

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 Craven's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"I wonder who can have done it!" "So do the police, and they don't look much like finding out!" "It must have been for his watch and money, don't you think? And yet they say he had so many enemies!" Cazalet kept silence; but she thought he winced. "Of course it must have been the man who ran out of the drive," she concluded hastily. "Where were you when it happened, Sweep?"

Somewhat hoarsely he was recalling the Mediterranean movements of the Kaiser Fritz, when at the first mention of the vessel's name he was firmly heeled.

"Sweep, you don't mean to say you came by a German steamer?"

"I do. It was the first going, and why should I waste a week? Besides, you can generally get a cabin to yourself on the German line."

"So that's why you're here before the end of the month," said Blanche.

"Well, I call it most unpatriotic; but the cabin to yourself was certainly some excuse."

"That reminds me!" he exclaimed. "I hadn't it to myself all the way; there was another fellow in with me from Genoa; and the last night on board it came out that he knew you!"

"Who can it have been?"

"Toye, his name was. Hilton Toye."

"An American man! Oh, but I know him very well," said Blanche in a tone both strained and cordial. "He's great fun. Mr. Toye, with his delightful Americanisms, and the perfectly delightful way he says them!"

Cazalet puckered like the primitive man he was, when taken at all by surprise; and that anybody, much less Blanche, should think Toye, of all people, either "delightful" or "great fun" was certainly a surprise to him. If it was nothing else, of course it was nothing else, to his immediate knowledge; still, he was rather ready to think that Blanche was blushing, but forgot, if indeed he had been in a fit state to see it at the time, that she had paid himself the same high compliment across the gate. On the whole, it may be said that Cazalet was ruffled without feeling seriously disturbed as to the essential issue which alone leaped to his mind.

"Where did you meet the fellow?" he inquired, with the suitable admixture of confidence and amusement.

"In the first instance, at Engelberg."

"Engelberg! Where's that?"

"Only one of those places in Switzerland where everybody goes nowadays for what they call winter sports."

She was not even smiling at his arrogant ignorance; she was merely explaining one geographical point and another of general information. A close observer might have thought her almost anxious not to identify herself too closely with a popular craze.

"I dare say you mentioned it," said Cazalet, but rather as though he was wondering why she had not.

"I dare say I didn't! Everything won't go into an annual letter. It was the winter before last—I went out with Betty and her husband."

"And after that he took a place down here?"

"Yes. Then I met him on the river the following summer, and found he'd got rooms in one of the Nell Gwynne Cottages, if you call that a place."

"I see."

But there was no more to see; there never had been much, but now Blanche was standing up and gazing out of the balcony into the belt of singing sunshine between the opposite side of the road and the invisible river across away.

"Why shouldn't we go down to Littleford and get out the boat if you're really going to make an afternoon of it?" she said. "But you simply must see Martha first; and while she's making herself fit to be seen, you must take something for the good of the house. I'll bring it to you on a lordly tray."

She brought him siphon, stoppered bottle, a silver biscuit-box of ancient memories, and left him alone with them some little time; for the young mistress, like her old retainer in another minute, was simply dying to make herself more presentable. Yet when she had done so, and came back like snow, in a shirt and skirt just home from the laundry, she saw that he did not see the difference. His devouring eyes shone neither more nor less; but he had also devoured every

biscuit in the box, though he had begun by vowing that he had lunched in town, and stuck to the fable still.

Old Martha had known him all his life, but best at the period when he used to come to nursery tea at Littleford. She declared she would have known him anywhere as he was, but she simply hadn't recognized him in that photograph with his beard.

"I can see where it's been," said Martha, looking him in the lower temperate zone. "But I'm so glad you've had it off, Mr. Cazalet!"

"There you are, Blanche!" crowed Cazalet. "You said she'd be disappointed, but Martha's got better taste."

"It isn't that, sir," said Martha earnestly. "It's because the dreadful man who was seen running out of the drive, at your old home, he had a beard! It's in all the notices about him, and that's what's put me against them, and makes me glad you've had yours off."

Blanche turned to him with too ready a smile; but then she was really not such a great age as she pretended, and she had never been in better spirits in her life.

"You hear, Sweep! I call it rather lucky for you that you were—"

But just then she saw his face, and remembered the things that had been said about Henry Craven by the Cazalets' friends, even ten years ago, when she really had been a girl.

