

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 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. 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 and meet Mr. Drinkwater of Scotland Yard. Cazalet goes with Drinkwater to the library where the murder was committed, shows him a secret passage he knew of as a boy.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Oh, that was as easy as pie; I'd often explored them. Do you remember the row I got into, Blanche, for taking you with me once and simply ruining your frock?"

"I remember the frock!" said Blanche.

It was her last contribution to the conversation; immediate developments not only put an end to the further exchange of ancient memories, but rendered it presently impossible by removing Cazalet from the scene with the two detectives. Almost without warning all three disappeared down the makeshift trap-door cut by one of them as a schoolboy in his father's floor.

She hardly even knew how it happened. The little place was so small that she never saw the hole until it had engulfed two of the trio; the third explorer, Mr. Drinkwater himself, had very courteously turned her out of the library before following the others. And he had said so very little beforehand for her to hear, and so quickly prevented Cazalet from saying anything at all, that she simply could not think what any of them were doing under the floor.

Under her very feet she heard them moving as she waited a bit in the hall; then she left the house by way of the servants' quarters, of course without holding any communication with those mutineers, and only indignant that Mr. Drinkwater should have requested her not to do so.

It was a long half-hour that followed for Blanche Macnair, but she passed it characteristically.

She turned her wholesome mind to dogs, which in some ways she knew better and trusted further than men. There was a dog at Uplands, and as yet she had seen nothing of him; he lived in a large kennel in the yard, for he was a large dog and rather friendly. But Blanche knew him by sight, and had felt always sorry for him.

The large kennel was just outside the back door, which was at the top of the cellar steps and at the bottom of two or three leading into the scullery; but Blanche, of course, went round by the garden. She found the poor old dog quite disconsolate in a more canine kennel in a corner of the one that was really worthy of the more formidable carnivora. There was every sign of his being treated as the dangerous dog that Blanche, indeed, had heard he was; the outer bars were further protected by wire netting, which stretched like a canopy over the whole cage; but Blanche let herself in with as little hesitation as she proceeded to beard the poor brute in his inner lair. And he never even barked at her; he just lay whimpering with his fearful nose between his two front paws, as though his dead master had not left him to the servants all his life.

Blanche coaxed and petted him until she almost wept herself; then suddenly and without warning the dog showed his worst side. Out he leaped from wooden sanctuary, almost knocking her down, and barking horribly, but not at Blanche. She followed his infuriated eyes; and the back doorway framed a dusty and grimy figure, just climbing into full length on the cellar stairs, which Blanche had some difficulty in identifying with that of Cazalet.

"Well, you really are a Sweep!" she cried when she had slipped out just in time, and the now savage dog was still butting and clawing at his bars. "How did you come out, and where are the enemy?"

"The old way," he answered. "I left them down there."

"And what did you find?"

"I'll tell you later. I can't hear my voice for that infernal dog."

The dreadful barking followed them out into the yard, and round to the right, past the tradesman's door, to the verge of the drive. Here they met an elderly man in a tremendous hurry—an unstable dotard who instantly abandoned whatever purpose he had formed, and came to anchor in front of them with rheumy eyes and twitching wrinkles.

"Why, if that isn't Miss Blanche!"

he quavered. "Do you hear our Roy, miss? I haven't heard that go on like that since the night that happened!"

Then Cazalet introduced himself to the old gardener whom he had known all his life; and by rights the man should have wept outright, or else emitted a rustic epigram laden with wise humor. But old Savage hailed from silly Suffolk, and all his life he had belied his surname, but never the alliterative libel on his native county. He took the wanderer's return very much as a matter of course, very much as though he had never been away at all, and was demonstrative only in his further use of the East Anglian pronoun.

"That's a long time since we fared to see you, Mus' Walter," said he; "that's a right long time! And now here's a nice kettle of fish for you to find! But I see the man, Mus' Walter, and we'll bring that home to him, never you fear!"

"Are you sure that you saw him?" asked Blanche, already under Cazalet's influence on this point.

Savage looked cautiously toward the house before replying; then he lowered his voice dramatically. "Sure, Miss Blanche. Why, I see him that night as plain as I fare to see Mus' Walter now!"

