

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of *The Amateur Cracksmen*, *Raffles*, Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cazale, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, 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 Cazale'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 Cazale's old home. Toye hears from Cazale that Scruton, who had been Cazale's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonour, has been released from prison.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Toye looked disconcerted and distressed, but at the same time frankly puzzled. He apologized none the less readily, with almost ingenuous courtesy and fullness, but he ended by explaining himself in a single sentence, and that told more than the rest of his straightforward eloquence put together.

"If a man had done you down like that, wouldn't you want to kill him the very moment you came out, Cazale?"

The creature of impulse was off at a tangent. "I'd forgive him if he did it, too!" he exclaimed. "I'd move heaven and earth to save him, guilty or not guilty. Wouldn't you in my place?"

"I don't know," said Hilton Toye. "It depends on the place you're in, I guess!" And the keen dark eyes came drilling into Cazale's skull like augers.

"I thought I told you," he explained impatiently. "We were in the office together; he was good to me, winked at the business hours I was inclined to keep, let me down lighter in every way than I deserved. You may say it was part of his game. But I take people as I find them. And then, as I told you, Scruton was ten thousand times more sinned against than sinning."

"Are you sure? If you knew it at the time?"

"I didn't. I told you so the last night."

"Well, I mustn't ask questions," said Hilton Toye, and began folding up his newspaper with even more than his usual deliberation.

"Oh, I'll tell you!" cried Cazale ungraciously. "It's my own fault for telling you so much. It was in a letter from Scruton himself that I heard the whole thing. I'd written to him toward the end—suggesting things. He managed to get an answer through that would never have passed the prison authorities. And—and that's why I came home just when I did," concluded Cazale; "that's why I didn't wait till after shearing. He's been through about enough, and I've had more luck than I deserved. I meant to take him back with me, to keep the books on our station, if you want to know!" The brusque voice trembled.

Toye let his newspaper slide to the floor. "But that was fine!" he exclaimed simply. "That's as fine an action as I've heard of in a long time."

"If it comes off," said Cazale in a gloomy voice.

"Don't you worry. It'll come off. Is he out yet, for sure? I mean, do you know that he is?"

"Scruton? Yes—since you press it—he wrote to tell me that he was coming out even sooner than he expected."

"Then he can stop out for me," said Hilton Toye. "I guess I'm not running for that reward!"

CHAPTER IV.

Down the River.

At Waterloo the two men parted, with a fair exchange of fitting speeches, none of which rang really false. And yet Cazale found himself emphatically unable to make any plans at all for the next few days; also, he seemed in two minds now about a Jersey Street hotel previously mentioned as his immediate destination; and his step was indubitably lighter as he went off first of all to the loopline, to make sure of some train or other that he might have to take before the day was out.

In the event he did not take that train or any other; for the new miracle of the new traffic, the new smell of the horseless streets, and the new joys of the newest of new taxicabs, all worked together and so swiftly upon Cazale's organism that he had a little colloquy with his smart young driver instead of paying him in Jersey Street. He nearly did pay him off, and with something more than his usual impetuosity, as either a liar or a fool with no sense of time or space.

"But that's as quick as the train, my good fellow!" blustered Cazale.

"Quicker," said the smart young fellow without dipping his cigarette, "if you were going by the old Southwestern!"

The very man, and especially the manners that made or marred him, was entirely new to Cazale as a product of the old country. But he had come from the bush, and he felt as though he might have been back there but for the smell of petrol and the cry of the motor-horn from end to

INCOME OF A STREET BEGGAR

Curious Resident on Opposite Side of Thoroughfare Places Contributions at \$1,000 Yearly.

There was a certain Bartimeus who was wont to take his seat at the side of a crowded city street, with a well fed dog at the side sitting on a mat provided by his master, to protect his slender-quarters from the cold stone. The dog held a tin money box attached to his collar. The man had a few lead

pencils which he pretended were for sale.

The man simply sat, and the money rolled in. A curious resident on the opposite side of the street took lengthy observations, and then drew up a calculation based on the assumption that one cent was given every time a contribution was made, though frequently silver and sometimes a quarter was seen to descend into the tin, and taking into consideration the average number of absences in a given time due to inclement weather, the probable income amounted to about \$1,000 a year.