CHAPTER V.

An Untimely Visitor.

She really was one still, for in these days it is an elastic term, and in Blanche's case there was no apparent reason why it should ever cease to apply, or to be applied by every decent tongue except her own.

Much the best tennis-player among the ladies of the neighborhood, she drove an almost unbecomingly long ball at golf, and never looked better than when paddling her old canoe, or punting in the old punt. And yet, this wonderful September afternoon, she did somehow look even better than at



"Where Did You Meet the Fellow?" He inquired.

either or any of those congenial pursuits, and that long before they reached the river; in the empty house, which had known her as baby, child and grown-up girl, to the companion of some part of all three stages, she looked a more lustrous and a lovelier Blanche than he remembered even of old.

But she was not really lovely in the least; that also must be put beyond the pale of misconception. Her hair was beautiful, and perhaps her skin, and, in some lights, her eyes; the rest was not. It was yellow hair, not golden, and Cazalet would have given all he had about him to see it down again as in the oldest of old days; but there was more gold in her skin, for so the sun had treated it; and there was even hint or glint (in certain lights, be it repeated) of gold mingling with the pure hazel of her eyes. But in the dusty shadows of the empty house, moving like a sunbeam across its bare boards, standing out against the discolored walls in the place of remembered pictures not to be compared with her, it was there that she was all golden and still girl.

They poked their noses into, and they had a laugh in every corner and so out upon the leafy lawn, shoving abruptly to the river. Last of all there was the summer schoolroom over the boat-house, quite apart from the house itself; scene of such safe yet reckless revels; in its very aura late Victorian!

It lay hidden in ivy at the end of a now neglected path; the bow-windows overlooking the river were framed in ivy, like three matted, whiskered, dirty, happy faces; one, with its lower sash propped open by a broken plant-pot, might have been grinning a toothless welcome to two once leading spirits of the place.

Cazalet whittled a twig and wedged that sash up altogether; then he sat himself on the sill, his long legs in-

side. But his knife had jammed him of his plug tobacco. And his plug tobacco took him as straight back to the bush as though the unsmooth floor had changed under their feet into a magic carpet.

"You simply have it put down to the man's account in the station books. Nobody keeps ready money up at the bush, not even the price of a plug like this; but the chap I'm telling you about (I can see him now, with his great red beard and freckled fists) he swore I was charging him for half a pound more than he'd ever had. We fought for twenty minutes behind the wood-heap; then he gave me best, but I had to turn in till I could see again."

"You don't mean that he—"

Blanche had looked rather disgusted the moment before; now she was all truculent suspense and indignation.

"Beat me?" he cried. "Good Lord no; but there was none too much in it."

"Fires died down in her hazel eyes, lay lambent as soft moonlight, flickered into laughter before he had seen the fire."

"I'm afraid you're a very dangerous person," said Blanche.

"You've got to be," he assured her; "it's the only way. Don't take a word from anybody, unless you mean him to wipe his boots on you. I soon found that out. I'd have given something to have learned the noble art before I went out. Did I ever tell you how it was I first came across old Venus Potts?"

He had told her at great length, to the exclusion of about every other topic, in the second of the annual letters; and throughout the series the inevitable name of Venus Potts had seldom cropped up without some allusion to that Homeric encounter. But it was well worth while having it all over again with the intricate and picaresque embroidery of a tongue far mightier than the pen hitherto employed upon the incident. Poor Blanche had almost to hold her nose over the primary cause of battle; but the dialogue was delightful, and Cazalet himself made a most gallant and engaging figure as he sat on the sill and reeled it out. Twenty minutes later, and old Venus Potts was still on the magic tapis, though Cazalet had dropped his boasting for a curiously humble, eager and yet ineffectual vein.

"Old Venus Potts!" he kept ejaculating. "You couldn't help liking him And he'd like you, my word!"

"Is his wife nice?" Blanche wanted to know; but she was looking so intently out her window, at the opposite end of the bow to Cazalet's, that a man of the wider world might have thought of something else to talk about.

Out her window she looked past a willow that had been part of the old life, in the direction of an equally typical silhouette of patient anglers anchored in a punt; they had not raised a rod between them during all this time that Blanche had been out in Australia; but as a matter of fact she never saw them, since, vastly to the credit of Cazalet's descriptive powers, she was out in Australia still.