"I should have thought it was too dark to see anybody properly," said Blanche, and Cazalet nodded vigorously to himself.

"Dark, Miss Blanche? Why, there was broad daylight, and if that wasn't there were the lodge lights on to see him by!" His stage voice fell a sepulchral semitone. "But I see him again at the station this very afternoon, I did! I promised not to talk about that—you'll keep that a secret if I tell 'e somethin'—but I picked him out of half a dozen at the first time of askin'!"

Savage said this with a pleased and vacuous grin, looking Cazalet full in the face; his rheumy eyes were red as the sunset they faced; and Cazalet drew a deep breath as Blanche and he turned back toward the river.

"First time of prompting, I expect!" he whispered. "But there's hope if Savage is their strongest witness."

"Only listen to that dog," said Blanche, as they passed the yard.

CHAPTER VIII.

Finger-Prints.

Hilton Toye was the kind of American who knew London as well as most Londoners, and some other capitals a good deal better than their respective citizens of corresponding intelligence. His travels were mysteriously but invariably interwoven with business; he had an air of enjoying himself, and at the same time making money to pay for his enjoyment, wherever he went. His hotel days were much the same all over Europe: many appointments, but abundant leisure. As, however, he never spoke about his own affairs unless they were also those of the listener—and not always then—half his acquaintances had no idea how he made his money, and the other half wondered how he spent his time. Of his mere interests, which were many, Toye made no such secret; but it was quite impossible to deduce a main industry from the by-products of his level-headed versatility.

Criminology, for example, was an obvious by-product; it was no morbid taste in Hilton Toye, but a scientific hobby that appealed to his mental subtlety. And subtle he was, yet with strange simplicities; grave and dignified, yet addicted to the expressive phraseology of his less enlightened countrymen; naturally sincere, and yet always capable of some ingenious duplicity.

The appeal of a Blanche Macnair to such a soul needs no analysis. She had struck through all complexities to the core, such as it was or as she might make it. As yet she could only admire the character the man had shown, though it had upset her none the less. At Engelberg he had proposed to her "inside of two weeks," as he had admitted without compunction at the time. It had taken him, he said, two minutes to make up his mind; but the following summer he had laid more deliberate siege. In accordance with some old idea that she had let fall to soften her first refusal. The result had been the same, only more explicit on both sides. She had denied him the least particle of hope, and he had warned her that she had not heard the last of him by any means, and never would till she married another man. This had incensed her at the time, but a great deal less on subsequent reflection; and such was the position between that pair when Toye and Cazalet landed in England from the same steamer.

On this second day ashore, as Cazalet sat over a late breakfast in Jeremy street, Toye sent in his card and was permitted to follow it, rather to his surprise. He found his man frankly divided between kidneys-and-bacon and the morning paper, but in a hearty mood, indicative of amends for his great heat in yesterday's argument.

A plainer indication was the down right yet sunny manner in which Cazalet at once returned to the contented topic.

"Well, my dear Toye, what do you think of it now?"

"I was going to ask you what you thought, but I guess I can see from your face."

"I think the police are rotters for not setting him free last night!"

"Scruton?"

"Yes. Of course, the case'll break down when it comes on next week but they oughtn't to wait for that. They've no right to detain a man in custody when the bottom's out of their case already."

"But—but the papers claim they've found the very things they were searching for." Toye looked nonplused, as well he might, by an apparently perverse jubilation over such intelligence.

"They haven't found the missing cap!" crowed Cazalet. "What they have found is Craven's watch and keys, and the silver-mounted truncheon that killed him. But they found them in a place where they couldn't possibly have been put by the man identified as Scruton!"

"Say, where was that?" asked Toye with great interest. "My paper only says the things were found, not where."

"No more does mine, but I can tell you, because I helped to find 'em."

"You don't say!"

"You'll never grasp where," continued Cazalet. "In the foundations under the house!"

Details followed in all fullness; the listener might have had a part in the Uplands act of yesterday's drama, might have played in the library scene with his adored Miss Blanche, so vividly was every minute of that crowded hour brought home to him. He was not so sure that he had any very definite conception of the foundations of an English house.

