

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The Amateur Cracksmen', 'Raffles', etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Czalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Austria, 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 Czalet'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 Czalet's old home. Toye hears from Czalet that Scurlion, who had been Czalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's disappearance, has escaped from prison. Czalet 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!"

Czalet 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 heckled.

"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!"

Czalet 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 Czalet 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 Czalet, 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 temperature zone. "But I'm so glad you've had it off, Mr. Czalet."

"There you are, Blanche!" crowed Czalet. "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 Czalet's 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 hall 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 Czalet 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 barboards, 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, shivering 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 shag propped open by a broken plant-pot, might have been grinning a toothless welcome to two once leading spirits of the place.

Czalet 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 reminded him of his plug tobacco. And his plug tobacco took him as straight back to the bush as though the unsound 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 face) 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 picturesque 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 Czalet 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 tape, though Czalet had dropped his boasting to 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 Czalet'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 that morning 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 Czalet'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 doddering reflection from the river on the disreputable ceiling. Czalet looked rather despondently from one to the other, and both the calm pool and the rough waters 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 sportsman 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 hostlers is the term "pope's size," applied to vests. They classify the scale of chest measurements for these as: Small men's, 23 inches; slender men's, 34 inches; men's, 38 inches; pope's, 39 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 hostlers, 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."

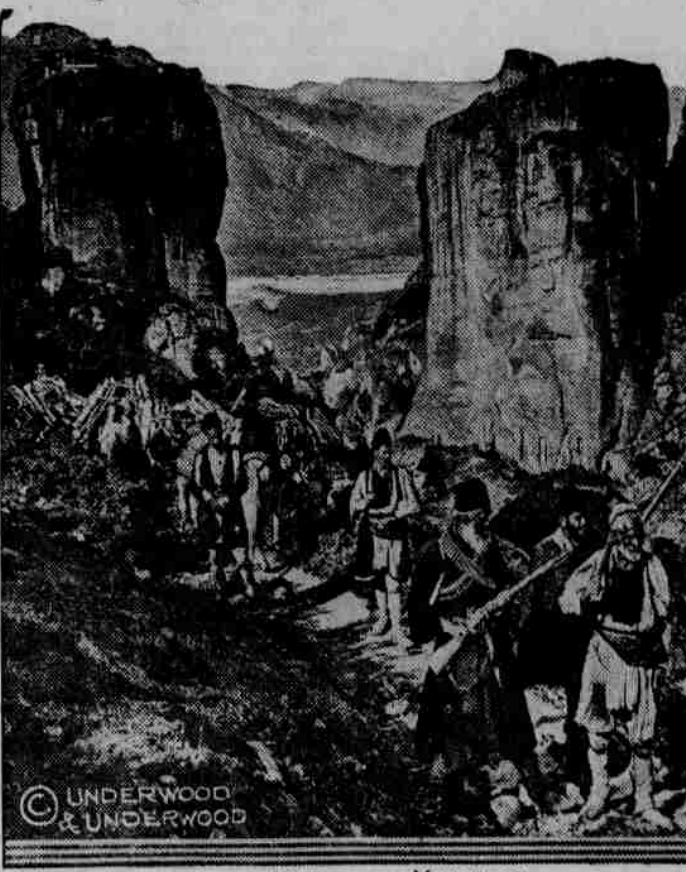
"How do you mean?"

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

Time to Look Out.

It's time to look out when a heat wave will not bear looking into, particularly the drip-pan, should be wiped off every day with a soft piece of cheese cloth kept for the purpose. Of course care must be used not to allow food to boil over on the cooking surface or into the burners. This causes trouble even with a gas stove, and the burners of an oil stove are more work to clean than the gas burner.

People of Macedonia



IN THE MACEDONIAN MOUNTAINS

ALTHOUGH noted for their ferocity in guerrilla warfare, their sullenness toward the stranger, and their indifference in general toward the graces of life, the mountain peoples of Macedonia possess many lighter characteristics, whose expression often strike the traveler in their country as far more entertaining than the comic opera in his homeland, says a bulletin of the National Geographic Society which tells some of the peculiarities of the conglomerate Serbo-Bulgaro-Turko-Greco-Wlach population of that area.