"Nelly Potts?" he said. "Oh, a jolly good sort; you'd be awful pals."

"Should we?" said Blanche, just smiling at her invisible anglers.

"I know you would," he assured her with immense conviction. "Of course she can't do the things you do; but she can ride, my word! So she ought to, when she's lived there all her life. The rooms aren't much, but the verandas are what count most; they're better than any rooms."

She was still out there, cultivating Nelly Potts on a very deep veranda, though her straw hat and straw hair remained in contradictory evidence against a very dirty window on the Middlesex bank of the Thames. It was a shame of the September sun to show the dirt as it was doing; not only was there a great steady pool of sunshine on the unspeakable floor, but a doddery reflection from the river on the disreputable ceiling. Cazalet looked rather desperately from one to the other, and both the calm pool and the rough were broken by shadows, one more impressionistic than the other, of a straw hat over a stack of straw hair, that had not gone out to Australia—yet.

And of course just then a step sounded outside somewhere on some gravel. Confound those caretakers! What were they doing, prowling about?

"I say, Blanche!" he blurted out. "I do believe you'd like it out there, a sportswoman like you! I believe you'd take to it like a duck to water."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Pope's Size."

A curious item in the trade slang of hosiers is the term "pope's size," applied to vests. They classify the scale of chest measurements for these as: Small men's, 32 inches; slender men's, 34 inches; men's, 36 inches; pope's, 38 inches; out size, 42 inches.

The origin of this term, which has been current for nearly a century, was discussed some years ago in *Notes and Queries*, when it was stated on good authority that it had no connection with the successors of St. Peter.

It appears that the head of an old firm of West end hosiers, Messrs. Pope & Plante, ordered this size to be made specially for his own personal use, and the manufacturer called it after him for want of a better name.—*London Chronicle*.

Its Kind.

"That fellow has what I call paradoxical impudence."

"How do you mean?"

"He is always to the front with back talk."

TRUNK REVEALS MURDER MYSTERY

Workmen's Pick Uncovers Hidden Crime More Than a Year Old.

BURIED IN QUICKLIME

With Identification of Body as That of Man Missing Many Months, Former Employee is Placed Under Arrest.

Philadelphia. — A workman who drove his pick into a wooden box buried in the cellar of an old building that was being razed in this city, uncovered a hidden mystery. The box was carried out and broken open. In it was a brass-bound trunk and in the trunk was the body of a man partly destroyed by quicklime. The body had also been covered with strips of leather, which had been soaked in acid to hasten the work of decay and destruction.

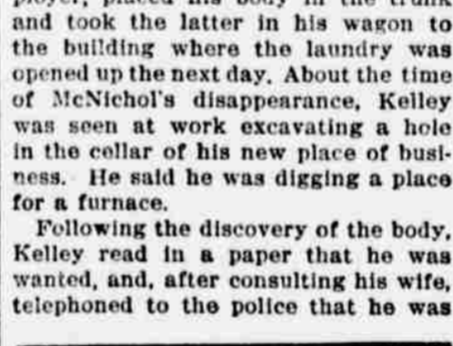
Within a short time the police of the city had established the identity of the murdered man. From the teeth, a partly destroyed notebook and a few remnants of clothing, the body was recognized as that of Daniel J. McNichol, aged 25, who had disappeared from his home on March 30, 1914.

McNichol was in the leather business and had for his foreman Edward J. Kelley, who, after the failure of the leather concern, opened a laundry in the building under which the body of McNichol was found.

Quarrel Led to Killing

There had been financial transactions between McNichol and Kelley and it is the theory of the detectives that the men quarreled in the office of the leather company on March 30, and that Kelley struck down his employer, placed his body in the trunk and took the latter in his wagon to the building where the laundry was opened up the next day. About the time of McNichol's disappearance, Kelley was seen at work excavating a hole in the cellar of his new place of business. He said he was digging a place for a furnace.

Following the discovery of the body, Kelley read in a paper that he was wanted, and, after consulting his wife, telephoned to the police that he was



In the Trunk Was the Body of a Man.

willing to submit to arrest. After he had been questioned he was held as a suspect, but subsequent developments resulted in a formal charge of murder being lodged against him. Kelley declares he is innocent and says McNichol is alive and that he had met him a number of times since his disappearance.