"Ours were like ever so many little tiny rooms," said Cazalet, "where I couldn't stand nearly upright even as a small boy without giving my head a crack against the ground floors. They led into one another by a lot of little manholes—tight fits even for a boy."

His Dad Knew.

Earlie—Say, pa, what is "ready money"?

His Dad—All of it is ready, my son.

Earlie—All of it ready?

His Dad—Yes; ready to get away.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Appropriate Style.

"There is one article of apparel which professional athletes ought to wear, but don't."

"What's that?"

"Jumpers."

LOOK! RESINOL HAS CLEARED THAT AWFUL SKIN-ERUPTION AWAY

Every day, thousands of skin-sufferers find that the moment that Resinol Ointment touches their tortured skin the itching stops and healing begins. That is why doctors have prescribed it so successfully for over 20 years in even the severest cases of eczema, ringworm, rashes, and many other tormenting, disfiguring skin diseases. Aided by warm baths with Resinol Soap, Resinol Ointment usually makes a sick skin or scalp healthy, quickly, easily and at little cost.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also greatly help to clear away pimples and dandruff. Sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Near Proposal.

"I had a near leap-year scare yesterday."

"What was it?"

"A lady came into my office and said she wanted to propose to me."

"No?"

"A scheme to get up a war fund benefit."

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—really does! overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

New hosiery is made in "rights" and "lefts" to fit the feet and ankles more snugly.

"They Haven't Found the Missing Cap!" Cried Cozalet.

but nearly fatal to the boss policeman yesterday!

Hilton Toye, edging in his word, said he guessed he visualized—but just where had those missing things been found?

"Three or four compartments from the first one under the library," said Cazalet.

"Did you find them?"

"Well, I kicked against the truncheon, but Drinkwater dug it up. The watch and keys were with it."

"Say, were they buried?"

"Only in the loose rubble and brick-dusty stuff that you get in foundations."

"Say, that's bad! That murderer must have known something, or else it's a bully fuke in his favor."

"I don't follow you, Toye."

"I'm thinking of finger-prints. If he'd just've laid those things right down, he'd have left the print of his hand as large as life for Scotland Yard."

"The devil he would!" exclaimed Cazalet. "I wish you'd explain."

he added; "remember I'm a wild man from the woods, and only know of these things by the vaguest kind of hearsay and stray paragraphs in the papers. I never knew you could leave your mark so easily as all that."

Toye took the breakfast menu and placed it face downward on the tablecloth. "Lay your hand on that, palm down," he said, "and don't move it for a minute."

Cazalet looked at him a moment before complying; then his fine, shapely, sunburnt hand lay still as plaster under their eyes until Toye told him he might take it up. Of course there was no mark whatever, and Cazalet laughed.

"You should have caught me when I came up from those foundations, not fresh from my tub!" said he.

"You wait," replied Hilton Toye, taking the menu gingerly by the edge, and putting it out of harm's way in the empty toast-rack. "You can't see anything now, but if you come round to the Savoy I'll show you something."

"What?"

"Your prints, sir! I don't say I'm Scotland Yard at the game, but I can do it well enough to show you how it's done. You haven't left your mark upon the paper, but I guess you've left the sweat of your hand; if I snow a little French chalk over it, the chalk'll stick where your hand did, and blow off easily everywhere else. Say, come round to lunch and I'll have your prints ready for you. I'd like awfully to show you how it's done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRINK HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

Tomorrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal.

Those subject to sick headaches, backache, bilious attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store and begin enjoying this morning inside-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up daily. It is a splendid health measure for it is more important to keep clean and pure on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing disease, while the bowel pores do.

The principle of bathing inside is not new, as millions of people practice it. Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless.—Adv.

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SHERIFF'S LAUGH IS THE LOUDEST

But Thieves' Laugh Is Hollow as Jug That Once Held the Spoils.

SHOCK AWAITS THEM

Release From Prison Will Reveal That Expected Treasure Is a Phantom—Which Is Why Sheriff Laughs.