To begin with, the traveler in Macedonia forms the impression that he is come to a land of bewhiskered women; for most of the men of Macedonia wear skirts. Some wear a sort of halberd skirt, like the southern Albanian, and some long Mother Hubbard skirts, like the Saloni Jew. The skirts worn by the Jewish men are wonderful things in brilliant colors, and of a kind of bed-curtain material. While a great many Macedonian men have cast aside their skirts, enough of them have clung to the time-honored fashion to make the scene a confusing one to the Westerner on his first visit.

Prejudiced Against Water.

The Macedonian, also, has a custom all his own for observing the ceremony of baptism. Many of his priests use oil instead of water in this office on account of the general Macedonian prejudice against water for any other use than as a beverage. It is said that the people of Macedonia bathe as often as they marry, which is only once or twice in a lifetime. Bathing is thought by many of the superstitious mountaineers to be dangerous to health.

The peasants of this country, on the other hand, are very fond of ornamentation. Their wives and daughters work long hours weaving and embroidering for the town markets, and with their savings they buy brass belt buckles and bracelets. The bracelets often weigh more than a pound, and the belt buckles—that is, the more coveted sort—are great things ten inches square and more.

There is an amusing custom observed in some of the smaller theaters of the Macedonian cities, which enables the theatergoer to pay according as he is entertained. Between the acts, the actors and actresses make their way about the house and take a collection. The leader of the band comes first, then comes the leading lady, and so on down the list until the least of the entertainers has had his or her chance at the guests' pocket-books. The actors are largely Armenians; the plays are mostly comedies, with the tragedy touch of the interludes of collection.

Saloniki Hotel Rules.

Despite the voluminous criticisms which have been written about the backwardness of Macedonia, the Macedonian might boast of having among the few hotels in the world that go in for teaching their patrons manners. There is such a hotel in Saloniki. In a conspicuous place, on the walls of its bedrooms, the following rules of conduct are displayed to guide the traveler afloat.

"1. Messieurs les voyageurs who de-

RECOGNIZE VALUE OF LIME

German Surgeons Have Discovered That It is of Importance as Part of Soldier's Diet.

Surgeons in Bavaria are finding that the use of chloride of lime in the diet of soldiers increases their power of resisting chills and cold, and also hastens their recovery from wounds of the bones.

It is several years since Doctors Emmerich and Loew called the attention of the world to the importance of lime in the diet of men and beasts. The Scientific American summarizes a recent article by Doctor Loew on its value for soldiers. Wounded men receive daily from two or three grams of crystallized calcium chloride, or from three to four grams of lactate of lime, and some of their recoveries seem almost miraculous.

In southern Germany "calcium bread" is already much used. This can be made by adding five per cent of what is called calciferin flour (which is a compound of ordinary flour with

DIARY OF A LITTLE PRINCE

Recently Found in French Archives—After Lad's Attack of Indigestion Fenelon, Dintated Fable.

The diary of a schoolboy at the close of the seventeenth century, and that of a prince, no less than the *duc de Bourgogne*, grandson of Louis XIV, has recently been found in the French archives. This prince had as his tutor the great Abbe Fenelon, who wrote many fables and stories for his small pupil. Jules le Maitre has published some fragments from the prince's diary, which have been translated for Everyman. Under a date in January, 1690, "following indigestion from eating too much pastry with cream," the little prince writes:

"To correct me for my greed, Mgr. l'Abbe de Fenelon dictated to me this morning a fable called 'A Voyage in the Island of Delight.' It is a story of a traveler who having fared too well in a marvelous island, becomes disgusted finally and returns to a sober life. I shall do the same—but not until I have spent a long time in this island, where I should love to go."

"There are the mountains of compe, rocks of sugar candy and caramel, and rivers of sirup, so that the inhabitants lick all the roads and suck their fingers after dipping them in the rivers. There are great trees from which fall cakes that the wind carries into the mouths of travelers whenever they open them. Farther off there are mines of ham, sausages and peppery ragouts, and streams of onion sauce. The dew of the morning is white wine."

