salem, Ore.—Marriage alone is not a sufficient cause to warrant the dismissal of a school teacher, according to a decision rendered by the Oregon supreme court.

The decision affirmed the action of the circuit court of Multnomah county in issuing a writ of mandamus commanding the Portland school board to reinstate Mrs. Maud L. Richards, whom it had dismissed as a teacher because she married.

THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE

Results Following Settlement Show That Conditions in Western Canada Are Highly Satisfactory.

Until a few years ago Mr. Henry Lohmann lived at Effingham, Ill. He thought he would better his condition in a new country, where he would have wider scope for his farming operations. It would not seem essential to refer to Mr. Lohmann, at this particular time, as of German blood, but for the fact that so many false statements have gone out as to ill treatment of Germans in Canada.

Writing from Willmont, Sask., under date of January 30, 1916, Mr. Lohmann says:

"We are perfectly satisfied in this country, and doing well up here.

"I bought a half section of land and took up a homestead, my three sons also took homesteads, two of them buying each 160 acres of land as well. I sold my homestead, and I and one of us sons own a threshing outfit.

"The crop this year was good; the oats went 80 to 90 bushels per acre, and wheat went 40 to 50 bushels and the price is fair."

Sam Morrow, of Millet, Alta., in writing to Mr. J. M. MacLachlan, Canadian government agent at Waterton, S. D., says: "I am well pleased with the country. The climate is better than I ever thought it could be so far north; ideal climate for stock. I have some colts and cattle that have not been inside of a stable in four years. I consider this a fine country for mixed farming. I know of farmers around here who had 42 bushels of barley to the acre and 55 bushels of oats to the acre."

Jacob Goetz of Piapot, Sask., had 43 acres of wheat from which he got 1,200 bushels, and got an average of 93 bushels of oats to the acre.

Golden Prairie, Sask., is a district largely settled by South Dakotans. Horace Blake is one of those. He says: "The crops of 1915 were immense."

Wheat in his locality went from 40 to 55 bushels per acre; oats about 50 bushels on an average. One hundred bushels of potatoes were grown on a quarter of an acre of land; twelve potatoes weighed 30 pounds. His horses run out all winter, and come in fat. He raised excellent corn, and fattened hogs on it. He concludes an interesting letter by saying: "There are schools in every district. The people here are most all hustlers and are fast pushing to the front. When I first came up here on almost every half section stood a little 12x14 shack, now almost everyone has real modern houses and barns."

Some Southern Alberta yields for 1915:

I. H. Hooker, 82 acres, 3,820 bushels Marquis wheat No. 1, 64 pounds per bushel.

I. I. Lee, 40 acres, stubble, 1,500 bushels; 40 acres summer fallow, 2,530 bushels.

Peter Brandon, 164 acres, 7,361 bushels Marquis wheat.

R. Marandi, 135 acres, 6,920 bushels, 64 pounds per bushel.

I. McReynolds, 45 acres, 1,675, stubble.

Ole Christoferson, 50 acres, 2,647 bushels.

Arufhus Gavett, 155 acres wheat, 6,642 bushels; 30 acres oats, 2,000 bushels.

Robert Mathews, 46 acres wheat, 2,016 bushels, machine measure.

D. Dunbar, 130 acres wheat, 5,925 bushels.

Ingould Hoppy, 80 acres wheat, 2,800 bushels, all stubble.

Louis Kragt, 80 acres wheat, 4,000 bushels.

W. J. Pate, 26 acres wheat, 980 bushels.

W. Roenicke, 150 acres wheat, 5,337 bushels, 80 of this stubble.

J. C. McKinnon, 50 acres wheat, 2,536 bushels.

Gordon Swinehart, 30 acres wheat, 1,140 bushels.

Albert Hanson, 85 acres wheat, 3,760 bushels.

Elmer Hamm, 110 acres wheat, 5,158 bushels; 90 acres oats, 6,550 bushels.

John Larson, 80 acres wheat, 3,000 bushels; 30 acres oats, 2,000 bushels.

John Hecklin, 37 acres, 1,484 bushels.

Wm. Hecklin, 100 acres, 3,376, stubble and breaking.

O. Salsbury, 50 acres Marquis wheat, 1,600 bushels on breaking.—Advertisement.

The man who is unable to live without his income must live without it.

THE GIRL WITH A CLEAR SKIN WINS

If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, just try Resinol Soap regularly for a week and see if it does not make a blessed difference in your skin. In severe cases a little Resinol Ointment should also be used. Resinol Soap helps to make red, rough hands soft and white, and to keep the hair healthy and free from dandruff. Resinol Soap contains no free alkali; sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Ingratitude is as blind as it is base.