

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cazale, 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 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 Scurlion, who had been Cazale's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's disappearance, had been released from prison. Cazale 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!" Cazale 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!"

Cazale 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 Cazale 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 Cazale, 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 been 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. Cazale!"

"There you are, Blanche!" crowed Cazale. "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 him, 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 Cazales' 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

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 Cazale 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, 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 shag propped open by a broken plant-pot, might have been grinning a toothless welcome to two once leading spirits of the place.

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

stove, 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.

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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 dropped 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 Cazale 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 Cazale 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 Cazale'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 she had been out in Australia; but as a matter of fact she never saw them, since, vastly to the credit of Cazale'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. Cazale looked rather despondently 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 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."

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

People of Macedonia



IN THE MACEDONIAN MOUNTAINS

ALTHOUGH noted for their ferocity in guerrilla warfare, their silliness 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-

chloride of lime) to the flour in making the dough.

Some Printing Facts. In estimating the relative merit of type and plate printing from a commercial point of view, it is cheaper to engrave a pewter plate than to set up a page of type, but the cost of printing from the plate is greater than from the types. If, therefore, a small number of copies only is required, say 1,000, it is cheaper to engrave. But if several thousand are likely to be sold, then the type system is more profitable.

Golf Playing Brought Fortune. When the duke of York was living in Edinburgh in 1681 he was told that a certain shoemaker named Paterson was the best golf player in Scotland, and him, the duke, later James II, chose as partner in a foursome, winning a huge stake. He promptly turned over the money to Paterson, who forthwith built a house in which the duke placed a stone with a Paterson's crest bearing the motto, "Far and Sure."

Starlings and Bullets. One can readily believe the report that the starlings in the wooded country about Souchez are imitating the whistling of rifle bullets; for the starling is the most imitative of birds. I have heard him imitating a blackbird so closely that a casual listener might have been deceived; and the blackbird's song is not an easy thing to imitate. The talking starling seems to have gone out of fashion, for which lovers of birds should be duly thankful. He has his place in literature. No one can forget the caged starling in "The Sentimental Journey," whose pathetic cry "I can't get out! I can't get out!" moved Sterne to one of the truest and tenderest of his episodes. Sterne's starling and the raven in "Barnaby Rudge" are the two birds in English literature that survive.—London Chronicle.

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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."

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