The estimate may not be very exact, but it is nearer the truth than the ordinary passerby thinks, or the stream of coin would not be so copious. As he is no longer at the receipt of custom, the inference is that he has retired to live in the country on the proceeds.

Equally Useless.

Faith without works is about as useless as a watch without wheels.

"Fiddle!" she cried. "But you're not altered enough. Sweep, I'm disappointed in you. Where's your beard?"

"I had it off the other day. I always meant to," he explained, "before the end of the voyage. I wasn't going to land like a wild man of the woods, you know!"

"Wasn't you! I call it mean."

Her scrutiny became severe, but softened again at the sight of his clutched wide-awake and curiously characteristic, shapeless suit.

"You may well look!" he cried, delighted that she should. "They're awful old duds, I know, but you would think them a wonder if you saw where they came from—"

"I'm sorry to interrupt," said Blanche, laughing, "but there's your taxi ticking up twopence every quarter of an hour, and I can't let it go on without warning you. Where have you come from?"

He told her with a grin, was roundly reprimanded for his extravagance, but brazened it out by giving the smart young man a sovereign before her eyes. After that, she said he had better come in before the neighbors came out and mobbed him for a millionaire.

And he followed her indoors and up-stairs, into a little new den crowded with some of the big old things he could remember in a very different setting. But if the room was small it had a balcony that was hardly any smaller, on top of that unduly imposing porch; and out there, overlooking the fine grounds opposite, were basket chairs and a table, hot with the Indian summer sun.

"I hope you are not shocked at my abode," said Blanche. "I'm afraid I can't help it if you are. It's just big enough for Martha and me; you remember old Martha, don't you? You'll have to come and see her, but she'll be horribly disappointed about your beard!"

Coming through the room, stopping to greet a picture and a bookcase (filling a wall each) as old friends, Cazale had descried a photograph of himself with that appendage. He had threatened to take the beastly thing away, and Blanche had told him he had better not. But it did not occur to Cazale that it was the photograph to which Hilton Toye had referred, or that Toye must have been in this very room to see it. In these few hours he had forgotten the man's existence, at least in so far as it associated itself with Blanche Macnair.

"The others all wanted me to live near them," she continued, "but as two of them are in the same county it would have meant a caravan. Besides, I wasn't going to be transplanted at my age. Here one has everybody one ever knew, except those who escape by emigrating, simply at one's mercy on a bicycle. There's more golf and tennis than I can find time to play; and I still keep the old boat in the old boat-house at Littleford, because it hasn't let or sold yet, I'm sorry to say."

"So I saw as I passed," said Cazale. "That hit me hard!"

"The place being empty hits me harder," rejoined the last of the Macnairs. "It's going down in value every day like all the other property about here, except this sort. Mind where you throw that match, Sweep! I don't want you to set fire to my pampas-grass; it's the only tree I've got!"

Cazale laughed; she was making him laugh quite often. But the pampas-grass, like the rest of the ridiculous little garden in front, was obscured if not overhung by the balcony on which they sat. And the subject seemed one to change.

"It was simply glorious coming down," he said. "I wouldn't swap that three-quarters of an hour for a bale of wool. You can't think how every mortal thing on the way appealed to me. The only blot was a funeral at Barnes; it seemed such a sin to be buried on a day like this, and a fellow like me coming home to enjoy himself!"

He had turned grave, but not graver than at the actual moment coming down. Indeed, he was simply coming down again, for her benefit and his own, without an ulterior trouble until Blanche took him up with a long face of her own.

"We've had a funeral here. I suppose you know?"

"Yes. I know."

Her chair creaked as she leaned forward with an enthusiastic solemnity that would have made her shriek if she had seen herself; but it had no such effect on Cazale.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hats and Faces.

A Boston man went down to Hartford and said to the Motherhood club of that city, "If you have a 29-cent face don't wear a \$30 hat."

Of course, the Boston man didn't make it clear to the ladies with Hartford faces just what the hat-and-face ratio should be. Even a 29-cent face might hesitate over wearing a 29-cent hat. On the other hand a woman with a \$50 face could scarcely be expected to do a \$30 hat.