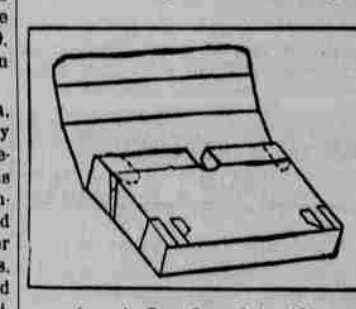
And to this little prince has added, "Ah, Monsieur l'Abbe, your tale justifies my indigestion!"

VERY CONVENIENT LUNCH BOX

Ordinary Pasteboard Cracker Box May Be Utilized by Making Few Additional Creases.

Have you ever started for school or a picnic and had nothing in which to carry your lunch? I have found how to make a simple lunch box which is very convenient, says a writer in McCall's Magazine. Take an ordinary pasteboard cracker box and, by making some additional creases and cuts, transform it into a receptacle of a shape to fit a man's pocket, and in which sandwiches may be conveniently packed. If you will study the diagram you will easily understand just how to make it.

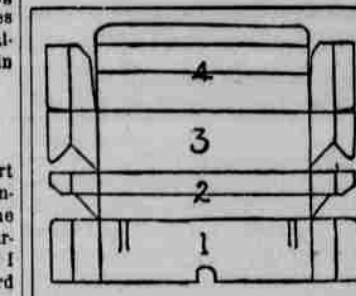
First crease end flaps on both sides in center, as shown by lines; crease part 2 in center, horizontally, and slit flaps on crease of part 3 (diagram A). Then slit flaps on crease between parts 3 and 4, also make slits in part 1 about three-eighths of an inch apart.



Lunch Box Complete (A).

As indicated by short perpendicular lines. Lastly crease part 4 at line running through the figure (diagram A). Use a penknife to make creases and cuts needed, but take care not to cut too deeply for a crease.

Bend at crease between parts 1 and 2, and at lines running through the figures 2 and 4, to form right angles; at the same time fold in the ends to insert the narrow tongues on part 2 through the slits made in part 1, and slip the extensions on part 3 under the edge of part 1, to hold in position, as shown in diagram B. The crease between parts 2 and 3 and that on



Details of Lunch Box (B).

the rounded flap of part 4 are not used in the newly-shaped box. The box, when completed, is a very convenient shape for carrying a light lunch.

No Wonder.

Little Bobby wanted a birthday party, to which his mother consented, provided he asked his little friend Peter. The boys had had trouble, but rather than not have a party, Bobby promised his mother to invite Peter. On the evening of the party, when all the small guests had arrived except Peter, the mother became suspicious and sought her son.

"Bobby," she said, "did you invite Peter to your party tonight?"

"Of course I did, mother."

"And did he say he would come?"

"No," explained Bobby. "I invited him to come all right, but I dived him to."

Right in Line.

"Ma ancestors," naughty little Heloise Aldyne told her nine-year-old playmate, Hermione McGuire, "came over before yours did. They came over in the first boat, the Mayflower."

"Well, mine came over," Hermione said stoutly, her blue Irish eyes flashing with spirit, "in the very next boat, the Juneflower."—Judge.

Demonstrations Compared.

"You mustn't neglect your studies for athletics."

"That's what father says," replied the young man. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin the way he does when he sees me playing football."

LIGHTED LIFE BELT

Guides Rescuers to Assistance of Drowning Person.

That Invention of New York Man Has a Practical Value Will Be Readily Seen From Description of Its Construction.

The difficulty of saving a man who has fallen overboard at night is almost insuperable, because of the impossibility of seeing him in the heaving waste of waters. When a great maritime disaster takes place at night, as the wreck of the Titanic did, and hundreds or thousands of human beings are scattered over the sea in the darkness the loss of life is appalling, simply because they cannot be seen.

If every life belt could bear a light, the floating or swimming persons could readily be picked up. To provide such a lighted life belt is the object of an invention by A. M. McGill of New York.

It consists essentially of a bag made of rubber or other waterproof material, containing a small electric flashlight and attached by straps to the ordinary life belts and life preservers.

The flashlights may be either tubular or flat, the former being more suitable for ring life belts, the latter to those that are strapped about the body. The flashlights can be of small size, for these will glow through the greater part of a night.