Terre Haute, Ind.—To begin with, "Dusty" Graham is a retired hold-up man. He was retired last week by a criminal court judge for eight years. He laughed at the time and told friends that when he is released eight years from now he will have the proceeds of his life of crimes safely waiting for him. Sheriff Kreitenstein laughed just a trifle louder than "Dusty," for he knows that "Dusty's" laugh is poorly founded. There will be nothing waiting for him.

Now for the complications: Harry Davey and "Dusty" took \$9,000 from the paymaster of the Lattas Creek mine on October 11. They hid with the money in the outskirts of the city, and finally "Dusty" went into town to confer with friends, and Davey remained hidden in a field, with the money in a sack. "Dusty" and his friends returned to the field in an automobile to get Davey, and when Davey saw them approaching he mistook them for policemen and fled, leaving the sack of money.

Found the Jug.

"Dusty" and his friends recovered the money and ordered the chauffeur, who was not interested in the crime, to drive the party to Ziegler, where they stopped at the home of Barney Davey, a brother of Harry the easily alarmed.

The chauffeur had heard a conversation that he thought the police should know about, so later Harry Davey was arrested and his brother's house was searched for the missing money. The money had been hidden in a jug by "Dusty," and although the police found the jug they did not get the money. After the search was over "Dusty," who had been in hiding, returned to the house. Two days later Barney Davey, who had not been ar-

rested, found that the jug was missing from the piano, where he had placed it. He suspected "Dusty" and tipped the police regarding his presence. "Dusty" was arrested.

Just a Minute More.

Hold your interest, the story is not much longer. Harry Davey, in jail, had suspected that "Dusty" had informed on him and caused his arrest to keep the money for himself. When "Dusty" arrived as a prisoner they compared notes, decided that the accessories after the crime had duped them and they began confessing. As a result five men are indicted and awaiting trial. No one could get a trace of the money.

Finally it developed that two boarders in the home of "Barney" Davey, who had no connection with the crime, had found the jug and the money and had fled with it. These men, "Bert" Dickey and Guy Raney, have been arrested and all but \$500 of the money is gone.

In the meantime the real criminals are waiting to get out and find the currency-filled jug.

FORCED TO WATCH ROBBERS

Man Held Prisoner in Pennsylvania Town While Post Office Is Looted.

Dubois, Pa.—W. W. Haven of Summerville, Jefferson county, works nights and was on his way home from work when he discovered two robbers in the act of breaking into the post office. The robbers held Haven up at the point of revolver while they bound and gagged him.

Then they drilled the safe before Haven's eyes and blew it up with so much dynamite that the interior of the building was badly wrecked.

The robbers gathered up \$100 in money and stamps, forced Haven to accompany them to the outskirts of the village and then set him free. He spread the alarm at once, but the safe blowers made their escape.

HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

Stopped Most Terrible Suffering by Getting Her Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.

If you are suffering from any form of female ills, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and commence the treatment without delay.

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED

By Cutter's Blasting Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Blasting Pills \$1.00. 30-dose package, Blasting Pills \$4.00. Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter's remedies is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Inset on Cutter's. It is unobtainable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Des Moines, Iowa, or Chicago, Ill.

Nearly all the European monarchs are shorter in size than their wives.

If a teap-year girl has tact she can make her victim believe he did the proposing.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Stand Pat.

"Did you make any resolutions New Year's?"

"No; all my bad habits are so delightful that I don't even like to fool myself with the idea that I am going to break them off."—Judge.

Extraordinary Youth.

"Father," said little George, "I cannot tell a lie."

"Very good, my son. But the remarkable feature of this historic episode is not so much your inability to falsify as your enthusiastic willingness to chop wood."

As Johnnie Heard It.

Little Johnnie had been accustomed to go to sleep during every sermon, despite the scoldings of his mother.

One Sunday morning she sent him off to church and intimated to him that if he went to sleep they would go into executive session in the woodshed on his arrival from church.

As a test of his being away she required that he tell her the preacher's text when he went home.

Johnnie's natural propensity to sleep was offset by his fear as to what might happen in the woodshed, so he stayed awake.

He came back conscious of the fact