

# 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 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 night. 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. Toye also comes to see her and tells Cazalet that Scruton has been arrested, but as he doesn't believe the old clerk is guilty he is going to ferret out the murderer. Cazalet and Blanche go to Cazalet's old home.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Every inch of it!" he said bitterly. "But so I ought, if anybody does." "But these rhododendrons weren't here in your time. They're the one improvement. Don't you remember how the path ran around to the other end of the yard? This gate into it wasn't made."

"No more it was," said Cazalet, as they came up to the new gate on the right. It was open, and looking through they could see where the old gateway had been bricked. The rhododendrons topped the yard wall at that point, masking it from the lawn, and making on the whole an improvement of which anybody but a former son of the house might have taken more account.

He said he could see no other change. But for the fact that these windows were wide open, the whole place seemed as deserted as Littleford; but just past the windows, and flush with them, was the tradesmen's door, and the two trespassers were barely abreast of it when this door opened and disgorged a man.

The man was at first sight a most incongruous figure for the back premises of any house, especially in the country. He was tall, rather stout, very powerfully built and rather handsome in his way; yet not for one moment was this personage in the picture, in the sense in which Hilton Toye had stepped into the Littleford picture.

"May I ask what you're doing here?" he demanded bluntly of the male intruder.

"No harm, I hope," replied Cazalet, smiling, much to his companion's relief. She had done him an injustice, however, in dreading an explosion when they were both obviously in the wrong, and she greatly admired the tone he took so readily. "I know we've no business here whatever; but



"May I Ask What You're Doing Here?" He Bluntly Asked.

It happens to be my old home, and I only landed from Australia last night. I'm on the river for the first time, and simply had to have a look around."

The other big man had looked far from propitiated by the earlier of these remarks, but the closing sentences had worked a change.

"Are you young Mr. Cazalet?" he cried.

"I am, or rather I was," laughed Cazalet, still on his mettle.

"You've read all about the case then. I don't mind betting!" exclaimed the other with a jerk of his topper toward the house behind him.

"I've read all I found in the papers last night and this morning, and such arrears as I've been able to lay my hands on," said Cazalet. "But, as I tell you, my ship only got in from Australia last night, and I came round all the way in her. There was nothing in the English papers when we touched at Genoa."

"I see, I see." The man was still looking him up and down. "Well, Mr. Cazalet, my name's Drinkwater, and I'm from Scotland Yard. I happen to be in charge of the case."

"I guessed as much," said Cazalet, and this surprised Blanche more than anything else from him. Yet nothing about him was any longer like the Sweep of other days, or of any previous part of that very afternoon. And this was also easy to understand on

reflection; for if he meant to stand by the hapless Scruton, guilty or not guilty, he could not perhaps begin better than by getting on good terms with the police. But his ready tact, and in that case cunning, were certainly a revelation to one who had known him marvelously as boy and youth.

"I mustn't ask questions," he continued, "but I see you're still searching for things, Mr. Drinkwater."

"Still minding our own job," said Mr. Drinkwater genially. They had sauntered on with him to the corner of the house, and seen a bowler hat bobbing in the shrubbery down the drive. Cazalet laughed like a man.

"Well, I needn't tell you I know every inch of the old place," he said; "that is, barring alterations," as Blanche caught his eye. "But I expect this search is narrowed, rather?"

"Rather," said Mr. Drinkwater, standing still in the drive. He had also taken out a presentation gold half-hunter, suitably inscribed in memory of one of his more bloodless victories. But Cazalet could always be obtuse, and now he refused to look an inch lower than the detective-inspector's bright brown eyes.

"There's just one place that's occurred to me, Mr. Drinkwater, that perhaps may not have occurred to you."

"Where's that, Mr. Cazalet?"

"In the room where—the room itself."

Mr. Drinkwater's long stare ended in an indulgent smile. "You can show me if you like," said he indifferently.

"But I suppose you know we've got the man?"

### CHAPTER VII.

After Michael Angelo. "I was thinking of his cap," said Cazalet, but only as they returned to the tradesmen's door, and just as Blanche put in her word, "What about me?"

Mr. Drinkwater eyed the trim white figure standing in the sun. "The more the merrier!" his grim humor had it. "I dare say you'll be able to teach us a thing or two as well, miss."

She could not help nudging Cazalet in recognition of this shaft. But Cazalet did not look round; he had now set foot in his old home.

It was all strangely still and inactive, as though domestic animation had been suspended indefinitely. Yet the open kitchen door revealed a female form in mufti; a sullen face looked out of the pantry as they passed; and through the old green door (only now it was a red one) they found another bowler hat bent over a pink paper at the foot of the stairs. There was a glitter of eyes under the bowler's brim as Mr. Drinkwater conducted his friends into the library.