No, the Boston man is wading into deep water. He quits over the eternal law of compensation.

Let the 29-cent face wear a \$30 hat. It may distract attention.

As for the woman with the \$50 face, she doesn't need any hat.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Woes of an Author.

"How's your new book coming on?"

"Passably well. The demand isn't what it should be. I mean among purchasers. And, of course, if people don't buy the book there's nothing in it for me."

"I see. By the way, I'm reading it now. Blanks loaned me a copy that Tompkins borrowed from Bradley. Pretty fair story."

AIDS NORTH SEA RESORTS

Germany Makes Loans in Certain Localities Where War Has Caused Idleness.

Finding themselves unable to pay the interest due upon their securities because of enforced idleness since the beginning of the war, the proprietors of the German bathing establishments on the North sea have appealed to the government for help and it has been granted. Arrangements have been made whereby the state will advance a loan, which will be guaranteed by the district, provinces, and cities concerned, says a report in a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The loan will bear no interest for the first two years, after which it will draw 3 per cent. It is to be paid off at the end of ten years.

The loan will be of considerable size, as the companies in Westerland alone need \$125,000 to meet the interest now due and the other resorts along the North sea have suffered in proportion. In order to avoid similar crises in the future, it is proposed in

real estate securities circles to create a special department to handle the bathing companies' paper.

Foundation for Dickens Success.

How hard I worked at that tremendous shorthand and all improvements appertaining to it! I will only add to what I have already written of perseverance at this time in my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which then began to be matured in me, and which I know to be the strong point in my character, if I have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success.—*Charles Dickens.*

Just Estimates.

"The parsnip is despised by everybody," philosophically stated Professor Paté. "It is of no account, either in a decorative or gastronomic way. It neither inebriates nor cheers humanity. And yet nobody dares denounce it as a nuisance and an excrement. It has simply got in its bluff, and remains in good society because nobody has the nerve to bump it out."—*Kansas City Star.*

A Comforting Reflection.

"I'm always thankful for one thing," yawned the bored banqueter.

"What's that?" asked his neighbor.

"That womenfolk aren't afflicted with the after-dinner speech making habit."

Good Listener.

"I saw you in an argument with Twobble yesterday."

"Wrong again."

"But you were—"

"Standing in front of Twobble while he argued. I had no share in the proceedings."

Triumphal Knowledge.

"I'll bet, Jim, you can't tell me what a polychrome is."

"I'll bet you can't."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, it's a hospital for parrots, of course, stupid."

Thankless.

Mrs. Bruggs—Mrs. Van Perkins complains that her portraits don't look like her.

Photographer—Complains, does she? She ought to be grateful.

GRAND MANAN

THE beautiful coast of Maine reaches its climax at Grand Manan, the island of mighty cliffs, near the mouth of the St. Croix river. The magnetic beauty of the island has stirred the admiration of many who have seen it from the deck of passing steamers, but few persons, comparatively speaking, have stepped upon its rocky shores.

Because the agents of the British and American governments when laying out the boundary line between Maine and Canada hugged the west coast of the mouth of the St. Croix during a thick fog, both Campobello and Grand Manan islands are today under the jurisdiction of Canada.

The island of Grand Manan is 20 miles out from the mouth of the St. Croix river.

To the west and north the Maine and New Brunswick shores stretch away into purple indistinctness, while on a clear day the faint line of the Nova Scotia shore is visible 40 miles to the eastward.

"Manan," or "Menan," is Passamaquoddy for island, the word being found farther down the coast in the name of Petit (small) Manan, and the rock islet Manana close to Monhegan.

One traveler has recently said that although the cliffs of Newfoundland and the Labrador are higher, they fall short in impressiveness of certain parts of Grand Manan.

Twenty miles from north to south, varying from four to eight miles from east to west, its whole western coast presents a seemingly unbroken wall of

guard over the waters that swirl around its base. "The Bishop" next comes into view, a detached rock at the base of a cliff, in which some have fancied a resemblance to the high church dignitary in his robes of office.

Just beyond the Bishop rises Ashburton head, the scene of two tragedies of the sea.