BCYS FORM THIEVES' CLUB

Two Members of the "Terrible Fifty-Eight" Arrested by the Police in Orange.

Orange, N. J.—The arrest of two lads, nine and ten years old, in this city brought to light the existence in West Orange of a club of small boys banded together as the "Crooks' Athletic Club, or the Terrible Fifty-Eight." The object of the club, as ascertained by Police Chief John Drabell, is to promote petty thieving among its members.

George Durr of 2 Orange place, West Orange, and John McNeerney of Elm street, that town, were paroled to appear before the Juvenile court on a charge of larceny. They were arrested for shoplifting in Henry F. Schmidt's store at 200 Main street this city. They had taken pen knives, cigarettes, flashlights and other loot.

Fined for Sleeping in Station.

Boston.—George S. White of no place in particular except the North station in Boston, was recently fined \$10 by Judge Burke in municipal court. White admitted he had slept in the station while standing erect and that his position caused a great crowd to collect.

Chief Won Goose But Lost Job.

West Berwick, Pa.—Chief of Police George W. Sliker took a chance at a party and won a goose, but drew a suspension from Chief Burgess C. W. Freas. He is charged with "allowing gambling and supporting the gambling by participation."

LONG A PLAGUE TO YOUTH

Schoolboys of Many Centuries Ago Had to Wrestle With Problems of Arithmetic.

The modern schoolboy may find comfort in the fact that for 3,600 years schoolboys have been worried by just such desperate problems in arithmetic as: "Buy him most."

Among the archeological discoveries in Egypt is a papyrus roll, in excellent condition, dating from a period about 1700 B. C. This roll, which has a long heading beginning "Directions how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," proves beyond a doubt that the Egyptian of that time had a thorough knowledge of the elements of arithmetic.

Numerous examples show that their principal operations with units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtraction and division were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained, nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Here is one which brings the Egyptian schoolboy home to us:

Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person shall receive one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost?

The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle, attempts at squaring the circle, and finally calculation of the cubic measurements of pyramids.

Shallow.

Hodge—Is he a deep thinker?
Dodge—No; he begins to founder before he gets out very deep.

Joy is the greatest intoxicant known.

A woman may have a poor memory, but she never forgets a compliment.

Misunderstood.
"Are you a plain cook?"
"I suppose I could be purtier, mum."

BANISH PIMPLES QUICKLY

Easily and Cheaply by Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the pimples lightly with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger and allow it to remain on five minutes. Then bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap and continue some minutes. This treatment is best upon rising and retiring, but is effective at any time. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Good Prospect for Business.

A young lawyer tells this story on himself with a keen appreciation of its humor:

"A negro came into my office recently and consulted with me about getting a divorce for his daughter, who was the oldest child. After ascertaining from the old negro the grounds for a divorce he asked me what my charges would be. I told him, and he said as follows: 'Mr. —, you know I's always given you my business?' I told him. 'Yes, and I appreciated it. You know I's always going to give you my business, and Mary what wants this divorce is my oldest child, and fust and onliest one married. This thing is just startin', and I has eleven chillun, and, of course, you'll get them all, and couldn't you make me a wholesale price on them?'"

Taste in Reading.

"Oliver's taste for books seems to be improving."
"I'm very glad to hear that. But are you quite sure about it?"
"Perfectly sure. Last week I caught him perusing a five-cent hair raiser, and this week he is reading nothing but dime novels. That's a hundred per cent improvement!"

Couldn't.

She—But papa says you're living beyond your means.
He—Absolutely untrue—I have no means.



Weather-Proof

Any man with a title to normal health may hurl cheery defiance in the teeth of the weather, even in its wheddy moods.

It's wholly a matter of blood-current and tissue cells, and everybody knows that sturdiness and vigor in these regards depend largely on good, nourishing food.

Much of the food in the ordinary dietary is lacking in certain vitalizing elements which Nature has designed for sturdy growth and resistance to disease. Especially is this true of white bread and white flour foods, because in making flour white most of the energizing mineral phosphates of the grain are thrown out in the milling process.

These vital elements are retained in the scientifically prepared food—

Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and barley, this food provides all the nutriment of the grain, including those vitalizing phosphates that mean everything in building up and maintaining a robust, vigorous body and keen intellect.

A ration of Grape-Nuts along with the other food has worked wonders for thousands. Ready to eat, economical, appetizing.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.