The library was a square room of respectable size, but very close and dim with the one French window closed and curtained. Mr. Drinkwater shut the door as well, and switched on all the electric lamps. The electric light had been put in by the Cravens; all the other fixtures in the room were as Cazalet remembered them. But the former son of the house gave himself no time to waste in sentimental comparisons. He tapped a pair of mahogany doors, like those of a wardrobe let into the wall.

"Have you looked in here?" demanded Cazalet.

"What's the use of looking in a cigar cupboard?" Drinkwater made mild inquiry.

"Cigar cupboard!" echoed Cazalet in disgust. "Did he really only use it for his cigars?"

"A cigar cupboard," repeated Drinkwater, "and locked up at the time it happened. What was it, if I may ask, in Mr. Cazalet's time?"

"I remember!" came suddenly from Blanche; but Cazalet only said, "Oh, well, if you know it was locked there's an end of it."

Drinkwater went to the door and summoned his subordinate. "Just fetch that chap from the pantry, Tom," said he; but the sullen sufferer from police rule took his time. In spite of them, and was sharply rated when he appeared.

"I thought you told me this was a cigar cupboard," continued Drinkwater, in the browbeating tone of his first words to Cazalet outside.

"So it is," said the man.

"Then where's the key?"

"How should I know? I never kept it!" cried the butler, cowering over his oppressor for a change. "He would keep it on his own bunch; find his watch, and all the other things that were missing from his pockets when your men went through 'em, and you may find his keys, too!"

Drinkwater gave his man a double signal: the door slammed on a petty triumph for the servants' hall; but now both invaders remained within.

"Try your hand on it, Tom," said the superior officer. "I'm a free-lance here," he explained somewhat superfluously to the others, as Tom applied himself to the lock in one mahogany door. "Man's been drinking. I should

say. He'd better be careful, because I don't take to him, drunk or sober. I'm not surprised at his master not trusting him. It's just possible that the place was open—he might have been getting out his cigars before dinner—but I can't say I think there's much in it, Mr. Cazalet."

It was open again—broken open—before many minutes; and certainly there was not much in it, to be seen, except cigars. Boxes of these were stacked on what might have been meant for a shallow desk (the whole place was shallow as the wardrobe that the doors suggested, but lighted high up at one end by a little barred window of its own) and according to Cazalet a desk it had really been. His poor father ought never to have been a business man; he ought to have been a poet. Cazalet said this now as simply as he had said it to Hilton Toye on board the Kaiser Fritz. Only he went rather further for the benefit of the gentlemen from Scotland Yard, who took not the faintest interest in the late Mr. Cazalet, beyond poking their noses into his diminutive sanctum and duly turning them up at what they saw.

"He used to complain that he was never left in peace on Saturdays and Sundays, which of course were his



"You Ought to Have Been a Burglar, Sir," Said Mr. Drinkwater.

only quiet times for writing," said the son, elaborating his tale with filial piety. "So once when I'd been trying to die of scarlet fever, and my mother brought me back from Hastings after she'd had me there some time, the old governor told us he'd got a place where he could disappear from the district at a moment's notice and yet be back in another moment if we rang the gong. I fancy he'd got to tell her where it was, pretty quick; but I only found out for myself by accident. Years afterward he told me he'd got the idea from Jean Ingelow's place in Italy somewhere."

"It's in Florence," said Blanche laughing. "I've been there and seen it, and it's the exact same thing. But you mean Michael Angelo, Sweep?"

"Oh, do it!" he said serenely. "Well, I shall never forget how I found out its existence."

"No more shall I. You told me all about it at the time, as a terrific secret, and I may tell you that I've kept it from that day to this!"

"You would," he said simply. "But think of having the nerve to pull up the governor's floor! It only shows what a boy will do. I wonder if the hole's there still!"

Now all the time the planetary detective had been watching his satellite engaged in an attempt to render the damage done to the mahogany doors a little less conspicuous. Neither appeared to be taking any further interest in the cigar cupboard, or paying the slightest attention to Cazalet's reminiscences. But Mr. Drinkwater happened to have heard every word, and in the last sentence there was one that caused him to prick up his expert ears instinctively.

"What's that about a hole?" said he, turning round.

"I was reminding Miss Macnair how the place first came to be."

"Yes, yes. But what about some hole in the floor?"

"I made one myself with one of those knives that contain all sorts of things, including a saw. It was one Saturday afternoon in the summer holidays. I came in here from the garden as my father went out by that door into the hall, leaving one of these mahogany doors open by mistake. It was the chance of my life. I slipped to have a look. He came back for something, saw the very door you've broken standing ajar, and shut it without looking in. So there I was in a nice old trap! I simply daren't call out and give myself away. There was a bit of loose oilcloth on the floor."

"There is still," said the satellite, pausing in his task.