Beyond Ashburton head is a remarkable stratified rock formation, called in the earlier days the House cliffs, from the resemblance to masonry, but now more generally known as the Seven Days' Work. The strata stands out with wonderful distinctness, the cliff running perpendicularly 200 feet into the air and stretching along the coast for a mile and a half or more, while the presence of iron and copper ores gives an unusual play of color along its whole surface.

Swallowtail, with its lighthouse, next comes into view, the long promontory of rock taking its name from its shape as seen from the higher land where the rock juts out from the main island.

In a very few minutes the steamer is at her dock at North Head. Here is a very stable settlement, with churches, schools, stores, post office, library and a branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. While catering to summer visitors is not a business of supreme importance to the residents of the village as a whole, the owners of some half-dozen or more places have seen the possibilities of profit, and in addition to the old hotel, recently

opened, the visitor may find himself well cared for in the smaller cottages and remodeled homes of fishermen.

Records of Many Disasters.

Gannet rock, with its powerful lighthouse, lifts its head to the southward, and the chronicles of the rock with its neighboring ledges are records of disaster, from the wreck of the first brig that went to pieces in 1759 to the total loss of powerful steamships, like the *Earl of Warwick* in recent years.

The light was first kindled on Christmas eve, 1831.

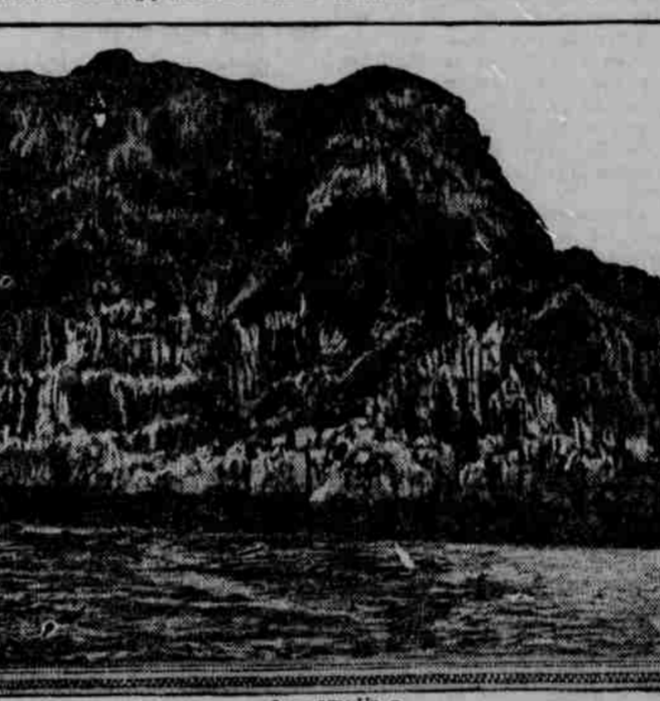
It is at Southern Head that the climax of the grandeur of Grand Manan's cliffs is to be found. Headland after headland, cliff after cliff, juts out, their heads towering 400 feet into the air, for the greater part of their extent absolutely insurmountable except by the aid of a cable fastened on one of the cliffs years ago, by whose aid the more daring are able to make the ascent.

The red basaltic cliffs glowing in the sunshine, with a patch of green here and there, where some bit of earth has given root to grass or shrub, makes a sight of combined beauty and majesty hardly equaled on the whole Atlantic coast.

At the southern extremity of the island is a peculiar formation, marked on the marine charts as Pinnacle rock, but known to the fishermen as the Old Maid and to the visitors as the Southern Cross. Rising 75 feet above the water, when viewed from certain points, it shows a symmetrical cross.

As one sails past the rocks and looks back at it he understands the source of the fishermen's name, for it takes the outline of a hunchbacked woman.

Grand Manan is not a summer resort in the sense of being crowded with seekers after the pleasures of society. Dances, teas, musicals, form no part of the life of the summer visitor to this island of the sea. A hundred or two genuine lovers of the sublime in nature come year after year and grow more devoted with each sojourn.



SOUTHERN HEAD

rock, varied in spots by touches of green, where the hardy fir and spruce have gained a precarious foothold, yet with the summit rich with evergreen growth, a rare scene of mingled grimness and beauty.