When a life preserver is thrown at night to a man who has fallen overboard he can rarely find it in the dark, but with a little flashlight glowing upon it he will see it and be able to reach it if he can swim.

Bugler, 15 Years Old, Wins D. C. M.

The youngest soldier in the British empire to win the distinguished conduct medal is Bugler Anthony Glinay, fifteen years old, of the First Royal Montreal rifles. He carried dispatches through excessive fire during a battle in France, and besides being decorated was given a leave of absence to visit an uncle at Dumont, Scotland. Young Glinay's father and mother emigrated to Canada from Ireland and when the Boer war occurred his father enlisted and lost his life in South Africa. Just after the present war began the boy's mother died, leaving him alone in the world. Only fourteen, he persuaded the colonel of the Montreal rifles to take him to the front as a bugler. Now he is not only a D. C. M. but he has been enrolled as a private in his regiment and really is a full-fledged soldier.—Montreal Star.

Fish Substitution.

A correspondent writes: "I am willing to make many food concessions in war time, but I am not willing to have one kind of fish palmed off as another. The other day, at a famous London restaurant, turbot figured on the menu. I ordered turbot, and was supplied with inferior hake, swamped with sauce. Yesterday, on another menu, there was haddock. I ordered haddock, and was served with salt cod. Now, I know fish, and I carry a magnifying glass that enables me to identify them conclusively by the scales. If a man offers for sale Harris tweed that is not Harris tweed, what a restaurant that sells herring hake as turbot?—London Chronicle.

Found Gems Worth Thousands.

Journalist found at several thousand dollars found by a "sandwich man" under a wagon at Broadway and Forty-second, New York, several days ago, was recovered when the police found the man's wife offering a diamond-encrusted watch in a pawnshop for \$2. The woman said the watch was only one of a large number of pieces of jewelry her husband had found. The police then found the husband packing up and down Broadway with a heavy sign over his shoulders. He said neither he nor his wife knew the value of the gems he had picked up. There was nothing about the jewels to indicate who owned them.

Treasure.

On Gallipoli, between whiles of attacking the Turk and being attacked by him, time hung heavy on the hands of the Australian soldiers of his majesty, King George V. Old prospectors among them took note of the fact that the soil of the inhospitable peninsula in which their trench was dug resembled that of the continent in the antipodes. Several enthusiasts began to dig. With the result (according to a French paper) that one ex-miner, working with what tools he could improvise in the pay dirt of his bomb-proof, panned out almost a pound of pure gold!

To Utilize Citrus Waste.

The city of Upland, Cal., in the heart of the finest orange-growing section in the world, has established a new industry, which promises to make use of the waste products of citrus and deciduous orchards. The plant, which will cost about \$100,000, will attempt to utilize all parts of the fruits that now are wasted, and will turn out acids, concentrated juices, fruit pastes and essential oils, and manufacture narmalades and preserves.

Cashed at Face Value.

The chancellor of the exchequer of Great Britain reports the total amount of scrip vouchers dated to date to be \$25,000,000. This amount is not what was hoped for from the scrip vouchers. Now it is proposed to issue bonds in the multiples of £1. They will bear an interest of 5 per cent and can be cashed on demand at their face value at any time. In return for these facilities bonds will carry no interest for the first six months.

Country Growing Sufficient Rice.

The acreage of rice in Louisiana and Arkansas has increased approximately 700,000 acres in the last two years. The United States is now growing practically the equivalent of all the rice it uses.

CARING FOR THE OIL STOVE

Simple Matter if One Will Remember a Few Matters That Are Important.

The care of the oil stove, the modern blue-flame variety, is very simple. In the wickless type, the asbestos kindlers should be renewed every six weeks, as a general rule. Wicks in the stoves will last a season. A new wick should be put in about every six months if used all the year round.

They come all stretched on perforated metal cylinders.

Glass reservoirs and glass indicator tubes tell the height of the oil in the supply tank. Never let the oil run out. This is especially necessary in the wick stoves. The wickless stoves require to be set perfectly level in order to have an even height of flame on each burner. Cleaning up about the stoves is made much easier if the stove is equipped with one of the new enameled drip pans, which come with one type of stove. The surface of the