"I moved the oilcloth, in the end; hawked up one end of the board (luckily they weren't groove and tongue), sawed through the next one to it, had it up, too, and got through into the foundations, leaving everything much as I had found it. The place is so small that the oilcloth was obliged to fall in place if it fell anywhere. But I had plenty of time, because my people had gone in to dinner."

"You ought to have been a burglar, sir," said Mr. Drinkwater ironically. "So you covered up a sin with a crime, like half the gentlemen who go through my hands for the first and last time! But how did you get out of the foundations?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WAR HITS TAXPAYERS

FOREIGN STEEL ORDERS COST NEBRASKA \$900,000.

## SEED CORN SITUATION SERIOUS

Items of General Interest Gathered from Reliable Sources Around the State House.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. While the gigantic steel industries of the east have been making huge returns out of Europe's misery in the sale of guns and bullets, Nebraska taxpayers have gone down into their pockets for about \$900,000 more for bridge steel than they would have had to pay, had an embargo been established with the first bloodshed.

State Engineer George Johnson emphasizes the need of an arms embargo, in a letter sent to Senator Hitchcock. He doesn't enter into a technical international discussion of the situation but shows conclusively that the rise



F. J. RIST of Humboldt, leading agriculturist and president of Nebraska Pure Grain and Seed Growers' association.

in steel, occasioned by the scamper of the steel trust to reap returns while the killing is good in Europe, has cost Nebraska taxpayers \$900,000 more than it should have—and there's no knowing how much more it will cost, if an embargo is not put on.

### Advocates State Publicity Bureau.

The production of the rural population of this state is \$255 for every man, woman and child who lives in Nebraska and the total money on deposit in Nebraska banks is \$240,000,000, according to the letter of Secretary Mellor of the state agricultural board to a meeting of state boosters at Hastings. Mr. Mellor points out the need of a state publicity bureau and urges upon the boosters the necessity of seeing that such an institution is provided for at the next session of the state legislature. He points out the wonderful showing that has been made under cramped conditions and insists that a liberal investment along this line would be returned to the people many times over in the course of the next few years.

### Seed Corn Situation Serious.

Reports reaching the College of Agriculture indicate that the seed corn situation is extremely serious. Tests of crib selected corn from last year's crop show that, on the average, less than 60 per cent will germinate and much which does is very weak. Corn selected at husking time but not properly cared for is testing from 60 to 90 per cent, while corn that was selected at husking time and well cured is testing above 90 per cent. Corn from the 1914 crop is usually testing about 90 per cent.

The second annual course in cream grading at the state farm opened with an attendance nearly double that of last year. Men were in attendance from Indiana and Illinois. The object of the course is to bring cream station and creamery operators into close touch with the modern problems of the creamery world. Nebraska university inaugurated this short course last year, and it is highly gratifying to Professor Frandsen to find a rapidly increasing interest in the work.

Ernest M. Pollard, of Nehawka, has announced the abandonment of his candidacy for the republican nomination for governor, asking his supporters to transfer their allegiance to A. L. Sutton, of Omaha.

Mr. Pollard's retirement, as announced at Lincoln, is a part of the plan of the Anti-Saloon league to center "dry" republican support back of Judge Sutton. The league is given credit for convincing Pollard that he could not win and only enhanced the possibility of nominating a "wet" republican.

The comptroller of New York state has written urging Nebraska officials to ask their representatives in congress to vote against a bill imposing a national tax on inheritances. The letter was turned over to State Auditor Smith, but he has taken no further steps. The writer of the letter proposes that the states be allowed to tax inheritances. He fears the government will take over that privilege and shut New York state out of an income of \$11,000,000 derived from this source. Nebraska has an inheritance tax which goes to county road funds.

## WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WAR

### "Then Take Advantage of the Opportunities in Canada."

(Contributed by W. J. White, of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.)

I strolled into a bank in one of the cities of the west a short time ago and the bank manager said "after the war, the Canadians should be prepared for a great influx of people. The crops that the western Canadian farms have produced in 1915, and the wealth that the farmers have had thrust upon them by the high price of grain, will make farm lands valuable and farming remunerative. After the war is over there will be thousands go to Canada to engage in agriculture and many other industries that will certainly prove profitable. Conditions will be wonderfully good. The advertising that Canada has had during the last year or two by its magnificent contribution of over 250,000 men to fight for the Empire, the wonderful sums it has given to the Red Cross and Patriotic funds, the excellent showing it made in subscribing over double when only 50 millions of dollars was asked as a war loan, the bravery, courage and hardihood of the soldiers who have fought the battles in Flanders, it is just wonderful," and my enthusiastic banker grew eloquent. One might have thought he was a subsidized booster for Canada. "But," he said "they won't go until after the war."