But as one approaches the northern extremity from the west, headland after headland looms in turn from what before appeared impenetrable cliff, like a succession of crouching monsters held in leash.

A portion of the eastern side is also rocky, rugged and rugged, but the greater part of the coastline on this side is in decided contrast with that of the western side.

Here are located the villages, five in number, North Head, Castalia, Woodward's Cove, Grand Harbor and Seal Cove.

Scattered along the eastern shore are numerous small islands, each with a name of its own, Nantucket, Long Island, Ross Island, Cheynes island, High Duck, Low Duck and others. The principal one of these islands is White Head, containing a fishing population sufficient to warrant a church, school and post office.

For two hours before and after low water it is possible to walk or drive across the bar connecting White Head with the main island. For the remaining 16 hours out of each 24 the inhabitants are shut off from communication with the main island except by boat—save for the telephone cable recently laid.

Wreckage-Strewn Squally Point.

As the visitor to Grand Manan rounds the northern end of the island, on the deck of the steamer which runs from the mainland, he will be greeted with a salute from the foehorn at Long Eddy point, "The Whistle," as it is known to the people of the island.

Just beyond the Whistle Squally point looms up above the rock, wreckage strewn about its foot, sharp as the prow of a cruiser, towering its hundreds of feet into the air, its red walls brilliant in the late afternoon sun, seeming a sentinel standing constant

en. Gilman Marston Was Thoroughly Disgusted With Court and Willing to Pay for It.

The following anecdote is told of en. Gilman Marston, a once famous New Hampshire lawyer: General Marston was attending court at a small country town when a young attorney made a motion that was denied by the court. The young man remonstrated against what he thought was the wrong ruling of the judge. So vehemently did he do so that he was fined \$10 for contempt of court. An older attorney took the matter up, and he was fined a similar sum. Still another, who thought he stood a little better with the judge, endeavored to straighten the matter out, but he, too, enriched the coffers of the state by paying a "ten-spot" for contempt.

General Marston was then seen to rise in his seat and advance to the clerk's desk. Taking his long pocket book from his pocket, he took out two \$10 bills and laid them on the desk.

"What is that for?" said the judge. "I want you to distinctly understand," said the general, "that I have just twice as much contempt for this court as any man here, and I am paying for it."

DOUBLE CONTEMPT OF COURT

HAD A JOB THEN.

"Do you think he'll be able to land a job?"

"Well, he worked his way through college."

Prosperous.

"Young Flodgett seems to have done well in the city."

"Yes," replied the old resident. "That young fellow must be drawing a fancy salary. He uses a run around Hicksville with nothin' on but a shirt and a pair of overalls, but now when he comes back ter see th' home folks he rides up on th' deep in th' hotel bus."

Illusion of Strength.

"Of course you don't believe clothes make the man?"

"No," replied the observant person, "but they seem to influence his conduct in life considerably."

"How so?"

"The more pads a football player has on his shoulders the more he enjoys having his picture taken by a newspaper photographer."

Absorbed.

"You call yourself an expert motion picture operator?" stormed the manager, "and yet you spoiled that feature film by running it too fast!"

"I know I speeded up a little," answered the operator, contritely, "but it was the first time I've run off that film, and I got so interested I hurried to see how it was going to end."

Pa Discusses Patriotism.

"Pa, what is patriotism?"

"Patriotism, my boy, is love of country."

"Do all good citizens have it?"

"Yes, my boy. Only some of them act as though they had been married to their country so long that they don't think it necessary to show any special mark of respect to her."

Right in Line.

"Can I get a drink from your old oaken bucket?"

"Sure," said the farmer, "but things must be kept strictly sanitary these days. Wait until I pick you an individual gourd."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

None Returned.

"You can sell this porous plaster on a guaranty. If they don't help people, tell 'em they can return 'em."

"Looks like bad business. I may get a good many back."

"No chance. This plaster may not cure everybody, but it won't come off."

Used to It.

"That orator is a wonderful man!"

"In what way?"

"It seemed to me that all the women in his audience were talking all through his speech, but he did not get impatient or rattled for a minute."

"He used to keep a parrot store."

Suffering.

"Ten years are supposed to elapse between Acts I and II."

"It seems fully that long."

"Why so?"

"It's the last time I'll ever come to the theater with a pair of tight shoes on."

The Natural Inference.

"Speaking of will power, there's Dubwatt."

"Yes."

"Smoked for twenty years, quit one day, and never smoked again."

"Ahem! What did he die of?"

It Sure Was.

Helny—What do you think of the longevity of the ancient?

Omar—I think being an ancient must have been a healthful occupation.

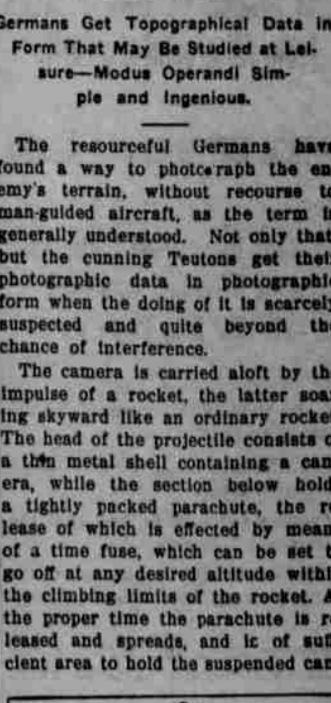
NEW ROCKET CAMERA

Photographic Apparatus of Immense Military Value.

Germans Get Topographical Data in Form That May Be Studied at Leisure—Modus Operandi Simple and Ingenious.

The resourceful Germans have found a way to photograph the enemy's terrain, without recourse to man-guided aircraft, as the term is generally understood. Not only that, but the cunning Teutons get their photographic data in photographic form when the doing of it is scarcely suspected and quite beyond the chance of interference.

The camera is carried aloft by the impulse of a rocket, the latter soaring skyward like an ordinary rocket. The head of the projectile consists of a thin metal shell containing a camera, while the section below holds a tightly packed parachute, the release of which is effected by means of a time fuse, which can be set to go off at any desired altitude within the climbing limits of the rocket. At the proper time the parachute is released and spreads, and is of sufficient area to hold the suspended cam-



Construction of Parachute Camera.

ers aloft for a considerable period. In order to keep the objective lens pointed steadily in the right direction, a small gyroscope is provided. It is said that the maximum turning movement is so nicely checked by the gyro that the swing does not exceed an arc of one degree.

Plates seven inches square can be handled by the camera, and pictures can be taken from a height of nearly 1,700 feet, with a field of arc of vision of quite 50 degrees. The modus operandi is both simple and ingenious. On the march the whole outfit, weighing about 880 pounds, is borne by a special carriage. Part of the equipment is a launching frame, which guides the rocket at the time of its flight from the ground. The vehicle is equipped with a range finder. Arriving at the point of operations the range finder determines the direction and the angle at which the rocket is to be started on its journey. The gyroscope is set spinning by means of a weighted cord, which is unwound from the shaft of that device. With this little wheel spinning the rocket is ready for its trip aloft.

The rocket is ignited electrically by means of a light cable from a distance of 200 feet. The initial discharge cuts loose the heavy weight, which sets the gyro spinning. The second electrical impulse ignites the rocket charge and starts the missile skyward. In about eight seconds an altitude of 1,500 feet is reached. Shortly before the maximum elevation is attained an electro-pneumatic contact at the top of the hood-shell operates the shutter and simultaneously frees the parachute. As soon as the parachute expands the rocket parts—the three sections of which the apparatus is composed being connected by a line thirty-foot long.

Immediately under the parachute, as it floats in the air, is suspended the hood-shell containing the camera, and at the end of the line are hung the body of the rocket and the vane guide-rod. As the whole equipment settles earthward the guide-rod strikes the ground first, and by thus lightening the load on the parachute the camera descends slowly so that it can be either caught or brought to rest on the earth without jar.

The whole affair presents but a very small target; it reaches its maximum altitude in far too brief a span to be interfered with by gunfire; and even for the time of its downward drift is too short for effective practice on the part of the enemy's marksmen. All that is necessary is to wait until the breeze or wind blows from the camera's direction so that the rocket-camera will be brought back to its friends.



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