"Well, now, Mr. —, why wait until after the war? If all you say be true, and you have said nothing yet of the wonderful bank clearings of Canada today, nothing of the fact that the immense grain crop of Western Canada this year has given to every man, woman and child in that country, over three hundred dollars per head, why wait until after the war? After the war, under such conditions as you have pictured (and which are real) land values will go up, prices will increase. Advantage should be taken of the low prices at which these agricultural lands can be had today. They have not increased any as yet, and excellent farm lands can be had close to railways in old settlements, in excellent communities for from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre. The climate is good and will be no better after the war."

"What about conscription, though? Is there not a danger from conscription, and should I advise any to go there now, would they not have to face it? Then, too, there is the report that there is a heavy war tax on lands."

I was surprised to learn that these old yarns, stories that I thought had been exploded long ago, were still doing duty in many parts of the United States, and that a gentleman of the wide learning of my friend, was inclined to believe them.

"Conscription!" I said. "With Canada contributing 250,000 men voluntarily enlisted, why conscription? There is no conscription in Canada, and neither will there be. It is not needed. In any case no legislation could be passed by the Dominion Parliament which would impose military service upon people who are not citizens of Canada, either by birth or naturalization. Settlers from the United States could not become naturalized British subjects until they had resided in Canada continuously for three years." I quoted from official documents.

"In the first few months of the war I clearly stated that there would not be conscription in Canada. I repeat that statement today."

"And then as to taxes," I continued, quoting again from official authority. "All taxes levied by the Federal Government take the indirect form of customs excise and inland revenue duties. It is untrue that farmers are paying direct war-tax levies and no intending settler need hesitate to come to Canada on this account."

"Official denials should convince you that all apprehensions which have been making some would-be-settlers from the United States hesitate to make a change while the war lasts are without foundation. With these misunderstandings cleared up, the present war conditions even become an added inducement to settlement in any part of the provinces of western Canada, inasmuch as war prices and keen demands for all manner of farm products afford the farmer a special opportunity to make money."

I was glad of the chance and pleased to have him state that his views had altogether changed.

I could have continued, and told him of the fortunes that had been made in the season of 1915, out of farming, wheat growing, oat growing, barley growing, cattle raising, dairying and mixed farming. I could have told him of an Ottawa (Canada) syndicate that had a yield of 130 bushels of oats per acre from their farm at Wainwright and from 60 acres of wheat field they threshed over 60 bushels per acre. These yields while phenomenal, were repeated in many portions of western Canada. It was interesting to inform him that the average yield of spring wheat in Saskatchewan was 25.16 bushels per acre; Manitoba, 26.3 bushels; in Alberta, 36.16 bushels, and over the three provinces there was a total average of over 30 bushels per acre.

"The immense crop that has just

been harvested has put millions of dollars in the hands of the farmers, and the work of distribution through the regular channels of trade has already begun. Millions of bushels of grain are still in the hands of the farmers, which means that there is a vast store of realizable wealth that will be steadily going into circulation, benefitting the thousands who are dependent indirectly on the basic industry of the province for their livelihood.

"The mock prosperity that rested on the insecure foundation of inflated real estate values has passed away, and in its place the corner stone of the country's sound financial future is being built.

"The trust and mortgage companies, the large implement concerns and the wholesale merchants all tell the same story today of marked improvement in their business. The farmers and others are meeting their just dues and paying off debts that in many cases have been long overdue. Collections are better today than they have been since the most prosperous days of our history, and obligations are being met freely and promptly.

"Now," I said, "why should they wait until the war is over?"

And he agreed with me—Advertisement.

## SNEEZING IS OF TWO KINDS

That From a Cold Is the Result of an Effort to Warm the Body, Doctor Says.

"There is more than one cause for sneezing, and persons may differ in their susceptibility to them," a specialist in diseases of the nose and throat says.

"A bright light will cause some persons to sneeze, the pollen of certain plants will affect others, and most people are likely to sneeze in the presence of dust. Such sneezing is due to superficial irritation.

"The sneeze caused by the effect of cold is different. It is an attempt of nature to cure you. She makes you sneeze for the same reason that she makes you shiver—to generate heat for warming the blood and preventing you from taking more cold.

"Sneezing from cold is an act of the entire body, during which every muscle gives a jump. The body is affected by a spasmodic effort to warm the entire system and throw off cold."

## BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

### Wireless Men in Demand.

Radio operators are enlisting in great numbers in the ranks of the belligerent nations of Europe. It is reported that in the British navy alone more than 5,250 radio operators have enlisted. Among those serving on warships one has earned the Victoria cross, one the cross of the Legion of Honor and four the distinguished-conduct medals.

### SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dods' Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."



Dods' Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dods' Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dods' Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved, 50c. per box.—Adv.

The Instrument. "I want to sweep the cobwebs from my brain."

"Why not use a vacuum cleaner?"

According to French statistics, only one-fourth of the aviation accidents are due to defects in aeroplanes.